JANUARY
25 CENTS

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

Winners of $5,000.00 Cut-Puzzle Contest
In this Issue

10 Years Hence
What Will The Screen Stars Be Doing

Eleanor Boardman

Charles Shepley
THE flaming star of the North!

SOON she will appear
IN a brilliant, new screen play.
MORE exciting than "Ibanez' Torrent."
MORE seductive than "The Temptress."
MORE romantic than even "FLESH and the Devil"
GRETA Garbo is indeed "THE Divine Woman."

GRETA GARBO in "THE Divine Woman" with
LARS HANSON and LOWELL SHERMAN
Adapted by Dorothy Farnum from Gladys Unger's play, "Starlight"
A VICTOR SEASTROM PRODUCTION
Directed by VICTOR SEASTROM

Norma's Five Questions
1 Which do you consider Greta Garbo's greatest M-G-M picture to date, and why? (Please answer in not over 150 words.)
3 What member of a famous stage family appears in M-G-M's "The Thirteenth Hour"?
4 Name the M-G-M stars whose names are commonly associated with these slogans: "The Smart Alec," "The Prince of Romance," "The Man of 1000 Faces."
5 Name four pictures in the production of which M-G-M has received cooperation of the U. S. Government.

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 January 15th. Winners' names will be published in later issue of this magazine.

Norma's Five Questions

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Contest
Win Norma Shearer's $50.00 This Month!

If you don't think the millions of eyes out there in the darkened house see things, you ought to read our mail here in the M-G-M Studios. If our stage director uses a new kind of telephone cover, appearing for only a few feet of film; some woman will write in to find out where she can get one. If our costume director creates a new negligee, a dozen women will write in and ask where it may be obtained. Indeed there are seeing and remembering eyes out there in the seats.

Come now, you folks who see below the surface, and have a try at answering these questions. To the writer of the best set of answers from a woman I will send a check for $50.00 and the tiara head-dress worn by Greta Garbo in "The Divine Woman." To the writer of the best set of answers from a man I will send a check for $50.00 and the beret cap worn by Lars Hanson in the same picture.

To the writers of the fifty next best answers, whether from men or women, I will send an autographed copy of my latest photograph.

Yours sincerely,
NORMA SHEARER

"More stars than there are in Heaven"
FIVE minutes' check-up with any authority—your own dentist, for example—will quickly convince you that there's little mystery about troubles of the gums.

For your dentist will make clear to you that it's a simple case of cause and effect. He will explain to you how the lack of roughage and fibre in our food robs our gums and impairs their health—and he will show you, too, how its effects may be offset by a simple method of daily care which takes little if any more time than you now spend in brushing your teeth!

WHY MODERN FOOD IS SO BAD FOR OUR GUMS

To remain in health the gums, like all living tissue, need work and exercise. Nature planned that they should receive stimulation from the chewing of coarse food, to encourage a free circulation of rich, fresh blood through their walls.

But we have thwarted that plan of nature's! For we demand only soft, rich foods—delicately prepared—daintily served. Roughage in our food would only make us grumble at the cook. So our gums are robbed of activity by the refinement of our diet—deprived of the invigorating friction they need. Year after year, they lead an artificial life of ease—year after year, they 'sleep' their health away!

HOW IPANA AND MASSAGE BUILD FIRM, HEALTHY GUMS

Small wonder that gums soften, weaken and lose their tone—that "pink tooth brush" appears, with its unmistakable warning that the troubles which could have been prevented may be close at hand.

Fortunately the dental profession offers a remedy for this difficulty—a remedy both simple in its performance and effective in its results. They tell us to massage our gums—to rub them, gently, either with the brush while brushing the teeth, or with the fingertips after each brushing.

And thousands of dentists ask their patients to use IPANA Tooth Paste for both massage and ordinary brushing. By its use, they say, we can more quickly rouse the laggard circulation of the gums to the healthful activity that offsets the ill effects of our diet.

For IPANA is specifically compounded to stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic of well-known efficacy in the toning and strengthening of weak, undernourished gum tissue.

You will keenly enjoy IPANA's clean taste and delicious flavor. And you will marvel at its power to cleanse and whiten your teeth.

The ten-day sample the coupon brings will quickly prove these things.

MAKE A 30-DAY TRIAL OF IPANA

But a full-size tube from the nearest drug store makes a better test, for it lasts more than a month—long enough to show IPANA's good effects on your gums. So give IPANA the full tube trial it deserves and see if you, too, do not find that it answers your quest for a tooth paste you can tie to for life!

IPANA Tooth Paste

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF SAL HEPATICA
stars of a new world

Gone are the days! Gone are the days when the sweet, simpering doll-faced heroine ruled the world of shadows! Gone are the days of too-heroic heroes, of bushy-browed "heavies" and their deep, dark villainies.

It's a new world! A new public, impatient of the old, eager for the new, is demanding new screen personalities attuned to these changing times. And Paramount has them! Here they are, all your favorites, all united in one common cause—keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.

Harold Lloyd's next release for Paramount is "Speedy". The setting is New York, where Harold is trying to get along. Prod. by Harold Lloyd Corp.

Emil Jannings who was so magnificent in "The Way of All Flesh" has the role of a bully in his next picture, "The Street of Sin".

In her next picture, Clara Bow shows you how to "Get Your Man". Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a struggling violinist in "Serenade".

"She's a Sheik". Can't you picture Bebe Daniels with a role like that! The boys all fall for her! Aristocratic Florence Vidor in "Honeymoon Hate".

"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic role. Thomas Meighan is in a story of the underworld, "The City Gone Wild".

"Kit Carson" is Fred Thomson's next, the thrilling and romantic story of one of the most picturesque characters in American history.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg. N. Y.
The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

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Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1927, by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, Chicago.
NOAH BEERY has left Famous Players-Lasky. He believes he will have opportunities for more varied roles by free lancing.

BUSTER COLLIER and Dorothy McCarth aren't married—yet. Buster is back on the coast, playing in "The Lion and the Mouse."

OLIVE BORDEN has left the William Fox forces, following the completion of her contract. Olive was getting $1,500 and wanted more.

POLA NEGRI and Famous Players are reported at odds. It is said that Miss Negri may not be re-signed for Paramount pictures. Miss Negri, it is whispered, will finish her contract in May and the arrangement will not be renewed. Meanwhile, four of her pictures will be completed and these will carry to September.

IRENE RICH is completing her Warner Brothers starring contract.

GARY COOPER and Fay Wray are considered ideal team material at Famous Players. They are to be co-starred in several films.

DIRECTOR Monta Bell has sailed for Europe.

CHARLIE RAY is in New York and is planning to invade the speaking stage.

UNIVERSAL has renewed its options on the services of Reginald Denny and Mary Philbin, the former for six months, the latter one year.

JASON ROBARDS and Hope Maine Robards are divorced. They were married in 1914.

CLAIRED WINDSOR has been signed by Tiffany-Stahl Productions.

BUSTER KEATON tried a personal appearance tour of prominent picture houses but quit in his second week at a Pittsburgh theater. He was doing a Salome burlesque which proved too strenuous.

REPORTS of a split between Gilda Gray and her husband, Gil Boag, are denied.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE has completed her First National contract and no new connection has been announced as yet.

JULIA FAYE has sailed for a two months vacation in Europe.

MAURITZ STILLER, the Swedish director, is leaving Paramount to spend three months abroad.

DIRECTOR Tod Browning is leaving Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

HOLLYWOOD anticipates an engagement announcement from Florence Vidor and Jascha Heifetz, the violinist.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN borrows Virginia Bradford from Cecil B. De Mille. She will play in "Leatherface," supporting Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman.

YOU will see Gary Cooper in full dress in "Doomsday," opposite Florence Vidor. He is desiring definitely cowboy chaps.

IRVING THALBERG and Norma Shearer postpone their honeymoon trip to Europe. Norma is to do one more film before starting.

THE daughter of Mrs. Emil Jennings, Ruth Maria, fifteen years old and now in school in Germany, is coming to Hollywood to go into pictures. Ruth Maria is Emil's step-daughter.

GRETA GARBO is to get John Colton's story of the South Seas, "Heal," originally announced for Lilian Gish. And Clarence Brown is to direct her.

MARION DAVIES is visiting in New York and selecting costumes for her next film, "Her Cardboard Lover."

REPORTED that Gloria Swanson may return to Cecil B. De Mille's direction. It is said that the arrangement between Miss Swanson and United Artists may not be renewed.

MR. and Mrs. Jack Warner expect to sail for Europe early in January. By that time it is expected all the best players and directors in that organization will be working elsewhere.

MONTE BLUE will soon be appearing on a new lot, due to the closed door of Warner Brothers.

MAY McAVOY and Dolores Costello, too, will be emoting on new lots.

MARIE PREVOST has won a promise of a divorce from Kenneth Harlan in the Los Angeles courts.
THE ROMANCE OF THE
ROLES THEY PLAY

YOU CAN MAKE IT YOURS, ALSO

To you who know the singularly vivid Rod LaRocque—
The winsomeness of the lovely Leatrice Joy—
The orchid-like Jetta Goudal—
The brave masculinity of William Boyd—
The lithe and alluring Vera Reynolds—
The blonde beauty of Phyllis Haver—
The perfect poise of the ultra-modern Marie Prevost—
They, the stars that shine in the PATHE-DeMILLE features, are more than names. They are your highly valued friends, bringing the romance of their roles into your life. Laughter and tears, thrills and heart throbs—under the supervision of Cecil B. DeMille, the man who has personally directed fifty great pictures without one failure, they have been magically invoked to make you happier!

You May See Now

ROD LA ROCQUE
in
“The Fighting Eagle”
Donald Crisp, Director

LEATRICE JOY
in
“The Angel of Broadway”
Lois Weber, Director

JETTA GOUDAL
in
“The Forbidden Woman”
Paul Stem, Director

MARIE PREVOST
in
“On To Reno.”
James Cruze, Director

WILLIAM BOYD
in
“Dress Parade”
Donald Crisp, Director

VERA REYNOLDS
in
“The Main Event”
Wm. K. Howard, Director

Watch For

“Chicago,” with Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi; William Boyd in “The Night Flyer”; Leatrice Joy in “The Blue Danube”; Marie Prevost in “A Blonde For a Night”; and many others you’ll want to see.

PATHE EXCHANGE, Inc.
De Mille Studio Pictures—Pathé News—Pathé Westerns
Patheserials—Pathecomedies

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**BROADWAY KID, THE—**Warner Bros.—A George Jessel comedy that ticks like a convention of old guys. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a newcomer. (September.)

**CAPTAIN SALVATION—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—A simple but well-executed story. Congo has a gospel ship, well directed by John Robertson and with a fine performance by Lois Hanson. (July.)

**CAT AND THE CANARY, THE—**Universal.—A swell melodrama, directed by Paul Fejos from the Broadway success. Here's something rare—a really good screen mystery film. (July.)

**CHAIN LIGHTNING—**Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here's a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (November.)

**CHILDREN OF DIVORCE—**Paramount.—The title tells the story. Clara Bow makes it worth seeing, directed by Esther Ralston and Gary Cooper. (July.)

**CIRCUS ACE, THE—**Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a song goes to Africa to make good, amid the criminals and wild animals. Norman Kerry and Claire Windsor in the leads. (July.)

**CLIMBERS, THE—**Warner Bros.—Irene Rich plays a Spanish dancer who runs a ranch in Porto Rico. Just another one of those movies. (July.)

**CLOSED GATES—**Selznick.—The war breaks out just as 1 come to save the soul of a wild young minor, Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fail. (August.)

**COLLEGE—**United Artists.—Buster Keaton as a wreckin-in-the-drums of a maniacal hero. Not overwhelmingly funny. (November.)

**COMBAT—**Paramount.—Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminate this as entertainment. (December.)

**COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE—**Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schaalke in the title role. For discriminating audiences. (September.)

**COWARD, THE—**FBO.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy sap who turns out to be a hero. Odd stuff but always good. (November.)

**CRADLE SNATCHERS—**Fox.—Rough, racy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because its funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (August.)

**CROWD, THE—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The story of a white-collar man and his wife and their struggles in a big city. Truthfully and beautifully told by King Vidor and sympathetically acted by James Murray and Eleanor Boardman. A high-spot in movie making. (December.)

**CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE—**Rayart.—In a word, a bad boy is returned by an eccentric parent. It's good stuff. With Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

**CRYS TAL CUP, THE—**First National.—Dorothy Macklin as the davenport that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (October.)

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**PICTURES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS**

- "The Big Parade"
- "The King of Kings"
- "Beau Geste"
- "Resurrection"
- "Chang"
- "Love"
- "The Way of All Flesh"
- "Quality Street"
- "Underworld"
- "The Patent Leather Kid"
- "The Crowd"
- "My Best Girl"

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.

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**CALlahANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Polly Moran and Marie Dwyer are a pair in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (September.)

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**ADAM AND EVIL—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Chew and amusing, with a smooth performance by Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in a dual role. What could be sweeter? (September.)

**AFTER MIDNIGHT—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In a word, a modern woman's story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (October.)

**ALIAS THE DEACON—**Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a plasma-tinged, and sharp with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (September.)

**AMERICAN BEAUTY—**First National.—Billie Dove has her fling at playing a modern Cinderella. Fair but nice. (September.)

**ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE—**Pathe.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to look for drunks. She finds it. You'll like Lottie Joy and Victor Varconi. (November.)

**ANNIE LAURIE—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—If you like your Scotch straight, here's your story. Lilian Gish shows unsuspected comedy talents, but it is Norman Kerry who runs away with the picture. (July.)

**BABE COMES HOME—**First National.—Not much of a comedy, but an ingenious and amusing performance by Babe Ruth helps it over. You'll like the Babe. (July.)

**BACK STAGE—**Tiffany.—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (November.)

**BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—**Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also gave splendidly played by Rene Adore and a fine cast. (September.)

**BARRIED WIRE—**Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Elmer Hansen. (September.)

**BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—**FBO.—A swell sequel to two of the most popular comedy stories. Worth your steady patronage. (September.)

**BIRDS OF PREY—**Columbia.—Pricilla Dean goes in for a little ladylike banditry. The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

**BITTER APPLES—**Warner Bros.—A bitter applesauce. An interesting dish, with Monte Blue as the hard-hearted hero. (July.)

**BLOODY BLONDES—**Tiffany.—The adventures of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of dummies and "get-up" of sex but no appeal." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)

**BLOOD SHIP, THE—**Columbia.—Mutiny, brutality and murder. A fine performance by Hobart Bosworth. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (October.)

**BODY AND SOUL—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Should a surgeon kill his wife's boy friend? Even the acting of Aileen Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry can't enliven this cheaply little problem. (December.)

**BOY RIDER, THE—**FBO.—The exploits of one Buss Batten, a freckle-faced kid who can ride a horse. For the less critical of the younger generation. (December.)

**BREAKFAST AND SUNRISE—**First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Dully played by Constantine Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (December.)

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[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10]
Meet the Rising Stars of Filmdom in FOX PICTURES!

Already these brilliant young stars have won the plaudits of screen critics all over the world for their impressive performances in one or another of the outstanding pictures of the year—"What Price Glory," "Seventh Heaven," "Sunrise," "Loves of Carmen" or other recent Fox releases.

But watch them in their coming pictures! Their rise toward the heights of artistic accomplishment is scarcely begun! For youth is still theirs—and all their splendid achievement thus far is but a brilliant promise of the finer artistry still to come with the maturing of their genius.

When other present-day favorites of the screen have passed into oblivion, these youthful Fox stars will be at the very zenith of their triumphant careers!

Thus has William Fox not only assured the present preeminence of Fox Pictures, but also provided for the future so that Fox Pictures may continue to be outstanding artistic and dramatic successes.

Be Sure and See •
OLIVE BORDEN and ANTONIO MORENO in "Come To My House"
JANET GAYNOR and CHARLES FARRELL in "Seventh Heaven"
DOLORES DEL RIO and VICTOR MACLAGLEN in "Loves of Carmen"
GEORGE O'BRIEN and LOIS MORAN in "Sharpshooters"
MADGE BELLAMY in "Silk Legs"
JUNE COLLYER and WILLIAM RUSSELL in "Woman Wise"
MADGE BELLAMY and MARY DUNCAN in "Very Confidential"

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[continued from page 8]

**DANCE MAGIC**—First National.—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (September.)

**DEARIE**—Warner Bros.—A so-called noble woman becomes the chief of a club for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of another love. Onset Irene Rich and Buster Collier are good. (Death.)

**DEATH VALLEY**—C.B.—Just a lot of horrors. Stay home and catch up with the darning. (Death.)

**DOG OF THE REGIMENT**—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin plus a good story plus good acting. In other words, a good picture. (December.)

**DON DESPERADO**—Pathé.—Leo Maloney is a sheriff who catches a bad bandit. A good show, with plenty of excitement. (July.)

**DRESS PARADE**—Pathé-De Mille.—The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Besie Love and Louis Nathecum. (December.)

**DROP KICK, THE**—First National.—It is now Robert Baratheuson who makes a feature of the song of the old Alma Mater. Who’s next? (November.)

**EYES OF TOTEM**—Pathé.—A beokum drama that might have been made ten years ago. (July.)

**FAIR-CO-ED, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mara Otis’ college is the setting in a fair college yarn. The gal is a real comic. (December.)

**FAXBURG & FURIOUS**—Universal.—Another Robert Armstrong story, but this time his pal is with Mr. Reginald Denny! A good evening. (September.)

**FIGHTING EAGLE, THE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you understand the battles of the Civil War. Rod La Rocque is the hero, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (September.)

**FIGHTING LOVE**—Producers Dist. Corp.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jette Goudal and Victor Varconi. (August.)

**FIGURES DON’T LIE**—Paramount.—A zippy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

**FIRESHEVER**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

**FIRST AUTO, THE**—Warner Bros.—Missing on all stories, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (September.)

**FLYING LUCK**—Pathé.—Mental Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

**FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE**—Pathé-De Mille.—Drama that is well toldby Jette Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schibluck. Worth your money. (December.)

**FOURFLOWER, THE**—Universal.—Pleasant, light-hearted comedy about a small-town in big business. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

**FRAMED**—First National.—Milton Sills in a story of the South African diamond mines. And, incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (September.)

**GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mae Busch’s latest attempt at softness. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Howard romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

**GAY RETREAT, THE**—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (November.)

**GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A**—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (October.)

**GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH**—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps. (December.)

**GINA GILL, THE**—FBO—Lois Wilson in a foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (January.)

**GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE**—Warner Bros.—A comedy of life and love in the underworld, ably acted by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

**GIRL FROM RIO, THE**—Goetham.—An independent production, colorful and above the average. Cornel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (November.)

**GOOD AS GOLD**—Fox.—Not an ingeneous opera but a roaring Western with Buck Jones toting the guns. A grand evening. (September.)

**GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE**—FBO.—The bandits get everything their own way until the U. S. Marshals are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (September.)

**HAM AND EGGS**—Warner Bros.—A war comedy, done in color as it were. An occasionally amusing but otherwise silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (November.)

**HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY**—First National.—No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-lines. Milton Sills at his best. (October.)

**HEART OF MARYLAND, THE**—Warner Bros.—Now it is Dolores Costello’s turn to swing on the ball. An old favorite. (September.)

**HEBBIE GEBIES**—Hal Roach.—A hypochondrist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

**HERO ON HORSEBACK, A**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (October.)

**HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE**—Fox.—A youthful, rather serious story of “high” school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

**HIS DOD—Poth-Del Mille.—Fine acting by a dooz terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone bad. (October.)

**HOME MADE**—First National.—Johnny Hines pursuing his Art. Some of the “gags” don’t belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December.)

**HOO K AND LADDER No. 9—FBO.—Some good new-fangled shots of a fire. A lebile excuse for a story. (November.)

**HULA—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the woman. (November.)

**IRISH HEARTS**—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffer through another bad one that isn’t worth your kind attention. (August.)

**JAWS OF STEEL**—Warner Bros.—Rin-Tin-Tin draws his last one. (August.)

**JAZZ SINGER, THE**—Warner Bros.—Neither a Broadway reputation nor “Mammy” songs on the Vitaphone nor a good story can conceal the painful fact that Al Jolson is no movie actor. (December.)

**JESSE JAMES**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an exciting, sure-fire presentation of the exploits of the distinguished train robber. Don’t let the blue-noses interfere with your enjoyment of a coiling melodrama. (December.)

**JOY GIRL, THE**—Fox.—Olga Borden’s eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (November.)

**LADIES AT EASE**—C.B.—A bun imitation of “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.” (December.)

**LAST WALTZ, THE**—UFA-Paramount.—German sentiment that needs music—and a certain robates beverage—to put it over. Wally Fritsch wears uniforms—and bow! (December.)

**LES MISERABLES**—Universal.—The Victor Ian. Its great photography and settings prove that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong as well as they are right. (November.)

**LIFE OF RILEY, THE**—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray Mr—you’ll never guess another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (October.)

**LONE EAGLE, THE**—Universal.—Another picture inspired by Lindbergh. Fair, thanks to young Raymond Keane. (December.)

**LONESOME LADIES**—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic pursuits. (October.)

**LOST AT THE FRONT**—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (August.)

**LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karenina? Not any’s yours could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo meet the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don’t be silly! (November.)

**LOVES OF CARMEN**—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merrie-Binet classic with a dull background by Dolores del Rio and some heavy currying by Victor McLaglen. Lock the children up. (September.)

**MADAME POMPADOUR**—Paramount.—Dorothy Gil and Antonio Moreno in an English production. Not a very good set but a well produced, very dramatic. A shady side of history that is not for the little dears. (October.)

[continued on page 13]
An Impression of LUPINO LANE

by JAMES R. QUIRK

EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Chaplin's forte is pathos, Langdon's is infantile appeal. Lloyd's trick is the conquest of an inferior complex. Lupino Lane's is broad, clean burlesque.

I always suspect that he is going to jump on a horse and ride off in four directions. If Doug fights four swordsmen, Lupino takes on a dozen. If Mix jumps his horse over a freight car, Lane puts his nag over a barn. Nothing is impossible to him. Yet he is as futile as Don Quixote.

Most men are born clowns and don't know it. Lupino Lane can outboast the ginger ale that advertises six months' preparation for its perfection. It took 227 years to make him a comedian.

His pantomimic ancestry is long as a transcontinental railroad ticket. His Lupino grandfathers were Pierrot-ing on the London stage in 1700. His Lane grandmothers were the Desdemonas of their day. He himself is one of the original theatrical mergers. He was supposed to get a fortune from his grandmother for twisting his names so that the first should be last and the last should be first. But the old lady broke his heart by leaving him nothing but a good recipe for tumbling without breaking his neck.

As British as bad cooking, the Lane-Lupinos survived when the newest chip from the family numskull announced his departure to America. They never understood the lack of concentration that kept him from being the hit of the "Follies," but then they had never seen a glorified American Chorus Girl. All even went well when the boy entered the movies. When he returned and told them his movie salary his grandfather did a back flip in his grave.

His comedies are released by Educational, but don't let that fool you. He gags and he spins, and Solomon in all his wisdom never thought up such stomachlaughs as his.

Seven years of specializing in Short Features have made the name Educational Pictures mean the best in comedies, novelties and news reels.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., E. W. Hammons, President
1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Brickbats and Bouquets

The Monthly Barometer

The readers of PHOTOLAP 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.

In due time, I received an answer from Miss Gish, overflowing with kindest appreciation of my letter and happiness at learning the pleasure her "tiniest act," as she termed it, had brought the man.

The world admires at a distance the brilliant work of its great men and women, but when we discover that, in addition to being brilliant and wise, they are also generous and tender, we do more than admire them; we love them.

Vinton A. Holbrook.

$5.00 Letter
Louisville, Ky.

It is bad taste to air a family row, but PHOTOPLAY is to blame in this instance.

I made the mistake of taking home only one copy the other night and we all wanted to read it at once. Well, it occasioned quite a family jar.

Our fourteen year old daughter, ailed in the fight by her youthful agility, got to read it first. When it finally reached me, nearly all the spots had been read off of it.

It is a magazine of charming personality, helpful in keeping alive the interests of old, as well as being educational and inspirational to the young.

It is a true guide to the really worthwhile in the movies. Its contents are clean and wholesome. Daughter studies better after reading it. In fact, she won't put it down to see a movie. Its "once-over" comes first.

The reading of a few issues greatly increases one's interest in the stars, and enhance one hundred percent the enjoyment of a picture show. Lee Hamilton.

Those Pesky Censors

Houston, Tex.

Recently a censor board in this city denied a theater the privilege of showing "What Price Glory." Emil Jannings' renowned picture, "The Way of All Flesh," made its premiere recently, butchered by censors.

Just to what extent are censors allowed to deprive the movie-going public of entertainment made possible by superb casts and by such artistic and dramatic characterizations as given by Emil Jannings?

Mrs. Richard J. Lind Fy.

[Continued on page 98]
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

"SNOOKUMS"

From Universal's Short Comedies

The bright spots in every movie-theatre program, those which provoke hilarity and put everybody in a good humor, are what we term "short subjects" or two-reel comedies.

For example, "The Newlyweds and Their Baby," in which "Snookums" is the central figure and represents the original of George McManus' famous cartoons. Produced by Stern Bros. Ask your theatre manager if he has arranged to show the special Christmas comedy, "Newlyweds' Christmas Party." It's a treat for young and old.

Then "The Collegians," written by Carl Laemmle Jr., depicting various phases of college life, particularly the athletics, and featuring the favorites GEORGE LEWIS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, HAYDEN STEVENSON, EDDIE PHILLIPS and CHURCHILL ROSS.

And the "Buster Brown and His Dog Tige" series from the cartoons by R. F. Outcault whose clever work has had much to do with building up the Sunday Funnies.

Also "Andy Gump and Min" from the laughable cartoons by Sid Smith which, like all the foregoing, absorb the attention of the youngsters before they are out of bed Sunday morning.

These are only a few of Universal's "Short Subjects" and it will pay you well to keep track of them at your favorite local theatre. If you do not find them there, ask the manager to get them. He will be glad to do it.

I am happy to tell you that all I have predicted for "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has come true. Its reception at the CENTRAL THEATRE, where it is now playing, on Broadway in New York City, has fairly taken my breath away. When you see it I am sure you will agree with me that it will live long in your memory.

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave. . . . . New York City

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
You won’t like it—NOT MUCH!

COLLEEN

in HER WILD OAT

What MOORE do you want?—The Colleen who smiles and beams and capers with the joy of just being alive?—The saucy sprite who runs right up to Romance—and then gives Cupid the Air?—Or the wistful little waif who dreams and hopes through heartaches that would dash you to despair?... You get them ALL in “HER WILD OAT”—quite the merriest fun-film Colleen has ever given you... with the kind of story that keeps you Guessing and Gasping for one solid hour!

Presented by JOHN MCCORMICK

Adapted from the story by HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

A MÄRSHALL NEILAN Production

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
"Let's go to the Movies!"

(especially if it's one of these)

NORMA TALMADGE in "Camille"

CONSTANCE TALMADGE in "Breakfast at Sunrise"

RICHARD BARTELMES in "The Patent Leather Kid"

An ALFRED SANTELL Production

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY"

with Mario Corda—Lewis Stone

—Ricardo Cortez

"THE GORILLA"

with Charlie Murray—Fred Kelsey

Presented by Albert, small and Baern,

Directed by ALFRED SANTELL. An

ALFRED SANTELL Production

"THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS"

by HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

"A TEXAS STEER"

with WILL ROGERS and Great Cast

"LOUISIANA"

with Billie Dove and Gilbert Roland

ROSE of the GOLDEN WEST

with Mary Astor and Gilbert Roland

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

National Pictures Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,

With clothes what they are this year, how can just an average working girl, with little time to shop and less money to spend, dress with distinction? I'm five feet four, twenty years old, weigh 125 pounds and have hips. I have good skin, but my coloring is indefinite—rather muddy blonde hair, my eyes sometimes brown, sometimes blue. How can I buy so I won't appear just another flapper?

Dorothy

I KNOW exactly how Dorothy feels about the models displayed for this winter's clothes. I have been experiencing the feeling myself. Everywhere clothes, regardless of the price, are being made on practically the same, same lines. It is smart but monotonous. How to win distinction, when you haven't money or time to expend? My answer is—by the clever use of color.

Today color assumes a new importance in smart dressing. Correctly used it can make the simplest costume distinguished.

I advise Dorothy first—even at the risk of advertising my own department—to consult the shopping service of Photoplay or other magazines. Here she will find simple, excellent models at moderate prices and if they suit her, she will be saved the toil and worry of shopping. But she must herself decide upon the proper colors for her type.

There used to be a standard color table. Blondes wore blue or pink, brunettes brown or yellows until by observing the color of the gown you could always forecast the complexion of the girl.

Today we know better. There are few pronounced blondes or brunettes. Like Dorothy most of us are a bit muddy.

It is wise, of course, for the fair blonde with flaxen hair to wear clear whites, dark browns, all the blues and the delicate pastels. The red-haired fair girl can wear pale green, taupe, amber, yellow and pale blue. The chestnut-haired should favor bronze, darkest purple, pale pink and blue. The pale brunette, all shades of brown, sapphire blue, orchid, burgundy and dark red. The olive brunette, browns, apricot, beige and terra cotta. The highly colored brunette, pale shades, pale blues, silver grays, old rose, coral. But it is the manner in which these basically becoming colors are combined that marks the successful costume.

Dorothy works, so most of her dresses must be simple, straight little one or two piece dresses with a full blouse and a tight hip line, in her case, to make her figure more symmetrical. Since her skin is good, she can wear black, which is always smart, and most practical for business hours. But she can also gain distinction for herself about her work by wearing over her simple dresses gay colored smocks, that are inexpensive and afford an actual saving of her gowns.

Then when she starts out for home, let her think twice. Is her hat in good color contrast to her dress? Does the color of her shoes match in with anything else she is wearing or quarrel with it all? What about her handbag? What about her gloves? Is she wearing flesh colored stockings or black? And why?

Dorothy should unify her costumes by means of color. Black alone is a successful ensemble shade. Black shoes, stockings, dress and hat make a chic outfit, but blue or brown similarly used will mark her as dowdy. Of course, too many colors may not be worn simultaneously. Three is the outside limit and two is better.

Dorothy's shoes should match either her dress or hat. Her handbag should match either her coat or hat, and the coat preferably because the two will be more used together. If her silk-stocking allowance is limited—and whose isn't?—she should buy only nude shades which blend with everything.

It is not the gown one wears, or the hat or shoes that makes for distinction. It is the manner in which these garments are successfully combined that makes for smartness. Choose his comes not from price tickets but from the care, attention and combined colors, designs and models. You can't slam even a forty-dollar hat on your head and make it look smart. But a clever girl will pull a little three-fifty coral felt cloche carefully down over her left eyebrow, contrast it cleverly with her grey chiffon dress, her nude stockings and her well-heeled grey pumps and make the crowd notice her as she passes.

LAST summer when I was in Hollywood I dined with Adrian, the costume designer at the DeMille studio. We are old friends and he was confiding to me his discouragement about dressing a very beautiful girl recently put under contract by the studio. Finally he exclaimed:

"An ugly woman should thank God. A pretty girl, no matter how dressed, remains merely a pretty girl. But a plain girl carefully gownened attains immediate personality."

That is the secret which Paris knows and which Dorothy must learn. When you haven't a perfect face and figure, scorn commonplace prettiness and go in for chic and distinction.

After all, the most important single thing to spend on clothes is thought.

HELEN WATERS:
Aged sixteen, four feet eleven, you should not weigh much more than 105 pounds. You are an olive-skinned brunette, I judge. Your best colors are ivory and cream white, mahogany and negro brown, darkest blue, dark green, dark, warm reds, terra cotta, buff and apricot, pink in pale shades. Avoid solid black, gray and purple. Just as there are always neglected girls in schools, so there are neglected boys. Both sexes are held back from popularity by the same things—shyness, self consciousness, lack of poise. For a girl, to some extent, any boy will do socially. What she really wants is to be able to prove to the other girls she isn't a social fool. But boys want one of two things from girls—they want pals or they want mothers. Apparently you don't appeal to them in the pal sense. Why not try mothering a few? I don't mean any thing too sugary, but look up a couple of the more diligent boys and see if you can't draw them out. What you want for the present is simply a male escort. Get one and the rest will come more easily.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
BEAUTY REQUISITES

COTY

Introducing the new
Colreme COTY
—to give true youth and
beauty to the skin—created
at the express demand of thou-
sands of American women, especially
for the American complexion. And the
COTY Rouge Box, new and exquisite as
a jewel. “Colreme” COTY, the supreme
COTY Face Powders and Rouges, together,
complete the perfect trinity of radiant loveliness.

“COLCREME” COTY—In A LOVELY
FROSTY GLASS JAR WITH A
DUST-PROOF INNER ALUMINUM
CROWN TO GUARD ITS PURITY.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Do you realize what wonderful power the skin has to renew itself— to keep its youth and freshness, given half a chance?

Each day your skin is changing—old skin dies and new takes its place. If you take care of this new skin as it forms—it does not matter what faults your skin may have suffered from in the past—you can build up, and keep in future, a lovely, smooth, clear complexion.

Begin today to take care of your skin the Woodbury way, with hot or warm water, ice and Woodbury's Facial Soap.

The wonderful helpfulness of Woodbury's in keeping the skin smooth and clear, and in overcoming complexion troubles is a matter of such general experience that today thousands of college girls—society debutantes—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels, are testifying that Woodbury's is "the only soap they can use for the face." "A perfect soap for the skin."

The right way to use Woodbury's for your special type of skin is given in the booklet that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you are so fortunate as to have a clear, naturally good complexion—you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that trouble. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today at any drug or department store—begin using it tonight!

You too can have the charm of "a skin you love to touch"
SALLY BLANE is one of the youngsters selected by Paramount for special training. A little over a year ago, Sally was Miss Betty Jane Young of the Ramona High School. In one year she has played in six films.
WILLIAM BOYD is the best of Cecil B. De Mille's recent discoveries. Not only is the blond Mr. Boyd easy on the eyes, but he's a comedian of no mean ability, as witness "Two Arabian Knights."
"MY BEST GIRL" brings back the Mary Pickford of old. It is a picture innocent of complexes, sophistication or subtlety and confidently recommended to those who hanker for a movie of the Age of Innocence.
HOLLYWOOD is wasteful of beauty. Myrna Loy, for instance, surely has something to contribute to Art. But, for the most part, she is relegated to the ungrateful task of vamping in minor operas.
A dramatic episode in the life of Sarah Bernhardt forms the basis of Greta Garbo's new picture, "The Divine Woman." You will see the spectacle of a French actress interpreted with a Swedish accent.
PORTRAIT of a brave lad—Conrad Nagel. At the risk of talking himself out of pictures, Mr. Nagel fearlessly made himself the spokesman of the embattled actors in the recent salary-cut rumpus with their bosses.
Just as the fashionable woman realizes the ultimate importance of small essentials, so does Gossard design make foundationwear perfect to the most minute details. From the original design, created by Gossard artist-stylists, from the exquisite fittings made by trained Gossard corsetieres, from the careful selection of materials by schooled experts, down to the achievements of skilled artisans, Gossard garments are led on a pathway of impeccable quality to the peak of accepted fashion.

Ask particularly to see Clasp-around 770, illustrated here. Made of brocade and elastic. It features an inside belt and elastic top for smooth, additional support. $7.50.

New . . Charming . . Shuglov
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. (Pronounced Shoe-Glove)

The Footgear Protection That Really Fits

. . . and brings that slenderizing effect to ankles never before achieved

THERE'S this about Shuglov, that you've never found before in any style of footgear protection—it fits. There's none of the bulk and weight of old methods. Warmth and protection are assured without them.

Shuglov is fashioned of strong, featherweight rubber. It is form-fitting—worn with any style of shoe, even the most fragile. It is washable inside and out. A moment's wiping brings back the newness and lustre. It snaps on and off in a jiffy. No pulling. No tugging.

And, of utmost importance in this day of color, Shuglov comes to you in four harmonizing colors: Nude, Gray, Brown and Black. There are two types of heels. The Universal is for military, military high and spiked heel. The Cuban is for the lower and flatter heels. The trim decorative top is worn up or down with equal smartness.

Shuglov is new . . . undeniably smart. You will want them, no doubt, immediately. All smart shops are showing them. Women who dictate the vogue are wearing them. They tell us candidly it is the first time they have ever found footgear protection they are glad to wear.

$500 a pair

Thanks to Shuglov . . . you now wear daintiest shoes and stockings in utmost safety . . . and sacrifice none of their style and smartness.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO
They are still hunting for the man who blew up a Hammond, Indiana, movie theater with a bomb. Ten to one it will turn out to be some chap who paid a dollar for a loge seat and had to stand through a bum overture, five acts of third rate vaudeville and a prologue, and then had to leave before he saw even a news reel.

Just as we were getting rid of the old-fashioned movie pests who read all the titles out loud to little Oscar, and broadcasted misinformation about the players, along comes the boll weevil theater manager who is so determined to demonstrate what a great showman he is that a visit to a motion picture theater becomes an endurance contest between the management and the patrons.

Twenty years ago motion pictures were used by vaudeville houses as "chasers." Today vaudeville is chasing patrons out of motion picture houses. If these theater managers ever get down to selecting good features and giving us a well chosen program of news reels and short subjects, with a fairly good musical accompaniment, the radio business of the country would be cut to half its present proportions.

Stripped of all pretense, presentation is a substitute for good picture entertainment. It is served up on the same principle that inspired French chefs to invent piquant sauces to smother a questionable fillet. Then they became so intrigued with their art of camouflage that even the tenderest and juiciest steak was lost in a sea of paprika gravy, truffles, mushrooms, and condiments.

It has gotten to the point where every jerkwater exhibitor tries to smother a picture in a sea of vaudeville gravy in the hope that his patrons will acquire a taste for the gravy and disregard the meat of the program, the feature picture, when he serves up a rancid one.

The high priest of the presentation cult, Sam Rothapfel, nationally known as "Roxy," with the greatest movie temple in the world named after him, carried his rituals to the point of absurdity when he cut about three reels out of "What Price Glory" to make room on his elaborate program for a half hour prologue.

Of course, he drew a record crowd to his temple, "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" he devoutly calls it, when the great war picture was exposed there to his congregation. "How's 'What Price Glory' going?" someone asked the Reverend Roxy, one Sunday afternoon as he was about to conduct vesper service.

"Great, brother, just great," replied the holy man. "You should see how I put it over with a prologue."

That's not gilding the lily, brothers, that's gold plating the Kohinoor diamond.

"BEAU GESTE" suffered painfully from the crude surgery of presentation mad exhibitors. I happened to see it for the fourth
time recently, in a small West Virginia town. The print had made the rounds of fifty larger cities and towns and was butchered almost beyond recognition.

There ought to be a law against motion picture mayhem.

In a month when there are so many excellent pictures that we are forced to extend the “Best Six” to ten, in justice to Will Rogers’ opus, “A Texas Steer,” it should be noted that only the exigencies of a printing plant operating schedule kept it from the list of the best new pictures viewed in the past four weeks.

The very fact that Rogers is in it is a guarantee of a picture on which it is safe to put the family money.

Will Rogers is not an actor. He tried to act he would probably be terrible.

He plays himself with delightful effect and the captions are in his own uniquely expressed philosophy.

Will is no John “Gilbert, no Douglas Fairbanks, nor could he play the suave and polished Menjou if his Oklahoma neck depended upon it.

He’s himself. And he’s always great company for an evening.

As a matter of fact most of our picture stars play their own personalities over and over. In real life Doug is a genial jumping jack, Lon Chaney a morose idealist, John Gilbert a reckless romanticist, Gloria Swanson a child of fate, Adolphe Menjou a cultured and sophisticated gentleman. Milton Sills is an athletic college professor. Dick Barthelmess is half boy, half man, vainly seeking sympathy and understanding in a world he cannot quite comprehend.

Pola and Jetta Goudal live the temperamental qualities of their pictures. Mae Murray was born to dance. Reginald Denny is a handsome pugilistic champion. Some of the attributes the sport writers give Gene Tunney fit him perfectly.

Tom Mix has lived the life he portrays on the screen. Billy Dove and Corinne Griffith are beautiful and languid on and off the screen.

You cannot fool the camera. It gets behind the eyes of the actor.

I make no claim to psychic powers or more than an average ability to judge human nature. I have seen almost every picture of consequence made in the last fifteen years and have met nearly all the well-known players.

And I can say truthfully that the judgment of their personalities that I got from their screen work has always been verified by personal acquaintance.

I doubt that the screen will ever produce a Barrett, a Booth, a Mansfield, a Maurice Barrymore, a Duse, a Bernhardt. Their fame rested upon their versatility and upon the wide range of characterizations they were called upon to portray.

John Barrymore, born and reared in stage traditions, with an inherited love of character portrayal that has become almost an obsession, has failed to acquire a screen following comparable to his stage fame because he would rather play Shylock than himself.

Barrymore is one of the greatest actors on any stage. In real life he is a modern Hamlet, an extreme individualist whose personality is little understood. He has some of the eccentricities that accompany genius, a total disregard of what anyone thinks of him and no sympathy whatever with the popular conceptions of screen acting. He is a Gauguin among photographers.

But if he ever learns what makes a box office go, and gives a rap whether it goes or not, he will carve for himself a place as distinctive as Valentino, Fairbanks, or Chaplin. He is a wandering lad who does not care to be adopted by a rich family.

Another wanderer who persists, but only through lack of guidance in losing himself in the maze of motion pictures, is the late Harry Langdon, of laughing memory. Sennett kept him on the straight road. He chose to go it alone like Chaplin and Lloyd. But he lacks their sense of direction, and is in serious need of a road map.

To me his screen quality of infantile helplessness is every bit as touching as Chaplin’s pathos.

A few more pictures like “Three Is A Crowd,” and he will be sent to that limbo of lost movie souls, vaudeville.
When
RUDY
Was A Boy

The Wild Days of Valentino's Childhood are told for the First Time

By
Hiram Kelly Moderwell

(Rudolph Valentino, then Rodolfo Guglielmi, at eleven was the daredevil of Castellaneta)

W H O  i s
the most
beautiful
woman
in Castellaneta?

The speaker is eleven-year-old Rodolfo Pietro Filiberto Raffaele Guglielmi, the town bully. He is standing with clenched fists amid a group of small boys in the main square of the agricultural village of Castellaneta, near Taranto, in south Italy.

"Rosina Maria," answers one, loyal to his sweetheart.

Bing! Rodolfo's fist lands on the boy's jaw. Another blow and another. The boy is on the ground, blubbering and half unconscious. He knows the required answer, but his loyalty forbids him to give it. Rodolfo lifts him bodily and throws him into the town fountain. The boy sinks, rises to the surface, and Rodolfo, red with rage, pushes him under again.

Once more he rises. This time he knows he is licked. He gives the correct answer.

"Donna Gabriella," he blubbers. He is permitted to crawl out of the water, sit on the coping, and get his breath.

Donna Gabriella is Donna Maria Berta Gabriella Barbin Guglielmi, the French mother of Rodolfo Valentino, who 20 years later died in New York calling on her name.

The villagers of Castellaneta are full of such reminiscences as this about their Rudolph, who was born in their town and lived there until, at the age of twelve, he moved...
HIGH-UP in the Hollywood Hills there is the home of William Farnum. From the great stone gallery that runs across the front of the house this star has been gazing down over the lights of Cinemaland for more than a year watching and waiting for something. Just what that something was he, himself, could not definitely say. He had a hope however that it was going to be a summons to come down from his roost and again take his rightful place in the ranks of those who provide the entertainment for the world.

Alone except for his dogs and his wife—alone except for the occasional close friend of yesterday who would call—"Bill" Farnum sat and fought as gallant a fight as any bemaxedled hero of the late world unpleasantness. I sought it to a finish and to what seems to be a very successful conclusion.

It was a victory, but not without the paying of a tremendous price for it.

Almost four years ago William Farnum appeared in the last picture that he has made up to this time. That picture was made for Paramount and its title was "The Man Who Fights Alone." I saw that picture the other day, in a private projection room at the Paramount laboratory. I was forcibly struck by the similarity of the theme of its story and the actual facts in the life of William Farnum which necessitated a star as talented as he, with so tremendous a fan following, retiring from the screen.

The following is a verbatim extract from the synopsis of the story of "The Man Who Fights Alone":

More painful than Bill Farnum's illness were the months of convalescence, dreaming, and waiting for the call to the studio that would take him back to the work he loved.
Fought Alone

courageous battle for life

By
Frederic
H. Schader

Photography by Stagg

Now Bill is making pictures again, looking better than ever

"The Man Who Fights Alone" is a dramatic presentation of the power of love to triumph over human ills. It is the story of a strong man—a lone fighter—who, beset by tragic misfortune, achieves regeneration through the abiding love of his wife and child.

As a great engineer, William Farnum in the title role makes the desert bloom and provides the power that turns the wheels of industry. He, with his best friend, loves the same girl. Farnum marries her. On the day their daughter is born he is stricken with paralysis leaving him helpless from the waist down.

"Four years later he is still confined in a wheel chair..."

That, almost, is the real story. So near that, one wonders whether it is possible for screen shadows to forecast the future.

A LITTLE more than four years ago William Farnum, then at the height of his career, was drawing a salary of $10,000 weekly from William Fox. He had been with the Fox organization for many years. He signed with Fox after having attained his great triumph in the original screen production of "The Spoilers." This picture was the initial attraction at the Strand Theater in New York, the opening of which created a historical moment in the exhibition division of the motion picture industry.

The contract with William Fox was about to terminate and William Farnum wanted to make a trip abroad. He did, and when he returned he entered into a new contract with the same organization which called for his appearing in five productions. For each of these he was to receive a flat sum of $65,000. The last of these five pictures called for nine actual days of work on the part of the star, which will give you a rather definite idea of the earning power of Farnum four years ago.
Having completed the five picture contract with William Fox, he went over to the Paramount studios to appear in a single picture for that organization. That picture was "The Man Who Fights Alone." His leading lady was Lois Wilson.

It was in the making of this picture that William Farnum sustained a slight injury which necessitated an operation after the production was completed. From this slight injury there is a long and definite line of misfortune and illness, a line broken only by tremendous personality of Mr. Farnum and his will to surmount the difficulties that beset him and his career.

The will to live and the personality behind it eventually triumphed. Today William Farnum again stands, a well man, on that great stone gallery surrounding his hillside home. But the cost! In money alone it is almost $2,500,000. And who can tell what the sum total might have been, for had William Farnum been active during the last four years—a time during which the picture industry has been making its greatest forward strides—he might have today been the greatest of all stars. Instead he is beginning once again to take up the threads of an interrupted career. He was, at the time that illness overtook him, conceded the foremost "he man" star of the silent drama, his fans were in legion, his pictures avidly awaited and the producers were vying with one another for his services.

Not only was this true of pictures, but of the legitimate stage as well. Arthur Hopkins, who gave the spoken stage John Barrymore in classical roles, had just signed a contract with Mr. Farnum and had one play in rehearsal when the first of his illnesses overtook the star.

Farnum had gone to New York for his "slight operation." The operation successfully performed, he came to terms with the theatrical manager for the production of a play, "The Buccaneer," and rehearsals were started. As they progressed the star became weaker and weaker, until just ten days prior to the opening night, which was to have taken place in Philadelphia, Mr. Hopkins noting the fact that Mr. Farnum wasn't himself physically, ordered him home to rest.

That was the star's last conscious hour until one day about a week later he came to his senses in a room and noted the fact that there were a number of men present. His first thought was "What has happened? Hopkins has changed the entire cast on me." Then he saw that it was Dr. Royal S. Copeland, since United States Senator from New York, standing at the foot of his bed. With the doctor there were almost a dozen other specialists, including the famous surgeon, Dr. Erdman.

"What is the matter, have I been sick?" he managed to murmur to Dr. Copeland. He received a nod in reply and then slipped off into oblivion again, and remained unconscious for the next eleven weeks. On his next return to consciousness his ears heard the rustling of a newspaper and his eyes discovered his brother, Dustin Farnum, seated at his bedside. Dustin had been there for six weeks, for during that entire time the life of William had been despaired of.

Then came a long, long period of convalescence, almost a year in fact, the greater part of which was spent at the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]
If we must have censorship, PHOTOPLAY suggests this group of ideal censors. They know their politics.
In 1917 Francis X. Bushman was on the film heights. Then everything was swept away. The suddenly revealed knowledge that he had a wife pushed him from his pedestal. "Don't marry," Bushman says to his fellow stars. "While the whole world loves you, don't marry! I never want other stars to suffer as I suffered."
What Killed Francis X. Bushman?

“Marriage,” he says, “Murdered My Career”

A LONG, narrow room with cabinets from the floor to the ceiling. Five secretaries gracing the center. Thirty thousand letters regularly each week to be answered. In addition, at least five thousand photographs and little notes to the fans during each seven day period.

The tall, handsome, virile man, who was the owner of all this, walked through the door, spoke to the messenger boys, to the five over-worked women. He rubbed his hands in satisfaction. Had any other man reached such a pinnacle of adoration?

He was a god; a world worshipped hero.

This was in 1917.

“Ah, at that time, I was so intensely popular that I felt permanently established. My friends were numbered by thousands. Tens of thousands. Nothing could shake my faith in myself. No one could have told me that all of this glory would not last forever. I was a god and I felt secure in my heaven.

“Then, overnight, it all vanished. Overnight, there were no more letters. The secretaries were dismissed, the cabinets and messenger boys faded. They were no longer needed. The idol had fallen.”

Francis X. Bushman took his hand from the head of King, the champion Great Dane who has suffered with his master through the long years of trials and heart-breaking experiences, swept it through the air to the low couch between us.

“With a motion like that, everything was swept away. From a hero, to—what would you call it?—that was the way I tumbled.”

“And all because of the women.” He smiled; a wan, shadow-like hint of cynical amusement.

“YOU see, they thought I was not married. From 1902 until 1918 I kept my secret. I had an unwritten agreement with my producers that my wife and five children would be kept a secret.

“After much argument we had agreed to a secret divorce. Then overnight she changed her mind and sued me. Overnight, it was all over.

“The Metro people for whom I was working sent a man all over the country. He returned and made me this statement.

“You were always a possible lover, a possible husband. The love of young girls for you while you were single was not wrong. But as a married man—”

“Is it as bad as that, Harry?” I could not believe it. He was right; exhibitors refused to book my pictures.

“Of course, there was talk. Gossip. My fans had wanted me to marry Beverly Bayne. I had thousands upon thousands of letters suggesting it. Just as the world wanted Vilma Banky to marry Ronald Colman. But, when I did marry her, I had already married. There had been talk—oh, there was a momentary reaction. I had thousands of letters from those who were glad, happy we had married. But it was never the same. Motion picture days seemed over. We went into vaudeville together.”

We were silent a moment. Bushman—the forty-three-year-old Francis X. Bushman—stroked the head of his great dog, while his eyes visioned the glories of the thirty-year Bushman.

“I always tried to save Valentino,” he continued slowly, “from the suffering, the heart-aches, the awakening which were mine. You know he lived up here, next door to me. I used to warn him, tell him that the American public is more fickle than even the most fickle of women. Tried to save him again and again. But Rudy only laughed. He couldn’t believe me. What had happened to poor old Francis X. could never happen to Rudolph Valentino!”

A NOther long, uninterrupted silence. Somehow, I could not bring myself to talk when this man was reminiscing, living over the days of his unparalleled glory—

“Then one day Rudy came over. It was when Natasha was interfering with his pictures. She had written this one, supervised it. It was about to open at a downtown Los Angeles theater.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 88]
The True Life Story

Further revelations of the career

I DID not get the story of Lon Chaney's childhood in a single talk with him. It took many hours of many days, but those days brought me something I value highly, Lon Chaney's friendship.

He had told me succinctly that he hated interviewers. There were questions that I asked him which he flatly refused to answer. Yet after I had seen him several times, after I had once got behind the barrier of his silence, his shyness was broken down and the friendliness that makes stage hands and every person with a hard luck story love him, stood revealed.

When he desires he can be as subtly charming as an old world courtier. He let me come into his dressing room, hitherto sacred to his make-up. The first day there had been only a rough chair on which I could sit and, man-fashion, his combs and brushes and cigarettes were all over the place. The second time Lon had tidied the room and the chair had a cushion.

He loathes having people on the set. Yet he saw to it that I always found a comfortable place on "The Hypnotist" set that I might witness how easily he worked and with what economy of gesture.

Arriving one day at the studio I was told he was in his dressing room. I did not find him there. On the company stage I observed Tod Browning, his director, and the Kleigs were blazing. Suddenly I heard a voice calling me. Up against the roof of the stage, some thirty feet high, was a monster bat, waving a friendly hand at me.

OF course, it was Lon. He had been rigged up there for hours. At that distance the camera couldn't catch his face and any other man would have used a double. Lon thought the bat business important to his characterization, so he did it.

He came down nearly an hour later. He linked his arm through mine, paced his stride instantly to match my shorter step and marched me off to the company commissary. No fuss, no posing.

Then in the big studio dining room Lon and I gazed out across the green lawns and flowering hedges of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and cut back to the days of 1901 when the West was largely frontier and the Chaney boys were starting their first tour and troupe through the state of Colorado.

The boys tried to route their company through a series of one-night stands. But for such youthful managers the strain of ticket-taking, managing, bill posting, staging and acting was very severe. When their tenor, Charles Holmes, offered to buy the show from them and let them go along merely as actors, they relinquished their doubtful glory immediately.

Holmes started them out through the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Sparse, lonely, amusement-starved towns they struck. They went on through Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Arkansas and Texas.
Lon loved it. It was all new to him. There were such things as automobiles, electricity and large cities, he knew, but he never saw a town that boasted them. The company traveled along in a caboose that could be attached to any freight train. There were twenty-three of those terrible actors and they had to take turns cooking their meals over the car's wood-burning stove. Lon insists that the trains crept along so slowly they made a practice of shooting quail in the fields as they passed, then hopping off to retrieve them, and of catching the train in a walk.

HAMS among the hamlets. They played every town that rose to break the open stretches of the prairies. They felt sinfully luxurious when they found a theater with dressing rooms. Usually they had to put up a sheet back stage and reserve one side for the women, the other for the men. When there was room enough back stage for the trunks, that was a big night. Generally the trunks had to be put in the orchestra pit, along with whatever audience there was. When costume changes were called for the actors were forced to march solemnly front in full sight of the public, choose the necessary regalia and cart it back. As they went on, particularly in Texas, they began to regard theaters of any sort as miraculous. More and more they played stores and halls.

For footlights they used coal-oil lamps and when the script demanded a light change some performer would have to walk down stage, and adjust the lamp wicks. It was fortunate that neither actors nor audiences possessed a sense of humor. Lon remembers one scene in their first play, "Said Pasha," in which the lights had to go out during a love scene. The lover entering worked his way to the front of the stage, turned out all the lamps and hurled his hot words at the heroine. But the plot required that Pasha should discover his daughter in the arms of her sweetheart. Since he could do no discovering in darkness, he had to go down and light the lamps before he could act surprise at the sight that met his eyes.

Naive days, those, when the entertainment world was young. Lon Chaney today is known as the easiest star in filmdom to direct. His pictures are among the least expensive to produce. Thrift is as inevitable to him after that training as it is to Cal Coolidge.

Even with the unsophisticated tolerance of their audiences, Lon thinks they would never have drawn a house anywhere save for the "hard tickets" they issued. These were guarantees to the public that they would get their money back if they didn't like the show. The company gambled on the fact that no one would have the nerve to tell the truth about them and nobody ever did. Once they ran out of their "hard tickets." The town's only substitute was milk tickets. Adults came in on quarts, children on pints.

As the original road builders had pushed on, those lawdry, tired pioneers of laughter followed their vague dream. Rough traveling, sleeplessness, loneliness, the lack of proper food. The youngsters counterbalanced it all with their optimism, the elders with the resignation of failure. It wasn't until they came into a Florida village on December 24th, 1903, that they jolted back to reality.

It was a ghastly little town, sand everywhere, and a few weather-beaten, sun-bleached buildings. None of them had any money. They counted themselves fortunate when they made enough money to cover expenses and get to the next stand.

But they simply had to have a Christmas.

Lon and his brother hunted a tree. They dragged a small pine back to the town hall where they were to stage their bill. They dug down into the company trunk for decorations, pathetic, glittering things, buttons off their costumes, tinfoil jewelry, cardboard crowns. They hung them on the tree and pretended it was beautiful.

All through the show that night, all the next morning—for wonder of wonders, this was a two-day stand—the company was busy devising Christmas gifts. As Christmas week is the worst the show business knows, they were poorer than usual. [continued on page 119]
A year ago Tom Mix started writing: first for Variety, then for Photoplay, then for Life; and now he is a regular contributor to all three. He doesn't write for publicity. He doesn't need that. He writes for money. He doesn't need that either. But many magazines are now bidding for his manuscripts.

In our agreement for six stories we provided that he must write a minimum of so many words for so much money. Extra words didn't add to his check. We also made him promise to throw away his dictionary so he wouldn't lose his natural style. When he sent in this first article, he wired:

"You thought you were smart when you made me get rid of my dictionary. I swapped it for an arithmetic and you didn't get one extra word."

THE EDITOR.

EARLY in life I decided that no gent could be properly bankrolled without a million dollars. Then I started after it.

Next to the herdin' of a million dollars, which I'll admit I'm now a doin', inducin' the aforesaid million to group 'em selves together is about the toughest job I know of.

How come I decided on a million as the proper amount for a well-to-do citizen to have on hand, came in a peculiar way. The fact is I had never heard of a million dollars until I was told an old, red-skirted gypsy had confided to a ranchwoman that one day her baby would be the owner of a million dollars—this important information bein' purchased for two-bits. My mother believed it and that's why I had to go out an' get it. As a boy about twelve, to give me some idea what a million meant an' in a language I could understand, my father pictured how big a ranch it would take to feed a million horses or cattle.

I also recall that my first important decision on the million matter was that once I got the million, I didn't propose to let anybody mind it for me an' that I'd always carry it around in my pocket, thereby havin' it handy in case I had to leave on one of those quick, unexpected overnight jumps toward the Mexican border that citizens often made in the early days of Texas. As I remember now, I never figured on gettin' more'n the first million.

The first person I ever confided this deep set million dollar resolution to was my mother an' I slipped it to her as a secret just before I rode away from home to take my first job of cowpunchin' for wages, then a lad of perhaps twelve. I didn't tell my father, as I expected to be back with the million in a few months an' give the old gentleman a surprise.

ALTHOUGH that was many years ago, later in life, I had the pleasure of tellin' that same little mother that the gypsy's prophecy had come true—I had the million. In passin', I'd like to add that my father and mother are still alive an' happy after fifty years of married life. No, they don't live in Hollywood. Any man or woman out here in Hollywood, who would confess to livin' together for half a century an' still be on speakin' terms, would be throwed into jail as insane and disloyal to the town's best an' finest examples.

As I grew up, I did a lot of figurin' as to the best way to round up that million. Livin' in an open country, my first idea was to make it in cattle. I figured it out that a cattleman's profit on a steer would average about six dollars a head. I saw that to get the million in that way, I would require a herd of somethin' like...
Million

By

Tom Mix

series of six true stories in rope and hog-tie a fortune

168,666 2/3 head of full grown cattle with two yearlin's added—the latter representin' the two thirds. I didn't know anybody in all Texas or the Indian Territory—now Oklahoma—who had 60,000 head, let alone more than twice that number, nor did I see how, at that time, I could feed an' range that much stock if I really had 'em. So it came about, the cattle idea was abandoned.

Over in Pecos country, where I was then a workin' out in a line camp, I met "Good Eye" Williams, a cow-hand. It seems a billiard cue in the hands of a quicker man had deprived him of the sight of one eye, although "Good Eye" used to describe it as a triflin' incident that occurred durin' a terrific hand-to-hand encounter with cattle rustlers, whereas in truth an' fact the trouble started over who put the fifteen ball in the corner pocket without callin' the shot.

"Good Eye," not the gentlest cowpuncher in the world, had made several hurried trips to Mexico, where he always remained until a new sheriff had been elected back home. So it was that "Good Eye" knew a lot about Mexico, an' after listenin'

"Now," says the director, "remember, while you're a killin' the wolf, keep your back to the camera. We don't want to see your face—"
THE avalanche of entries in Photoplay Magazine's fourth Cut Puzzle Picture Contest brought most impressively to the judges' attention the fact that this annual event continues to maintain not only a national, but an international character. Every state sent its host of entries and every continent as well as the islands of the seas were well represented. Photoplay, along with pictures, girdles the globe.

In spite of the fact that the great majority of the solutions submitted were more simply presented than in previous years, the judges found their task in no wise diminished.

But after weeks of the most careful and assiduous labor, they believe that they have reached as just and fair decisions as it is possible for any group of human beings to arrive at.

It was necessary to set aside a spacious store room where the entries could be safely kept under lock and key, awaiting the judges. And after their weeks of labor here you may read the names of the fifty whose solutions triumphed over many thousands, and who thereby carry off the total of $5,000 in cash prizes. And here, too, are presented photographs of the leading

The Sixteen Correct Cut-Puzzle Answers

**June**
- Corinne Griffith
- Norma Shearer
- Lois Moran
- Betty Bronson

**July**
- Lloyd Hughes
- Owen Moore
- Edmund Burns
- Antonio Moreno

**August**
- Mary Brian
- Mary Astor
- Eleanor Boardman
- Renee Adoree

**September**
- Lawrence Gray
- Conrad Nagel
- William Boyd
- James Hall
Contest  

Photoplay's Fourth Cut Puzzle Awards

The Prize Winners
First Prize $1,500—Blocks
Mrs. C. F. Schneiker
30 N. Bergen Place, Freeport, Long Island, N. Y.
Second Prize $1,000—Butterfly
Ruth Curby
4006 Main Street, Kansas City, Mo.
Third Prize $500—Book
Frances E. Heggstrom
Red Wing, Minnesota
Fourth Prize $250—Peacock
Emil Paulson
335 East Colfax St., Denver, Colo.
Fifth Prize $125—Album
Sallie Carrol
P. O. Box 183, Redwood City, Calif.

[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 90]

prize-winning solutions, together with portraits of some of the winners.

The prizes will be sent to the four corners of the country. In addition, one fifty dollar award will go to England.

The Contest was made more interesting than ever this year by reason of the addition of the key letters, from which names of photoplay actors and actresses were to be made. Correctness, naturally, was the first factor to be considered. Neatness, as before, counted in the assembling of the cut pictures. And simplicity, combined with ingenuity of design, was required as a matter of fairness to all contestants.

As in previous contests, many solutions had to be cast aside because of errors in assembling the cut pictures. Many also lost out in the awarding of prizes because of the use of more key letters than were actually printed on the sections of the pictures.

One factor stands out strikingly, and that is, it is obvious that motion picture fans everywhere are becoming better acquainted with the faces and names of motion picture actors. Many minor actors and actresses were well represented in the lists of names formed from the key letters.

Well worthy of note is the excellent uses to which the prize-winners propose to put their awards. One is to be used either to re-decorate a little home or to take a long desired trip abroad; one to go into a savings account; and two will be utilized to further the educations of the winners, one a crippled girl.

The first prize of $1,500 goes to Mrs. C. F. Schneiker, 30 North Bergen Place, Freeport, Long Island, New York, for her nest of blocks and list of players.

"I have been interested in the contest each year, this one appealing to me particularly because of the new feature in your presentation of making names of screen players from the key letters," Mrs. Schneiker writes Photoplay. "That was most absorbing, and my back numbers of [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
WHAT on mere stars which wealth charming for life ten
Their before distribution fame, if me those hence? Are
Deep down in their hearts they know that stardom
in motion pictures cannot endure forever. They know
that they are in the cruelest of all professions, in
which "old age" comes earlier by ten or fifteen years
than in any other—a profession depending so desperately
on youth, on appearances, on continued charm,
on a fickle public's adulation. They have seen the
stars of former days drop out one by one and become mere has-beens.

WHAT sort of lives are they preparing for themselves when their stardom wanes? In any other profession they could look towards maintained and increasing success through the years, but in screenland ten years hence is the equivalent of twenty, thirty years hence in any other realm. There will be another life to lead, a long life, long after their names have ceased to be headline and electric sign drawing powers for the film industry.

Are they making any plans towards making this later life gracious, worthy of the fame that was theirs, charming for themselves and others—a genuine contribution to life in general? Are they storing up interests for the future to take the place of public adulation?

They have attained what the world envies them—wealth and place and universal admiration. None before them has ever attained such far-reaching fame, such glittering success. They are the most envied of the envied. To such a large extent it would seem that they could make of their lives what they will. Their rewards exceed those of great public benefactors, idealistic altruists, the world's finest statesmen.

What is it all going to mean to them—ten years hence?

I selected a dozen of our most starry famous ones, those who have been in the profession long enough to have become used to fame and who will be past forty years of age—ten years hence. I asked them to tell me in what circumstances they would wish to find themselves ten years hence, what their lives would be if they could control their own destinies.

In most cases the question boggled them. It was plain that looking thus into the future disturbed them mightily. They had not thought about it, they did not want to think about it. Pictures are their life, for the most part. They were, most of them, startled to be confronted with a question that might seem to exclude pictures from their realm. They really could not envision life outside of motion pictures. And then, as they compelled their minds to the thought, almost all of them talked vaguely about travel, about lovely estates, yachts, while just one or two considered possible new fields of work, of endeavor.

The women seemed to know their minds better than the men.

I FOUND Norma Talmadge, dressed in a plain little sport dress, painting porch furniture and indulging herself in a wild go of domesticity. Norma looks much tinier, not at all stately off the screen. Her hair was rumpled and her face guiltless of make-up. She left the painting, lit a cigarette and curled up on a divan with her legs folded beneath her.

"Oh, goodness, I have never thought of anything but pictures," she said in answer to my searching question. "I have never been quite satisfied with..."
The Paradise the stars hope for is a home in France, children—and an occasional fling at Art

By Alma Whitaker

any picture I have made yet, so all I can think about is making better ones. But I would like to go on the stage. I should have to learn, of course. I wouldn't try to do it just on my picture reputation. Oh, I should always have to work. I couldn't consider life without work.

"I think I would like a villa in the South of France, near Monte Carlo. People seem to know how to live there. Lots of women, Mary Garden for instance, have their homes there—but not retired. They go right on working out in the world and use their villas as a charmed retreat between engagements. Women don't grow old any more...."

"I would have liked to have had children," she murmured, thoughtfully. "I adore Natalie's babies. I like giving big parties ... You know I will invite 100 and 300 will turn up and I love it. Talking about babies, I think my pictures have been my babies. Waiting for the results, it's like giving birth to a child. All the anguish and not knowing whether all is well until it is actually produced.... Oh, ten years hence. It seems so far off. But, yes, I suppose the years do creep up on one...."

It hasn't anything to do with the story exactly, but I must also quote Norma Talmadge on the subject of "gossip." I had said that we seemed to be able to forgive some reckless famous ones....

Wanted by Ronald Colman: A son, a yacht, some books, twenty weeks work a year on the stage and a good game of poker

Wanted by Norma Talmadge: A villa on the Riviera, children and a chance on the stage

"Forgive!" said Norma gravely. "Who are any of us to judge and forgive? Or to blame?"

And yet, of course, this attitude of Norma's will affect her life ten years hence. A "judge not that ye be not judged" attitude must sweeten life tremendously as the years pass on.

ADOLPHE MENJOU also looks to the South of France for his setting in 1937. Adolph managed to be quite emphatic—but I think something had happened that day to assist his decision.

"I am working hard now and will for several more years," he said, "but in ten years—maybe sooner—I'll have enough money to buy a country place at Pau, France. I'll be in the foothills of the Pyrenees, 'taking it big.' I want to live in France as a country gentleman, in a chateau with modern plumbing, and raise dogs and horses—and maybe children. And then no more movies. I expect to realize my ambition, too."

Little Colleen Moore, looking a wisp of a girl of about 16, is a buoyant person to interview. Colleen placed a finger on her forehead and registered profundity with a naughty twinkle.

"Of course," she began, "first of all I should like to be able to say I had made one really fine artistic picture—that was also a huge box office success," she grinned. "And I hope by then I will have an absolutely clear conscience, for I do love my sleep. I am afraid I haven't any nice high-brow ambitions. I hope I will still be skinny, because fat people take up too much room on little yachts.

"Yes, ten years from now, I hope I will be on a 125-foot sailing yacht (with a good engine for emergencies), with my John, and drifting about the seas. I want us to be poking into queer harbors and up funny little rivers, maybe the Nile, for instance. You know I had four wonderful months of such cruising this summer with my John, [continued on page 108]
"If you'll give me a chance in pictures," says Joan Crawford's pookiepet puppy, "I'll prove that I've got more brains, more IT and a better camera face than Rin-Tin-Tin." What supervisor will "discover" him?

The weirdest story of the month emanates, not from Hollywood but from Milan, Italy—of all places! This fantastic tale runs to the effect that a jealous motion picture actress, aided by a demonic movie magnate, killed Rudolph Valentino by crushing diamonds and sprinkling them in Rudie's drinks.

Can you imagine, Oswald, a movie actress and a movie magnate crushing up diamonds and not dropping dead of heart failure themselves?

Wilson Mizner says the "persistence of the uninspired" is the greatest tragedy of the motion picture industry.

Here is a Hollywood story, more tragic than any that our own Adela Rogers St. Johns ever wrote. It concerns Virginia Lee Corbin and her mother.

Mrs. Corbin was the wife of a prosperous Los Angeles druggist, so it wasn't money that made her want Virginia to become a movie star. It was a curious, persistent ambition that influenced her to start Virginia as a child actress when the girl was little more than a baby.

Virginia, as you know, was successful. Successful enough to be the innocent cause of an estrangement between her father and mother. When Mr. Corbin died last Spring, he carried with him to his grave the regret that his Virginia hadn't enjoyed the normal childhood of other little girls.

That was tragedy No. 1. Virginia is now seventeen years old and has reached the age when she has ideas of her own—right or wrong. And so trouble started between Virginia and her mother. There were quarrels about salary and quarrels about Virginia's right to go to parties. Finally, Virginia brought an insanity complaint against her mother. The poor woman had tried to kill herself.

Then came the bitterest quarrel of all, over the ridiculous party question. Virginia left home and Mrs. Corbin swallowed poison. And Virginia rushed to the hospital, where her mother fought a wavering fight against death.

They're reconciled now and the insanity complaint is dismissed. And nobody's to blame. You can't blame the mother who was so ambitious for her pretty little child. Nor can you blame the child who was forced into a hard, unnatural life when she was too young to grasp the difference between right and wrong.

Leni Malena, the little German actress, who has been borrowed by United Artists from Cecil De Mille to play with John Barrymore in "The Tempest," was talking to a writer.

"How are you getting along with Barrymore?" the writer inquired.

"But Meester Barrymore, he no has flirted mit me. I am so much the deesappointed," was the tragic answer.
What's the younger generation coming to? It's enough to make Charlotte Greenwood believe the things she's heard about the movies. The "baby" is Harry Earles. Remember him in "The Unholy Three"?

ZELDA SEARS, the playwright, was chatting with me.
"Even as a boy, Cecil De Mille was a nice kid," she remarked. "Of course, his mother and father were so clever that we never really expected either Cecil or William to amount to a thing. But they were nice children."

And now Zelda draws her pay checks from the "nice boys" of her early acquaintance.

NORMA TALMADGE is making a home for sister Natalie's children, while Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton are in the east. The kiddies arrived with their little black terrier, "Scotty." Within two days "Scotty" was missing. The Talmadge house was in an uproar. An advertisement was rushed to the papers which made the mistake of carrying the true name and address of the owners. The procession began! As many dogs as the Pied Piper had rats paraded with their inquisitive masters before the Talmadge front-door-step.

FINALLY, when the eleventh hundred child arrived with a huge Dane, evidently her own, and as evidently used as an excuse for mamma and papa and all the brothers and sisters to see Norma, the Keatons and the household equipment, Norma became disgusted.
"But the advertisement said definitely that it was a tiny black Scotch Terrier, answering to the name of 'Scotty.' Why have you brought this huge Dane?" she demanded.
"Because it answers to the name of 'Scotty,'" was the lisp-ing answer.
"And the paper might have made a mistake in the rest of the description," Mama added. A Hollywood boulevard policeman found the real "Scotty" and returned it.

HUMAN stories often skirt motion picture sets, that far exceed the poignancy of the box office attraction being filmed.
This happened on the Florence Vidor "A Celebrated Woman" set.

LEILA HVAMS, that nifty young person, has gone and gotten married to Phil Berg, a Hollywood casting agent. They were married at Sherry's in New York. What could be grander?

TOM GERAGHTY passes along a new word, coined by Samuel G. Blythe. Blythe calls a certain type of worker a "slib." A "slib," in case you want to know, is a man who is both slick and glib.

NORMA SHEarer and Irving Thalberg have taken up their nuptial residence with Mother Thalberg and little sister Sylvia.
Norma was very wifely on the morning of the honeymoon return. "I'll put in Irving's collar buttons and cuff links, now. You don't need to do it any longer," she told her mother-in-law.
And she did, for four whole mornings. Then she called for help, "You can do it, if you want to, Mother. I have to be at the studio, and you're used to doing it, and--"

Mother Thalberg can almost forget now that her boy is married.

Dolores Del Rio wanted to take this papoose to Hollywood. Big Chief and his squaw shouted a heap big "No!"
A revolver was used in a scene. Several "takes" were made, the revolver exploding in each instance.

The head electrician came to Director Frank Tuttle:
"Say, Mr. Tuttle, could you let me know when you're gonna fire that gun? I want to signal those fellers," pointing to four electricians high in the rafters manning spotlights.
"The boys got shell shocked in the War and sudden explosions unnerve them."

They received their signals.

A huge sight-seeing "bus dashed up Fifth Avenue and plastered across it was this flaming banner, "Welcome Home, Carl Laemmle."

"What's all that about?" I asked my intelligent taxi driver.

"That's a movie stunt," he answered. "It says 'Welcome Home, Carl Leaveal. Carl is a brother of Cecil Leaveal who plays in 'The Big Parade.'"

And that, my lad, is fame!

Lupe Valez. Doug Fairbank's Mexican discovery, now is 100 per cent Hollywood. She is being sued by her manager for breach of contract. The manager claims he discovered Lupe while the little Mexican was riding on a merry-go-round in her native city.

This story takes the prize of the handsome solid ivory copy of "Cinderella."

Now we know that Lupe is a primitive creature. It has just leaked out that she was such a good comrade on the set where she was working, that one of the prop-boys took it for granted he could become familiar. She charged at him with a knife, chasing him the length of the lot, before outsiders could rush to his protection.

We wonder if the well-known director to whom she is reported engaged has heard this story.

Ramón Novarro can't see why his new picture, a story of the early life of Louis XIV, has been titled "His Night." Ramón thinks it would be better box-office to call the film "His Nightie."

Aileen Pringle was welcomed to New York after months of absence with a lofty tea given by Fania Marinoff and Carl Van Vechten.

And Ramón Novarro, upon arriving in the big city, promptly arranged for a series of singing lessons from Louis Gravearre.

I could burst out crying. What's become of the old-fashioned hotsy-totsy movie stars who celebrated his or her advent to Manhattan by making merry all night at Texas Guinan's joy parlor?

Another fair immigrant who "no spik Eng-lish." Carl Laemmle, Jr., discovered her in Europe, christened her Joan Lido and signed her for Universal.

Marceline Day is one Hollywood girl who never even had a beau, they tell me.

But if you could hear Marceline and James Murray whispering together — and giggling a little — you would draw your own conclusions. And Mary Philbin, that heretofore unattached youngster, now admits to an interest in Paul Kohner, one of Universal's producers.

The non-professional sister of a famous producer encountered Agnes Christine Johnston at one big social function after another.

"My, but you get invited to a lot of places for a mere writer," was her greeting on the seventh festal evening.

It was almost coincidentally with Constance Talmadge's return to New York that "Buster" Collier, formerly Constance's heaviest beau, staged his near-elopement with Dorothy McCarthy. Miss McCarthy is the girl who sings cute little songs with her sister in George White's shows.

"Buster" and Dorothy fled themselves to the Municipal Building to get a license but the clerk refused because Dorothy didn't have her birth certificate to prove she was of legal age to get married. After the delay, the marriage was postponed because "Buster" discovered that he had a movie contract which forbade his getting married in ten weeks.

But anyway, as a solace to two romantic hearts, the episode was given stories and photographs in all the newspapers.

Connie Talmadge's new beau seems to be Ben Finney.

I always wonder why newspapers are so insistent on referring to Ben as a movie star. Ben hasn't been before a camera in several years and the only pictures in which he achieved any sort of prominence were "Miamia," and "The Heart of a Temptress."

But Ben is a movie star to the newspapers who are a great deal more generous in handling out glory than this sour old cynic.

Speaking of a non-professional party, which was blew in Hollywood, Wilson Mizner declared, "The breaths of everyone present was enough to start the windmill on an old Dutch print moving."
Kicks at $90.00 per, of silver kid, with veins of red and rhinestone buckles. Contributed to Ruth Taylor by Mr. Eisman in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

THERE is a lot of cruelty in this business. And whether it is deliberate or accidental, doesn't hide the fact that it is cruel, nevertheless.

Take the case of Renee Adoree, a capable and good-natured trouper. Miss Adoree was promised the title role in "Rose-Marie," as a reward for past excellences. She started work in the picture and thought she was giving general satisfaction. But one day, in the costume department, she happened to hear that Joan Crawford was being fitted for costumes for the role. On Friday, so our spies say, Renee was given notice that she was out of "Rose-Marie." On Monday, Miss Crawford stepped into the picture.

THERE is one actor in Hollywood who has never seen himself on the screen, who never reads his publicity, and who nonchalantly forgets he is a motion-picture satellite between pictures.

Buz Barton, the thirteen year old FBO western star who thrills the kids of the country with his daring riding, staunchly refuses to see his own pictures.

"Ah, Louis King can tell me whether I done all right or not. I can't be bothered," is his answer. We wonder how long this lack of self-interest will continue, with even this young man from Missouri.

ON CHANEY, who intersperses every picture with a fishing trip in the high Sierras, insists he has discovered a new kind of animal.

"A mule that points deer like a dog," is his story.

"When a deer is near, this pack animal stops and sticks out his nose, waits, as much as to ask, 'Why don't you shoot?'"

"Oh, I didn't believe this story; either, when I heard it," he answers the laughs which greet him. But he's offered to take scoffers on his next trip to show them.

CHANEY was proudly displaying his huge upper-arm muscles, muscles which he has developed with much hard exercise and training.

Gwen Lee took one look, patted his arm lightly and laughed knowingly.

"Oh, go on, that's make-up. It's just another Lon Chaney!"

SPEAKING of Gwen Lee, we were talking about Hollywood parties, cafés and general amusements. She seemed a little indifferent and finally remarked frankly:

"Such things really don't interest me anymore. I'd rather just spend a quiet evening!"

"You must be in love!" we answered.

She blushed violently. And it developed that George Hill is one of those boys who doesn't enjoy anything jazzy. His proclivity is quiet evenings.

EMIL JANNINGS has developed sex appeal! The girls paid him no attention until he arrived on the lot one day in a uniform of a general for his new starring vehicle, "The General." The fur-lined coat with the huge fox collar made such a difference, that they seriously considered boarding up the set to protect him from the admiring young lady players!

DID you ever know that Jeanie MacPherson, the screen author of "The King of Kings" and numerous other big pictures, was the cigar-factory girl who fought with Geraldine Farrar in her interpretation of "Carmen"?

ONE Hollywood director has solved the secrets of Victor McLaglen's interpretation of the toreador in "Carmen." McLaglen asked what he was to play next. They told him "Car-men." So Vic looked it up and found car-men meant motormen or gripmen and that's the way he played it.

RUTH TAYLOR is having to learn some bitter lessons, even though she is Lorelei Lee and supposed to be clever enough to master any situation.

"Ritzy—stuck up—her part's gone to her head—"

Some kind "friend" told her that's what certain folk were saying about her. And Ruth was so cut up she couldn't work the day after.

Then came the rumor that a certain well-known Hollywood man had captured her affections.

"What about those rumors, Ruth?"

She tossed her blonde head coyly.

"Oh, that's part of the game. We should worry about the men. But I want the women to love me!"

With tears in her eyes she told me. It was a part Anita Loos forgot to "write in" for her.

NILS ASTOR is the latest actor to "go Hollywood." This recent Swedish gift to the screen has just received an especially-built car, which demands an especially-built garage to house its huge length. The upholstery is genuine pigskin, sewed together by hand. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]
There is no telling where this story will end, but it begins in a woodshed in Independence, which is a town in that portion of the Great American prairie called Kansas, and the time is about thirty years ago.

A boy on the verge of his teens stood at the chopping block in the woodshed skillfully wielding a hatchet with which he was reducing packing cases to kindling.

From time to time there were lulls in the labor as the youngster paused to regard the strange foreign labels on some of the cases, or to straighten out and decipher stray bits of circulars or to examine wisps of curious grasses and mattings and papers and remnants of packing material. The boxes were discards from the receiving room at his father’s jewelry and notion store in the village and they came, it seemed, from many strange, far away lands and ports—Shanghai, Tokyo, Christiansia, Singapore, Mukden, Beyrut, Liverpool, Melbourne, Manila.

This was young Martin Johnson’s favorite Saturday morning diversion. His schoolmates looked upon the woodpile as an institution of slavery, but for Martin it was the threshold of fanciful adventure. He daydreamed over these far away places and all the exotic sights and scenes the grotesque, many colored labels suggested. Martin preferred his woodshed adventures and his merry collection of shipping labels and seals to any possible excitement of town lot baseball and like pastimes of his set. Probably Martin’s teacher in the Independence public school may have noted that the lad was a star in geography, and most likely indeed she may also have observed that he was not quite so good in arithmetic. His mind was continually on the large...
and remote Elsewhere and lands of his glamorous fancy.
All of this did not make Martin highly social. He was given to exploring the country about for and by himself. He knew a great deal about the fishing and the birds and such wild life as might be found in the scrub oak and hackberry groves along the Kansas streams.

Presently young Mr. Johnson arrived at the milestone age of fourteen years and made a momentous decision. He would wonder about those far away places no longer. It is just possible that there was a certain heritage in the abundant red blood of him that had an influence. Martin's father, the jeweler and watchmaker, was a square jawed, firm set Johnson from Sweden, and the lad's mother was of the pioneer stock of western Missouri. Now wherever there is blue salt water is the home of the seafaring Swede, and as for the maternal side of the house remember that the slogan of Missouri is "Show Me!" So it came that Martin Johnson, fourteen and eager and husky, decided to just go and see and go and see until he had seen it all.

From the viewpoint of age fourteen the world is a rather large sort of arrangement and Martin was not entirely sure just where to begin on it. But then one place was likely to be about as new as another. Without taking the railway company or any one else into his confidence he took train one night, bound out of Independence for Kansas City and all points elsewhere, whatsoever, whenever.

Martin managed to see large...
As the year of 1927 draws to a final fade-out, Photoplay surveys the twelve months of stirring scraps and daring deeds and thinks it fitting to make a rôle of honor of those outstanding personalities who have contributed so much to the life of the party.

Will the boys and girls step to the front of the class-room, when their names are called, and receive their handsome medals? Anyone making a disturbance will please step outside and fight it out in the alley with Bull Montana, our official bodyguard. All set for the presentation of the medals of honor for 1927? Let's go:

To Adolph Zukor: Because his company makes more money for his stockholders than any other outfit in the business; because he does not solicit personal publicity; and just because.

To Eric von Stroheim: Because he is willing to starve in order to make pictures the way he believes they should be made.

To John Gilbert: Because of anything he does—good or bad.

To Tom Mix: For literary progress.

To Greta Garbo: Because she has stuck to her story and remained herself.

To Clara Bow: Because she is the hardest-working girl in Hollywood.

To Louis B. Mayer: Because he gave the censors ammunition for destructive Federal censorship; because, for two weeks, he didn't give out a statement or interview.

To Will Hays: Because he didn't become disgusted and leave the business flat.

To Bebe Daniels: Because she has taken her work seriously and given us some of the best comedies of the year.

To Harry Langdon: Because he paid Charlie Chaplin a great compliment by trying to imitate him.

To Lita Grey Chaplin: Because she forced Charlie to go to work again. We hope Charlie gets remarried and re-alimonied, if he'll make more pictures.

To Corinne Griffith: Because she and her husband, Walter Morosco, have completed another year of domestic happiness, untouched by the tongues of gossip. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
Strictly Business

By Harrison Wainwright

Sir Bently Bingham has an adventure thirty-five minutes after he reaches the capital of Moviedom

The Right Honorable Sir Bently Bingham was not exactly what one would term an oil painting. He was not handsome, but he was one of those tall, clean-cut, well-groomed Englishmen in the near thirties who radiate masculine attractiveness, culture and aristocratic apphesauce, and for whom the ladies in general fall with sickening thuds.

His type is prolific in the more exclusive clubs of the West End of London, and is usually to be found propping up the mantelpiece in his favorite club.

There he will stand for hours with his hands in his pockets, his legs stretched apart, holding forth, with perfect assurance, on the merits of his favorite actresses, horses and dogs.

How this particular specimen of the genus, Sir Bently Bingham, happened to be in Hollywood came about in this wise:

Somebody had informed him that travel was broadening and further, having a deep-rooted conviction that moving pictures were all wrong, he decided that a life of uselessness might be turned to constructive account by taking a trip to Hollywood and telling these movie blighters what was what.

This cherished scion of an ancient and useless English family had only been in Hollywood thirty-five minutes, during which time he had checked into his hotel, walked three blocks down the boulevard, and received three sets of glorious glad eyes from three passing maidens.

Sir Bently Bingham had preened himself considerably on this account, but his limited experience of the movie metropolis had been insufficient for him to recognize a well-known lady bootlegger, and two impecunious extra girls, who were out gunning for an invitation to lunch.

Luckily for him he hadn't the temerity to take advantage of the optical invitations to conversation, or later he might have found himself to be suffering from wood alcohol poisoning, or, in a luckier phase of bad luck, merely out the price of two lunches, for the two extras were down to their last fifty cents.

However, a fourth lady, who looked so ravishingly beautiful and bewilderingly classy, gave him no time nor chance to grow timid. Her glorious blonde curls swung jauntily across the alabaster smoothness of her fair brow as she flashed a fascinating smile of recognition.

"Egad!" fervently said Sir Bently. "What a stunner! But aloud he merely said, "Er—er—" as he cautiously looked behind him to assure himself the smile was not intended for somebody else. Now it should be distinctly understood that Sir Bently Bingham was not foolish about women. He was one of the exceptions, but like all exceptions he was liable to his weak moments.

In the light of his greater Hollywood experience, the English baronet was wont to describe this particular weak moment as a "bloomin' hallucination," and would lucidly explain the reason he had not got wise to the lady was because she looked like a dashed movie star of the bally first magnitude, and her supremely classy air, and the foreign make of her long, gray roadster had somewhat heightened the illusion.

"How do you do, Mister Sir Bently Bingham," the classy one had greeted him. Then with outstretched hand she had said cordially: "Welcome to Hollywood, Mister Bently. I saw you up at the hotel and I'm glad you have come."

"I'm dashed glad you did and are," responded Sir Bently warmly. "Are you staying at the hotel by any chance?"

"Nix on that hotel," replied the maiden. "You can't have no fun there. The manager's jealous of every girl you take in there."

"Pon my soul! What a silly ass! He must be paying alimony," ejaculated Sir Bently Bingham, with feeling.

The ravishing blonde vision who had accosted the Englishman laughed heartily at the joke and as she continued to smile archly, Sir Bently said:

"Er—what does one do there then? Er—that is to say, with the girls, I mean?"

"Well, the best way, Mister Bingham," advised the classy maiden, "is to check out of that hotel and take an apartment. You can get some swell ones for about a hundred a month."

[Continued on page 92]
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

THE GORILLA—First National

YOU are certain to be convulsed with laughter at the antics of Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey as a pair of ivory-domed detectives who were assigned to solve the mystery of a series of murders. Comedy is the dominant note in the screen version of "The Gorilla," which was a successful New York play. The mystery and the suspense are maintained through the entire picture, but the comedy engulfs it. The episodes in which the gorilla chases Murray through the house, over the roof and down the chimney, as well as the battle in the cellar of the old mansion, will rock any audience. It wouldn't be fair to the story to divulge the mystery here, but rest assured that if laughter helps the appetite, you will drop into the nearest cafeteria on the way home. Al Santell directed and made a picture well worth while.

SHE'S A SHEIK—Paramount

IF YOU think you have already sounded the depths of Bebe Daniels' versatility, guess again. As Zaida, the adopted daughter of an Arabian chieftain, she decides a handsome captain in the French Foreign Legion is her proper mate. Repulsed in her advances, she kidnaps him, and proceeds to tame him in her own way—and interesting it is. Richard Arlen is the captured man who learns to like it. In this picture, Bebe has made a unique place for herself as an athletic heroine. James Bradbury, Jr., and Bill Franey afford much amusement as a motion picture company that strolls into Bebe's camp. They are also a good excuse for some of George Marion's clever titles. William Powell, as Kadal, has a comedy villain rôle that he enacts beautifully. Don't play bridge the night this picture is shown.

THE CIRCUS—United Artists

CHARLIE CHAPLIN turns circus performer in a story which teems with spontaneous humor and yet maintains the plaintive heart interest we have learned to expect from Chaplin. Here is the same old inimitable Charlie of the baggy pants, the well worn derby and the capable shoes, who wanders penniless onto the circus grounds hungry for just one hot dog to allay his several-day famine. He gets his first bite at the hands of a baby hanging over the shoulder of an unsuspecting father. This is a gag, of course, but a typical Chaplin gag, touched with humor and humanness. A pickpocket complicates the situation by disposing of his loot in Charlie's pocket. In escaping the police the comedian is forced into the tent where he saves the one ring circus from the boredom of its audience by his unintentional humorous antics. The cries of the crowd for "the funny man" gives him his chance to play in the show.

In doubling for the tight-rope walker, who is his rival for the petite equestrienne's affections, Chaplin finds a splendid outlet for not only his funmaking, but his daredevil stunt acting. A fortune teller reveals that the girl favors the rope walker and Charlie—but that is the secret of the human interest plot which will hold your attention to the end of the story.

Merna Kennedy, a find of Charlie Chaplin's, makes a screen debut which augurs well for her future. Harry Crocker as the wire walker and Alla Garcia as the circus owner, give splendid interpretations.

But the story is all Charlie's, and it's for the whole family.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE CIRCUS
THE GORILLA
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY
THE GAUCHO
GRANDMA BERNLIE LEARNS HER LETTERS
MAN, WOMAN AND SIN

The Best Performances of the Month

Charlie Chaplin in "The Circus"
H. B. Warner in "Sorrell and Son"
John Gilbert in "Man, Woman and Sin"
Gilda Gray in "The Devil Dancer"
Charles Murray in "The Gorilla"
Warner Oland in "Good Time Charlie"
Margaret Mann in "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters"
Jean Hersholt in "The Symphony"
Esther Ralston in "The Spotlight"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 124.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY—First National

The producers would not have needed John Erskine's book for this picture, except, possibly, that they wanted the title. The picture is nothing but the burlesquing of the events of Trojan history, with the titles putting over the humor. Maria Corda as Helen has given the screen a new type of vampire and the country is going to rave over her. Lewis Stone as Menelaus is really remarkable in his characterization. One cannot say as much for Ricardo Cortez, who played Paris with rather too heavy a tread. Whatever fault one can find with the picture, is in the direction. Alexander Korda failed to rise to the lighter satirical touches. Yet it is going to rank with the distinct screen achievements of the year. A picture distinctly worth while.

SORRELL AND SON—United Artists

A PRODUCTION so touching, so beautiful, so genuinely human that pen picture cannot do it justice. Dedicated "To My Father and Your Father." Perhaps this one line of Director Herbert Brenon's, which introduces the story, tells more eloquently than any other words the spirit of the production. For it interprets the love of a father for a son from childhood to manhood and the return comradeship of son throughout the life of parent.

H. B. Warner, as the father Sorrell, rises to heights he did not hint even in his interpretation of the Christ in "The King of Kings." Little Mickey McBan paves the way, with his natural childish love, for his father, for the convincing playing by Nils Asther of the adult Kit Sorrell.

Anna Q. Nilsson, as the wife who spurns the father as he returns to his home, after being decorated for distinguished service in the World War; Mary Nolan, the new screen personality who plays the girlhood sweetheart and bride of young Kit; Alice Joyce, the woman whose love joins that of the son in bringing ultimate happiness to the father; and Carmel Myers, the vampish hotel mistress who is rejected by Sorrell Senior—all do their parts in a spirit of harmony which makes for perfection. This picture proves that carrying the actors to the native locale does pay—when the right director is sent along. Herbert Brenon dissolves the last doubt as to whether a story of real life, which brings out the best of human nature, can be woven into a successful motion picture presentation. Every man, woman or child should see this engrossing and inspiring entertainment.

THE GAUCHO—United Artists

DOUG is with us again, this time as the bandit chief at the head of an army of liberators in South America. But he isn't the Doug of old—not the lovable bandit of "Robin Hood," nor yet the dashling, charming Latin-American of either "The Mark of Zorro" or "Don Q." It is an older Doug. "The Gaucho" will, however, take its rank with the box office hits of the year. Lupe Velez, Doug's leading lady, actually overshadows him as far as their respective performances are concerned.

The Gaucho is the terror of the Andes. He rides the country at the head of his army, taking and looting town after town until he comes to the Miracle City. Then he gives his regeneration through the lady of the shrine and his wedding to a wildcat mountain girl.
GRANDMA BERNLE LEARNS HER LETTERS—Fox

M ore poignant in its grief than “Over The Hill,” more tear compelling than “Stella Dallas” is “Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters.” Even as the two preceding pictures created a new screen mother, so does this picture present us with a type that will rise to stardom because of her characterization of the war-torn, grief-stricken old German woman who loses three of her sons in the toil of war and who has to practically start life all over again in a strange country at the home of her sole remaining offspring. Margaret Mann is the new mother, who finally achieves screen success after eleven years of waiting in the ranks of the “atmosphere people.” No matter what they eventually name this picture, it is going to go down in film history as one of the screen’s best. John Ford, who directed, has achieved a real picture.

THE DEVIL DANCER—United Artists

I t appears as though Gilda Gray will never cease surprising her admirers. No one expected great things of her in “Aloma of the South Seas” but she gave a clever performance in it. Then in “Cabaret” she once again gave us something we didn’t suspect she had. Now in “The Devil Dancer” she proves that she is an actress. The story tells of the child of missionaries to Tibet that has been reared by the lamas in their monastery, finally decreed to be the sacred dancer—“The Devil Dancer.” An adventuring Englishman decides to take her back to civilization. The story in itself is commonplace, but the colorful settings, and the fine direction of Fred Niblo make the picture. The dancing performed by Gilda Gray and a group of ten girls in the picture certainly aids. Clive Brook, playing opposite the star, helps bring her performance to its point of excellence.

ANOTHER story of the theater, and after seeing this, you will know that Esther Ralston is a full-fledged actress. The transition from the country girl, Lizzie Stokes, to the famous Russian actress, Rostova, is made right before our eyes. The Russian characterization is beautifully and gracefully done and Esther Ralston will add numerous followers to her long list of admirers. Neil Hamilton is a satisfactory lover.

HERE is a decidedly different screen tale of stage life that you are certain to like, if for no other reason than the really tremendous characterization that is contributed by Warner Oland. It is a tale of stage ambition on the part of two men, Oland and Clyde Cook. Helene Costello is the girl, while Montagu Love supplies the menace and Hugh Allen the juvenile. Michael Curtiz directed.

JUST an attempt to produce another “The Music Master,” the task has not been particularly well carried out. The story is that of a German composer who comes to America to gain fame and fortune, but first serves as a comedy offering in a midnight cabaret. Later the father’s symphony is played in the gigantic Hollywood bowl. Trite and somewhat stilted. Jean Hersholt is starred and gives a great performance.
of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

THE CHINESE PARROT—Universal

A PEARL necklace and a band of thieves constitute the reason for this colorful, picturesque, thrilling mystery melodrama. The locale is Hawaiian Islands, a lonely desert hacienda, and San Francisco Chinatown. A mystery story must not be divulged, but this has been somewhat changed from the original story by Earl Derr Biggers. Acting honors go to Sojin, who does four distinct, excellent characterizations.

A TEXAS STEER—First National

THERE is many a laugh in the screen version of "A Texas Steer," in which Will Rogers appears as star, for which he wrote the titles, and maybe he might even tour the country with the film to sell exhibitors. But the titles that he wrote do get laughs. In the cast are Louise Fazenda, Anna Kark, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Sam Hardy and George Marion. Richard Wallace directed with a fine sense of comedy.

WILD GEESE—Tiffany

MARTHA OSTENSO will be pleased with the screen version of her story, for the spirit is all there. The dominating part is that of Caleb Garre, ably portrayed by Russell Simpson. Eve Southern establishes herself as one of the most striking, unusual types on the screen. Donald Keith, Anita Stewart, Belle Bennett, Wesley Barry, Bodil Rosing, Jason Robards and Reta Rae do excellent work.

MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—M.G.M.

A SIDE from being a Jack Gilbert picture, this has interest in that Jeanne Eagels, star of "Rain," plays opposite. Miss Eagels has been in pictures before but here every effort is made to put her over in a Greta Garbo way. Possibly there is more interest in President Coolidge's dramatic debut in Mr. Gilbert's support. In "Man, Woman and Sin," too, My, my! The story is one of Washington newspaper life and the early part has a lot of ink authenticity. Director—and author—Monta Bell knows his city room. After that the film disintegrates into cheap melodrama. An innocent young reporter falls in love with the society editor, maintained in luxury by the newspaper owner. The cub kills the boss but, in the end, is saved from hanging or whatever is done in such circumstances. Miss Garbo needn't worry over Miss Eagels.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Universal

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S story finally has come to the screen as a super-feature. Universal is responsible for the picturization. They, however, have undertaken to rewrite the story to cover a period of from 1856 to 1864, so that they would be able to include a number of Civil War battle scenes and Sherman's march to the sea. For the purposes of screeninng the love affair of Eliza and George Harris, both slaves, the parting at the hands of cruel masters, and their subsequent meeting through the fates of the war gods, is made the principal theme on which the entire story motivates. This is a new "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and not the one that we have all read. The outstanding characterization is the work of James B. Lowe, a negro, as Uncle Tom.

(Additional reviews on page 121)
Their Business

Some stars put motors and expenses invest the

Ruth Roland, one of the smartest realtors in Los Angeles—and that’s saying a lot. Here is Ruth outside her office on Roland Square, exhibiting the models of her newest building enterprises

Katherine MacDonald is no longer on the screen, but she has capitalized her reputation in this beauty shop where she personally supervises the making of creams and lotions

It’s no disgrace, my dear Lord Cholmondeley, to be “in trade.” Russian princesses, Park Avenue matrons, English women of title and even movie stars all find it convenient to garner a little extra spending money. You’d be surprised at the stars who have side-lines that make them independent of the fickle camera.

Conrad Nagel and Jack Holt both have stock ranches at Fresno, California. Tim McCoy confesses to a dude ranch up in Wyoming.

Besides her interest in her sister’s beauty parlor, Viola Dana owns a garage. Pola Negri is building a six story apartment house near the Ambassador Hotel and she intends to be both landlady and superintendent. The tenants will have to kick to Pola if the hot water doesn’t run.

Bebe Daniels supervises the building and renting of her bungalow courts.

James Hall runs a doughnut shop on the Venice Pier. Pauline Garon owns a cleaning and dyeing establishment. Lon Chaney has an apple orchard. Robert Gordon finds it more profitable to be known as the Orange Juice King of Los Angeles than continue as a picture actor.
Viola Dana transferred the ownership of her beauty shop to her sister, Edna Flugrath, who is seen supervising a bob. The shop has a large clientele among the professionals.

Noah Beery made his hobby pay him money. He conducts the Paradise Trout Club and sells memberships. He gets all the fishing he wants and nice dividends besides.

Huntly Gordon found that Los Angeles women spent $12,000,000 a year on silk stockings and promptly started to manufacture them. His plant turns out 1,500 pair a month.

their money in imported sive houses, but the wise surplus in a paying trade
Are You Giving A Holiday Party?

You probably are giving a party. And very likely you are wondering what you are going to serve your guests for refreshments. Nearly everyone serves sandwiches, ice cream, cake and coffee and you want your party to be different.

Why, then, not make it a movie party? I have selected a menu from Photoplay's Cook Book that may be served for supper after an evening of bridge or dancing. The beauty of this menu is that all the dishes may be prepared ahead, leaving the hostess free to enjoy her own party for a change.

Here is the menu:

Swedish Salad a la Greta Garbo Cheese Straws (Florence Vidor)
Peach sherbet (May McAvoy)
Hot Coffee

Miss Garbo dictated the following recipe for her salad:

4 oz. cold roast beef
4 oz. boiled potatoes
4 oz. apples
4 oz. pickled herring
3 anchovies
1 tablespoon chopped gherkins

Chop beef, potatoes, apples and herring into small cubes. Chop anchovies. Mix all the ingredients together except the oysters. Pour over mixture of oil and vinegar to taste. Place oysters over the top. And there you have it! Men, naturally, will love it.

For Florence Vidor's cheese straws, mix together 1 cup of flour, 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne and the yolk of one egg, then add enough water to make a paste sufficiently consistent to roll. Place paste on a board and roll to 1/4 inch thickness. Cut it into narrow strips and roll so each piece will be the size and length of a lead pencil. Place them in a baking tin and press each end on the pan. Bake to a light brown in a moderate oven.

May McAvoy's peach sherbet: Boil 2 cups water and 1 cup of sugar for twenty minutes; let cool and then add 1/2 cup peach pulp, juice of 1 orange and juice of 1 lemon. Freeze the mixture and serve with slices of fruit. You may use canned peaches.

Of course, Photoplay's Cook Book, with its 100 favorite recipes of the stars, contains material for any number of attractive menus, for luncheons, dinner parties, teas or suppers. If you follow the directions in the little coupon to your right and send for the Cook Book today, you will receive it in time to plan your holiday entertaining.

Carolyn Van Wyck.
CAN this be the girl who wanted to be a school teacher? Oh, Hollywood, what have you done to Thelma Todd, who once planned to advance the cause of learning in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts!
THIS is Mary Nolan, who refused to be licked by the Ogre of Public Opinion. As Imogene Wilson, the studios were closed to her. Adopting a fighting Irish name and a spirit to match it, the girl won out.
ANOTHER girl who found it lucky to change her name. As Katherine Hill, she was merely just another pretty girl. As Kathryn Carver, she's a promising actress and the fiancée of Adolphe Menjou.
NO wonder First National finds Dorothy Mackaill one of the most useful members of its organization. Dorothy can play anything from tragic heroines to pert flappers—and make 'em like it.
Our News Reel in Rhyme

Item
Charles Ray and Aileen Pringle,
Are enjoying frosty weather
In New York (no, don’t be silly—
Of course they’re not together!)

Notice!
Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer
(Yes, she is Mrs. Thalberg now).
Are visiting Europe’s ancient shores,
On a honeymoon—and how!

The Old Window Game
Lya de Putti fell out of a window.
(Windows in Berlin are not built for speed!
Lya has met with the same fate, remember?)
We’re sorry, indeed!

We should suggest, in the spirit of friendship,
That Lya buys her an old fashioned net,
That she may spread when a window attracts her,
It’s her best bet!

Marilyn Gets Her Decree
Marilyn Miller—she says she’ll not marry,
Now that her romance with Jackie is o’er;
“Now to my Art I’ll be wedded,” she murmurs,
All men get the door!

But, oh, there are rumors—Ben Lyon’s behind ’em—
That she’ll reconsider, as many have done;
For Art is a chilly companion to live with,
When youth’s scarce begun!

And yet—some have faith in our Marilyn’s stories,
She sets doubt a-flyin’;
And they—who are true to her—tell us with anger,
That Ben is just Lyon!

CHARLIE CHAPLIN
in the Leading Role of
“The Circus”

A Sonnet Impression
of the Month’s Best
Performance—

With all the pathos, all the wist-
ful yearning
Of broken dreams behind a
Pierrot mask—
With all the genius that is ever
burning
Within his soul, he hurries to the
task
Of making people smile whose
souls were weary,
Of making people laugh whose
hopes were dead...
There is something that is more
than cheery
In every gesture of his hand,
his head.

The calling of the sawdust ring, the wonder
Of high trapeze and riding and romance,
The tinsel—and the heart-break that lies under
The tanbark floor on which the trouper’s dance.
Oh, he has caught them all—the joy, the pain—
And brought them close, to make us young again!

Ramon Novarro Has
Other Plans

When Ramon said he’d leave the screen,
We wondered what the boy could mean;
And then what do you think we heard?
That (promise not to breathe a word!)
He—oh, no matter where and how—
Is taking singing lessons now!

The screen perhaps will bid goodbye
To one who made folk smile, and cry,
To one who played young love, who played
Those parts of which nice dreams are made.
But—though we’ll hate to see him go,
We’ll have him on the radio!

Contract—Marriage?
Buster Collier wanted to wed,
But now he’s waiting four months instead.

You see the girl of his choice had made
A contract to cover the part she played
On the stage—and her manager wouldn’t let
Her get away with the word “forget”!

And Buster, too, had a contract straight,
That read that he mustn’t take a mate
’Til the picture he’s working on is through—
So what’s a couple like that to do?

Why all they could do was face about—
It’ll be four months ’til the things run out!
A Beautiful Christmas Story of Twin Brothers, a New Wife, and a Mother's Memory

The first Christmas after the little mother's going, they lighted the candle together. And together they placed it in the widest window. And then, with the warm tears clouding their eyes, they strung the silver tinsel across the green branches of a tree. Not because they were gay at heart—oh, no! The tears told how heavy were their souls. But because the spirit of the little mother stood beside them, urging them on. Telling them that Christmas and happiness went together. Telling them that, when Christmas had gone, youth had also been banished.

She had loved festivity—the little mother. Gift days had been more to her than just days of giving. They had been occasions. They had been occasions. When the boys were small—round eyed twins with worn knickers and stubby shoes—she had actually suffered to give them gala Christmases. Suffered the wind, in a thin coat, so that they might have bags of pink and white popcorn. Gone lunchless, so that they might have twisted canes of sugar candy. A widow—frail and not very efficient—she had done sewing to give her boys the fun of life. Perhaps she was not able to give them, always, the necessities—but she never stinted them when it came to pleasures. What though their shoes were shabby—so long as there was a flower on the meagre dining table? It was the little mother's creed!

And—although there were those who criticised—the little mother's system was extremely successful. Where other boys left home early to live their own lives, her sons stayed beside the fireside, of an evening, to read to her. They did not go out with the young, vivid girls—
Standing in the doorway, in her pretty negligee, Winifred was crying. Crying great tears that ran down her cheeks. Great tears that were not in the least angry tears.

"I've been so stupid! How was I to know that a tree could mean—so much—"

MARGARET SANGSTER has written many beautiful stories, but she never wrote a finer one than this. If you can neglect a Christmas tree after reading it, there's a stone where your heart should be.

But it was hard—the first Christmas after her going—to keep up the gallant gesture. It was hard! Once Ralph—the blue-eyed twin—turned suddenly away from the tree. And:

"What's the use of pretending?" he questioned. "She's gone!"

It was Jerry, the grey-eyed twin, who answered. Somehow Jerry's jaw had a firmer line than his brother's. Somehow Jerry's eyes were just a shade more deep. "She'd feel hurt—" he said, and he spoke with a conscious effort—"she'd be hurt to think that we'd forgotten, so soon, the things she spent her whole life teaching us. Mother—why, she gave us beauty. She gave us—" he choked, here—"the joy of things. I—I can't help feeling that somewhere, up in heaven, she's trimming a Christmas tree this night.... For the little angels...."

Ralph's blue eyes were lowered. But his hand was steady when it clasped his brother's hand.

"We'll always have a tree, old man," he said. "Always. In memory—" He didn't finish the sentence.

Perhaps he couldn't!

AND so, year after year, they had their Christmas trees. One year, two years, three years. And—if the memory of the little mother grew more faintly etched, at the passing of the months—it grew no less fragrant. And though they were able to chuckle, sometimes, over the pink popcorn and sugar candy of their youth, the mirth was always tender. And there were still roses blooming in the rooms that had been the little mother's home—still blooming, although she had gone on.

But the rooms knew only the gentle phantom of

Tree

By
Margaret Sangster

who eyed them from the houses that lined the street on which they lived. With a laughing jealousy they fought instead for the attentions of their mother. And the fact that they were stay-at-homes did not mean that their lives, in business, were either starved or cramped. For when the twins were thirty they had earned the right to sign their names to large checks and to return, gravely, the almost subservient bows of the vice-president of the local trust company.

The boys—they were glad that the little mother was able to have fur coats in those later years. And fresh roses, both winter and summer, to make sweet her rooms. And that when Christmas came—and her old cheeks grew rosy with excitement—there was always a tree to be trimmed. Always stockings to be hung. Always a candle to set in a window!
Christmas—and a Shining Tree of Memories

To a restaurant they went. And although Ralph was just a trifle sulky above his thin slab of white meat and his spoonful of soggy dressing, Winifred didn't seem to notice. She talked just as cleverly as ever.

a woman's touch—for all that. Until Winifred came.

It was Ralph who brought Winifred home to the house in which he and his brother lived. He brought her, quite without introduction, when the twilight was creeping across the place—and the lamps were not yet lighted. He had been on a business trip—Ralph. He had been away for nearly a month, out of the home and the office that the brothers shared. And so, when Jerry heard the rasp of a familiar key in the lock he came hurrying through the dim places of the hall. With a word of welcome that died swiftly from his lips when he saw two figures, instead of one, silhouetted against the fading light. A word of welcome that died away into an awkward silence.

It was during this momentary stillness that Ralph found himself remembering, suddenly, how close a twin brother can come to one's heart. It was then that Ralph found himself wishing that he had sent, at least, the explanatory telegram. Winifred spoke. Taking the first step.

"You're Jerry—" she said, and her voice was as crisp and as cool as organdie that has never even been made into a frock—"you're Jerry! I'm—Winifred. But—of course—that means nothing to you. I'm—" she reached out a slim, friendly hand—"I'm Ralph's wife!"

Jerry found himself stumbling forward. Found himself touching the slender fingers. They were as cool as the voice had been.

"Why," he said foolishly—"why—to be sure—"

It was Ralph who spoke then. In a voice that he tried vainly to make easy and conversational.

"Winifred and I were married yesterday," he said.

"We—it was very sudden, Jer! I—I hadn't time to let you in on it. You see, it wasn't until I knew I was leaving her that I realized how much—"

All at once his arm was encircling his new wife's shoulders.

Jerry—I said before that the line of his jaw was firm and that his grey eyes were deep! Jerry had recovered himself. Almost.

"That's the way it happens," he heard himself saying—"suddenly."

Winifred was speaking again.

"Ralph met me only a few weeks ago," she told her brother-in-law. "I was secretary to a man he did business with. He took me to lunch. He—" she laughed—"he hadn't the remotest idea, at first, that he cared. Really," the laughter was bell-clear and charming, "he would have come home without knowing, I think, if I hadn't told him. But—I understood. And yesterday, when he took me to luncheon, again—"

Ralph, his voice excited and vital, was taking up the story.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY’S $2,000 Contest Nears End — The Problems of Winter Photography — Movie Club Activities

THIS is the last call for films in PHOTOPLAY’s $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest! The contest closes at midnight on December 31st. All films mailed before that hour and fulfilling the other contest rules will receive the careful consideration of the judges.

PHOTOPLAY is asking all amateurs to send in their best films. There is a very real purpose behind the contest. PHOTOPLAY, acting with the Amateur Cinema League, wants to study the best international amateur films, thus developing an amateur standard for the future.

Since this contest is the first amateur movie competition ever held anywhere in the world, it has never been possible heretofore to study and analyze non-professional films in sufficient numbers to make possible the development of an amateur standard.

Then, too, PHOTOPLAY wants to teach amateurs that the most interesting part of film making is the editing, cutting and titling. Shooting is just a minor part of the fun.

The contest judges are Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League; S. L. Rothafel, managing director of the Roxy Theater in New York; Nicholas Muray, the well known photographer; James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY and the managing editor of PHOTOPLAY.

JANUARY is a month of winter action and picture possibilities galore. One can hardly step outdoors without finding a tempting photographic scene.

But January is a month when the movie maker must look to his diaphragm openings and study his exposure guide carefully, if he is to avoid that bugbear of winter photography known as under-exposure.

Many a beautiful and valuable shot has been spoiled by the amateur’s failure to following the exposure guide’s admonition to “use the next largest opening when in doubt.”

January light is very deceptive indeed. The glare of the sun on the white snow, often so bright as to almost blind one, seems to be sufficient reason for the amateur movie maker to “stop down,” despite the warning of the exposure guide. It must be remembered, however, that this seemingly intense light is only partially the direct light of the sun and that the greater part of it is reflected from the white snow. As we all know, reflected light is not nearly as productive of good pictures as direct sunlight.

Topping this condition is the fact that the picture-giving quality of the sun is very much less in winter than it is in mid-summer and these natural conditions combine to deceive the amateur who, naturally enough, is tempted to believe his own eyes rather than printed advice. The amateur gets his shock when the reel of supposedly perfectly exposed films is returned from the finishing station and found to be badly under-exposed.

It is a simple matter to expose properly. The amateur has but to follow the maxim: when in doubt use the next larger diaphragm opening.

THE movie amateur always can add to his equipment. For instance, a cheap monotone filter, such as in daily use in professional studios is now being marketed. When held to the eye this reduces color values to terms of black, white and half-tone, thereby revealing the exact effect the amateur will get. Amateurs need no longer guess how colors will photograph.

Another feature for the amateur who owns a Filmo projector is a small pilot light, easily adjustable, which provides illumination for operation, but does not detract.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]
What Does Acting

A scientific explanation of what actually occurs to an actor as the result of continuously submerging his Real Identity.

Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford are interesting examples of players who have taken on something of the roles they usually play.

How do you suppose it feels always trying to be somebody else, always pretending to be something which you are not? What do you suppose this continual shifting of personality does to the actor? One week he may be a rough, gun-toting Mexican desperado. A few weeks later he may be a silk-hatted society dandy, smashing the hearts of admiring young women. The actor’s contract may call for the part of a coal miner in one film. For another he may be asked to do a white goods salesman in a department store.

Actresses as a rule are perhaps not compelled to display so much versatility. Still, when a woman must be a vamp in one picture and a sweet, unsophisticated young wife in another, the change of emotions required amounts to the same thing.

Even type parts are like that. The actress who was born with frousely red hair may always appear a quick-tempered frousely redhead in every screen production in which she appears. Nevertheless, here again the emotional range of the artist must be wide. The type may remain identical for each film, but the different stories and plots necessarily call for different kinds of acting.

Members to be themselves, to reveal themselves as they actually are.

What effect does this constant make-believe have upon the actor?

I am reminded here of the story of a famous clown who went to consult a doctor because he complained he felt “so downhearted and melancholy.”

After making a thorough examination and finding nothing wrong, the physician said: “My man, all you need is distraction and amusement. The circus happens to be in town. Go and see X. He will fix you up all right. He will make you laugh.” “But,” replied the clown sadly, “I happen to be X myself!”

This story really sums up the effects of acting upon the actor. It has been my experience that comedians are very serious persons off-stage while actors who do a lot of heavy drama are likely to possess quite a sunny disposition.

Charlie Chaplin is an example of what I mean. You have probably read enough about him to have learned that he is anything but a funny man outside the studio. In reality he is quiet, sober, reserved, refined, sensitive, philosophical.
Do To the Actor?

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

The psycho-analyst explains why players may become unreliable and neurotic—why they deserve all the money they get.

Were you to meet him and not know who he is, you would never guess that he is our greatest living screen buffoon.

Chaplin is influenced by the parts he plays. So is Lillian Gish. So is Menjou. So is Gloria Swanson. So are Doug and Mary. So are they all.

I have not psychoanalyzed any of these particular celebrities. I have, however, analyzed a sufficient number of other movie actors to have gathered very unusual and interesting information. What acting does to the actor’s personality is something you could not possibly suspect from your screen acquaintance with them.

Here is Miss B, for instance.

She usually takes the part of a bold, reckless, flirtatious, gold-digging divorcée. She does it exceptionally well, too.

"I positively detest women who continually have a keen eye to the main chance," she confided. "They pick on me to do these parts because I happened to be given that kind of a character the first picture I was ever in. I wish I had not done it so well. Now, I am doomed. I'll never be able to get away from it."

"What difference does it really make?" I asked her. "You have no difficulty about getting work. Being a gold-digger specialist may have its advantages after all despite the fact that it tends to hamper the development of your acting abilities."

"Oh, I wouldn’t mind that so much," she replied. "I gave up hope of playing parts I like years ago. I must do what I’m told to do. That’s part of the game. It isn’t that. The thing is that playing this particular kind of rôle so often is actually changing me. That’s what is getting on my nerves."

"The other day I met a man at a tea whose acquaintance I would have liked to cultivate. We were making fine progress. We were talking about places we had visited abroad, about the beautiful jewelry designs one sees over there, finally about a collection of jade ornaments he has made. And then, all of a sudden, the thought popped into my mind, ‘What if he thinks I’m fishing for something? Maybe I am giving him the impression that I want him to give me a piece of jade for a present!’

“And, do you know, doctor, I shut up like a clam. I got so self-conscious and embarrassed and fussed! The man naturally lost interest in me and left me flat. I haven’t heard from him since. And I liked that man, too. See how it is?’"

"In other words," I continued, "you have acted the gold-digger part so much that you’re afraid you actually appear a gold-digger in private life?"

"Exactly," she answered. "I’m not a gold-digger. I hate that sort of woman. But I think people think I may be one just the same."

To be sure, this actress’ suspicions were unfounded. Her friends considered her anything [continued on page 104]
Personal and Household

Showing how many a snappy vaged from the remnants

By Lois

"The By-Products of the Wardrobe Department" of the Paramount studios might have been a good title for this story.

Although there has always been some use made of the remnants and left-overs from the gorgeous—and the plain—creations made for the motion picture people, it remained for the economy wave among the producers to develop a regular "by-product factory" in connection with wardrobe, drapery and set departments.

Between thirty-five and forty women are employed regularly in the wardrobe.

Naturally, there are moments during a lull in production activities, when not every one of these young women are busy.

The dressing table at the right is curtained with taffeta and lace from old evening dresses. The powder box is a plain compote jar. The picture frame and glove case are of cardboard tricked out in silk. All from articles cast aside.

A complete dressing table, all made from the by-products of the costume department

Two handkerchiefs made of scraps of georgette, chiffon, and lace

The waste basket was once a lamp shade; the telephone cover, Mary Brian's dress
Scrap Knick-Knacks

costume accessory may be sal-
in the lowly rag-bag

Shirley

"Turn them loose on the scraps and see what they will do!" was the command of General Manager B. P. Schulberg.

So Travis Banton, wardrobe commander, turned his women loose during their "rest" moments.

Some startling knick-knacks and money saving devices for both the personal adornments of the stars and the decoration of the homes have resulted.

For example: Handkerchiefs, dressing-table accoutrements, scarfs, etc., have ordinarily been made from new material or rented from costume houses.

Note those in these pictures, which were made by these women from remnants and discarded dresses! Even pocketbooks and evening bags, a parasol and a Spanish fan!

Mary Brian's scarf is two yards of chiffon edged with pearls from a Leatrice Joy headdress

To make Mary Brian's headdress shown above: Cut a leaf pattern from heavy brown paper, trace it on buckram and cut out. Then cover with heavy metal cloth. Below: The gold brocade in the wall covering was worn by Greta Nissen.

Shadow lace from Leatrice Joy's wedding veil in "The Dressmaker from Paris" forms the cover of this night table

A purse of green satin, embroidered in gold by a wardrobe girl in spare moments

Pleated black satin bag with an ornament worn by Clara Bow in "Man Trap"

A heraldic wall covering from the rag bag and pillows cut from old fur coats
Some useful tips from the Paramount Studio's sewing circle

The old framework of the fan was about to be thrown into the wastepaper basket when Alice, just “one of the girls,” exclaimed, “Why throw that away? I can paste a new cover on for you.”

“Go ahead,” was the order.

Alice dived into the old dress department.

In this group are the gowns which were originally designed for the stars and feature players, then made for the “atmosphere” extras, and finally relegated as useless, but kept from the incinerator on general principles.

Alice seized upon the black chantilly worn by Nita Naldi in “The Ten Commandments.” At first she thought it was hopeless, but finally, in the front of the skirt, she found a piece large enough for her purpose.

True, it took her several hours to glue the fine lace on the old framework, but today [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
Which do you prefer, the pert, sharp prettiness of the flapper or the calm, modelled perfection of the classic beauty. Maria Corda, Europe's idea of the Eternal Feminine, is due to revive an interest in the classic type in her first American picture, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy."
Who's Who in the Hollywood

1—Victor McLaglen  
2—de Bru—Xavier Cugat  
3—Billie Dove  
4—Lionel Barrymore  
5—Lowell Sherman  
6—Buster Keaton  
7—Renee Adoree  
8—Marion Davies  
9—Mae Murray  
10—Anita Loos  
11—Milton Sills  
12—Bebe Daniels  
13—Ramon Novarro  
14—Harold Lloyd  
15—Norma Shearer  
16—John Gilbert  
17—Robert Frazer  
18—May Allison  
19—James R. Quirk  
20—Betty Bronson  
21—D. W. Griffith  
22—Louise Brooks  
23—Clive Brook  
24—Pauline Starke  
25—Joseph Schildkraut  
26—Monte Banks  
27—Richard A. Rowland  
28—Douglas Fairbanks  
29—Mary Pickford  
30—Pola Negri  
31—Charlie Chaplin  
32—Karl Dane  
33—Tom Mix  
34—Jack Dempsey  
35—Estelle Taylor  
36—Louis B. Mayer  
37—Will Rogers  
38—John Barrymore  
39—Lillian Gish  
40—Norman Kerry  
41—Don Alvarado  
42—Gilbert Roland  
43—Norma Talmadge  
44—William Fox  
45—Cecil B. De Mille  
46—Eric von Stroheim  
47—Marquis de la Falaise  
48—Gloria Swanson  
49—Jaime Del Rio  
50—Dolores Del Rio  
51—Wallace Beery  
52—Noah Beery  
53—Adolphe Menjou  
54—Ned Sparks  
55—Lon Chaney  
56—Lewis Stone  
57—Ben Turpin  
58—Jetta Goudal  
59—Antonio Moreno  
60—A. De Segurola  
61—Dolores Costello  
62—Olive Borden
Social Swim

More Sheiks than the Sahara. More bathing belles than a beauty parade. To be of the elite every day in Hollywood you have to be all wet in the Swimming Pool of the Hotel Ambassador
Picture of a totally imaginary occurrence. Do you think the gallant lads of Hollywood would let Joan Crawford languish under the mistletoe? Or do you think they even need the encouragement of the little plant?
When the Doctors Disagree

"DRESS PARADE"

"Bill Boyd is superb as the wise-cracking small town boy who gets an appointment to West Point." N. Y. Evening World.

"... one Hugh Allan, who has hitherto been largely unheard of, but who will be, unless I am greatly mistaken, a high-salaried player before long." N. Y. Sun.

"TEA FOR THREE"

"We have a personal superstition that only a thoroughly disagreeable woman can be what is known as an inspired actress and this theory, if true, may explain why the otherwise astute and estimable Pringle is here seen in a frankly secondrate performance." N. Y. Telegram.

"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"

"George O'Brien... gives the best performance he has ever given—and that includes the one in 'Sunrise.'" N. Y. Mirror.

"Miss Valli is amazingly good as Becky. She senses the very expression demanded of her in nearly every scene." N. Y. Times.

"THE HIGH SCHOOL HERO"

"The High School Hero is filled with feeble gags and still feeble sub-titles, and is further handicapped by an amateurish cast." N. Y. Journal.

"THE FORBIDDEN WOMAN"

"Jetta Goudal as an actress is superb. Probably no one else on the screen, or on the earth for that matter, would dare to wear the clothes and the ornaments and the coiffures which Miss Goudal wears." N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

"THE CRYSTAL CUP"

"Miss Mackaill is seen too infrequently on the screen of late. It is too bad she has to do things like this." N. Y. Evening Post.

"THE ANGEL OF BROADWAY"

"'The Angel of Broadway' is sadly bothered with wing trouble. She doesn't fly high in a cinema sense. Rather, she is a particularly sad sort of angel, pathetically unsuccessful." N. Y. News.

"When Marie Prevost selected a site for her beach cottage, she picked that section of the sands where first she romped as a bathing girl. Here are Marie and her girl-friend, Phyllis Haver, speculating on the vast benefits of the drama..."
For winter sports the suit at left is ideal. The skirt is of corduroy and coat of Duro gloss leatherette faced with corduroy—the deep pockets add to its practicability. May be ordered in green, red, blue or black. Sizes 14 to 40. Price $9.75

Above is the ever useful overblouse of white broadcloth trimmed with narrow frilling with either sports or Peter Pan collar. Nothing takes its place for sports, school or office. Sizes 34 to 42. Price $2.00

French Beret continues its popularity of last year and is being worn by both boys and girls, young and old. Fits all head sizes. In tan, red, navy blue, green or black. $1.75

Crepe de chine teddy at left answers the demand for something new. Delightfully embroidered with French knots and bound with contrasting color. In flesh, peach or nile. Sizes 31 to 38. Price $2.75

Above the lovers of winter sports will find real comfort in the knitted wool gauntlet gloves with novelty top in camel or beaver tones. Sizes small, medium or large. Price $2.25

The fastidious woman will find the printed linen house dress at right a real find. In attractive design of assorted colors on white background tailored with bands of white linen. Sizes 16 to 42. Only $2.95

Shop Through

THOUSANDS of women are delighted users of Photoplay's Shopping Service, which is at the disposal of every reader. It is simple to order. Any article may be returned if not entirely satisfied.

Skimmyr neglige of brocaded satin rayon at left comes in French blue, turquoise blue, orchid, rose, pink, gold or black with border of gold. Sizes small, medium or large. Price $9.95

At left the two-piece knitted suit is the sportswear favorite. Skirt has inverted pleats in front on blouse top. Sweater with popular crew neck line has stripes of contrasting color on heather background of green, rust, blue, oxford grey or tan. Sizes 14 to 20. $8.95

Above the lovers of winter sports will find real comfort in the knitted wool gauntlet gloves with novelty top in camel or beaver tones. Sizes small, medium or large. Price $2.25

The fastidious woman will find the printed linen house dress at right a real find. In attractive design of assorted colors on white background tailored with bands of white linen. Sizes 16 to 42. Only $2.95
Order
Send check or money order, together with size and color of article desired. Stamps will not be accepted. No articles will be sent C. O. D. Order direct from Photoplay Shopping Service, 221 West 57th St., New York, N. Y.

At right a fascinating nightrobe of crepe de chine trimmed with creamy tinted lace. In flesh, peach, Nile or orchid. Sizes 13, 16 and 17. At the unusual price of $3.75

Poijamas below are fashioned with new tie at side effect and are made of combined flowered design and plain novelty cotton crepe as illustrated. In peach or honey dew. Sizes 36 to 40. Price $1.95

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The New FIVE STEP

Your dancing teacher is Helene Costello. Miss Costello learned the dance from George White, its originator, and she’s teaching all Hollywood. Ready? The first step is an upward and outward full swing of the right foot.

A forward swing to the fourth step. Each step is repeated to the number of the beat. For instance, do the fourth step four times as often as the first.

The second step goes from the swing to a balance step with the right foot slightly before the left. Bend the body forward. Note the position of the arms.

Turn about — like so — and come back quickly to a hoofing forward and cross step. It is strenuous exercise, guaranteed to reduce the waistline and to shake the chandeliers on the floor below.

Untwist, glide and bend your knee. The last step, but not the finale. End the dance with lease-breaking stomp. The music is “The Five Step” from “Manhattan Mary.”

Take up the rugs and try Broadway’s newest, fastest dance.
The Beautiful Henriette

The King of Belgium's Sister

"A special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth!" declares this royal princess of Belgium, who as the Duchesse de Vendôme maintains one of the most brilliant salons in Europe.

Her association with the brilliant minds of Europe has only intensified the Duchesse de Vendôme's conviction that beauty plays a high role in the drama of modern life.

She says: "When one's salon is the scene of notable gatherings, one is conscious that a special enchantment emanates from the woman whose complexion sparkles with youth. Fortunately we who know Pond's Two Creams and their accomplishments in achieving a perfect skin."

For your own skin apply Pond's Creams each day as follows:

Upon retiring and several times each day apply Pond's Cold Cream generously. Let it remain a few moments. Its fine oils will penetrate the pores, removing all dust and powder. Wipe off. Repeat. Finish with a dash of cold water. If your skin is dry, leave some Cream on after the bedtime cleansing.

For an exquisite radiance, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream lightly after every daytime cleansing with the Cold Cream, always before you powder. It adds a glowing finish to your skin, takes your powder naturally and gives protection from winds, dust and soot.

Two Delightful New Preparations by Pond's

And now two delightful new preparations are offered you: Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Cleansing Tissues. The Freshener, delicately fragrant, will bring new life to your skin, will refresh, tone and firm it. It has a special ingredient which heals, softens and removes danger of harshening. See how it awakens your skin in the morning! And use it, too, after cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream to remove every lingering trace of oil and dirt the Cream has brought to the surface.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues—also new—and softer than fine old linen, remove cold cream with indescribable gentleness. They will not roll into ineffectual balls, but absorb every trace of oil and moisture.

New! 14¢ Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14¢) for five of Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream, and enough of Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

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E. T., St. Louis, Mo.—Did you enjoy your trip to Europe? Or was that writing-paper just to impress a poor old man. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair and blue eyes and is not married, oh joy! Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. And tell her you want a profile photograph. Don’t forget the quarter.

JEANNETTE C., Nashville, Tenn.—Joseph Striker played the Spanish boy in “The Cradle Snatchers.” Striker also appeared in “The King of Kings,” “A Harp in Hock,” and “The Wife Wife.” Patricia Avery played Eudie in “Annie Laurie.”

P. C., South Bend, Ind.—Are you inclined to the occult and mystical? Your handwriting is especially good. Victor McLaglen was born in London and he was a soldier before going into pictures. Also he was a rather formidable heavyweight boxer. Not married.

M. P., Winchester, Ky.—Tim McCoy was born on April 10, 1921. Write to him at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Calif. Can that be all you want to know?

B. F., San Antonio, Tex.—Yes, I have talked with Ronald Colman and I think he is a very nice fellow. Only I am not going to commit myself on who I think is the handsomest man on the screen. I am too busy to do it. The Mixes are not divorced but Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are. Olive Borden is her real name; she was born in Edinburgh, Va. Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg. Write again.

FRENCHIE, Madison, Wis.—“Buster” Collier is appearing in vaudeville at present, doing a turn with his Pa who is William Collier, Sr. Buster was born in New York City. Your handwriting proclaims a kind nature. Is that true?

JUNE, Duluth, Minn.—I didn’t say that Mae Murray was thirty-four years old. If you’ll look carefully, you will find that I said that Mae gave her birth-date as 1894. Think it over! Lois Moran is five feet, one and a half inches tall. Mary Brian is an even shorter five feet, but Colleen Moore’s legs are five feet, two inches. Colleen Moore is two inches taller than Louise and Dolores Costello is the same height as Colleen. Sally O’Neill is just as tall as Lois Moran.

D. F. V., Paducah, Ky.—William Haines was born on January 1, 1900. Lloyd Hughes may be addressed at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. William Boyd is about twenty-four years old. Conrad Nagel is married. Barbara Kent was Reginald Denny’s leading woman in “Fast and Furious.” Not a bit of trouble. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this Gold Mine of Useful Facts.

DOT AND BETTY, Cincinnati, O.—James Hall was leading man with Bebe Daniels in “Stranded in Paris.” He was not co-starred. Does that settle the argument?

HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Ronald Colman was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, on February 9, 1891. He is separated from his wife.

James Hall is married. He was born on October 22, 1900, in Dallas, Texas.

Sue Carol is nineteen years old and has brown eyes and dark brown hair.

Editor’s Note: One of the quickest hits on record. Miss Carol’s first appearance with Douglas MacLean in “Soft Cushions” brought a flood of letters and inquiries about her.

Victor Varconi was born on March 31, 1896, in Kivsarda, Hungary.

Charles Farrell has brown hair and brown eyes and is twenty-five years old.

John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah.

Richard Dix’s real name is Ernest Carlton Brimmer. Born in St. Paul, Minn.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to send twenty-five cents to cover the cost of the picture and the postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but with thousands of requests, the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

I. D. N., Dayton, Nev.—There is no actor named Joe Valentino. The late Rudolph Valentino was five feet, eleven inches tall. Pola Negri gives her birth-date as 1897.

K. L. R.—For back issues of PHOTOPLAY write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Send twenty-five cents for each issue you want. Satisfactory?

MAKE SHIRATANA, Bangkok, Siam.—What artistic handwriting! Ricardo Cortez has just finished the leading male rôle in “The Private Life of Helen of Troy” and has gone to Europe for a vacation. Ricardo, do you know that you are very much admired in Siam?

SANDY, La Jolla, Calif.—The oldest name of the month. Very pretty, too. Bebe Daniels is five feet, five inches tall and Billie Dove is the same height. George K. Arthur is an inch taller.

BENNICE D., Rome, Ill.—Donald Reed played Paul in “Naughty But Nice.” He’s twenty-four years old.

M. S., St. Paul, Minn.—Mary Pickford, not Marion Davies, played in “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Ky., in 1899. He is five feet, eight inches tall and weighs 145 pounds. Brown hair, blue eyes and not married. Richard Arlen was born in Charlotte, Va. Enid Bennett and Milly Sils played the leading roles in “The Sea Hawk.” Let me know if you need any more help with your scrap-book.

FRANK W.—Write to Dolores Del Rio at the United Artists Studio, Hollywood, Calif. Address Aileen Pringle at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. You are inclined to be self-conscious, but you’ll probably outgrow it. How do I know? That would be telling.

EVANGELINE B., Shreveport, La.—Tom Mix gets his mail at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Write to Fred Thomson, at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Colleen Moore, Norma Shearer and Alberta Vaughn may be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

ELLY LOU, Chicago, Ill.—Are you inclined to take up fads, Elly Lou? A little trick in your hand-writing reveals this trait. I take it that your present fad is Louise Brooks, so here goes: Louise made her first picture in the Fall of 1925. She is five feet, two inches tall. And married to Eddie Sutherland, a very good director.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
Can you take off your hat...

and be your prettiest?

Do you take off your hat with a gay little gesture of confidence because you know that, without it, you’re prettier?

Does your hair shine and lend its sparkle to your eyes? Does it look so alive, so soft, that it enhances your features and coloring? It can! Here are 2 Packer Shampoos to bring fluffiness, life and lustre to your hair. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years’ experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians.

1. Packer’s Olive Oil Shampoo, a new golden liquid of olive oil, coconu oil, soothing glycerine. It lathers in an instant, rinses in a twinkling!

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In each bottle—safe cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. These two shampoos are gently cleansing for dry hair; and 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 will 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 treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, “The Care of the Hair.” This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently 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. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER’S TAR SOAP
Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin 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.

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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:

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With his family to Taranto. When I went there, on learning that the great lover was dead, I expected to hear touching stories of his affection for school-girl sweethearts, or memories of a beautiful, dreamy lad petted and cherished by soft-hearted women. Not at all. The anecdotes told by his boyhood friends, Alfonso Patrarino, who is now studying engineering in Naples, by Giuseppe Tamburrino, by Giacomo De Bellis, and especially by the village doctor, Cavalier Michele Converso, a close friend of the Guglielmi family were all chemistry rather than the mus- clemist-maker, the incorrigible bad boy of whom everybody said that he could come to no good end.

Yet it is not surprising that Rudolph Valentino was not a boy flirt. Boys who are “mushy” in their early youth rarely grow into the type of man who fascinates women. And Italian boys, especially, rarely show sentimentality toward girls of their own age until they are thirteen or more. Then, under the hot Italian sun, they develop with astonishing suddenness into full-grown men and lovers.

But what kind of lovers men become is largely established by their traits and experiences of early youth. Modern psychology has taught us this. So I wondered what could have been the formative experiences which created the man who in the feminine imagination of the world is the perfect lover.

The reminiscences of the Castellaneta folk answered the question. No doubt a professional psychoanalyst would demand a more intimate knowledge of his infantile experiences and his boyhood dreams. But the chatter of his boyhood friends gave a reliable outline of the process by which a sheik is made.

One of Rodolfo’s stunts which is best remembered in his village is the way he taught the smaller boys to be “boys.” He used to get them up on the balconies of his house, and hold them out over the railing, fully fifteen feet above the street. Then he would let them drop, and catch them by the arms the instant they thought they were about to be dashed to death on the pavement below.

This strain of cruelty is in the authen- tic sheik. It is a trait which captures many women’s imagination. They will deny it, of course. But secretly they love to dream that the man who loves them is a man whose passions are so uncontrollable that all who incur his displeasure are in danger of suffering for it, even they themselves.

What else is the make-up of this sheik? Physical strength, of course. But not merely the prizefighter’s brawn. The prizefighter is not supposed to have much discrimination in the selection of his sheba. Rather, what the woman craves is that sort of strength which we call vitality. This, psychologists say, is a matter of chemistry; it is the ability to transform one’s food into energy at such a tempo as to pro- duce energy, daring, and endurance far beyond the ordinary.

Besides this vitality and the fascinating dash of cruelty, the sheik must have fearlessness, cleverness, and the gift of domi- nating men. For no woman wants to believe that her lover is an average man; he must be a cheiftain, a conqueror.

Every one of these qualities Rodolfo Guglielmi manifested in his boyhood. He did not show at all, so far as his townsfolk can remember, the gentler and stabler qualities which are commonly com- mended.

Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi, Rudolph Val- entino’s father, came of excellent family. His psychological has a name for it; it is the “Hamlet complex.” And it is, the psycho- logists say, nothing less than an infantile form of jealousy—the boy’s resent- ment of the fact that his father is the favored admirer of his mother. The child struggles against this, not fully realizing the cause of his emotion, but stubbornly refusing to acknowledge the humiliation of inferiority to his rival.

Of course, he is inferior in physical strength. The father can punish him in any way he chooses. So the boy, to soothe his wounded vanity, must dram- atically demonstrate his superiority over other boys. In short he becomes a bully, and the more cruel the father’s punishment is, the more passionate and pitiless is the boy’s need to prove to himself and to others his superiority over other boys. Rodolfo adored his mother. And so he got his keenest pleasure in demonstrating his superiority over other boys on the pretext of defending his mother’s name against all detractors.

That is why he went around the village daring anybody to say that there existed any man more beautiful than Donna Gabriella.

His passionate refusal to acknowledge anyone’s superiority over him made him hopeless in school. His teacher, Signor Parroni, said that he was quick at learning, and had an iron memory, but that he refused to submit to the routine of school- ing. Two sisters of the village who tried to make a tractable pupil of him said that they used to punish him by placing him in a barrel with only his head protruding through a hole in the top. But he never willingly submitted; sometimes, such was his strength, he broke the barrel and escaped.

How Rudolph Valentino got the vital- ity which sustained his tireless revolt against authority is not to be explained by psychoanalysis. This boy is one of the miracles of nature which seem to happen more frequently in Italy than elsewhere. Italian history shows a long line of such supermen, with Leonardo da Vinci, Master of all the arts and sciences; Napoleon (a fullblooded Italian) con- queror of Europe; and the Dictator, Mus- solini, who is personally directing nearly everything and everybody in Italy.

But it is the experiences of infancy which determine how this vitality shall express itself. Rodolfo’s father used to punish him by refusing to give him pocket money. The boy, smarting with a sense of injustice, developed the clever- ness (another sheik trait) to get the money for himself. He went to the stationery store, where his father had a charge account, and bought things on credit, then sold them for what he could get in cash. With the money he bought candy.
Office heat...chilly street...sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets...out in the cold waiting for transportation...into germ laden cars crowded with coughers...is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don’t be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Gargle when you get home

---

**Listerine**

-the safe antiseptic

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Personal and Household Knick-Knacks

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

that fan is one of the most popular among the players. Whenever there is a picture to be taken, the cry is, “Oh, let me hold that black lace fan for this picture!”

Shirley Dohrmn won the honors in the picture shown.

And the same story holds true for the gorgeous parasol being carried by Josephine Dunn. It was a discarded umbrella frame until Ethel fell upon it.

Of course, there wasn’t enough tulle in one piece left from Esther Ralston’s dress in “Fashions for Women,” so halls made tiny bouquets of tulle for the center, and the department allowed her enough money to purchase some of the same pale shade of pink for the two layer under-covering and the shirred outer edges.

A good idea for an old umbrella frame for any woman! The price of the tulle is negligible in comparison to the original purchase cost of such a sun covering. And winter is a good time to make it in preparation for the summer season.

We could take almost any article illustrated and tell a like true story. The other girls laughed when petite Marie said she could make bags good looking enough to be carried by Clara Bow and Florence Vidor in their pictures.

But she proved to them in these evening and day-time creations. True, the mirror on the inside of the evening bag looks a little wobbly on close inspection, but who sees the mirror aside from the owner?

The outside was made from an old piece of red velvet stretched across a piece of buckram twelve by four inches. Two-thirds of a yard of rhinestone trimming, one inch wide, was purchased for the decoration.

What these girls have done, any woman can do.

THE black satin for the oblong bag was sent to the pleaters for this original design. The pin from an old hat served as the corner decoration.

An old shoe buckle would have done as well.

Perhaps not all women have the material for the same knickknacks, but undoubtedly as many clever creations could be made from the family rag-bag or discarded-clothes closet, as are made by these thirty-five working girls at the Paramount Hollywood studios. Especially, if groups of women throw their rag-bag resources together.

And what better season for such work than the winter, when it is such fun to get together and unite in our condemnations of the weather!

Friendly Advice on Girls’ Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

LONESOME:

Your problem would perhaps be solved if you would go away for a month or two. And come back at the end of that time with some new frocks and a new mode of hair dressing and a new manner. The thrill of novelty often attracts men—even men who have grown accustomed to one. Why not try this out? Visit one of your sorority friends—and come back with a complete campaign of charm mapped out.

JACKIE:

Indeed, your new way of face cleansing is far better than the old one. I should also advise the use of a good cleansing cream, every night. And, when you use powder, be sure, before applying it, to use a little vanishing cream. You are not overweight, in fact your pounds are quite in keeping with your age and height. Wear all shades of blue, pale pink, rose and orchid for dresses. For coats, you will find dark blue the best color. A blonde of your type should avoid greys, greens and yellows.

PERPLEXED:

You are only about five pounds overweight. If you want to reduce you can lose those five pounds easily by some regular exercise and by a little care in your diet. Go without candy, paste, white bread, potatoes and butter for a while and see what happens. For sportswear—being a decided blonde—you will look well in powder blue, milky green, rose, turquoise, heliotrope and, of course, white. In the evening you will be lovely in any of the rainbow tints and in filmy black.

META B.:

It seems to me that you are being quite honest with yourself in the matter of your love affair. If the romance lasts and grows there is no reason why you should seek other and lesser affections. Finish your education and if, when it is completed, you still care for the one who now holds your heart, by all means marry him.

Mary K.:

Almost all of the larger magazines, particularly the women’s magazines, have departments of school advertising. I would advise you to write to any one of them regarding good schools in France, Switzerland, Italy and England.

A mascot scarf, worn by Mary Brian. The figure of this Airedale—or what have you?—is appliqued in bright colors on a background of plain silk.

Mitzie:

You have made a bad muddle of things by marrying in haste. I think that, now that you are married, you and your husband should give the relationship a fair trial. Remember that wedlock can not be put on like a new garment—and discarded like a shabby one. From the tone of your letter I do not think that you care very deeply for this second man, who has lately come into your life. Certainly not enough to divorce your husband. Try to face the issue squarely. And—when you have faced it—make a decision that will be fair to all concerned.

D. B.:

You should weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds, although a few pounds less will not mean a serious lack of weight. Drink a glass of half milk and half cream four times a day, and avoid acid foods. Do not over-exercise, if you want to gain, and do not take very hot baths.

Broken Hearted Nan:

There is no reason for confessing something that is far in the past, and was certainly no fault of your own. Put your mind at rest and marry the young man who loves you. Believe me when I say that you can do it with a clear conscience.

Nona:

I think that it would be a fine thing for you, during your college years, to make the most of the pleasant masculine friendships that are offered. You are too young to know, definitely, that you are in love—meeting other men will make you more sure of yourself.
"... 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!"

—Phyllis

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.
What Killed Francis X. Bushman?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"Rudy looked worried. He held out his hand, took mine, and said slowly, 'Well, my picture goes on downtown, Bush. I am afraid if this one is bad, I am done for—'

"Rudy had awakened. He had seen his popularity waning—"

This time I did interrupt the silence.

"Then what would be your advice to young men like Richard Dix, John Gilbert—"

NOT to marry!" He flashed out his answer without a second's hesitation.

"While they are at the height of their popularity, while the whole world loves them, they should not marry.

"I know,—know from experience, about these women. Oftentimes they marry, themselves, yet with regret. They are closing the door to their screen lover. The duties of life are drab realities at their best. In the midst of the grey, dull everyday happenings, these young girls and, yes, married women, go to the movies where they can sit and dream, unseen, about what might happen or might have happened. They choose some hero. Perhaps they have closed the door upon him, but they do not want these screen heroes to close that same door, to ruin their dreaming. They do not want to know that the man about whom they have been dreaming belongs to another woman—

"Ah, yes, I believe that the young star and the young man who hopes to be one, owe it to their producers and to themselves not to marry."

"What about love affairs?" I queried.

"That is different! Girls and women of today do not hold love against a man. They expect it. In a way it adds to their hero's glory. Girls of today even hope that they may be among the ones to receive such affection. Why, I get hundreds of letters from women anxious for just such an experience. That is where the world has changed since I was a hero. The boys of today have it on me there. Ten years ago gossip hurt; today it helps. But marriage? No! Never.

"How did you feel when you got the part of Messala in 'Ben-Hur,' Mr. Bushman?" I switched the conversation out of sympathy. Tears were hovering on the eyelids of this greatest of screen idols and I thought the subject of his comeback might relieve the tragic tension.

He did smile for a moment.

"It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened. When June Mathis told me there was a chance for me in the part, I said, 'June, I'm not Jesus Christ, and I can't walk on the water, but I would if I could give a chance to play that rôle of Messala.'"

"But, after all, it brought me my greatest sorrow." He turned his head away, burrowed both hands gropingly in the hair of the great dog, now lying on the long lounge beside him.

"For you see—it was that picture that lost me my wife," he added.

"I thought, of course, Beverly was going with me. Then just a few nights before I left we were at a party. Someone said, 'Bush, is Beverly going with you?'

I answered, 'Yes.' Then she answered 'No.' She said, 'Italy stinks and is dirty. Why should I take Richard out of kindergarten here—' So I sailed without her.

"At first there were cablegrams and letters. Then they became less frequent and I learned that her mother was with her. But, still, I thought everything would be all right when I got back—"

"We were on the boat coming into New York. At a celebration breakfast. We were laughing and joking, eating and drinking, when about forty reporters and cameramen boarded the ship. We were all so pleased because 'Ben-Hur' was receiving so much attention. Then I noticed they were swarming toward me. I felt so very proud. I had staged a comeback—"

"Then they popped that terrible question. What about your divorce from Beverly Bayne?" I just laughed and said they were always having us divorced and it was just another silly newspaper rumor. They flashed three newspaper stories before me telling about the suit. Still I wouldn't believe it and said, 'Why, Bev- erly will be the first person to meet me.'

"But she wasn't. And that was the first I knew about it, at that celebration breakfast." Tears were in his eyes now, in real earnest.

AND that isn't all," he added. "The divorce required that Richard, our son, be left in California. Her lawyer called up and begged to let her take him to New York. He gave his word of honor that Richard would be gone only six weeks. But that was two years ago and I have never seen him again.

"Just yesterday I saw a notice in the paper that Beverly was on a yacht with Leatrice Joy and Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel. That was the first I knew she had returned. I telephoned her lawyer and now, now, I'm waiting to see Richard."

"Do you still love Beverly, Mr. Bush- man?" I breathed the question.

He looked away. "We were together ten years. You cannot wipe out such an affection in a moment. Do you think so?"

I left him there, hands burrowed in the head of the Great Dane, eyes dreaming of the bay he was awaiting; of the wife whom he had lost, the glory which had faded.

And I carried away with me his one great warning to other screen heroes, his words of advice born of experience so bitter that no matter what the comeback, what the future may offer in retribution, he will always advise all young screen heroes,—"Don't marry!""

Why Mack Swain Entered the Movies

ANY are the reasons players give for entering pictures, but the story Mack Swain tells we believe the best of all.

Years ago when Holly- wood was just a place where Japs raised carnations, Mack was leading man, manager, publicity agent and general whatnot for a road company that toured the tank towns playing a tender opera called "Human Heart." The present Mrs. Mack Swain was leading woman.

They were traveling in Nevada. The night before they had played Frog Hollow. That night they were to play Mud Puddle, and to get there they had to change trains at Brown's Junction.

Mack, as boss, decided the troupe could eat when they reached the Junction, sometime about two in the afternoon. As old-time actors, who didn't know days began before noon, the troupe agreed. Cups of coffee sufficed for breakfast. They looked forward to lunch. And then Brown Junction appeared out of the wide, open spaces—a covered shed beside a railroad track and nothing more.

Only a cup of coffee behind them. No restaurant, no food in sight, and the down train to Mud Puddle not due till five o'clock. The hungry actors gazed about. Off against the horizon, some ten miles away, they saw a settlement. Wordlessly they hiked toward it. They simply had to eat.

The ranch woman who answered their knock was discouraging. "We ain't got a thing ourselves, except that hen out there," she said. "I'm sorry. Course. You can get that hen, I'll cook it for you—"

There was lots of prairie, fourteen actors and one hen. They chased it. They tried to catch it. They cursed it. But they didn't get the hen. All they got was more appetite.

The hen disappeared somewhere into the eastern horizon.

The actors returned disconsolately back to the ranch house.

"I didn't think you'd get her," said the farmer's wife. "My man's been trying to corral that hen for three years and he's right smart with a lasso, too. How'd you all get along with that pass of water?"

So you can understand why after hiking back ten miles and playing Mud Puddle that night and finally getting on to the Pacific Coast the Swains thought a twelve-dollar a week guarantee on the Sennett lot was big money.
LENORE ULRIC

“I always choose the Lucky Strike”

“"It's toasted""

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.
Winners of $5,000 Contest

Continued from Page 41

Photooplay gave me the help I needed. The contest proved to be an interesting education as well as enjoyment. Even the baby had a share in it, for his blocks were painted with Duco for the 'Puzzle Pyramid.' We have been working on a plan for re-decorating the interior of our little home—and I have promised myself a trip abroad—so who knows what this prize will bring?

Unfortunately, Mrs. Schneller’s photo did not arrive in time to be reproduced with the other leading winners.

Ruth Curry, 4006 Main Street, Kansas City, Missouri, awarded second prize of $1,000, has submitted solutions in all four of Photooplay’s contests.

“As for using the prize money,” she writes Photooplay, “if my butterfly wings its way into the ‘Big Five’ group, then the whole prize goes into my savings account, for it sadly needs encouraging.”

Third prize of $500 goes to Frances E. Heggstrom, Red Wing, Minnesota, who writes Photooplay:

“I am seventeen years old and a freshman in college. When I was six years old I was stricken with infantile paralysis, which left me a cripple for life. I did not begin school until I was nearly nine years old, but managed to finish twelve grades in eight years and was graduated from high school as an honor student in the spring of 1926. My father died when I was thirteen years old.

“My ambition is to be an author—I mean a writer of good books—and if I win a prize I will use the money to further my education along that line.” And then she asks: “Will you allow me to try again next year?”

All readers of Photooplay may try as often as they wish.

Emil Paulson, 335 East Colfax St., Denver, Colo., awarded fourth prize of $250, informs Photooplay he has always desired to further his education in art and plans to use his prize money for that purpose.

Sallie Carroll, of Redwood City, California, carried away fifth honors and with it the $125 prize.

Additional Cut Picture Puzzle Contest Winners

FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

F. W. Dunbar
2739 Girard Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn.

May Hewitt
Apopka, Florida

Marie Morgan
333 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Alice Gelzinis
14 Vinton Street, South Boston, Mass.

Russell Thompson
526 Clifton Road, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

Bessie F. Conners
176 Lafayette Street, Salem, Mass.

Alice Shook
2451 24th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. D. P. Harris, Jr.
318 West Broadway, Fort Worth, Texas

Anna Garr
409 North Union St., Kokomo, Indiana

Edward F. Black
400 Main Street, Quincy, Illinois

Marie J. Bogner
2934 Euclid Avenue, Fort Wayne, Indiana

Mrs. Vida L. Hannaford
18 Lewis Place, Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. Pat Corbett
421 Union Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Harriet E. Ferguson
3330 West Franklin St., Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Nelson Price
“Benecia,” Old Wharf Ave., Wraybury, Bucks, England

Mrs. F. H. Flanagan
P. O. Box 742, Dallas, Texas

Joy Palmerton
2930 21st Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

Ruth Swearingen
1421 East Ninth Ave., Topeka, Kansas

Helene Speaker
1812 Fairfield Ave., Fort Wayne, Indiana

Evelyn L. Svedeman
336 Savin Hill Ave., Dorchester, Mass.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

Florence M. Lewis
320 Rosedale St., Rochester, N. Y.

Miss Gertrude McGuiness
McLean Hospital, Waverley, Mass.

Andre Lamkin
4125 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Anna V. Norman
6157 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Chester R. Westover
35 E. Newton Street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. S. T. Isett
Llanerch, Pennsylvania

Miss Joyce Moore
4337 West 48th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Daniel C. Reid
14 W. Packer St., North Woodbury, N. J.

Pearl Connery
23 Cottage St., Jersey City, N. J.

H. F. Monroe, Jr.
210 S. Peterson Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Catherine Perry
3325 Memorial Ave., Lynchburg, Va.

Mabel M. Johnson
43 Maple Ave., Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Elsa B. Hoffeld
1356 Lexington Road, Louisville, Ky.

Merrill DeMar
34 Pierce St., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Margaret Embleton
316 University St., Salt Lake City, Utah

Grace V. Trotter
4232 Edmondson Ave., Dallas, Texas

Mrs. O. P. Stites
Slocums, Rhode Island

Mrs. Elizabeth T. O’Brien
1230 Jefferson St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Jean Pat Belt
Route 1, Midway, Kentucky

Catherine Meeks
1300 West 73rd Place, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. C. W. Myrose
Route 2, Pleasantville, N. J.

Mrs. Dan Allen
Box 605, Livingston, Montana

Miss Simone Archambault
4291 Chambord, Montreal, Canada

Charles P. Ament
57 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Katy Zahn
50 Wilson Street, Newark, Ohio
Wild Hours of WAITING

Then by wire came something that explained all!

A Real-Life Story
by Elinor Bradford

WHEN Bob said six o’clock he usually meant 5:53, but the little clock on Jane’s dressing table had ticked its way to 6:22, and he hadn’t kept his promise to telephone. . . . They would be late for that dinner appointment . . . . and the theatre . . . . Why didn’t he call?

It was a very vexed Jane who telephoned Bob’s office . . . and his bachelor quarters. No answer! Had he forgotten? Perhaps (horrible thought!) he had even gone out with that cute little girl in the accounting department . . .

An hour later worry got the upper hand of jealousy. Jane decided definitely that dear old Bob had been killed or mortally wounded in an automobile accident. It was about that time she started calling the hospitals . . . then the police station. And finally, just as she was wondering, tearfully, how to locate the morgue, Sarah came in with a package and a yellow envelope. From Bob, of course . . . but how mysterious!

Really, though, it wasn’t so mysterious after all. The telegram explained everything . . .

Called to Detroit this noon. Ten minutes to catch train. Asked Ralph to telephone you explaining. Signed Cooper contract this afternoon. Means a sure raise for me. And a wedding the minute you name the day. Can’t tell you in a telegram how much I love you, so I am saying it with flowers.

And after that? Well, the flowers had a great deal to say . . . and Jane was an appreciative audience.
Sir Bently Bingham looked the maiden full in the eye and she smiled encouragingly. He thought in a hazy way of Lady Hazel Buttercup Bingham, but decided that six thousand miles, and three of them rolling blue ocean, was a sufficient distance to be safe from marital wrath, blame or disapproval.

"You bet I would," heartily replied the lady of the classy gray roadster. "But my old man might doubt I was drinking tea though, but business is business."

"Gracious me! Married? You don’t mean to tell me you are married," said Sir Bently dubiously, and a little perturbed.

"Yeh," answered the maiden laconically. "But my old man’s okeh," she added. "He don’t object to nothing."

Sir Bently Bingham chuckled heartily. "Very thoughtful and obliging of him," he thought. He had gathered from the London music halls that his American cousins were extremely good to their wives, but such rare and unparalleled generosity as this really tickled his British funny bone.

"Just as you say, old bean. That’s all right with me if it is with your old man," gleefully chuckled Sir Bently. "And now, my dear," he said with a wink, "please give me your card so that I might keep in touch with you."

THE classy blonde maiden of the classy gray roadster again smiled happily, as a stock and bond salesman will when they sign on the dotted line. She opened her bag and presented Sir Bently Bingham with a large pasteboard card.

The aristocratic visitor from England took it in his left hand and, holding it well away from him, stared at it. He opened his eyes wider and ceased to chuckle as he read: "Alice Blaxenburg—specialist in Hollywood rentals."

Questions and Answers

MRS. F. B., EUREKA, UTAH.—Dick Sutherland is appearing in "Uncle Tom’s Cabin." He was born in Paducah, Ky., the home town of Irvin Cobb. Dick weighs 240 pounds and is six feet tall. He has brown hair and gray eyes.

H. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Leo Duncan is the owner and trainer of Rin-Tin-Tin. Richard Arlen is leading man for Bebe in "She’s a Sheik." Thomas Meighan has no children and Beth Sully was Douglas Fairbanks’ first wife.

ESTHER C., LINDWOOD, PA.—Mae Murray is now dancing in vaudeville, so do I not know her address. Write to Mary Carr at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. And Charles Chaplin may be addressed at 1416 La Brea Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

RUTH J., OSWEGO, N. Y.—Jackie Coogan was born on October 26, 1914. Your other questions are answered elsewhere in this Well of Pure Truth.

E. M. L., DAYTON, OHIO.—Barry Norton was Mother’s Boy in "What Price Glory." Take note, please, all you other fans who asked the same question.

B. M., LOS GATOS, CALIF.—William Haines played opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Annie Rooney." That’s the boy’s real name.

S. U., SAVANNAH, GA.—Charles Rogers is not married. John Gilbert’s first wife was Ovilia Burrell, a non-professional. I hear that Clara Bow and Gary Cooper aren’t keeping company any more. Gary was born in Helena, Montana, on May 7, 1901. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were married on September 8, 1926.

"CHARMAYNE," BORDENTOWN, N. J.—You write such a coaxing, wheeling, enthralling letter that it gives me the greatest pleasure in the world to tell you that Barry Norton played Mother’s Boy in "What Price Glory." And Ben Alexander is sixteen years old. Address Barry Norton at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. And if you don’t write to me again, I’ll go into a decline.

Having roamed three years, finally two years ago, I staggered half-in-toxicated into a theater and saw "The Ten Commandments."

The poor little mother, her grief and finally her sad death caused by her adored, ungrateful boy! These scenes awakened sentiments that had long since been dead.

I returned at once to mother. She was delighted beyond any expression. I held my head high, got a good paying job and mother and I have "lived happily ever after."

Besides, I am engaged to the sweetest girl in the world. If we ever have any kiddies, I’ll see that they see and study every good movie possible.

I’m for movies every time. Long may they Live! I. K.


MINNIE, CHATTANOOGA, TEN.—Irvin Willat is Billie Dove’s husband. Billie is twenty-four years old and is five feet, five inches tall. She has brown hair and eyes to match. Norma Talmadge’s husband is Joseph Schenck. Doug, Jr., is Fairbanks’ son by his first wife. Mary Pickford has no children.

R. J., GRISWOLD, IOWA.—Always glad to oblige an old friend. Glen Lee is five feet, seven inches tall and weighs 135 pounds. Phyllis Haver is an inch shorter and weighs 126 pounds. Vilma Banky is just as tall as Phyllis and four pounds heavier.

BLUE EYES, GRANDVIEW, WASH.—Norma Shearer has a sister; she isn’t on the screen. Marion Davies has three sisters. Their names are Ethel Doureas, Rosemary Van Cleve and Rene Lederer. Marion’s real name is Doureas.


D. S., MARTINSBURG, W. VA.—John Manns played Lord Montgomery in "Tip-toes." Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas. She has brown hair and blue eyes.

R. K.—Madge Bellamy was the leading woman in "The Iron Horse." Madge used to have dark brown hair but she dyed it blonde.

M. E. B., MARSHALL, TEX.—Tim McCoy is married. Address him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.
The second time

IT'S home, but it isn't perfect. You know more now than when you first hung up those curtains and moved your furniture in. You have lived with those walls, bookcases, radiators, cups and saucers long enough to know their merits and demerits. The kind you would buy the second time, and the kind you wouldn't buy. If you and Sarah could start all over again, you'd profit from that experience. Avoid what has proved unwise—study advertisements, home-furnishing pamphlets—let the potatoes scorch and the lima beans boil dry—just comparing new refrigerators, radios, patterns of delicate china. You'd want to make sure what you bought this time would please you as much tomorrow as today.

YET day by day you are making that home-place over. "We do need some new curtains." "Hadn't we better get some butter-knives?" The only difference is a gradual instead of a wholesale affording. And by knowing the advertisements you know the future of what you buy.

Experience usually deals with the past. With advertisements, it deals with the future! You buy the now and the will-be when you buy advertised wares.

READ the advertisements to know what is advertised—what is certain to satisfy you.

Reading advertisements prepares you for happy, safe choices first times as well as second times—every time you buy.
To King Vidor: Because he directed "The Crowd" and discovered James Murray; and just because.

To Paramount-Famous-Lasky: Because it has made the most consistent line of pictures of the year.

To Richard Barthelmess: Because he made "The Patent Leather Kid."

To Richard Rowland: Because he picked the story and chose Al. Santell to direct it.

To Herbert Brenon: Because he directed our Gold Medal winner for 1926, and topped his notable directorial career with "Sorrell and Son."

To Marion Davies: Because, as a comedian, she is growing better and better; because she is the most popular woman in Hollywood; because we like her.

To Mary Pickford: Because she has made another one of her old-fashioned pictures, and just because.

To FBO: Because, without extravagance and without shouting, it has given the public what it wants and what it is willing to pay for.

To Maria Corda: Because she has introduced the undress of the Greeks to compete with the undress of the flappers.

To Dolores Del Rio: Because she has the versatility to combine a terrible "Carmen" with a beautiful "Resurrection."

To Ruth Taylor: Because she out-witted all the well-known blondes of Hollywood and captured the role of Lorelei in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

To Laura La Plante: Because she allowed her husband to direct her in a picture after one year of matrimony.

To Irving Thalberg: Because he snatched ten days from business to honey-moon with his new wife, Norma Shearer, and took with him only too many manuscripts to read.

To Lois Moran: Because she resisted John Barrymore.

To Marceline Day and Mary Philbin: Because they broke their "bealess" record in favor of James Murray and Fred Kohner, respectively.

To Rin-Tin-Tin: Because he hasn't bitten the Warner Brothers —yet.

To Aileen Pringle: Because, although she lives in Hollywood, she has kept her sense of humor and still remains the true pal of the intellectuals, and just because.

To Janet Gaynor: Because she is a great little actress, a nice little girl and, incidentally, one of the lowest paid stars in the business.

To Louis Wolheim: Because he has established himself in the ranks of the comics.

To Emil Jannings: Because he has kept his acting perspective in Hollywood; because he gave 'em the unhappy ending and made 'em like it.

To Wilson Mizner: Because he has shaded all the other wits in Hollywood, so that none of them will sit at the same table with him at dinner parties; because he condensed in fifty words one of his plays that ran three years on Broadway; because he said that the trouble with Hollywood was the persistence of the uninspired; because he roars at the pseudo-intellectuals who would lionize him.

To Conrad Nagel: Because he had the courage to stand up on his hind legs and fight the Battle of Ten Per Cent.

To Louise Brooks: Because she has beautiful legs; because she also had business acumen enough to have her contract renewed just as everyone was saying, "Too bad they didn't sign Louise again."

To "Buddy" Rogers: Because he has refused to break up any home, no matter how beautiful and alluring the lady.

To Florence Vidor and Frances Marion: Because they refused publicity—and thereby got it.

To Ben Lyon: Because, in spite of romantic disturbances, he has snapped back to work.

To Francis X. Bushman: Because he made a come-back; because he is one of the few stars who is a good radio speaker.

To Cecil B. De Mille: Because he interested the clergy in motion pictures; because he built up a good organization regardless of cost.

To Jetta Goudal: Because she is a good actress, even if she does argue too much.

To Dorothy Dwan: Because her mother is her press agent and gets more publicity than many of the bigger stars; because she played in four pictures with Tom Mix.

To Phyllis Haver: Because she has achieved her five-year ambition and made good in drama; because she landed a leading part in "Chicago."

To Pola Negri: Because, while working at the studio, she finds time personally to supervise the construction of a large apartment house.
The cigarette you can be fond of . . .

SEEK and search wherever you will, you'll never find a smoke like Camel. So loyal and so fine. Camels reveal the delicate tastes and fragrances of the choicest tobaccos grown. That is why they never tire. Why each succeeding Camel tastes more smooth and mellowy mild.

Millions upon millions of smokers have learned to rely upon this supreme tobacco quality. They are modern smokers in the most particular sense and they place Camels first. They demand goodness and enjoyment. They have elevated Camels to the highest popularity ever known.

If you smoke for pleasure Camels will prove the cigarette that you can really enjoy, you can like Camels so much, because they're always so satisfyingly mellow. So smooth and mild.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.
My dear! It's simply Wonderful

Thousands of women are saying this today about the new Vim-Ray home beauty service

SCREEN stars keep their lovely complexions, in spite of arduous work and the ravages of make-up, by sunshine... sunshine... and more sunshine. Outdoor play to keep them fit... and California sunshine to stimulate the delicate skin tissues... keep the pores open and normal... and keep their beauty above par... always.

Science has given you a new, dependable ally in Vim-Ray. Vim-Ray never disappoints. Ten minutes' daily use is enough. It leaves a natural healthy glow on the skin and a feeling of refreshment and rejuvenation.

You will find new uses for Vim-Ray every day... with your face creams... with your hair tonic to make your hair thick and glossy... as a hair dryer and to set a finger wave... to dry your skin instead of toweling which has a tendency to roughen.

Vim-Ray enables you to indulge in luxurious sun baths... day or night... in the privacy of your own boudoir... at will...

Enjoy the benefits of sunlight with none of its disadvantages.

Easy to use... and imparts a sense of soothing comfort that is worth a hundred times the price.

STAR-Rite
NEW HOME BEAUTY SERVICE

Vim-ray

$6.50

FITZGERALD MANUFACTURING CO.
Torrington, Conn.

Please send me one New STAR-Rite Vim-Ray for which I enclose $6.50. I understand I can use it for ten days free and have my money back if I am not satisfied.

Name ____________________________ Street ____________________________

City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Dealer's Name ____________________________
The Man Who Fought Alone

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32]

Farnum home at Sag Harbor, Long Island. When the following September came around William again thought that he had sufficiently recovered his strength and vitality to return to the public. He felt that he owed Arthur Hopkins and those players who were to have been in the cast of "The Buccaneer" with him a debt for having forced them out of an engagement through his illness, so at the beginning of the theatrical season of 1925, he again started rehearsals of the play.

THEN after five weeks of actual playing, after the rehearsal period was over, it was found that the star could not possibly endure the hardships of traveling "on the road" with the play. It was closed down and the star returned to New York, again to enter a hospital and this time remained there for nine weeks.

When he finally emerged his physicians informed him that under no consideration must he try to do any kind of work. A complete rest for a full twelve months was ordered and Farnum informed that if he did not heed the advice the physicians would not be responsible for the result. That was almost eighteen months ago. Part of that time was spent in the East on Long Island and part of it in his home in the Southern California hills.

For the first few months in the East the enforced period of inactivity was not so irksome, but, as the months passed and renewed strength poured through his veins, Farnum began to fret and fume. He had been too active in his earlier days to lose the desire to do things. His days of broadsword fighting, those of deep sea fishing and other active out-of-door sports came crowding back and he wanted to be up and doing. Finally he was permitted to work off some of the excess energy through golf.

But even golf isn't enough for William Farnum—as a matter of fact, had rowing, boxing, bowling, hunting, fishing and hiking all been rolled into one it would not have been enough, for William Farnum is an actor, from a line of actors, and the theater is his place. That is the one and only thing that will complete the cure for him. And it seems that the cure is about to take place, for William Fox and Winfield Sheehan have welcomed William Farnum back to the studios. His first picture is to be Donn Byrne's "Hangman's House" and John Ford is directing it.

The call of the studios did not come along, however, until Farnum had been sitting for month after month looking down over Hollywood and wondering if they would ever send for him again.

He told me the other afternoon that the watching and waiting were much harder to bear than the long weeks in the hospital, for in the sickbed he felt sure that he would get well, while here, back in his full strength, he dreaded what the picture producers were going to do. But it was only a few days after the October issue of Photoplay appeared before he began to get a telephone call or two; some came from producers, others from artists' representatives. Then finally the call from his old studio. That cheered him more than anything else.

Of course no matter how wealthy one is, four years of enforced idleness, coupled with illness, represents a lot of money. In loss of salary it represents to Mr. Farnum just $2,080,000. In addition to that, his nurses and doctors cost him in the neighborhood of $250,000 while the overhead of his homes amounted to $150,000.

Possibly William Farnum's $2,330,000 doctors' bill is the greatest pill that any one man ever had to swallow.

They Called Him Captain

It's an extraordinary fellow who can look interesting in a passport picture. Above is the photograph that identified Captain Adolphe Menjou when he went to France to serve in the Intelligence Division. At left: Adolphe and brother Henry as army officers.
Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

Down With Abie and Mike!

Washington, D. C.

Please do away with those tiring Irish and Jewish comedies. They have been worn threadbare. There is not enough originality in them to keep the interest of the public for long.

MARGIE REARICH.

Pity the Poor Orphans!

Washington, D. C.

What a menu is to the hungry diner, PHOTOPLAY's Brief Reviews is to the movie fan. If you're in the mood for soft music and romance, you won't enjoy seeing Leon Errol wobble around on his funny legs for a couple of hours. I know a well-meaning lady who took a gang of orphanage youngsters to see "The Way of All Flesh!!" You probably got a Brickbat from her the next day.

"Bigger and Better" movies we probably do need, but I believe the heaviest brickbats are traceable to a highbred selection of pictures. By making use of PHOTOPLAY's varied and extensive menu, even the most exacting person may find a palatable dish.

LENNY A. PEDRO.

In Defense of Renee

Jacksonville, Fla.

If Renee Adoree is just a "fat peasant girl," as some unintelligent and unsympathetic correspondent recently stated in your pages, the balance of all that is good on the screen, give us more of her kind.

SHERWOOD TRAXTON.

She's an American Now

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Miss Hard-Boiled of Pittsburgh is wrong in her estimation of Miss Vilma Banky. They say this is a country of justice. I think there is a certain elope of people who make it their business to throw brickbats at every European actress who comes to the United States. I am glad America has Miss Banky for a star.

MRS. C. A. PALMER.

No, No, Mr. Stephenson!

Havana, Cuba.

I have noticed editorials in many magazines deploiring the entry into American films of alien actors and directors. It seems that the writers of these articles want the movies tagged "For Americans Only."

Does anyone regret the part Valentino played in the American industry? Is the performance of Emil Jannings in "The Way of All Flesh" detrimental to American interests?

T. D. STEPHENSON.

Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

from your audience's enjoyment of the picture.

THE new Model B Kodascope 16 mm. projector threads itself. Just the snapping of a switch and a twist of the wrist— and one of the amateur projector's most trying tasks is done.

The new model, which is the latest Eastman contribution to the amateur movie field, is equipped with an attachment that automatically performs the threading operation. Another exclusive feature, already mentioned in this department, is the framing device which frames the picture without shifting the illuminated area on the screen. It is not necessary to readjust the levelling screw after framing.

The new model is also fitted with a mechanical, high speed rewind, and a safety "still" picture attachment that eliminates all danger of blistering or burning the film. The motor is reversible and may be switched to forward or reverse at will, without a pause in the picture.

A NUMBER of highly popular Paramount Pictures are now available for rental from the Eastman Kodascope Library in the 16 mm. size. "The Covered Wagon" will soon be available for projection in your own home. Photoplays starring Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Wallace Beery, Adolphe Menjou and others are now available.

THE Motion Picture Club of the Oranges started work on October 15th on a one-reel comedy, entitled "And How!" The complete picture, with the exception of the developing and printing, is being done entirely by the members of this amateur group. The picture is being shot on standard film and some stunts are being attempted, such as the shooting of night scenes in rain with an f 1.5 lens. Homemade arc lights are being used on these scenes, as well as on the interiors, which occupy about half the action of the comedy.

The story concerns a young married couple and a former girl friend of the husband. Beatrice Traendly plays the bride, Alfred Fontana is the husband and Margaret Ervin enacts the friend. The scenario and continuity were written by Russell T. Ervin, Jr., who is directing, editing, photographing and titling the comedy. A man's size job, indeed.

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, editing, 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-examinable 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 or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Producer Contest, PHOTOPLAY, 331 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be received before January 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.
MEN and WOMEN

This Amazing Book will show you how to get BIG MONEY!

This is your Big Opportunity!

There is no need to deprive yourself of the good things of life. If it is a question of money, then Mr. Walsh's famous book "The Key to Big Pay" offers you the quickest solution of this problem.

Don't be held down to a routine job with no immediate outlook for future advancement. You want to get ahead, improve yourself and your living conditions, enjoy good clothing, a better furnished home, and all the things that go to make life worth living. We all have these desires, but still, today, how few of us are able to do half the things we would like to do, just because we have to live within certain limits. We live in hopes, but hopes are not going to accomplish these things for us.

Mr. Walsh's famous book, "The Key to Big Pay" has helped thousands of men and women, in all walks of life, to become successful. It is not an Aladdin's Lamp such as we used to read about in our younger days, but a book dealing entirely in facts that quickly convinces you of the great possibilities that this new field of endeavor offers you.

Continue Right Along with Your Present Job

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An unposed picture of the hardest working actor in Hollywood. Jean Hersholt fell asleep on the set and the temptation was too much for the cameraman. Jean, born in Denmark and a guy, has been selected to play the rôle of Solomon Levy in “Abie’s Irish Rose.”

Not custom-made, if you please, but a hand-made body, like an imported hat or evening creation!

ALL the newspapers ravenously devoured the news that Louis Wolheim intended to have his well-known map renovated. Wolheim solemnly announced that he was tired of being homely and was calling on a facial specialist to have his map redecorated.

Whereupon, United Artists stepped in with an injunction to prevent Louis from tampering with his features, and the whole thing began to look like the inspired proceedings of a press agent.

THE newest sizzling epithet in Hollywood, to be hurled as a curse at an enemy, is “Poison at the Box-Office!”

LOTS of film and society notables attended the opening of Marion Davies’ comedy, “Quality, Street,” at the Embassy Theater in New York. Among the social lights were Constance Bennett, now the wife of Phil Plant. Please note that I said “social,” not “film.” For Constance no longer considers herself among the movie celebrities. And the film persons who knew Connie when she slapped before the camera are hereby warned not to run up and kiss her when they meet her in the Ritz.

Death by freezing is horrid torture.

SOMETIMES directors show uncanny flashes of common sense. Sophie Tucker, vaudeville and night club noise-maker, is now in Hollywood. Ted Browning, directing “The Big City,” thought it would be a swell idea to get Sophie to appear in a nightclub scene.

Sophie said she would love to—for

Hollywood’s most famous pig goes on to further adventures. This is the porker that Bebe Daniels won as a prize at a party given by Jack McDermott. Bebe presented him to Marion Davies and Marion gave him to Captain Morley Drury of the University of Southern California. The pig is now the mascot of the football team.

$5,000. Browning went into a faint and when he recovered, went to the Central Casting Office for a woman to play the part.

No, the extra woman didn’t get $5,000.

EXACTLY one and a quarter yards of forty-inch chiffon velvet is used for one of the sophisticated gowns which Olive Borden wears in her new picture, “Come to My House.”

“Excuse me,” she says to all who seek her on the set. “But I cannot get up in this costume.”

Which proves that may be all right for a few shots of her delectable figure in the picture, but wouldn’t do even for Olive in everyday usage.

RALPH FORBES was explaining to Ruth Harriet Louise, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s famous woman photographer, his opinions of fash-tidious dressing.

“I would not think of sitting at my desk unless I were dressed for letter writing,” he explained earnestly.

Which may or may not throw light upon Ruth Chatterton’s divorce intentions.

SIX years ago a Brooklyn boy was engaged by Hugo Riesenfeld to sing at the Criterion Theater. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Eisenman, movie fans from far Rockaway, heard the boy sing Tosti’s song, “Moonlight,” and were so impressed with his voice that they sent him to Italy to study for Opera.

Frederick Jagel, the boy who made his début in the movie theater, has now made a tremendous hit at the Metropolitan Opera Company. His first appearance in
"Aida" placed him among the foremost tenors. And Mr. and Mrs. Eiseman, who happened to hear the boy at the movies, were the proudest members of the audience.

Jagel, you must remember, sang at the movies in the days when theaters specialized in young, unknown singers with good voices instead of elderly vaudevillians with no voices at all.

ELsie Janis has joined the lists of the women scenario writers. While the musical comedy, "Oh Kay!" was playing in Los Angeles, Elsie lost her voice and had to withdraw from the cast. Then John McCormick bought the rights to the show for Colleen Moore and asked Elsie to try her hand at adapting the script.

Lewis Milestone, that ex-cutter, who has just won his first spurs as a director, was so excited about the opening of his heart-child, "Two Arabian Knights," that he arrived with a party of twenty celebrities more than thirty minutes late, dug in his pockets and found he had forgotten his tickets.

"Sorry, sir, but they must have thought you weren't coming and sold them over. There isn't an empty seat in the orchestra."

So Gloria Swanson went to the gallery, while her Marquis-hubby found a hole in the rear of the balcony. Lila Lee discovered that a couple of electricians in the balcony had forgotten the girl friend and took the empty place between them. Marvin Le Roy posted himself on the stairs. Everyone but the host found some kind of a position.

Milestone stood dejectedly in the rear of the building and watched his picture carry the crowd into roars of laughter, while he remembered with longing the irresponsibilities of being a whistling cutting-Boy.

A Hollywood theater announced in electric lights, "Titles by Ralph Spence," being the first time on record a title-writer rated billing.

But if the titles were NOT by Ralph Spence, THAT would be news.

Dorothy Gish very silently returned to England to continue her series of famous sirens of history for a British company. Dorothy's new contribution to historic portraiture will be "Anne Boleyn," the recounting of the life of a lady who lost her head.

Ricardo Cortez is also making pictures in Europe, with a French company. Ricardo is playing in a dingus called "The Orchid Dancer," directed by Leonce Perret who once made films in these parts.

They have had orchestras play on the sets during the filming of pictures for some time now, but it remained for Ramon Novarro to introduce the vocalist as an accompaniment for emotional acting.

"Every musical instrument is merely an imitation of the human voice," he is said to have argued.

Lillian Rosine was the singer borrowed from the costume department to sing in

"the Last Word
in Transportation Service"

Thus "Chic" Sale, famous vaudeville and musical comedy star, describes the "Golden State Limited."

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the new picture, but the real thrill came when Novarro sang, according to Rene Adverse and others in the picture.

His voice is as good as any which was offered in the Grand Opera, they tell me,—which, by the way, Novarro attended every night during its Los Angeles season.

THE widow of a certain prominent screen actor is spending the winter in New York. The lady is a non-professional and wealthy in her own right and so she has flocks of suitors who send her flowers, candy and perfume.

Even the life-sized photographs of her late husband which decorate her apartment cannot dampen the ardor of the gentlemen who are begging her to cut short her widowhood.

THE press agent for the Roumanian royal family rushes to tell the world that somebody or other has pronounced the Princess Ileana a perfect physical specimen of glowing girlhood. The dispatch also adds that Ileana is interested in amateur movies and is filming a picture about intimate life in a palace. All of which not only sounds sinister but positively menacing.

BESS MEREDITH has one of those new talking-machines which changes its own records. And it’s a good thing, she tells us, because “Changing phonograph records, lying to people about my whereabouts, and keeping off creditors used to keep my secretary busy and now she does have a little time for work while the twelve records are playing.”

Oh, yes, Bess does all of her scenario writing to music. Good inspiration for scenarios as well as acting, she assures us.

“HERE’s a news item for you. Sam Jaffe, our production manager, has a new baby.”

“Boy or girl?” we queried.

“Just a minute, I’ll telephone and find out.” She hung up the receiver looking a little flurried.

“‘The news item I saw was just an advance notice. Mrs. Jaffe is going to the hospital Wednesday afternoon at three P. M. and the baby is going to be born Thursday morning at eight A. M. And it will be a boy.’

Wonderful, how these movie people have scientifically developed systems.

HERE’S one on the New York critics, to say nothing of the United Artists scenario and executive departments.

“Camille,” Norma Talmadge’s latest, was released with screen credit for the authorship going to Alexander Dumas.

Now, all those who know their literary onions realize that papa Dumas, who wrote “The Three Musketeers,” swung a very different pen from Dumas fils who signed “Camille.”

Yet it was released in New York with the credit going to the father, and not a critic seemed to know the difference.

And a Frenchwoman did the scenario for United Artists!

SAYS Irene Thierer of New York’s Daily News: “Al Jolson is scheduled to film ‘Pagliacci,’ based on the opera. The picture will have Vitaphone accompaniment and will be based on Puccini’s opera.” What we would like to see would be “Carmen” with a Vitaphone accompaniment based on Richard Wagner’s opera.

WE were saved from knowing the deep secrets of Clara Bow’s future by the United States Government.

Just as Hamid Bey, that weird Oriental who buries himself for six hours in the ground, then comes to life prepared to tell all about the unknown, was being sought by the Paramount publicity department to reveal things to the fair Clara, the government decided it was time for Hamid to return to his own country.

Safe to say, that this future-telling business wouldn’t have become a fad in the Cinema City. For what actress wants to know where she will be ten years from now, we ask you?

THE Noonan family, once an important percentage of the population in Bayonne, N. J. Two of the youngest children of Judge and Mrs. Noonan are now famous in the movies and four others have announced that they are candidates for stardom. The baby at the extreme right is now known to you as Sally O’Neil. The next in line is her sister, Molly O’Day. The third from the right is Isabelle, now playing small parts. And three of the boys are also in pictures.
held up the little baby to the Tibet Chief-tain in Gilda Gray's "The Devil Dancer" and is now working in John Gilbert's "The Cossacks," was formerly an Associated Press representative; Grant Withers, until recently of the L. A. Record, had a part in "Bringing Up Father"; Roland Drew used to tramp the streets of New York digging up news, but is now playing the Spaniard in "Ramona"; Larry Grey, now in the thousand dollar a week class, formerly pounded the typewriter on the San Francisco Bulletin; J. Ferrell McDonald, Fox player, plugged on the Denver Post; and Betty Blaire, now playing in a Lon Chaney picture, was club editor of the Minneapolis Tribune until she got the Hollywood fever.

**HEART THROBS**

Pueblo, Colo.

Thirty years ago I was enjoying some of the prosperity that at that time was flourishing around such mining camps as Cripple Creek and Leadville, Colorado. But a few years later I had a little misfortune, just enough to make me lose confidence in myself, and that finished me. Three years ago, I was down and out and all in.

It was in August, 1924, that my daughter bought me a ticket and prevailed on me to go to the theater with her and see "The Covered Wagon." While watching the heroic characters in that play, I became embarrassed. To see those grim old characters actually accomplishing things that I was then too cowardly to undertake, really made me ashamed of my weakness.

The psychological effect that that picture had on my mind cannot properly be explained. I fully decided to use the heroic characters of that play as honorable examples the rest of my life. I rolled up my sleeves and went to work with a determination that I had not had for years. A few months later I was doing well, or "having good luck" as some men would say.

During my success thirty years ago I planned to build me a good home. But a few years later I gave up all hopes of ever having a home of any kind, much less the elaborate one I had dreamed of.

Today I own and live in that home. As I write this letter in the den of the home of my dreams, I look at the good books, pictures and other things I have always wanted, and my accomplishments of only three years seem almost like a miracle.

But it isn't. The mind is the creator of every good and evil thing in this world. Put a man in the proper state of mind and he can accomplish almost anything. I can easily trace my recent success to that moving picture I saw on the night of August 4th, 1924. So I say, three cheers for all such noble pictures as "The Covered Wagon." B. F. C.

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What Does Acting Do to the Actor?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

but a gold-digger. She was very highly esteemed—most unschis and most trustworthy. Personally, I personally made inquiries to settle these points. Still, she thought they did!

And to think a thing is to make you behave in accordance with that particular thing.

The effect of acting the same kind of role year in and year out is not necessarily as striking in the average actor as in the case of Miss D. Still, there can be no question but what too frequent type parts do have a similar influence.

THE man who plays the villain undoubtedly is anything but a villain. The woman who plays a distract street female is probably most refined and cultured.

Nevertheless my work with actors has convinced me that such a screen villain's viewpoint of life is so strongly influenced by his villainous acting—and the same holds true for the wayward woman or any other screen part—that he automatically watches himself lest he display villainous tendencies in his everyday personal associations.

Sometimes this reaction—and often it is entirely unconscious to the actor—takes the form of what in psychoanalysis is called a "defense reaction."

In a defense reaction you do exactly the opposite of what you fear you may do or be suspected of doing, and you do it in an exaggerated way.

THE mental analysis of an actor friend of mine revealed the fact that although he is always playing the ardent lover in pictures, in private he is most shy and timid and as cold as an iceberg.

What his wife told me is amusing. She said: "If Frank would only court me with one twentieth the amount of passion he shows with these movie queens I'd consider myself a very lucky woman."

"I love my wife, all right," the actor countered. "And I also know how to make love. But I do it so much it sickens me. I want to do anything but that when I get home."

This was a conscious and deliberate defense reaction.

Defense reactions may be set up against any part the actor happens to be doing. As a general principle it may be said that what the actor is compelled to do as an actor he will react to in an opposite way as a private individual.

Where the actor has not been identified with a certain type part, I have found that his character becomes exceedingly pliable, often so much so that it amounts to absolute unreliability.

Always being somebody else makes the actor lose his own personality.

I have seen it affect men and women of the screen so much that they became rather spineless. They lose their sureness and force. They respond too readily to environment. They allow the feeling of the moment to dominate them. Their will power weakens. They vacillate and change. They become passive. Often they become undependable.

Actors will admit that themselves. Their work makes them that way. Women, of course, are fundamentally more pliable than men.

A woman by nature willingly subserves her individuality to her husband or her child or to a cause.

That is why directors in the end have more success with women than with men. Women have so many little vanities to be catered to, but, unless they harbor a strong personal dislike to a director, their characters are much more responsive all the way through.

WOMEN are less markedly affected by acting than are men. Women are always acting more or less, anyway, whether they be professionals or not.

When they change from a private status to a picture career the change is not so great after all. Acting also tends to make them alike, especially of each other.

In the first place, competition is keen. Secondly, any art that depends so strongly upon the individual's own efforts is bound to lay unusual stress upon the personal equation.

One finds the same thing true in all artistic endeavors. There is no abstract, non-personal standard to go by. The actor is forced always to depend upon himself. For success or failure he must in the end hold himself accountable. Hence his ego continually makes him compare himself with other actors. Hence he becomes very critical of others and, if he is not careful, jealous of others.

Acting makes actors excessively optimistic. The actor always feels certain that the production he is in will be a great triumph.

This is another variety of defense really. The actor himself is so helpless in the face of the commercial elements that go into film production as well as the whims of the public—over all of which he exercises no control whatever—that he must needs be excessively hopeful in order to be able to put forth his best efforts.

Never depend, therefore, upon what an actor tells you about the picture he is playing in.

The emotional factors are such that he cannot gain the proper detached perspective to form an unbiased, critical opinion. Lastly, actors on the whole are a nervous lot.

I have still to meet one who is not a neurotic. Each and every one is high-strung, keyed-up, over-emotionalized. It is acting that does that to them.

YES, acting has its hazards like most other worthwhile occupations. Indeed, it can undermine and wear tear in a surprising manner.

I don't claim that actors are to be pitied. Far from it.

I do say, though, that they are not specially to be envied.

They deserve everything they get!
sections of geography in the rough. He paused a bit in his rambles in that wild region known as Chicago and from the advantageous position of a bellboy in the old Saratoga hotel in Dearborn Street he studied the life of “the Loop.”

But young Martin was destined for places far over the sea, some of those shipping label places he had studied in the woodshed in Independence. So it came in time that he slipped ashore from a cattle boat in Liverpool and presently found himself living in Whitechapel in London, with, among and after the manner of costers and cockneys.

There is a certain previously unwritten economic and social law to the general effect that the less one has to live upon the more one really lives. Young Mr. Johnson did a deal of living in Whitechapel, cautiously conserving his resources and continually whetting the edge of eager experience. This shortly brought him in touch with one of the pungent personages of Whitechapel, whom we may as well label as Bill, since his name has been lost utterly under the potpourri of intervening Johnson memories.

Now Bill took this young Johnson under his wing in Whitechapel because the lad was an American. Bill had known a certain other American whom he deemed of large importance. This other American was an erratic two-listed chap named Jack London, who came telling strange tales of the Barbary Coast and the Klondike and other unbelievable places, while seeking yet other tales to him just as wild and fantastic.

After a while the wonders of Whitechapel palled on Martin. He began to think a shade wistfully about home, mother and mince pie. One quiet, dark hour in the night he slid down a nooning hauser on a slip at Liverpool, swung into a cargo port and felt his way up the companionsways and in the shadows until he came to the boat deck of the liner. With a jug of water and a box of ship’s biscuits he took up quarters in a life boat, most carefully adjusting the tarpaulin cover against discovery by the deck watch. When the tide turned in the early morning the big liner nosed into the Mersey, cast off her tugs and headed for Hoboken, with one Martin Johnson aboard but exclusively withholding his name from the passenger list.

Through the long days Johnson lay a-drowsing in his biding place, that life boat set in its cradle with the davits and blocks creaking with the roll of the ship overhead.

By night Johnson emerged and cautiously roamed the ship, dodging about in the shadows and playing hide and seek with the sailors on watch, as he went to fill his water jug. On one of these nocturnal adventures Johnson picked up a fragment of an American newspaper.
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which he bore back with him to his hiding place. In the tedious hours of the next day he read this paper, which he found to be a section of the New York Times. In it, to Johnson’s vast interest, was a story about this Jack London of whom he had heard so much from Bill in Whitechapel. The story announced London’s plan for the new historic cruise of the Snark, the yacht with which he proposed to go around the world, sailing first from San Francisco and out through the Golden Gate into the South Seas.

JOHNSON tore out that bit of a story and stowed it in his pocket. Almost hourly he reread it and built fancies on that prospect of adventure.

When the voyage was over and the ship tied up safely in the port of New York, Jack slipped over the gangplank one auspicious moment and faded into the waterfront. His first purchase was a dollar’s worth of ham and eggs and coffee. His second was twelve cents worth of postage, a two cent letter stamp and a special delivery stamp, and a bit of paper, a hotel stationery and a lead pencil he most carefully composed a letter to Jack London, just as one adventurer to another, suggesting that one Johnson would be a valuable addition to the Snark expedition. Martin made passing reference to Bill in Whitechapel and “The People of the Abyss,” and told something of his runaway adventures.

There were two important aspects of that letter. First it was an effective job of writing in that it said a number of things with great directness and accuracy; and second, it bore a special delivery stamp. Johnson gave his address as Independence, Kansas, and hurried across the Hudson shortly to make arrangements with a railway company to go home and get the reply. He was sure there would be one.

NOW a whole series of coincidental facts, chances and happenings began to conspire concerning the destiny of our adventurer. Johnson’s letter was one among thousands written to London, seeking a share in the projected cruise of the Snark. The London bungalow was littered with stacks of such letters, most of them unopened. But this particular letter so laden with the whiffs of fate could not in the regular mail, but all of itself in the hands of a special delivery messenger. And it chances that it was put into the hands of Mrs. London. And she, instead of tossing it into the closest convenient heap, spent one idle moment reading it. It made an impression on her.

Now at this precise juncture entered Jack London, in a mood of petulance and disappointment. He had just come from an inspection of the Snark, which was even then outfitting for the cruise. It appears that the enthusiasm of an abundance of good fellowship and warming wines the chief of the Bohemian club in San Francisco had volunteered to ship as the Snark’s cook for the world’s cruise. But it also seems that on this day only two weeks before the sailing the celebrated chef had gone to inspect the galley, where he expected to preside and then and there fainted and made a scene expressive of his contempt of the rude and tiny craft. What the chef had heard around the club had led him to expect a yacht of liner dimensions and Ritz appointments. What he found was a little rufian of a smack. What he said was in broken hearted but profane French. What London said was in the most simple, limpid American. In other words the deal was off. The Snark had no chef.

LONDON had no more than given voice to his lament when Mrs. London offered Martin Johnson a share.

“This sounds like that boy might have something in him,” she suggested.

London glanced through the letter. “Wire him that if he can cook he can sign up for twenty a month.”

When he piled up the house street in Independence for the welcome home there was a job already waiting to take him off to the end of the world again.

Martin sent London a wire that indeed he could cook. Then the young man was interviewed under the close eye of his mother’s skilled tutorship to make good on that boast. When that brave day the Snark put to sea Martin Johnson was aboard as the official sea-going cook, trained on the prairies of Kansas.

THE cruise of the Snark encountered many adventures and came to an end far short of the intended circumnavigation of the world, but that was all just a contribution to Martin Johnson’s destiny, anyway. When the expedition paused, hesitated and ended in the Society Islands of the South Seas, Martin went ashore and went fa Tahiti. He got a grass house on the rim of a silvery beach fringed with feathery coconut palms. There was sunshine and fruit and fish and nothing to do and a great deal of time and space in which to do it thoroughly.

When now and then Martin tired of the play of the palms and the surf he did himself up in his natty white ducks and went to chat for a while with the traveller guests on the verandah of the Tiare Hotel in Papeete, much to the news of the world in which he had left behind.

On one such day in 1908 Johnson met two puzzled and marooned French cameramen from the Paris office of Pathé. They had been assigned to cover the cruise of The Great White Fleet, that American navalgesture of President Roosevelt’s, but they had failed to connect because of the lack of adequate credentials. There they were on the beach at Papeete with cameras, miles of film and nothing to do. Johnson was curious. They were from France. The Frenchmen taught him how to operate them and allowed him to picture the natives and South Sea life. The film that he made they sent back to Paris to explain their long absence. But they incidentally had made his name.

In due season Martin again felt the call of home, mother and mince pie. He went back to Independence and arrived to find himself in the way of being a celebrity, what with the publicity which had attended the Jack London-Snark expedition. Also he had learned about the films and the nickelodeon wave of motion picture theater development that was sweeping the country. With a partner
Johnson became a motion picture magnate with a string of storeshows, all named "The Snark" and numbered from 1 to 10. The Snark circuit was one of the earliest of the theater chains.

While Martin was film magnate on the Snark circuit, he stepped into the ticket booth to check up receipts one night and chanced to catch a merry smile and a hello from a diminutive and decidedly pretty girl in the line of patrons. He abandoned the statistical and fiscal matters in hand and dashed out to see about this more important matter.

ALMOST immediately there was a threatened storm. It seems that it was all a mistake. The girl, Miss Osa Leighty of Chanute, had thought he was someone else. She was sorry, also haughty.

But to a young man who had learned things all the way from Whitechapel to Papeete, this was no serious difficulty. He did a great deal of talking.

So soon they were married.

Now the Snark circuit of nickelodeons began to hit heavy going and rough weather.

But Martin Johnson had become something of a showman now. He had found that he could entertain his audience with pictures of the South Seas and the Jack London expedition. Now to meet the crisis on the Snark circuit he hurried away to Kansas City and got booked into small time vaudeville with a South Seas talk and pictures. The pictures, it must be confessed, were stray fragments of Hairpanda scenes which had nothing to do with the South Seas but Johnson had imagination and many ardent words. The act was a mild success. Presently Martin Johnson blossom-ed out on the big time of the Orpheum circuit, and when his lecturing career began to wane he became the editor of the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

But Johnson was not to be held to the staid ways of business too long.

Came a dawn which found Martin and Osa aboard ship heading the South Seas with a big roll and a camera.

A succession of extraordinary expeditionary and adventure pictures followed, notable among them "Captured by Cannibals," and "The Headhunters of the South Seas." There were other excursions into the savage Solomons and a trip to Borneo and all manner of the remote places with exotic names like Suva and Rataramba and others with no names at all.

WITH a showman's flair for a dramatic fact, or else with a scientist's curiosity concerning reactions of primitive men, Johnson went back to the South Seas to revisit the royal old cannibal chieftain, Nagipate of Malekula, equipped with a projection machine and portable electric light plant to show the natives motion pictures of themselves and of the white world.

More recently the Johnsons have abandoned the South Seas for the lure of Africa where they have made their home on the danger trails, producing a number of famous animal pictures. Latest among them "Simba," a dramatic study of the wars of the lion and the native herdsmen of Tanganyika.

Osa, who if it had not been for that picture show incident, might easily have been just a "home girl" with a small town life, is a full partner in the adventures and exploits of her husband, with many, and many a feat of daring to her score and a collection of trophies of which any sportsman might be proud. She, with her rifles, stands guard over the photographic daring of Martin's pictorial pursuits.

"We have to let them get close for the pictures," she explains, "because one doesn't miss when they are very close."

But the Osa of the game trails is not after all one of these many women given to flat heels and a collar and tie. Every African sojourn is followed by a shopping spree on the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue. Her picture work is done in khaki, but she has a star wardrobe for entirely personal reasons and delights. She turns lightly from double barrelled heavy bore elephant rifles to the utterly female consideration of things in chiffon and lace and branchiati and Ranier.

Meanwhile the photographic attainments of the Johnsons with their extraordinary records of the wild life of Africa have given them a status quite beyond the mere approval of the box office. Martin Johnson has become world famous as the adventure-photographer. Each of his motion picture negatives, after its theatrical career, goes into the collection of priceless record archives of the American Museum of Natural History, a tribute to their sincerity, authenticity and acute realism without screen hokum.

Now Martin and Osa call Nairobi in British East Africa home. There they have a residence which looks for all the world like a Long Island villa, and up in the deep of the "blue," which of course means "out back of beyond," up at Lake Paradise near the border of Abyssinia they have what might be called their "country place," a headquarters camp for their camera saharis on the big game trails of the elephant and rhinoceros course. The Lake Paradise camp site not at all the American idea of a hunting camp. It is in fact a little town, built of, for and by photography, with houses for the Johnsons, film darkrooms and laboratories, and houses to care for two hundred black porters and garages for the motor cars with which the Johnsons go racing over the veldt.

Johnsonburgh-on-the-Lake is a little oasis of civilization in a wilderness ruled by savage beasts and more savage men. It is five hundred miles from Nairobi which is considered a metropolis with its fifteen hundred whites. Up at Lake Paradise the Johnson gardens are lotted for sweet potatoes by the grazing elephants and chattering baboons try to steal the electric light bulbs out of the bungalows. Leopards raid the chicken pens and lions waylay the black porters.

THAT is the place that the Johnsons call home. And it must be home because they always go there for the purpose of getting ready to go away somewhere else in quest of excitement.

All of which shows what can happen to a boy who dreams dreams in the woodshed and to a pretty little girl who makes a mistake and smiles on the handsome stranger at the picture show—in Kansas.

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my first real vacation. I think we must have a headquarters home in Beverly."

"And what, if I may ask, will you do with the children?"

Colleen dimpled joyously. "Oh, we will leave them at home with mother in California," she bubbled, "it's the best climate in the world for children.

"But you know, what I probably really shall be doing ten years hence," laughed Colleen, "is being nice and plump and matronly, utterly absorbed in a possible two children, and telling my John we must put off the yachting cruise until the children are a little older."

I TOLD Colleen's fortune with the cards—just for fun. The cards told that this little Colleen is curiously beset by other people's financial worries. She cannot make a move, or change her plans a fraction without affecting somebody else's pocketbook.

The cards also told of a contented but slightly wistful old age for Colleen, with her interests affectionately concentrated on one man.

When I confronted Dick Barthelme with my question, he looked serious. "I don't expect to be acting then, but I would like to be in the producing end of the game—perhaps in Europe. But I would like to have made at least two more pictures as good or better than 'Tol'able David' and 'Broken Blossoms.' I think Europe will be doing big things in pictures in ten years hence.

"I hope I shall be surrounded by nice intellectual friends, and be happily married with a little family. No, I am afraid I have no ambition to found orphanages or museums or libraries at home. I shall want to be making pictures, preferably independently. My contract with First National has 18 months to run, and I am fairly independent here, of course."

Dick looks such a very romantic young man—but I did catch him lunching off corned beef and cabbage, and talking stern business with directors and business managers. Dick will have achieved maternity by the time this story appears, and he already has little Mary, aged 4, towards the founding of that happy family.

CAUGHT Gloria Swanson on a day when she was "all mother." She had completed Sadie Thompson in "Rain" a few days before,—a rôle she adored. It was her little girl's seventh birthday and a big cake was being carried in by a haughty butler. The little boy and girl were telling about a moving picture they had shown at school, and another they were to see later.

Also the Marquis had just arrived from London....

So it was difficult to get this maternal-widely Gloria to concentrate on ten years hence. Today and the immediate tomorrow were so enthralling.

"Ten years hence?" mused Gloria. "Oh, I would have to be doing something. I should die if I were inactive. I won't care what it is so long as it is interesting. The stage, perhaps, as an experience, but I should not expect to make the same success as in pictures."

Gloria, too, wants to be living in the South of France, even as Norma, even as Menjou.

Gloria hopes she will not become a grey-haired grand-ma-mère mother, not plump and maternal either. There was a worried little crinkle in her forehead as she tried to envision herself ten years hence. Being anything but the same Gloria was rather disturbing.

"I am going to work hard and make a great many pictures in the next three years," says Gloria.

THEN I tackled Douglas Fairbanks, with his newest picture "The Gaucho" about to be released, and a new one still in his head.

"Search me," laughed Doug boisterously. "I haven't an idea what I'll be doing ten years from now. I never think about it. I just live each day as it turns up. I am even a bit vague about yesterday. I'm a little afraid of tomorrow. I am always getting very enthusiastic about something, getting involved in all sorts of schemes—and then sweating to carry them out or crawl out from under. My besetting sin is making rash promises.

"Ten years hence... umph. I am greatly influenced by Mary. She has a sane, well-balanced head. I shall probably be doing what Mary thinks advisable," grinned Doug, who does really consult Mary about every little thing.

"I have no longer a wish to get out of my system yet. So far our traveling has only whetted my appetite for it. We've done Europe pretty well, now there is the Orient and the tropics. I have some illusions about China, for instance, that I don't want dispelled. I am going to try to arrange to see China only by night.

"I have young Doug, too, you know. He is writing some quite good poetry now, and trying out on the stage. Good at title writing too—he titled 'The Gaucho' for me so well, that Sam Goldwyn wanted the name of my title writer when he saw a preview. I put one over on Sam, told him the fellow was a shy, sensitive chap—better make business arrangements through me. So young Doug got $250 for editing a few titles for Sam, who never would have believed a seventeen-year-old boy could have been worth that."

Doug had a good chuckle over hoodwinking Sam Goldwyn about young Doug.

PRESENTLY he was discussing the nasty age controversy that has been raging about scrapping men at forty for good business.

"I am forty-four myself, but in the main I agree with Durant. Here on the lot we notice it. Under forty men move by their own momentum, but after forty we have a sense of having to pull and push..."
them—mentally. But, of course, I am one of the numerous exceptions," grins Doug.

"Ten years hence I'll be fifty-four... umph! I wonder what I will be doing. Dashed if I know."

Doug, like a veritable school-boy, can't keep still. He is the embodiment of activity. It will take more than ten years for Doug to settle down. He is too capable of contemplating settled-down retirement than a twelve-year-old.

In the meantime Doug and Mary are regarded as co-sovereigns by numerous crowned heads. The King of Spain, the Prince of Wales, Mussolini, all correspond with them as fellow rulers. The King of Spain wanted Doug to make a picture in Spain and offered to appear personally in it.

They entertained the young King and Queen of Siam not long ago, the story which "Chang" depicts. Doug says the King of Siam is very up-to-date and Siam has had airplane postal service for years. So Doug and Mary may easily settle down to simple ruling monarchy in Filmland ten years hence, and do their domain infinite royal credit in the job, too.

WHEN I interviewed John Gilbert, he had just rushed up from his yacht, down in the Los Angeles harbor and looked properly romantic in immaculate white flannel pants and rich white sport-sweater. John is just naturally dazzling, smile, eyes, teeth and all. Yachting thrills him. He calls his recently acquired schooner "The Temptress." The motor boat is "The Vampire." The sail boat is "The Harpie" and the dinghy "The Witch." Which selections give a peep into John's present psychology.

Ten years hence John will be forty—just thirty now, the age Sir Conan Doyle says that all men will be in heaven. (Sir Conan likewise says all women will be beautiful up there.) Sir Conan was describing John Gilbert's idea of heaven.

John was emphatic in saying he would be producing pictures, if not still acting in them, ten years hence. He says he has done everything in pictures, writing, directing, titling, acting. His main quarrel with his own product is not that his pictures are poor, but that they could be so infinitely better. But while he is saying that he is making all sorts of naughty dangerous comments on the side, and grinning impishly at indiscretions he knows we will protect him from.

Yes, John hopes he will be married ten years hence, but children... oh, Lord, Well, maybe a couple of little Gilberts—if the house is big enough for safe retreats.

"Rudolphar little Gilberts," grins John. He says he goes to see his little girl at the home of his former wife, Leatrice Joy, "but somehow, although she calls me 'Daddy,' I can't feel properly paternal," confesses John.

A VERY different person is Ronald Colman, all gentlemanly reticence and polite discretion, intermixed with attractive half-embarrassed little smiles. Ten years from now Ronald will be a trifle over forty. "So perhaps I shall not

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L. GLOVER
Salsalito, Calif.
be acting on the screen. Oh, no, I could never do my own producing. I hold producers in proper respect. But perhaps I shall be back on the stage. I should like to be living in Southern Italy, and maybe own a yacht by then, for trips to the Orient and the tropics—and only working say, twenty weeks in the year instead of fifty-two.

"I should like a fine library—oh, not necessarily rare first editions. I should like to have a son... (Ronald's wife lives in England.)"

"I hope my best virtue will be charity, and that I shall indulge the more gentlemanly and discreet vice. Yes, I do like a game of poker..." he admits deprecatingly, "a mild gamble, and, and..."

Ronald's pet sport at present is tennis, which he is so proficient in that he gives some of California's champions a first class fight.

RICHARD DIX, Paramount's star, says he will be a motion picture director ten years hence. "Only the surface of motion picture potentialities has been scratched," said Richard. "I would like to do my part in advancing them further as a universal international force for good, for international peace and understanding, new methods in education, and with a far greater entertainment qualities."

"I am an actor now," says Dix, "but no star in the industry has succeeded in maintaining his or her popularity up to the age I shall be in ten years from now. I want to retire while I am at the top, not wait till it is whispered I am slipping. But I don't want to leave the industry.

My desire to direct grows upon me and I feel sure there will be a place for me."

"I also expect to be married and be the father of four children, two boys and two girls," laughs Richard. "I shall be living in Southern California if I have my way, in a nice roomy Spanish type house on a ranch where I can breed blooded horses."

I like to trip to Europe and the East at least once a year."

Although Dolores del Rio is too young to include in this story—only twenty-two now, after two brilliant years in pictures, she has her future all marked out. Dolores has to be a stage actress. She is deliberately preparing to attack the stage as her supreme ambition. Ten years hence Dolores expects to be among the Ruth Chatterton, Lenore Ulric, Florence Reeds and Helen Mencken. Some of them desert the stage for pictures to make money. Dolores is making money in pictures with intent to desert them for the stage.

MAE MURRAY, now returning to the stage after ten years in pictures, is buoyant and youthful as ever. Mae comfortably286 a year away like a mere teenager. After a spell of stage appearances and enchantment with her dancing, Mae intends returning to the screen in her own productions. Mae also gave me to understand that she was very happy with her husband. "He was the love I was waiting for all my life," she said. "And we were married in the Roman Catholic Church because they do not countenance divorce—and so my former marriages did not exist for them."

Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

Eye" an' me spent the long nights a plamin'. Everything pointed to sad days ahead for Mexico, until an old cattlemen I knew came a visitin' our camp. As he had been down in Mexico, I asked him what part of the country would be the quickest and easiest to make a million dollars in. "A million," he said, "why, son, there ain't half that much money in all Mexico. There ain't a million dollars anywhere, except in two places—Washington an' Texas." So that was that.

I LOST my last bit of respect for "Good Eye" when he proposed that him and me get the million by giv' out to Australia an' raisin' sheep. I told him I didn't mind bein' a bandit as we had planned, or even a first class pirate or a good bankrober for a few days in order to get the million, but I made it plain to old "Good Eye" with much Texas wording'man's, that I was a cattlemen an' hadn't sunk as yet to the low down of bein' a shepherder.

The only way to get to Washington, where the other million was, I figured was for me to hold office, an' I knew there wasn't much chance for a twenty-six year old cowhand to go office seekin'.

So it was that I drifted around, always with the million in mind, doin' a little ranchin' here, a little cowpunchin' there an' sheriffin' quite a bit now an' then. D'you know how I got to Southern Colorado an' was a livin' near Canon City. Remember, I was livin' near Canon City and not in it, as that's a town where a lot of the citizens are plumb permanent, stayin' there by the year on the state's livin' system. It was of great importance except to three or four of us happened about that time, which made it necessary for me to go south, an' until I reached the state line, do most of my ridin' at night. As an eagle would fly, it was about 450 miles to El Paso, an' that was where I was headin' for. I made a few quick, night horse trades as I went along, but I usually left a better horse than the one I rode away. In about four weeks I got to El Paso, and friends.

ABOUT this time across the Rio Grande, Madero was a fightin' the Mexican Federal forces and he organized an outfit of half a dozen Americans willin' to take a long chance. I was among the first picked an' strung along with the insurgents. We Americans captured a few machine guns in the battle an' takin' of Juarez an' for this service, Madero in person, paid each of us Americans $500 in gold. When I felt how much the $500 in gold weighed,
I abandoned my original idea of luggin’ my million around with me. But I’d made a good start of it all I needed now was the little of $999,950.

Madero wanted me to go into Mexico with him, promisin’ that when he became president—which he did—that I could have a big government job, such as chief of police or chief of the supreme court, or I told him it wasn’t a lawyer an’ couldn’t be a supreme court judge, but he said the Mexican Supreme Court would never meet anyway so that wouldn’t make any difference. I decided that Juarez was as far below the border as I wanted to trounce. I didn’t mind, I explained, shifitin’ state lines now an’ then as occasion demanded, but I didn’t like to get very far away from that big sign a readin’ “U. S. Border.”

ABOUT this time, several white jacketed friends of mine—not barbers or waiters—told me there was a man round El Paso a lookin’ for me. I replied that if the visitin’ brother was from Canon City, or anywhere in Colorado, me an’ him had nothin’ in common but an argument. One day—entirely by accident—run into this inquirin’ gent. He said he had been hired to look for me—that the Selig Polyscope Company of Chicago, stood ready to pay me good money to come there an’ help ’em make a movin’ picture. How much was there in it? I wanted to know.

“There’s millions in the movin’ picture business if you go at it right,” the man told me.

That word million decided me. There was millions in sight an’ I only wanted one of ‘em. Personal, I didn’t care who got the rest as long as I got my one, so to Chicago him an’ me went.

Now this wasn’t exactly my first tie-up with the movin’ pictures. A company came down to a little ranch of mine in Oklahoma an’ used my place an’ stock to make a movin’ picture. It was one of the early educational pictures. Me an’ my cowboys appeared in it, an’ it was this same concern that wanted me to go back to Chicago.

Once there, a feller out at the studio asked me if I could kill a wolf with my bare hands? “I dunno about that,” I told him, “I might if I got the first hit, but who wants to kill a wolf with his hands? I’m willin’ to shoot ’em one at a time or by the carload, but I’m not handerin’ to wrestle with ’em. What’s in it for me?”

“Big money,” the gent proceeded, “you see, it’s thisaway. In the story we are about to make, a man has been lickin’ in Wall Street by the human wolves, an’ he’s broke, his wife quits him, an’—”

“WHAT did you expect her to do?” I put in, but the man paid no attention to what I said an’ went on.

“This busted Wall Street gent,” he says, “after a losin’ of his bankroll slips away into Colorado, an’ finds himself a little hideaway spot in the mountain. One day he meets up with a bunch of them—well, take refuge in an old deserted shack, where the wolves corner him. The Wall Street gent, still husky, puts up a battle with his bare hands, strangles the biggest wolf an’ the rest of the pack goes sneakin’ away. Then, says this man to himself, I’ve met the real man eatin’ wolf an’ licked him. I’m a goin’ back to Wall Street and whip the human wolves that put me on the run. Thereupon, so the man told me, this feller goes back, puts the Injun sign on the Wall Street wolves, recovers his bankroll an’ lives happy ever after.”

Betin’ much interested by this time, I inquired if the wolf whippin’ gent got his wife back?

“No,” says the studio man, “this story is a goin’ to have a real, happy endin’—she don’t get back.”

“Now,” he rambled on, “we got a fine young man to play the Wall Street gent, except the killin’ of the wolf with his bare hands. That’s where you come in as a double for the leadin’ man.” Then he told me they had the wolves, fresh from Montana, out in a pen. I took a look at ’em and they were sure wolves all right. Four were about the average size, one a little runt an’ one old boy, bigger’n the rest by twenty pounds. I decided that it was the little feller that was goin’ to be out of luck. So far as I was concerned, the big one had nothin’ to worry about. The picture man said there would be big pay an’ a lot more for me in the future.

Now, says I to myself, here is where I get my million dollar start. To get a million, you first got to be where a million is, an’ now I’m right in that town, so I told the studio feller he could turn his wolves loose an’ me an’ them would have it out.

I WAS introduced to the leadin’ gent of the picture. If I had taken a good look at this bird an’ his hair, this story would never have been written, an’ mebbe I’d never got the million. They built the shack in one of the studio stages, and I helped ’em rig somethin’ like a shute up to a window, an’ the wolves was to come in on me thataway.

Before day light, I sneaked over to the wolf pen and played about ten pounds of raw meat for each wolf an’ made it my business to see that the biggest one got the heaviest hunk. I had to put on the hero’s clothes. A dapper little feller said he was there to curl my hair. Now I’ve been in a few tight places where I thought my hair was curlin’ but to have a bird do it with a pair of pinces was like a wet saddle blanket to me. Anytime, I told him, that I had to get my hair curled to fight a couple wolves, it was time for me to get back to the west where I belonged, exceptin’ of course, the one in Colorado.

The director explained that as the leadin’ gent had curly hair, I’d have to get mine fixed that way. Havin’ a little Injun in me, I was never very strong on the curly hair stuff, an’ what I suffered with that bird a twistin’ my hair around with a pair of tongs, no one will ever know. At last they got me fixed.

I was afraid to take a peep in a lookin’ glass for fear I’d take a punch at some one, havin’ both the director an’ the curly haired leadin’ gent in mind.

“NOW,” says the director, “remember while you’re a killin’ the wolf, keep your back to the camera. We don’t want to see your face—keep your back to the camera.”

Everything was set. I got up near the
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Always a Tree

[continued from page 66]

“Honest to goodness, Jerry—” he chuckled, “the woman proposed to me! Out of a clear sky. And so we hopped a taxi—and went to the first J. P. I’m not one to take a joke. And—here we are—”

To Jerry’s eternal credit he made no remonstrances. To Jerry’s everlasting goodness! He did not say that he was disappointed in the fact of preparation, in the fact that he had not even let his smile falter—he wore it in as jaunty a manner as one would wear a new topcoat.

“Very well,” he said briskly, and there was only warmth in his tone, “well, you stole a march on me, old man! I’ll do the same by you, some day. Now; you’d better take your—bridge—upstairs—and get ready for dinner. I’ll tell Annie” (Annie was the lady of color, who came in, by the day, to scrub and to cook) “to set an extra place at the table.”

But Ralph was all at once faltering.

“Where will I take her?” he questioned, almost helplessly. “To what room, Jerry?”

Still briskly Jerry answered.

“Why, you and Winifred will have our place,” he said, for the twins had shared—as they had shared everything—a broad, many-windowed bed-chamber; you will have our place, of course.

Winifred, self-possessed, cool as ever, was moving already in the direction of the stair. But Ralph still lingered.

“And where will you stay—Jerry?” he asked, a trifle wistfully. “It’s kind of—well, rough on you! Pushing you out—”

But Jerry had interrupted.

“Oh,” he told his brother, “I’ll camp out in—” he faltered, somehow, over the loved name, “in mother’s room. For—awhile!”

Winifred, fitted, rather well, into the home. That first night, at the table, the conversation was gay, almost brilliant. Ralph’s blue eyes were dancing at the thrill of the moment. Jerry’s grey ones were not too blank. But it was Winifred who dominated the conversation. It was she who asked the questions—who supplied most of the answers.

“I believe,” she said, at the last—over Annie’s really excellent coffee, “I believe that I married Ralph because of the picture that he painted of your lonely lives together. Living in such a womanless way. I declare—I expected to find the place a perfect hurly-burly—unadorned socks on the piano, and shaving soap on the sideboard. And when Ralph opened the door, well I couldn’t believe my eyes. The place is so neat! And flowers—”

It was Jerry who tried to explain—

“We used to do a good bit of the work for mother,” he said, “before we could afford help. We got in the habit of being neat. And mother was fond of flowers—”

Wife as laughed. Her cool little laugh worried Jerry—had worried him from the very first.

“Oh, flowers are lovely in their place,” she said, “but of course they’re not—necessary. . . Ralph has told me of your mother. She must have been a quaint, childish person. She’s been dead several years, hasn’t she?”

Helplessly Ralph tried to meet the grey eyes that were suddenly trying—just as hard—to avoid his own. It was only after a long moment that Jerry spoke. And then—

“Mother!” he said; “yes, perhaps you’re right. She had the quaint simplicity of a child. But neither Ralph nor I have ever let ourselves think of her as—dead—”

After that, a little bit silently, they went into the living room. Went rather silently, but it wasn’t long before Winifred’s crisp voice was filling the four corners with her thoughts.

Somehow, although Jerry had meant to move out—to give up the house to Ralph and Winifred—he didn’t go. As the months crept along he found himself staying on in mother’s room. Watching beside the drama that was Ralph’s marriage.

Jerry had meant to move away—to take a bachelor apartment in the more modern part of the town. But the appeal in Ralph’s eyes had stayed him. An appeal that never found its way into words. It was as if Ralph were asking something dumbly, as a dog begs. Something that his brother could only answer by continuing to occupy a room in the home.

It was not that Ralph was unhappy. Certainly his marriage had been of his own choosing. Winifred was clever, she was attractive, she was charming. She and Ralph loved each other—of that Jerry was sure—very deeply. He had seen their fingers touch in passing. He had seen Ralph pause, on his way out, of a morning, to take her into his arms. Quite fiercely. He had even seen the look in Winifred’s level eyes as she studied across the coffee pot, at her husband.

But—it was the changing of the little things! The constant, ceaseless changing. The very coffee pot over which Winifred smiled! It had been squat and dully shining, in the mother’s day. A pewter coffee pot that had long been in the family. At Winifred’s advent the pewter somehow disappeared. And a silver coffee one that worked by electricity took its place. And, following the coffee pot went the oval braided rugs, and the familiar, old-fashioned portraits that lined the walls. Of course, the blue and mulberry Chinese rug was charming. Of course! Only the Wallace Nutting prints—Jerry supposed that one, in time, might get used to them! Indeed the changes were all things that one might get used to—superficial things. But they made the home very different. That was why Ralph’s look begged that Jerry stay on. Jerry was the last link to an old content.

Winifred had come in the summer. At

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The twilight of a drowsy day. When autumn had swept across the land, her presence lay in every corner of the little home. Her ledgers, her small filing cases—in which were placed the household bills and receipts—crowned the very roses from the table. Her French governesses—she and Ralph had taken a home course in French, against a trip abroad—were side by side with the old books of verse on the mahogany shelf. The frilled calico curtains—the little mother had made them with her own wrinkled hands—had been unwillingly supplanted by velour. But, most of all, Winifred had spread a layer of matter of factness over the quiet room. Draining the sense of latent magic from the place.

On the first small anniversary of their marriage—when they, for a month, had been man and wife—Ralph came home, bearing orchids and a gift done in white tissue. Winifred accepted them with a small cry of pleasure—but bewildermement lay across her face.

"Why the party?" she questioned, as she raised her face for a kiss.

Ralph's expression was also one of bewildermement.

"But don't you remember?" he queried.

"Just a month ago, this very day—"

Winifred was laughing at something, a perfect, velvety something, which had fallen into her lap. In it was a collection of photographs of famous people, all in their own color, and all for one dollar.

"Oh, she wasn't ungracious. Not that. Only—Jerry, entering at that moment, and seeing his twin's fallen face, told himself that she didn't understand.

Winifred had come of people who went in for necessities rather than beauties. Her mother—Jerry could almost see Winifred's mother—would never have understood the creed of the mother who had sacrificed to purchase candy canes.

When Thanksgiving came they went out for dinner. It was Winifred's idea.

"There's a football game," she said "on Thanksgiving afternoon. And all three of us want to go. It will be easier—and cheaper—to dine at a restaurant. I've never been in favor of those huge meals, anyway. They're epochs of gluttony! And we'll never get to the game, in time, if we had to worry our way through one of them."

It was a simple, tactless, Winifred, who had let the small changes pass without comment, spoke for the first time.

"But," he told his wife, "Thanksgiving—without a turkey? It wouldn't be right. Ever since we could afford it we've had turkey. Lots of times."

He laughed out, suddenly remembering the first scrappy turkeys—"lots of times when we couldn't afford it!"

Winifred had answered. Coolly, logically—as she always answered.

"The trouble with you boys," she told the twins, "you think you are all bound up in custom! Why keep Anne over the stove all day and make ourselves late for a good game? And, incidentally eat too much? And have stacks of dinner left over—so that for a week we'll have to live on turkey hash and turkey soup! It will be much simpler to go to a restaurant."

And to a restaurant they went. And, although Ralph was just a trifle sulky above his thin slab of white meat and his spoonful of soggy dressing, Winifred put on her hat and stole from the house with her laugh that was like a bell chiming over fields of snow. Winifred who thought anniversary presents too costly, and Thanksgiving turkeys a waste. Winifred—what would she say to the sojourners Christmas that—to the boys—was more than a Christmas? What would she think of a candle, set in the window to light the Holy Child on His way? What would she think of the festoons of green upon the walls, the strang popcorn? Would she remind them of the unholy toll of years—when they mentioned the hanging of stockings? Would she scoff at the tinsel trimmed hemlock branches? That were—in some curious way—a tribute to dear memory?

Jerry wondered, but he did not, put her interrogations into words. He waited. And the week before Christmas he had done with waiting. For Ralph, looking up from the French grammar that Winifred has thrust into his hands, had grinned at his brother. And—

"I've been looking at trees," he said.

Winifred glanced at the two of them, across the French grammar that she held.

"A nice harmless pastime!" she told her husband. "I can't think of any more innocuous way."

Ralph interrupted.

"Don't be silly," he told her. "I mean Christmas trees. We're going to have the biggest tree in town, this year!"

Winifred laid down her French grammar. Carefully, as she did everything—so that the place might not be lost.

But you're joking," she said slowly. "Why, Christmas trees are the stupidest things the world has ever invented."

"Yes, of course, in the bedroom. The needles from them get into the rugs. The trimmings for them cost a—"

Winifred was Ralph's wife. He drummed on the arm of his chair with a nervous hand.

It was Ralph who broke into excited speech.

"But we've always had a tree," he told his wife. "Always we've—"

"Winifred," was there a touch of scorn in her practical voice?

"Next thing," she told her husband—but her eyes were on Jerry—"next thing you'll be telling me that you two babies hang up your stockings!"
Ralph was flushing. But Jerry answered.
"We always have," he told his brother's wife. Simply, like that.

Winifred was laughing. The scorn had gone out of her voice. It was the indulgent voice, now, of a kindergarten teacher.

"It's just as well that I married into this family," she said. "You two would never have been able to manage alone—much longer. We won't—there was a note of finality in her voice—'we won't mention the tree, again.'"

But Ralph, for once, was not to be silenced.

"But we're always trimmed it, Christmas eve," he said, slowly. "Mother—she loved Christmas—and all the fussy little things about Christmas. She would want us, I think, to keep up the—tradition—"

Winifred had not mentioned the little mother since that first night of her home-coming. She was not slow to learn certain lessons. And her voice was kindly, tolerant, when she spoke.

"Your mother has gone on," she said, "to a place where Christmas has ceased to be—important—"

Ralph started to speak. And thought better of it. But Jerry knew that his brother was remembering a certain conversation that they had held on the first holiday after the little mother's going. For that reason he tried to say something lightly. Only the lightness stuck in his throat.

"After all," he said, "it's a pretty custom. Trimming a tree. It helps to fill Christmas eve—"

Winifred answered.

"But I've made plans for the filling of Christmas eve," she told him. "I've tickets for a concert. We'll all go, together."

It wasn't that they lacked initiative. Not that. Neither of the twins would have failed to assert himself had it been a question of business that confronted him. But this—this question was not one of business! It was intangible. Precedent concerning a Christmas tree is hard to explain. Especially if the explanation must be made to a young woman who is able to meet whimsicality with matter-of-factness. Who can bring logic to play upon the most involved reasoning? And so, during the week that preceded Christmas, neither Ralph nor Jerry spoke of the matter that lay heavily upon their hearts. Any mention of it would have made a serious matter (serious, at least, to them!) seem more stupid. They resigned themselves, apparently, to the concert that Winifred had chosen for them. Only when the time arrived, they didn't all go together. For, after the forcibly cheerful Christmas eve supper, Ralph suddenly felt a dizziness about the eyes. He said that the lights bothered him—that his head ached abominably.

"A fuzzy day at the office," he explained to Winifred (an explanation that rather puzzled Jerry, as Ralph had been away from his desk during the whole of the afternoon). "No—don't worry. I'm not ill. I'll take a couple of aspirins, and put an ice bag on my forehead. And
by the time you're back from the concert
—for you two must go along, without
me—I'll be much better—"

JERRY watched his brother anxiously.
Ralph was not given to headaches.
"I think we'd better stay home with you, Winifred and I! We wouldn't enjoy the concert, knowing you were sick—"

But, before Winifred could agree,
Ralph was speaking. And his voice was
almost irritable.
"What I mean," he said, rude ly, "is to be alone. I've a headache—see? Having people fuss about wouldn't make me feel a bit better."

Winifred, unrumpled, placed a slim, friendly hand upon her husband's forehead.
"Certainly he hasn't a fever," she said.
"Not a sign of temperature. And, so long as he doesn't want us, Jerry, it would be a shame to miss the concert. I've really perfect seats!"

But still Jerry hesitated. The break in a loved routine had been disconcerting enough. To leave Ralph home alone, on Christmas Eve, was even worse.

"Are you sure, old chap?" he queried,
"are you certain?"

His twin's voice held an angry note.
"Oh, for heaven's sake, Jerry," he said,
"I'm out of my cradle. Go along, the both of you—"

And there wasn't anything else to do.

A LL during the concert—which was
good—Jerry found himself thinking of his brother. And of the little mother. And of other Christmas Eves. He found himself, when the music swung around to the carols, shading his eyes with a shak-
ing hand. The whole thing was so—so
group.

He couldn't help feeling that, Ralph, in the choice of a helpmate, had made a grave error. Somebody who could play— who, at least, understood play should have stepped into the place left vacant by the little mother.

And yet, even while he fostered the thought, Jerry was conscious of Win-
fred's charm. The decision of her, the poise, the vivid conversation that never grew tiresome. All of these things were important. Perhaps, in the final analysis, they would be more important than the little lovely things. Who was he to judge?

On the way home he was not talkative. Winifred chided him, gaily, for his lack of words.
"I believe," she told him, "that you're meaning the stocking that Santa won't fill?"

And—
"I believe I am," Jerry answered her,
soberly.
They found Ralph asleep on the living room sofa, when they came into the house. So calm and peacefully—his handsome pajamas and his woolly bath robe—that Winifred tiptoed past him. And beck-
oned Jerry to do the same thing.

"Poor boy," she said, as they gained the stairs—"he's worn out with the pain. He was probably waiting up for us, and couldn't quite make the grade. I won't waken him—" she cast a really tender glance back across a silken shoulder— "the headache might come back, if I did—"

Jerry nodded his head in agreement.
"I'll bring an extra blanket down," he said, "and throw it across his legs. If he wakes he'll understand."

WINIFRED was hesitating on the landing of the stairs. And quite suddenly she spoke.
"Jerry," she questioned, "do you think that Ralph is happy? Do you think I'm a good wife to him?"

Oh, there were many things that Jerry would have liked to say! Perhaps that moment would have been the time to say them. But can one, by the saying of a few words, change a woman's whole viewpoint? And so Jerry answered as he knew that he was expected to answer.
"Of course, Ralph is happy, Winifred," he told his sister-in-law—"of course, you're a good wife!"

But some twenty minutes later, when he came tiptoeing downstairs with the extra blanket, he wasn't so sure. Now that Winifred's brightness was shut away in her room, as he bent over his brother's quiet, relaxed form, he felt suddenly years the older of the two. There was something so pathetically relaxed about that resting body. Something so quiet about the sleeping face. Something in the droop of the eyelids that so confused Jerry.

Jerry's train of thought went crashing to sudden collision with reality! For one of his brother's eyelids had raised, ever so lightly, in a wide-awe wink. And Ralph's finger—touching his lips in a gesture that begged silence—was eloquent.

JERRY'S hand had loosened on the blanket—it was sliding, to the floor, in a heap. Ralph's covering joined it, as he struggled noiselessly to his feet. In sheer bewilderment Jerry followed as his twin tiptoed in the direction of the kitchen. It was only when they had reached Annie's spotless domain, only after the door of the kitchen had been closed, that Ralph spoke. Spoke as he switched on the electric light.

"There!" he said. That was all. But his hand was pointing in the direction of the kitchen table.

And Jerry, following the pointing hand, was seeing, upon the table, a tree. A Christmas tree with pointed branch-
es. Not a very large tree—but a pretty one. Untrimmed, as yet. But with a great box of tinsel, of colored glass bulbs, of silver and gold icicles, lying beside it.

"We bought them all this afternoon," Ralph was saying; "I left 'em on the back porch; and Annie carried them in—while you and Winifred were at the concert. And then, I got undressed and, when I heard you coming, I played pos-
um. And—"

Jerry was groping for some mode of expression—Which he couldn't quite find.
"But," he said, rather foolishly, "your head?"

Ralph was smiling.

"Invented for a special occasion, that pain," he told his brother. "When Win-
ifred hadn't a temperature I like to die, laughing. And when you were too dumb to get the drift of things—"
He chuckled delightfully. And then, all at once, he turned serious.
"Jer," he said slowly, "Winifred's my wife. I love her—and I wouldn't do a thing to make her unhappy. But you and I—" Suddenly Ralph had ceased to be the less vigorous of the twins, suddenly his chin had as firm a line as his brother's chin— "You and I have a try to keep. A try that we'd made before I met Winifred. We planned, always, you and I—" He didn't say any more. For Jerry's hand, reaching out to clasp his own, made other speech quite unnecessary.

And so, together, they set a candle in the kitchen window. And together, with the bright slip stream in their grave eyes, they strung the silver tinsel across the gay branches of the tree. Just as they had in other years. And so absorbed were they in their task that they did not hear the swinging in of the kitchen door. Ralph started, and dropped the star that he was holding in his hand, at the sound of a cool, crisp voice.

"I heard Jerry go down the stairs," it said, "and I didn't hear him come back. It worried me. I was afraid that something was wrong. I was afraid—"

For the first time since Winifred's homecoming the cool voice faltered. For Winifred, standing in the kitchen doorway, in a rose negligee, had noticed the tree. And—

"But what—" she queried, "what are you doing?"

What were they doing? The twins, staring into each other's blank faces, were suddenly echoing Winifred's question. Quite absurdly conscious of a stealth that was childish in the extreme. Seeing themselves as Winifred must see them. Men who, in a few years, would be middle-aged. But men who still played with the spirit of make-believe; with a handful of glittering toys. It was Jerry who finally spoke their answer.

"Of course, you think that we're fools—" he said slowly, "I guess we are. Rather. Only—just this, Winifred. We weren't trying to hurt you. Or to be smart. We didn't even exactly mean to sneak away by ourselves. Of course—" the words were coming even more slowly, "of course we didn't even mean to tell you what we'd done. As soon as we'd finished with it we would—" Oh, it was hard to go on—" have taken the tree to the cellar, I think. You'd never have known. We weren't going to carry it inside, to get on the rug. We weren't planning to go against your wishes.

Ralph broke in upon his brother's explanation. Ralph took up the story. "Of course," he said, "you think we're insane. We don't suppose I blame you for thinking it! But—well, we've never been without a tree. And it has come to fill a place in our lives. That if it weren't filled, would have fairly hurt—

With emptiness. I tried to laugh, but the effort was a failure. "There's no use trying! I didn't have a headache. It was just an excuse. Only don't blame—" no one hearing that guilty little boy note, would have guessed Ralph's age—" don't blame Jer! He didn't know what was in my mind. Not until he came down with the blanket. And the twins, so hard—" I'm sorry, Winifred. I wouldn't for the world... Why—why, darling..."

FOR standing in the doorway, in her pretty negligee, Winifred was crying. Crying great tears that ran down her cheeks. Great tears that were not in the least angry tears. Tears that told a story of realization, of an understanding that had come in time. For a moment she—the self-possessed, the poised seemed to be fighting for composure. And then all at once she gave up. And: "But I've been so hard, she choked, between sob, so stupid! To think that I made you afraid—of me! To think that—" her breath came in small gasps— "you had to come off, by yourselves—"

All at once her arms were reaching toward her husband— "Oh," she cried, "how was I to know that a tree could mean—so much—"

And, as she came stumbling forward, into the kitchen, there was nothing cool about her—nothing chill. It was as if something had melted, in Winifred, for all time.

As Ralph went swiftly to meet that stumbling, hesitant woman, he saw only his wife. But Jerry—there beside the tree—could almost glimpse another figure in the shadows. A fragile, old little figure with a gallantly lifted head.
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CASTELLANETA, ITALIA

sugar is the physiological supplier of energy—and his super vitality required an extra supply.

His desire for sweets, and for demonstrating his cleverness and daring, made of him, the townsmen say, an accomplished thief. But not a thief of the ordinary acquisitive type. The candy which he stole was distributed with signorical generosity to his friends. And once, at least, it served his passion for inflicting pain. He offered a piece of candy to a smaller boy, and then, when the first bite was taken, snatched it back; the boy broke into tears, and was consoled with another piece of candy, whereinupon the process was repeated, until little Rodolfo had sated his lust for power.

O f course, Rodolfo organized a club of "bandits" with headquarters in the many caves of the romantic gorge of Cas- tellaneta. He was, needless to say, leader of the gang. He used to ask the boys of the town, his fists clenched the while, whether he or a vegetable garden, that is, Musolino, the legendary Robin Hood of Calabria. The boy who denied it nursed his bruises at home.

But there was one person, above all others, to whom he loved to give his candy. That was his nurse, Rosa. Rosa has no last name. At least she has forgotten it and the townsfolk never knew it. Rosa was, next to his mother, the idol of his boyhood.

Rosa, when I finally found her in Castellaneta, was placidly riding her donkey on her way to her vegetable garden. She is now nearly seventy, and she showed an old woman's suspicion of a stranger. But once her confidence had been obtained, she poured out reminiscences of her Rodolfo.

ROSA didn't like sweets. But when Rodolfo brought her a gift of candy, he insisted on eating it. For the true sheik must dominate not only his rivals but also the woman he loves. Sometimes he stole bright colored ribbons for her, and she would accept them in order, the next day, to return them to the original owner. Any boy to whom Rosa was friendly received a beating. The youthful sheik showed the jealousy which is but the other side of romantic love. Once, in a jealous rage, Rodolfo threw at Rosa one of the copper kettles in which Italian women carry their heads. She bears the scar on her chin to this day.

Rosa told of the time Rodolfo rode bareback a wild donkey whom nobody else could mount—and stayed on. She told of the time he stretched a rope from the balcony of his house to that of the house opposite, and walked across it, fifteen feet above the pavement. She told of the days he played hookey, and of his long periods of absent-mindedness.

A bully and a dreamer. Such a boy could hardly be a favorite in the town.

Castellaneta weathed a long sigh of relief when he left.

When he returned, one day two years ago, in a high-powered motor car, accompanied by his sister and sister-in-law, nobody wished to recognize him. He asked for Rosa; she could not be found. He sought out the family which had been friendly with his father and mother; they were cool to him. It is a point of honor in Italy that those who become rich shall give money to their native town, and Valentiino had failed to do so. He found one woman who gave him a cup of coffee. He wrote a grateful line in her visitor's book, cleared away the vines and photographed the grave of his baby sister Bice, in the village cemetery, took a snapshot of the central square, visited the monument to the Unknown Soldier, and—in two hours of his arrival—departed.

But now Castellaneta is proud of him. Within twenty-four hours of his death the following handbill, printed in enormous letters and deeply bordered with black, was posted everywhere in the town:

FELLOW CITIZENS:
The efforts of science were unavail- ing to rescue her from the grave of death that son of ours who, in faraway America, was able to evoke all the ardours of our land and was proclaimed the sovereign of the cinematographic art.

RODOLFO GUGLIELMI has died, invoking the sweet name of mother.

Sublime interpreter of earthy pas- sions, he fascinated people by his great gifts of mind, and in varied, living expression he was unique, a maestoso maestro of the cinema. Every day newspapers and magazines from every corner of Europe and America reported the deliberation of acclaiming multitudes.

No one was able to excel him and his magnetic expression entranced masses of spectators, who everywhere fervently adored him.

He was the genuine expression of our countryside and of our spirit.

He was the son of the veterinary surgeon, Dr. Giovanni Guglielmi, who did so much good in our town, and of his gifted wife, whose noble qualities of heart everyone knew. Rodolfo Val- enzino, as he called himself in art, was born in this land of sun.

Now he is no more and we feel the need of commemorating him.

HE BELONGS TO US AND THE FIVES OF ALL THE WORLD ARE FIXED ON US EXPECTING THAT HIS REMAINS MAY BE WORTHILY PRESERVED IN HIS NATIVE SOIL.

The sincere expression of our sor- row goes to his memory, the sorrowful great night of our grief, which will forever immortalize his genius. Everywhere great honor being rendered to the hero of art, such as few in the world have received, and Castellaneta remembering him sorrowfully offers him the last and best tribute of affection.

The Committee.

Castellaneta, Italy.
Some of the women made rag dolls from bits of old dresses—not that anybody wanted a rag doll. It was the best they could devise. Lon could sketch a bit. He made caricatures of each member of the company and for the helpless ones who couldn't think of anything to make from it, he drew extra sketches so that everyone had something to give, something to get.

They made a brave show of it that night. They danced. They sang. But the homely, dreaming boy who was their second comedian stayed back in the shadow so they couldn't see the tears of homesickness in his eyes.

Eventually they got back to Chicago, the Mecca of all barnstormers. Lon looked about the agencies but he could only sign for another tour. He got $14 a week as second comedian with "The Cowpuncher."

Only one night of that hinterland hegira stands out in Lon's memory. It was the performance when the under-study took the sick leading lady's place. Lon had to rush to her rescue in a scene where she was holding the villain at bay with a small revolver.

There was a real bullet in the gun. Nervous over her part, as she pressed the gun in Lon's hand, the girl pulled the trigger. Lon had five acts and seven scenes to go through before he could have his hand treated. He was a trooper. The show went on. But to this day his right hand bears the scar.

The next year he was out with "The Beggar Prince." In Champaign, Illinois, the prima donna lost her voice. The theater manager finally solved the problem of who was to take her place when he suggested his wife's sister. Lon was to see the girl come to the theater, a lovely blonde younger with a magnificent voice. He watched her through the four hour rehearsal she had for the role which she sang that night. It was her professional debut and Lon stood in the wings and envied her the bright future he saw ahead of her.

Today, as successful as she has been, she must, nevertheless, envy Lon Chaney. For she is Myrtle Stedman, a fine competent actress, but far from stardom.

"The Beggar Prince" stranded in Columbus, South Carolina. Now when companies strand, Equity sends for them and that is all there is to it. Twenty years ago stranding meant the troupe was absolutely broke. All that saved this group was the fact that William Cranston, a Canadian manager, was aware of their existence. He sent them fare enough to reach Halifax, Nova Scotia, and then rented them westward through the mining camps, the dance halls, and the snow-bound hills, westward to Vancouver.

The Canadians had some critical faculty. They flocked to see "The Beggar Prince" because they had seen no play for months and months. But when the same troupe tried to repeat the tour from West to East the Canadians knew more. The company had added two new bills to the repertoire, "The Royal Chef" and "A Knight for a Day," but the public stayed away with great force. Again they stranded. By organizing their own lift and playing three days in one town they finally eked out their return fare to Chicago.

At last back in Chicago, out of work, in debt, all that lay ahead of him another road tour with stretches when a few dollars could be accumulated to be followed by stretches when those dollars had to be spent. Lon was not so lonely now but he was more frightened. For he had married a girl of the troupe and he loved her. But they were both out of work and there was a baby coming.

All the tenderness and compassion of his boyhood days came into flower. He wanted to take care of that girl-wife. He wanted to give her luxuries. He wanted to prove himself the greatest song-and-dance man in the world for her. But in the new world just what he was, a bum comedian, lucky to sign on with a ten-cent-and-thirtieth outfit that would tour the tanks.

I tried to get Lon to tell me more about his wife but there I met with flat refusal. He is proud of his son and his son's wife. "Gosh, they're great kids," he says. But his love for his wife he holds inviolable from the public. Finally he showed me her picture, taken on one of their seasonal camping trips into the High Sierras. A little broad, smiling woman holding her morning catch of fish. I asked Lon if she wasn't less than five feet tall. "Four feet ten," said Lon, "and being part Italian she eats too much spaghetti." He grinned reminiscently. "She's courageous," he said finally. "We've gone through everything together. Let it go at that."

Lon tramped the streets of Chicago hunting a cheap room. When he found it finally in one of the city's shabbiest districts, he installed his wife in it and went searching food.

He went to a saloon. He was no drinker then, anymore than he is today. But the musical director of "A Knight for a Day" had a piano-playing job in a saloon that boasted a free lunch. He and Lon were pals and he loaned the comedian a nickel with which to purchase the glass of beer that led to the free lunch. The lunch offered husky sandwiches. Lon would eat one for himself, smuggle away one for his wife. That way they lived until he got the post of stage manager. "A Girl in the Kitchen."

They had to take the baby on the road with them. There was no help for it. Lon worked hard. He wanted the second comedian's place but a better man than he held it. The actor's name was Lee Moran. He is still a comedian in two roles.

The True Life Story of Lon Chaney

[Continued from Page 37]

Sister Susie and the Steno Job

She finished High School—with honors! Then business college gave her a "training" in six months and she started out to be a typewriter for a living.

Fine! But Susie was compermental. Grindling drudgery might do for the type of girl whose ONLY aim is an easy marriage. For Susie it was killing. So Sister Susie "took up the Saxophone."

Now Susie was just an average girl. You could never call her gifted or talented. But within a week she was playing tunes and in six months she could handle her saxophone like a veteran.

The things happened, First, a little club orchestra. Next, a local sextette. Then, some "home town" entertainment; a sharp-eyed booking office—a contract; and little Miss Susie hit the "big time" vaudeville, drawing down as much cash weekly as the salaries of half a dozen stenographers.

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Cold, jolting trains. Foul theaters where the rats stole into the trunks to eat the grease paint. Bedrooms with the paper peeling from the rotting walls and the smell of leaking gas jets. Eternal fried steak and lumpy potatoes. Little sheds along the single railroad track affording but the slightest protection against the midnight winds. The brilliant future which Lon Chaney had visioned became now a grey monotony getting worse and worse every season.

John Chaney was in Los Angeles, manager of a theater, with a permanent home, a permanent address. When "The Girl in the Kimono" folded up on the road, Lon headed for the Pacific Coast. He knew that nothing worse than what he had gone through could be ahead of him and at least the weather would be kind.

There was a tabloid musical comedy stock company playing at the Olympic Theater on Los Angeles' Main Street. Seven shows a day, from one thirty to eleven at night, seven days a week. Wages, thirty-five dollars.

Killing, prostrating work, but permanent. Lon played there six months. Then he joined the Grand Opera House Company across the street. The leading comedians there were Roscoe Arbuckle and Robert Z. Leonard. The soubrette was Francis White. Lon played German comedy, Jewish comedy, old men, young men, all the bits. He knew enough about make-up that he could play five roles in one bill and not have the audience be aware of it. He was something terrible.

Slowly he began to improve. The showmanship that is like a lucky talisman for his career today began operating. He got his first reward when Dill of the producing firm of Kolb and Dill sent for him.

"The Rich Mr. Hoggenheimer" was going on tour and Dill wanted Lon as stage manager. Lon had to break up his home but he could not resist a part that had actually been offered him, that he hadn't had to beg for. When he got to San Francisco and Kolb and Dill decided they were going to center their producing activities there and wanted Lon as stage manager, he was in heaven.

In the two years in San Francisco he not only made a living wage, but he and Dill but earned a little on the side. Once he staged "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" at the Alcazar Stock Company. Lon as song-and-dance man staged the dances. He had to put the leading man through his steps and the leading man was nice about it but he kept Lon in his place. The leading man's name was Bert Lytell.

Together they made good, Betty Compson and Lon Chaney, in "The Miracle Man." They both went up in the electric lights. Then Betty got a bunch of bad releases, while Lon went steadily, consistently ahead. Now they are reunited again in Lon's next picture, "The Big City."
A little money gave Lon poise enough to look once more toward the future. He kept hearing of the moving pictures down the road and once Chaney packed up, Lon was going to try his luck again.

Lon hunted up his friend, Lee Moran, who was working out in a suburb of Los Angeles called Hollywood. At the corner of Sunset and Gower Streets behind what had been a cattle corral was one ramshackle building. This was the Universal Film Company. Lee got Lon a chance there at three dollars a day.

The comedy man strutted his stuff. He quite truthfully believed there was nothing he could not do by way of pulling laughs, no make-up he could not pull without effort. The lack of word gags to get over the slap-stick, which bothered the others, troubled him not at all. He was back in the dumb atmosphere of his childhood where he clowned for his mother's amusement. They signed him to a company making one-reelers in which the other players were Louise Fazenda, Max Ascher and Gale Henry.

He was making very little more than he had been when he started out from home, twelve years before. He was thirty years old. But he was a trooper. He saw only happiness ahead. He saw fame. He so thoroughly believed in himself as a comedian he couldn't know he was to find no success until he changed his acting completely. And he certainly would have believed no one if they had told him that his success was to come through one woman's kinness.

Today that woman is a scenario writer, one of the finest. Then she was an actress, not one of the finest. Yet even then she had perception. Her name was Jeanie Macpherson and she was the first person who insisted that Lon Chaney, the comedian, be cast in one of her pictures in a tragic character rôle.

He thought he was going to be terrible in Jeanie Macpherson's picture. Actually it was the turning point of his career, leading to "The Miracle Man" and stardom. Read how Lon Chaney found success. In the February issue of Photoplay.

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The Shadow Stage

Night Life—Tiffany

A long step toward stardom is achieved by two people in this picture. They are Alice Day and Eddie Gibbon, while Johnnie Harron is right behind them. The locale is laid in Vienna before and after the First World War. Harron and Gibbon are the performers in a beer garden sketch, and the lady of the picture is a formal and the latter his assistant. They are on their way to success but the war intervenes. On their return from the front they join in the war time activities in the Broadway line. It is there that the thought comes to the pair that the dexterity of the fingers of the one might be employed to effect their salvation from starvation. Harron turns pick-pocket and Gibbon disposes of the loot. The tale is about half told before the heroine enters. Then Alice Day appears and shear, too, has turned crook to keep alive. She tries to lift Harron's watch but he catches her, feeds her and falls in love with her. Then her advent creates a triangle situation, which is the picture's end with a most effective twist that will be admired by audiences. There is a lot of colorful atmosphere and a sustained suspense for the rest of the picture and its unfolding that will grip the fans.

The Wise Wife—Pathé-De Mille

This is a fair comedy—though not original—of domestic troubles and triangles. Hubbies do have a weakness for peppy flappers, so friend wife gets itself all modernized and lets Cupid do the rest. You won't be bored for the cast boasts of Phyllis Haver, Jacqueline Logan and Tom Moore.

The Racing Romeo—FBO

Another of the motor maniac yarns where the heroine wins in the end. The story is slim and the comedy gags obvious. The chief claim to your attention is Red Grange and a cute little pup. J. O. Ryan is the girl. As you may suppose, this is very poor entertainment.

Their Irresistible Lover—Universal

A frothy piece of nonsense concerning a handsome bachelor who has escaped from the Snarl and is feeding on the streets. And into his life comes a sweet young thing who changes everything—and there you have it. William Beaudine's skillful direction makes this real good entertainment. Noean Kerr and Lois Moran head the cast. You really shouldn't miss this under any circumstances.

Ragtime—First Division

This is nothing but an old song revamped with a tin-pan alley composer as the hero and a charming debutante as the heroine. Pass this up.

East Side, West Side—Fox

The celluloid version of Felix Riesenberg's popular novel is filled with all the ingredients that make good movie entertainment. It has a realistic background of New York and tells the tale of a river waif who fights his way to the top step of the ladder of success. George O'Brien and Virginia Valli give splendid performances. Allan Dwan directed. We recommend this to you without any reservation.

The College Widow—Warners

Dolores Costello goes collegiate and vamps a flock of football players. They all send her to the college and what a team old Whozis has. They win the big game—Dear Old Alma Mater is saved—and incidentally pop keeps his job—that's why Dolores did all the vamping. Trite stuff.

Ladies Must Dress—Fox

The let-down in the last half of this picture spoils it for being a truly hilarious comedy. The first half is one laugh after another. Virginia Valli learns that even a poor department store stenographer must dress to hold her man—and attract others. Larry Grey portrays a boy worth holding, while Earl Fox makes an attractive third to the triangle. Nancy Carroll and Hallam Cooley are a joy to behold as the jealous, nagging young married pair.
The Luxury of Doing Good

Christmas Seals enable one to enjoy the “luxury of doing good.” They have become the thing to buy at Christmas time. Christmas Seals finance the work of the Tuberculosis Associations and have already helped to cut the tuberculosis death rate in half. Next year a campaign on the early diagnosis of tuberculosis will be conducted to protect the health of every individual in the country.

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The LOVELORN—M. G. M.

Beatrice Fairfax brings her experiences with “The Lovelorn” to the screen in a simple heart-interest story which is lightened by deft touches of comedy. Sally O’Neil and Molly O’Day, with her two sisters fall in love with the same man. Had soulful, serious Molly listened to Miss Fairfax’s advice, she would have saved herself and her family from any suffering. Larry Kent gives a creditable performance as the coveted man. James Murray and Charles Delaney are the stand-by-lovers. An amusing evening of light, pleasant entertainment.

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—Pathé

A NOther dear old stage face has been resurrected for the screen. It contains all the old situations and strenuous physical comedy that was in vogue a quarter of a century ago. In this case, however, it isn’t the actor or the situations that provoke the laughs—the titles do the trick and they are far-fetched and verging on the double entendre at all times. Funny nevertheless, Mason Hooker was selected to direct the picture, which has Franklyn Pangborn and Elinor Fair as its principal features, with Ethel Wales and Ben Hendricks given lesser screen credit.

ON YOUR TOES—Universal

The sequel to “The Leather Pushers” series gives you another fight with many thrills. Also, proves what an excellent athlete Reginald Denny is in many humorous situations, arising in Denny’s efforts to live up to the aristocratic ideas of his Grandmother. She would have him teach aesthetic dancing, but the fighting blood of his ancestors will never allow him to teach the “Tunney Back Step.” Mary Carr is the pleasing Grandmother, and Barbara Worth, the girl’s sidekick, looks like she is worth fighting for. Plenty of laughs.

MAN CRAY—First National

This is another of the series with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall co-featured. The picture is founded on the story, “Charlie of the Post Road.” It is the type of light fiction tale that most fans will like. The heroine springs from stock that holds great family pride, the hero likewise. However, the hero has the urge to do things. She maintains a quick lunch on the post road; the hero, with similar ideas, owns and drives an express truck between New York and Boston. Neither suspects the true identity of the other. Finally it is disclosed who they are and there is a happy ending. Dorothy Mackaill is responsible for a fair performance with Jack Mulhall is as always—likable. Edythe Chapman scores as a stern grandmother.

BUCK PRIVATE—Universal

Just another laugh at the World War. It is the Americans occupying Germany after the Armistice, with two buck privates falling in love with the village belle. Her father is a rabid pacifist and willing to fight to gain his point. The two are both young and both Malcolm McGregor and Eddie Gibbon fall in love with her. But daddy throws them both out of the house; in the end, however, McGregor wins her favor while Gibbon is captured by Captains Pit, who gives the picture some of the greatest laugh moments.

IN OLD KENTUCKY—M. G. M.

Kentucky Derby is always good for thrills and this one does not disappoint you. Also, it makes plain the effect the war had on one young man—James Murray. The change from a clean, admi
rable fellow, to a dissolute, irresponsible gambler, is beautifully done. Proves that Murray’s work in “The Crowd” was not “a haphazard.” John M. Stahl gives us remarkable negro atmosphere and a por
trait of the white people that has not been equaled. Helene Costello neither acts nor looks pretty—a combination that is fatal. Eddie Martin and Elizabeth Pym are both effective and Bessie Love and Ted Healy do an exceptionally nice bit as jockey.

THE CABARET KID—Peersers

A Foreign made picture, with locale in England and France. An ennimy of long standing between two aristocratic English families is strengthened through the association of the younger generation. Accidently, the girl meets the boy aviator. The development of their love affair will interea tricks, but Vera Reynolds, George Hackathorne is lovable as the boy, and Betty Balfour (the Mary Pickford of Englad) plays sympathetically.

MUM’S THE WORD—Fox

A NOther fast-moving, two-reel comedy, with that youthful team, Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart, the boy who “for years had been looking for a Sunday girl and all he had at that time were weak sisters.” A new director, Eugene J. Ford, handles the megaphone. The tempo of this clean comedy would indicate that he will make good.

IF I WERE SINGLE—Warner’s

A OTHER highly-amusing, domestic comedy, starring May McAvoy, with Conrad Nagel as her leading man. In this case, Nagel promises “love, honor and behavior.” The complicated situations keep you delighted, and Nagel proves that he is a comedian of first order. May McAvoy’s work is ever so slightly clever. Andre Beranger, is reassuringly funny, with his refined effeminacy and overstrained gracefulness. Merna Loy is the capable vamp. The flappers, the brides, and the long-married will love this clean comedy.

THE MAIN EVENT—Pathé

A Hackneyed story of a prize fighter, his devoted father and a traitorous girl who reforms is made under direction of quite human. Every scene is handled with imagination and directorial cleverness yet the performers are never lost beneath the action. Dale May is outstanding, and Melville Cooper has created a role for Loa Wilson just right for his talents.

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia

It is interesting to again see Bert Lytell on the screen impersonating the famous “Lone Wolf” character, Michael Lanyard, who created the role of mystery, intrigue, and romance, and the denouement (which can’t be told) is startling enough to satisfy. Bert looks marvelous and gives a better performance and Loa Wilson falls for him hard. Loa’s work shows marked improvement also. A crook picture the family will enjoy.

HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount

Florence Vidor again makes a picture in which she looks beautiful and keeps you interested. The story is of a wealthy American girl, who goes abroad. She is forlorn by all that wealth can buy and finds there is nothing in Italy that cannot be purchased for a price. She encounters a few obstacles. Also, she adds a husband to her entourage, in the person of...
Tullio Carminati, who quickly proves a thorn in the flesh. He came of a family who "import tiger cubs for the thrill of taming them," and his ring bore the inscription, "We Shall Be Obeyed." When Florence learned this, she wanted to "put cyanide in his orange juice." Instead she taught him how to obey. See the picture and learn the art. Incidentally, the sets are gorgeous—and Carminati is a real menace.

OPEN RANGE—Paramount

WITH a thrilling Western by Zane Grey, Betty Bronson in the leading feminine rôle, Lane Chandler, on his white horse "Flash," this could never be termed a "typical Western." It is far above the average. We have surprise attacks by the Indians, an up-to-the-minute rodeo, cattle stampedes, runaway horses driven by Betty, and villainous work done by Fred Kohler. The picture is exciting and you need not be afraid the family will be disappointed.

A BOY OF THE STREET—Rayart

THIS is the story of love between a young boy and his older brother, the latter having the responsibility of the child's upbringing. For the boy's sake, the older brother steals, and for the boy's sake he goes straight, and thereby wins the girl the kid brother has selected for him. Betty Francisco is the girl and Johnnie Walker plays the older brother. The title rôle is played by little Mickey Bennett, who scores another home-run. This boy is a trouper.

BRASS KNUCKLES—Warners

NOVEL story of the underworld, co-starring Monte Blue and Betty Bronson. Fans will like Monte in this rôle and he and his pal, George Stone (the sewer rat in "7th Heaven"), furnish some good laughs without comedy gags. Bill Russell is the menace. Three underworld gangsters changed their lives because of the influence of a sweet child, whom they had adopted. She had to grow up before the picture was finished. Because of her trust in him, Monte was compelled to be worthy of the place of "Daddy." He thought he had only parental love for her, but when she stepped out with his chum, the awakening came. Consistently good work by all.

THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY—M.G.M.

THIS latest two-reel comedy of Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel is a burlesque of the recent Dempsey-Tunney fight. It is slightly reminiscent of the old pie-throwing days except for the lavish scale with which it is done—more than three thousand pies being used in one sequence. You can guess what a "soft" production it is.

HOOF MARKS—Pathe

STEP right up, boys and girls, and meet your new boy friend, Jack Donovan, Pathe's newest Western star. Jack seems to be a nice big brave hero, has a nice personality and can ride like a streak of lightning. Now you see why the older kid selected him for his horse? There's another of those cattle stealing episodes wherein the hero is right smart and captures the rustlers and the gal's heart. Drop in and see Jack!

THE HARVESTER—FBO

APPEALING to youngsters who look upon the late Gene Stratton Porter as their favorite author, but growups will be bored to tears. If you're one of those meannies who must know what it's all about—here goes. A herb grower has a dream girl. He builds a home for her—hoping some day to meet her. He finally does and woos and wins her. There's a lot of mystery-bunk that's never explained. You know just as much about the picture now as we do.

Lina Basquette was playing in "Serenade" with Adolph Menjou when her husband, Sam Warner, died. Miss Basquette gamely hid her grief and went on with her work, rather than delay production or necessitate retakes. Her bravery won the admiration of everyone in the studio.
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—Advertising Section

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CASTS OF CURRENT PHOTOPLAYS

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue.

“CIRCUS, THE”—UNITED ARTISTS—Written by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. Photographed by James Wong Howe. Scenario by Esther B. Meehan. The cast: Orlo; Herbert; Charlie; Allen Dennor; Al; Merry Clown, Henry Bergman; The Tent Master, Stanley J. Sanford; The Magician, George Davis; The Property Man, John Rand; The Pickpocket, Steve Murphy.

“SORRELL AND SON”—UNITED ARTISTS—Story by Warwick Deeping. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photographed by James Wong Howe. Scenario by Esther B. Meehan. The cast: Sordel, H. B. Warner; Kit, Nils Asther; Kid, as child, Mickey McMan; Dona Sorell, Anna Q. Nilsson; Fanny Garland, Alice Joyce; Floorce Palfrey, Carmel Myers; Serg, Major Buck, Louis Wolheim; Roland, Norman Trevor; Dr. Orange, Paul McAllister; Molly, Mary Nolan.


“PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE”—FIRST NATIONAL—Story by John Erskine. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: Helen, Maria Corda; Melena, Lewis Stone; Paris, Ricardo Cortez; Erene, George Fawcett; Adriaste, Alice White; Telemachus, Gordon Elliott; Ulysses, Tom O’Brien; Achilles, Bert Sprotte; Ajax, Mario Carillo; Malapalstoriaireaders, Charles Puffy; Hector, George Kotsonaros; Aeones, Constantine Romanoff; Sarpedon, Emilio Navaretto; Aeprhodite, Alice Adair; Athena, Helen Fairweather; Hera, Virginia Thomas.

“GRANDMA BERNIE LEARNs HER LETTERS”—FOX—From the story by L. A. R. Wylie. Scenario by Philip Klein. Directed by John Ford. Photography by George Schneidmann. The cast: Joseph, James Hall; Grandma, Margaret Mann; Pen Strom, Earle Foxe; Francis, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Andres, George Meeker; Lettercarrier, Albert Gran; School Master, Frank Reicher; Two Keepers, L. J. O’Connor; Pen Strom’s orderly, Michael Mark; Johann, Charles Morton; Burgomaster, August Tolaire; American Girl—Ann, June Collyer; James Henry, Wendall Franklin; Johann’s girl, Ruth Mix.

“GORILLA THE”—FIRST NATIONAL—From play by Ralph Spence. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Cassie, Charlie Murray; Mulgian, Frank Kelsey; Alice Townsend, Alice Day; William Townsend, Tully Mcclan; Carly Chadwick, Claire Trevor; Gillingwater, Stevens, Walter Pidgeon; Marden, Gaston Glass; The Reporter, Brooks Benedict; The Cook, Aggie Herring; The Butler, Syd Vorgos; The Tailor, John Gough.

“GAUCHO, THE”—UNITED ARTISTS—Story by Elton Hayes, written and directed by Elton Hayes, Richard Jones. The cast: Lead, Douglas Fairbanks; Madecap lead, Lupe Velez; Spiritual lead, Eve Southern; Dictator, Gustave von Seydlitz-Fried, Pauline; Colonel, Eulalia, Henry Kolker; Comandante, Michael O’Hitch; Dancer, Carlotta Monti.

“DEVIL, DANCER, THE”—UNITED ARTISTS—From the story by Harry Harvey. Directed by Alfred Raboch. The cast: Takla, Carla Grazz; Stephen Athelstone, Clive; First Devil Dancer, Anna May Wong; Sadik Lamas, Sojin; Grand Lamas, James Leong; Hassim, Michael Vavitch; Isabelle, Martha Mattox; Schaefer, Takla’s Mother, Barbara Tennant.

“MAN, WOMAN AND SIN”—M-G-M—From the story by Monte Bell. Scenario by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Monte Bell. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: Al Whitcomb, John Gilbert; Al color, Whitcomb, as child, Philip A. Selby; Ava Worth, Jeanne Eagles; Mrs. Whitcomb, Gladys Brockwell; Bancroft, Marc MacDer- mor; Star Reporter, Hayden Stevenson; City Editor, Charles K. French.

“UNCLE TOM’S CABIN”—UNIVERSAL—Written by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Directed by Harry Pollard. Photography by Charles Stumar. The cast: Uncle Tom, James B. Low; Eva St. Clair, Virginia Grey; Simon Legree, George Siesegarn; Eliza; Margaret; Franklin; Miss Ophelia, Mr. Shelby; Jack Mower; Mrs. Shelby, Vivian Oakland; Tom Leon, (slaveowner), Skipper Zeliff; Little Harris, Lassie Lou Aber; Topsy, Mony Ray; Miss Ophelia, Aileen Manning; St. Clair, John Roche; Lawyer Marks, Lucien Littlefield; Uncle Tom’s wife, Gertrude Howard; Mrs. St. Clair, Gertrude Adolf; Alolph, Rolfe Sedan; Mammy in St. Clair House, Marie Clarke; Man in St. Clair House, Richard Fostier; Conductor, Geoffrey Grace; Landlady, Martha Franklin; Phineas Fletcher, Nelson McDowell; Mrs. Fletcher, Grace Carlisle.


“SPOTLIGHT, THE”—PARAMOUNT—From the story by Rita Weiman. Scenario by Hope Loring. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Lizzie Parsons, Esther Ralston; Brett Page, Neil Hamilton; Anne, Nicholas Soussann; Ethel, Arthur Houseman; Maggie Courtney, Arlette Marchal.

“SYMPHONY, THE”—UNIVERSAL—Story by Sven Gade. Directed by F. Harmon Weight. The cast: Franz Haussmann, Jean Hersholt; Elsa Haussmann, Marion Nixon; Leonid Ostrog, Henry Logan; Sol Lewy, Rosco Karns; Kine, Tomer Monten; Schmidt, Andrew Abbe; Mr. Ostberg, Charles Clay; Mrs. Ostberg, Clarissa Selwyn; Miss Ostberg, Patricia Carron; Conductor of Symphony, Alfred Hertz.

“WILD GEESE”—TAYLOR—From the story by Martha Ostenberg, written by A. P. Younger. Directed by Phil Stone. The cast: Amelia Gage, Belle Bennett; Caleb Gage, Russell Simpson: Judith Gage, Evelyn Holmes; Donald Kohr, Mark Gordon, Jason Robards; Lynn Archer, Anita Stewart; Martin Gage, Wesley Barry; Ellen Gage, Reta Rae; Charles Gage, Austin Lewis; Paddy, Yolanda Miron; Gare, James Kennedy; Milky Gage, Frank Austin; Bari Nugent, Bert Starkey; Parson, Jimmie Mack.

“CHINESE PARROT, THE”—UNIVERSAL—From the story by Earl Derr

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Bigger's. Scenario by J. Grubbs Alexander. Directed by Paul Leni. The cast: Sally Philimore, Marion Nixon; Sally Philimore (older), Florence Turner; Philip Maddern, Hobart Bosworth, Muriel培, Charles Honeyman, Richard Wallace. The cast: Maurice Garson, Will Rogers; Mrs. Ma Brander, Louise Zaneda; Betsy Callaway, Sam Hardy; Bossy Brander, Baby Wall; Parley Bright, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Dixie, Lilyan Tashman; Fishback, George Marion, Sr.; Othello, Bud Jamison; Koot Knott, Arthur Hagg; Dora, William Orlondan; Yell, Lucil Littlefield.

**"A TExAS STKR"—FIRST NATIONAL.**
From the play by Charles H. Hoyt. The cast: Ralph Kemper, Richard Lord, Alfred North. The cast: Maurice Garson, Will Rogers; Mrs. Ma Brander, Louise Zaneda; Betsy Callaway, Sam Hardy; Bossy Brander, Baby Wall; Parley Bright, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Dixie, Lilyan Tashman; Fishback, George Marion, Sr.; Othello, Bud Jamison; Koot Knott, Arthur Hagg; Dora, William Orlondan; Yell, Lucil Littlefield.

**"A DOY OF THE STREETS"—RAyART.**
From the play by Charles T. Vrcine. Continuity by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Charles J. Hunt. The cast: Red Dugan, Johnny Walker; Mary Callaghan, Almira Bowers; Red Dugan, Mickey Bennett; Lewis Wainwright, Henry Sedley; Dan Callaghan, Wm. H. Armstrong; Patricia Callaghan, Charles Delancy; Rags, Himself.

**"ON YOUR TOES"—UNIVERSAL.**
Directed by Fred Neeumeyer. The cast: Kay Budilliday, Reginald Denny; Mary Murphy, Willy Haden; Mabel Stevens; Mello, Frank Hagney; Grandmother, Mary Carr; Mammy, Gertrude Howard.

**"RACING ROMEO, THE"—FBO.**
From the story by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Byron Morgan. Directed by Charles Hoerl. Photography by Charles G. Clarke. The cast: Red Walden, Harold (Red) Grange; Sally, Jotyna Ralston; Aunt Hettie, Trixie Frigian; Sparks, Walter Hiers; Rube Oldham, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Silas, the chauffer, Warren Rogers; Motion Picture Director, Ashton Dearbord; Leading Lady, Jerry Zier.

**"OPEN RANGE"—PARAMOUNT.**
From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by John Stone and J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Charles V. Giltner. Photography by Charles G. Clarke. The cast: Red Walden, Harold (Red) Grange; Sally, Jotyna Ralston; Aunt Hettie, Trixie Frigian; Sparks, Walter Hiers; Rube Oldham, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Silas, the chauffer, Warren Rogers; Motion Picture Director, Ashton Dearbord; Leading Lady, Jerry Zier.

**"MUM'S THE WORD"—FOX.**

**"RAGTIME"—FIRST DIVISION.**
From the story by Joseph Mitchell. Scenario by George Drumgold and Jean Planette. Directed by Scott Pembroke. The cast: Ted Mason, John Bowers; Beth Barton, Margaret de la Motte; Steve "Sick" Martin, Robert Ellis; Yvonne "Goddle" Martin, Rose Dione; Max Ginsberg, Wm. H. Strauss; Mrs. Mason, Kate Bruce; Prof. August Shilling, Charles Searle.

**"MAN CRAZY"—FIRST NATIONAL.**

**"MAIN EVENT, THE"—PATH-DE MILLER.**
From the story by Paul Allison. Continuity by Rouch Grise. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: Glary Payne, Vera Reynolds; Regan, Sr., Ralph Dolson; Duke; Edith Dix; Young John Regan, Charles Delancy; Red Lucas, Robert Armstrong; Stag—Nifty Fighter, Ernie Adams.

**"IRRISIBLE LOVE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.**
From the story by Evelyn Campbell. Scenario by Beatrice Van. Directed by William Beaudine. Photography by John Stumar. The cast: J. Harrison Gray, Norman Kerry; Betty Kennedy, Lois Moran; Dolly Carleton, Gertrude Astor; Laurie, Leo Moran; Helen Brown, Myrle Stedman; Mr. Brown, Phillips Smalley; Jack Kennedy, Arthur Lake; Mr. Kennedy, Walter James; Smith, George Pearce.

**"HONEYMOON HATE"—PARAMOUNT.**
From the story by Alice M. Williamson. Continuity by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Luther Reed. The cast: Gail Grant, Florence Vidor; Prince Dantarian, Tullio Carminati; George Banning-Green, William Smith; Mrs. Atwood, Miss Molloy; Elke Ebel: Bueno, Gennaro Spagnoli; Pietro, Marcel Guillaume.

**"NIGHT LIFE"—TAYLOR.**
Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: Anne, With of the War, Alice Day; Max, Sleight-handed artist, John Harron; Bill, his co-adju- vor, Eddie Gribbon; Manager of beer garden, Walter Hiers; Mrs. Harron, Lillian Hall; Asher Hays, Lloyd Bacon; His wife, Kitty Barlow; His daughter, dawn O'Day; His daughter, Audrey Sewell; Amorous maid, Patricik Avery, Amanda swan; Earl Metcal; Myrtle Ronton; Manager, Nat Edwards; Beer Garden Waitress, Violet Palmer; Landlady, Lydia Yeaman. Titus.

**"WISE WIFE, THE"—PATH-DE MILLER.**
From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Adapted by L食材 & Tar-scott. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Frank Ford. The cast: Helen Blandell, Phyllis Haver; John Blaisdel, Tom Moore; Helen's Father, Fred Wal- ton; Jenny Lou, Jacqueline Logan; Carter Fairfax, Joseph Striker; Jason, the butler, Robert Bolder.

**"BUCK PRIVATES"—UNIVERSAL.**

**"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"—FOX.**
From the story by Felix Riesenber. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: John Breen, George O'Brien; Becky, Virginia Valli; Peg Malone, J. Farrell Macdonald; Chanan Lipeitz, Dan Davidson; Mrs. Lipeitz, Sonia Nadasky; Josephine, June Collyer; Gerrit Rantoul, John Millton; Gilbert Van Horn, Holmes Herbert; Judge Kelly, Frank Dodge; Grog; Dan Wilkie; One of Grog's Gang, John Dolsey; Policeman, John Keatney; Fight Second, Edward Garvey; "Flash", Frank Allsworth; Engin- eer, Gordon MacKenzie; Engineer, Harold Levet.

**"MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"—PATH-DE MILLER.**
From the story by H.A. de Souche. Adapted by Red Taylor. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Dewey Wrigley. The cast: William Valentine, Franklin Pangborn; Bernice, Elnor Fair; Charles, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; Arabella Mott, Ethel Waves; Marion, Jean- enette Loff; Judge Belmore, Tom Ricketts.
Drawings

Pay Big Figures

Art Nelson in creasing his salary from $18.00 to $75.00 per week. His total earnings amounted to $100.00 per month and he made $50.00 in overtime. Hugh Mathews made $50.00 in five years. He was the best draftsman of his kind in the field and the only one ever to sell his work to a publisher for $100.00. Unfortunately, he died at a young age due to a tragic accident.

College Widow, The


Brass Knuckles—Warner—From the story by Harvey Gates. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: Helen Morgan, Monte Blue; June, Betty Bronson; Stanley Lamon, William Russell; Velna Smith, George Stone; Detective, Paul Panzer.

In Old Kentucky—M-G-M—From the play by Charles Danaey. Scenario by A. P. Younger. Directed by John M. Stahl. Photography by Maximilian Haas. The cast: Jimmy Brieley, James Murray; Nancy Holton, Helen Costello; "Skippy" Lowery, Wesley Barry; Mrs. Brieley, Edward Martindale; Mrs. Brieley, Dorothy Cummings; High-Pockets, Stephen Fitchett; Dan Lowery, Harvey Clark; Lily May, Carolynne Snowden; Uncle Bill, Nick Coley.

Cabaret Kid, The—Peerless—Directed by Graham Cutts. The cast: Fay Wyncheche, Betty Ballour; Jack Trebarrow, Jr., Jack. Hitachthor, and Antenecche, Halidee Wright; Minnie Wyncheche, Marie Wright; riot, Cronin Wilson; Sir Trevor Trebarrow, Morton York; Sullivan, Clifford Heanly; Orphanage Matron, Irene Tri- pod; Janitor, A. G. Poulton; Seaman, Benson Klev.

Lovelorn, The—M-G-M—Written by Bertha Fielder. Directed by John P. McCarthy. The cast: Sally, Sally O'Neil, Molly, Molly O'Day; Larry, Larry Kent; Jimmie, James Murray; Charlie, Charles Delaney; George, George Cooper; Allan, Allan Forrest.


Hoof Marks—Pathe—From the story by Joseph Anthony Roach. Scenario by Joseph Anthony Roach. Directed by Tenny Wright. The cast: Cyl Wagner, Jack Donovan, Rafehl Smith, Edward Culler, Caroline Dally, William; Tramp, William Steele; Alice Dixon, Peggy Montgomery; Henrietta Bowers, Peggy O'Day; Marie Hudson, Peggy Shaw.

Alias the Lone Wolf—Columbia—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by E. H. Griffith. The cast: Michael Lanyard, Bert Lytell; Ede de Montalais, Lois Wilson; Whiliker Monk, William V. Mong; Phinuti, Ned Sparks; Popino, James Mason; Lieu Delorme, Paulette Duval.

Ladies Must Dress—Fox—From the story by Victor Heerman. Scenario by Paul Moriss. Directed by Herman MacWilliam. Photography by Glenn MacWilliams. The cast: Eee, Virginia Vaili; Joe, Lawrence Gray; Art, Tom Cooley; Maxis, Nancy Car-

Skin Troubles

Cleared up—often in 24 hours. To prove you can be rid of pimples, blackheads, acne eruptions on the face or body, barbers itch, eczemas, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin, simply send me your name and address today—no cost—no obligation. CLEAR-TONE Tonic and Tread cured over 100,000 cases—used alike to cure wrinkles—silently missed in prominent places. We offer you the best of interest for writing your friends; if not, the loss is mine. WRITE TODAY.

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Adequate supply of the latest styles. Let me fit you for a Franklin, a Royal, a Smith, or a Remington. Improvements in keying and form of instruments will be made known to you in a few weeks. In the meantime, send for your free copy of "The Art of Keying the Typewriter."
PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book

Edited by Carolyn Van Wyck

PHOTOPLAY readers do enjoy good things to eat. We are convinced of that, as the entire first edition of our new Cook Book was completely sold out only a few months after the appearance of the first announcement. The second edition is now ready for distribution, so you will not be disappointed.

PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, of course, is in no sense a book on HOW TO COOK. It is merely a guide of WHAT TO COOK. The recipes are not beyond the skill of the average housewife. In fact, very few of them call for any delicacies that are not in stock in every kitchen.

You will not find any charts or calories, proteins or vitamins in this book, but you will find among its recipes some very delicious vegetable and fruit salads that should be on the menu of every woman who values her health, her complexion and her figure.

Menus for All Occasions

The many "party" recipes, the many dishes that are appropriate for luncheons, teas or suppers will make this little book priceless to the hostess. The foreign recipes furnished by prominent French, German, Swedish and Hungarian Stars will add a welcome variety to your menus. Also included in this amazing little book are 22 favorite recipes for desserts and candies, for which you would gladly pay double its price. Tasty desserts and delicious candies, just the thing to serve after an evening of Bridge or after the theater.

Write your name and address plainly in the space provided in the coupon, and enclose only 25 cents (stamps or currency), and you will receive your copy of this wonderful little Cook Book by return mail.
Constance Talmadge

Says: "The demand for slender figures is so universal that movie stars must have them. Not only beauty, but good health and vitality argue against excess fat."

The Pleasant Way to Banish Excess Fat

This is to women—and to men—who admire and desire the slender figures shown by movie stars.

There are several ways in which millions now attain them. One is self-denial in the diet, one is excessive exercise. Both require discretion, both stamina, and both must be continued long. Excess fat was very common when these were the only ways to end it.

The Modern Way

Twenty years ago another method was developed, based on wide research and scientific tests. The purpose is to aid the natural process of turning food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat. It supplies an addition to the substance which does that in the body.

This discovery was embodied in Marmola Prescription Tablets. People have used them for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. And delighted users have told the results to others.

The use has grown to very large proportions. Now note how slenderness prevails wherever you look today. Excess fat, once so common, is the exception now. Anyone can see that overweight is generally inexcusable.

No Starvation

Users of Marmola are not required to adopt abnormal exercise or diet. Mod-

eration aids results, but extremes are not advised. Users depend for the main results on the factors in Marmola.

Take four tablets daily until the right weight is attained, then stop. If again you start to gain weight take a little more Marmola. Simply use Marmola to supply missing factors, until Nature keeps the slenderness you desire.

No Secrets

Marmola is not a secret prescription. The factors are known and recognized by authorities everywhere. The complete formula comes with every box, also an explanation of results. This is done to avoid any fear of harm from what Marmola does.

Anyone who suffers excess fat, in any part, should try Marmola. Test it because of what it has done for so many. Also because of the scientific reasons told in every box. Learn why it has held for so many years the top place in its field. Watch the results for a month, then tell others your decision. You can do no greater kindness to friends who over-weigh.

Start now. Order a box before you forget it. You cannot afford to stay fat. Beauty, health and vitality forbid it. Learn now how easily Marmola corrects this ill condition.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce
Will her hands keep their loveliness, too?

She is going to be married, this girl.
And soon after the magic wedding circle joins her gleaming solitaire, she will preside at her own tea-table!
Will her lovely hands keep their loveliness when they busy themselves with daily tasks of housekeeping?
They can—if she will protect them as she has always protected her face—with Ivory Soap.

When she washes her silver and china . . . or fragile wisps of lingerie . . . indeed, in every task where her hands must touch soap—let her use Ivory, in cake or flake form, and her hands will be safe!
Ivory’s rich, lasting suds are safe for the most delicate skin because Ivory is pure. Have you discovered this secret of lovely hands, too?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap
Kind to everything it touches

99 4/100% PURE "IT FLOATS"
The Dramatic Story of Clara Bow's Life
Told For The First Time

Clara Bow

Charles Sheldon
Enrich your Beauty with

REALLY NATURAL ROUGE

You can have color which seems your own... but do you! Not mere faint tints, mind you, but color as deep and rich as you desire.

No great tragedy, you think, if rouge betrays itself! Possibly not. But that's because custom sanctions it, and not because your fastidious desire approves. Then what if beholders—especially men—might actually say of you, "She has the most marvelous complexion," all unknowing that you used rouge. Ah, that is a thought!

Always Complimented! Precisely this praise is the compliment always paid women who use Princess Pat Rouge. Nor is it the impossible thing it seems, judging by experience.

You see there is a curious oddity about the human skin—never before taken into account. It does not possess definite color. Just try to name it! Actually the skin's tones are neutral, a background! Too, the skin is transparent. When Nature gives you color, she suffuses this neutral background from within!

Any fixed, definite, unyielding color you put upon your face will clash, inevitably. This is known in making Princess Pat — and provided for. There are, in Princess Pat, neutral, background colors that come to life instantly as they are warmed by the skin. Too, the colors have transparency, so that they do not blot out the skin tones.

And so you have the secret, the scientific reason. Thus does Princess Pat Rouge give its marvelously lifelike color. Thus does it harmonize with every skin individually. Thus does your color seem actually to come from within. It is a most remarkable and beautiful effect.

Almond Base for the Skin And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat Rouge is made with its own exclusive base of precious Almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all six shades.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for only 75c. Includes Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations, including perfume. Packed in a beautifully decorated box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chapped dryness. Permanent. Dainty enamelled metal box.
Why are modern gums so tender and so frail?

The dental profession clearly and logically points out both the reason and the remedy

If you or any member of your family has suffered from troubles of the gums, you know how stubborn and destructive these ailments often prove to be.

So, perhaps, there is welcome news for you in the findings of the eminent men who have so constantly studied these disorders. For they now offer us protection against this enemy. They point out a means to prevent and to defeat its ravages—a method, fortunately, as simple in its performance as it is effective in its results.

How our diet breaks down the health of our gums

Very logically, the dentists begin by getting at the cause of the difficulty. Why are soft and tender gums so widely prevalent today? What makes “pink tooth brush” almost a national complaint?

The profession at large lays the blame at the door of soft food—a viewpoint summed up by this “keynote” statement from the convention address of a gum specialist:

“THE majority of us (the dental profession) would attribute the cause of dental disease primarily to modern diet.”

Soft food weakens gums by depriving them of work

For the gums, like all living tissue, need exercise and stimulation to speed an energizing flow of blood within their walls. And another investigator briefly explains nature’s plan to accomplish this when he writes:

“The rough, unprepared food of primitive man necessitated a vigorous and complete mastication, which meant that the vascular and nervous supply received continual stimulation.”

But our modern cuisine, with its soft, delicious foods, stripped of fibre and roughage, has defeated this plan. And, as if that were not enough, our national bad habit of hasty eating still further reduces the amount of mechanical stimulation that our food yields to our gums. Dental writers do not mince words on this point, one of them, in a widely quoted professional paper, putting it like this:

“TAKE an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets; if there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon stumble at the cook. The habit of bolting food and the hasty mastication required with our more elaborate dietary supply the close to many matters now engaging the attention of the profession.”

How IPANA and massage strengthen tender gums

Gums that are soft and weak, gums that bleed easily, or are tender to the brush—these are the common symptoms of gingival breakdown. They herald the approach of more stubborn, more distressing troubles against which we must guard ourselves if we are to keep our mouths healthy and our teeth sound, white and strong.

Massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—is the great restorative agent the dentists propose. For through massage we may renew the flagging circulation, bringing fresh vigor and health to the depleted tissues—a process which one practitioner outlines as follows:

“ANOTHER striking feature of this (gum tissue) circulatory system is the effect produced by pressure... This will cause blanching of the gum tissue, and blanching is followed by ‘blushing’ due to the influx of arterial blood.”

And it is so simple, this gentle frictionizing of the gum tissues! You may easily perform it, twice a day, as you care for your teeth in the regular way.

Your own dentist will confirm this reasoning

Ask your dentist to explain the benefits of this massage, and its simple technique.

And ask him about IPANA Tooth Paste, too. Thousands of the best dentists now order the exclusive use of IPANA, for the regular cleaning of the teeth as well as for the massage. For IPANA is a tooth paste of peculiar virtue for the gums. It contains zincatol, a healing and stimulating hemostatic long used by dentists.

If you wish to try a sample of IPANA, by all means send the coupon. But the simpler and quicker way is to get a full-size tube from the nearest drug store and use it faithfully, twice a day, for 30 days. Then you, too, will probably share the enthusiasm of the well-known authority who makes this statement:

“ONE cannot help being enthusiastic when viewing the rapid improvements in the health of the dental tissues under artificial stimulation.”

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. 1-29, 73 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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greater than ever
in 1928! . . . . .

"Beau Geste," "Chang," "Underworld," "The
Way of All Flesh," "Wings"—only a few of the high
spots but enough to show that 1927 was Paramount's
year by a wide margin. Now look at 1928!
These eight are only the start! Then there are
Clara Bow, Richard Dix, Bebe Daniels,
Adolphe Menjou, Pola Negri, Wallace
Beery, Raymond Hatton, Thomas
Meighan, George Bancroft, Esther Ral-
ston, Florence Vidor and the rest!
Paramount will be greater than
ever in 1928! Because only
Paramount is making pictures
for this "new world" with
stars attuned to these
changing times! See
them or you miss the
best screen entertain-
ment of 1928!

Paramount Pictures
The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

PHOTOPLAY

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For

February

1928

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Casts of Current Photoplays
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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 12
MRS. TOM MIX gave Tom a set of books dealing with psychology for Christmas.

DOLORES DEL RIO received a set of gold service plates from her husband.

WILLIAM BOYD gave his wife, Elinor Fair, an emerald and diamond bracelet.

TIM McCOY was given a hand carved saddle by Mrs. McCoy.

RENEE ADOREE has been resigned by Metro-Goldwyn.

OLIVE BORDEN is reported to be going with Tiffany-Stahl pictures.

EDNA MURPHY and Mervyn Leroy are married.

WILLIAM BOYD is going to do "The Cop," a story of the New York Police force.

LEW CODY is planning to make a series of domestic comedies with a company of his own.

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S next big film will deal with the well known collapse of the Roman Empire. Jacqueline Logan has been selected to play the rôle of Placidia, Empress of Rome, and the time will be 405 A. D. Thus you will see the struggles between the Romans and the Goths.

KATHRYN CARVER and Adolphe Menjou will be married late in May or in June. They both admit it.

JACK DEMPSEY is likely to do a picture or two for Tiffany-Stahl. Guess what one of them will deal with? The prize ring!

Virginia Pearson was once a vamp star. Today she plays a bit—a Texas Guinan character—in "The Big City," with Lon Chaney.

THERE seems to have been an adjustment of the difficulties between the Fox studios and Janet Gaynor. They say she is to play the lead in F. W. Murnau's circus story, "The Four Devils."

LYA DE PUTTI has returned from Germany. She is to do a film for Universal.

HARRY LANGDON has completed his new comedy, "The Chaser," and all Langdon fans are in a flutter. It's gotta be good or—

THEY say that Gilda Gray is getting a divorce from her husband, Gil Boag. As this issue goes to press, the rumor is both denied and affirmed. Take your choice.

YOU'LL see Clara Bow's flaming hair in its true colors in her next film, "Red Hair." They are filming it in Technicolor.

WILL ROGERS is planning to make the late John Kendrick Bangs' grimly fantastic "The Houseboat on the Styx."

ROMAINE FIELDING, the veteran film actor, died in Hollywood on December 15. He was a star in Lubin Western melodramas in the old days.

LOYD HAMILTON is no longer a star in Educational releases.

METRO-GOLDWYN announces a renewal of Conrad Nagel's contract.

REGINALD DENNY has gone serious. Den is tired of playing in farces. So Universal has promised to let him do a big production of "Ivanhoe."

THE Martin Johnsons have sailed for Africa on another camera hunting trip. George Eastman is their guest.
The Novel you loved — is to-day the dramatic sensation of the screen

HERBERT BRENON’S Sorrell & Son

By Warwick Deeping

To the millions who have read and discussed this great novel, let it be said that all the power, sweep, heart-gripping and beautiful moments so vivid and enjoyable in the reading, have been caught and brought to life before your eyes in a motion picture that easily wins its place among the finest ever made.

To you who have not read this best seller, “Sorrell and Son” portrays a boy's love for a girl, a father's love for his son, and a mother's love for her boy.

The pleasure of viewing one of the greatest love dramas ever filmed awaits you when you see this outstanding film achievement.

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE

Now Showing at Finest Theatres—Everywhere
Brief Reviews of
Current Pictures

ADAM AT EVIL.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Allyn Fringe and Lew Cody in a dual role. What could be sweeter? (September.)

AFTER MIDNIGHT.—Mets-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (October.)

ALIAS THE DEACON.—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a poin- sinning doctor with fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (September.)

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF.—Columbia.—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago—a crook story, well told, agreeably acted and safely presented for the family. (January.)

AMERICAN BEAUTY.—First National.—Hillie Drexel has begun playing a modern Cinderella. Frothy but nice. (December.)

ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE.—Pathe-De Mille.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to look for drama. She finds it, You'll like Lentrice Joy and Victor Varconi. (November.)

BACK STAGE.—Tiffany.—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (November.)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY.—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful manner. Also splendidly played by Rene Adoré and a fine cast. (September.)

BARBED WIRE.—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A true story of the war, enacted by Paul Nogari, Clive Brook and Einar Hansen. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE CIVILIZED, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—More than three thousand pies were used in one sequence of this two reel comedy. A bittersweet on the battle lines in Chicago. (January.)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE.—FBO.—A swell story of two women adapted from H. P. Webster's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (September.)

BIRDS OF PREY.—Columbia.—Priscilla Dean goes on a little lindylike banditry, The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

BLONDES BY CHOICE.—Gotham.—The adventure of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "trendy of sex but no appeal." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)

BLOODSHIP, THE.—Columbia.—Mutiny, turbi- lence and murder. A fine performance by Halbert Bowser. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (October.)

BODY AND SOUL.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Shocked all his "smart friends"! Even the writing of Allyn Fringe, Lionel Barrymore and Nor- man Kerry can't enliven this cheap little problem. (December.)

BOY OF THE STREET, A.—Rayart.—Whereas a little brother reforms a crook. Young Mickey Ben- nett makes the sentimental yarn appealing. (January.)

BOY RIDER, THE.—FBO.—The exploits of a Buzz Horton, a freckled-faced kid who can ride a horse. But the love interest of the younger generation. (November.)

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

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE.—First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Delightly played by Constance Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (December.)

BROADWAY KID, THE.—Warner.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old tags. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a new- comer. (October.)

BROADWAY MADNESS.—Excellent.—Proving that people who go to the dance on Broadway always reform at the first whiff of country air. (December.)

BUCK PRIVATES.—Universal.—Laughing off the War. Reviews show you accurately and con- buts de Putti and Zasu Pitts are the members of an excellent cast. (January.)

BUSH LEAGUER, THE.—Warner.—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the owner's daughter. Need we say more? (November.)

CABARET KID, THE.—Peerless.—Made in Eng- land and France, with Betty Baloun, the Belle of Britain, as its star. Some good scenes but a discon- tituated story. (January.)

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Drucker are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (September.)

CHAIN LIGHTNING.—Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (November.)

CHINESE PARROT, THE.—Universal.—Who swiped the pearl necklace? The mystery is well sus- tained and the Chinese backgrounds are interesting. And Sojin does a real Lon Chaney. (January.)

CIRCUS, THE.—United Artists.—The triumphant return of Charles Chaplin. Must we space waste ad- rising you to see it? (January.)

CIRCUS ACE, THE.—Fox.—Tom Mix bursts into a circus and saves the little circus girl from a terrible fate by his heroic efforts. Good for children and just as good for grown-ups. (August.)

CITY GONE WILD, THE.—Paramount.—Them- as Merian in a lively mélée of the Chicago Under- world. Good stuff. (October.)

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING.—FBO.—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye!" (October.)

CLOSED GATES.—Sterling.—The war breaks out just in time to save the soul of a wild young mill- ionaire. Johnny Harron and Jane Novak are in it. Fair. (August.)

COLLEGE.—United Artists.—Butler Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not over- whelmingly funny. (November.)

COLLEGE WIDOW, THE.—Warner.—Dorothy Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the Big game to the chagrin of their sports. Just another one of those things. (January.)

COMBAT.—Pathe.—End direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminate this as entertainment. (December.)

COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE.—Producers Dist. Corp.—Song New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkrot in the title role. For discriminating audiences. (September.)

COWARD, THE.—FBO.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy sap who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (November.)

CRADLE SNATCHERS.—Fox.—Rough, ra- cy and rowdy. Lock up the kids, but go yourself because it's funny and because Louise Fazenda is in the cast. (August.)

CROWD, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The story of a white-collar man and his wife and their struggles in a big city. Truthfully and beautifully told by King Vidor and sympathetically acted by Jeanette MacDonald and Einar Backman. A high-spot in movie making. (December.)

CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE.—Rayart.—In which a bad boy is reformed by an energetic spinster. It's good stuff. With Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

CRYSTAL CUP, THE.—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in the dress of a maiden that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (October.)

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

Picturcs You
Should Not Miss

"The Big Parade"
"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Sorrell and Son"
"The Circus"
"The Gauche"
"Love"
"The Way of All Flesh"
"Underworld"
"The Patent Leather Kid"
"The Crowd"
"My Best Girl"

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 review is the most accurate 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.

*BUTTONS.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A society, with Jackie Coogan as a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with gallant work by Jackie. For the whole family. (December.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]
TRUE TO THE LIFE!

The secret of the essential realism, the convincing fidelity to the life so noteworthy in the male characterizations in Fox Pictures, lies in the wide range of masculine types assembled under the Fox banner for Fox casting directors to draw upon!

The international renown achieved by Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe as Capt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt in "What Price Glory" is due in large measure to the fact that each was unerringly cast for a part which he was peculiarly fitted to portray with conspicuous success! So too with Charles Farrell, as Chico, in "7th Heaven" and George O'Brien in "Sunrise"—the perfect suitability of the man for the part in each case assured that fidelity of characterization which inevitably wins universal acclaim!

Watch the Fox male stars this year! They are going to make film history in the splendid vehicles which Fox is providing for the expression of their individual genius during the coming twelve months!

WILLIAM FOX PICTURES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

PHOTOPLAY's article on "Youth" by Ruth Waterbury was the storm center of the month. The consensus of opinion is that it is not a question of years but of ability.

"Seventh Heaven," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wings," and "Beau Geste" are still the most popular pictures.

Charles Farrell, John Gilbert, Emil Janings and Ramon Novarro are the gentlemen most favored by bouquets, while Dolores Del Rio, Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor and Clara Bow are the girls who received the most flowers.

"Copy Cat" pictures are widely and heartily panned. The public wants no imitations.

PHOTOPLAY takes a deep bow in acknowledgment of all the kind things said about its review department.

The Brickbats and Bouquets department is your open forum. Speak your mind!

$25.00 Letter

Montreal, Canada.

Moving pictures have been the means of making both my husband and myself get on in the world. When we were first married, we had very little to live on and our only pleasure was a movie every Saturday night.

Every movie lover knows the dreams that come to us while watching some lovely picture.

I dreamed myself the heroine surrounded by beautiful things and found myself making those dreams come true by degrees. Every lovely room I saw on the screen, I began copying certain things from. A pretty chintz covered chair would take my fancy and I would buy several yards of chintz and cover a chair. Then I would copy pretty window hangings, cushions and odd lamp shades.

In two years, I had the sweetest apartment, all from ideas I had seen in the movies.

Now we can afford two movies a week and my husband is doing fine, thanks, he says, to the cheerful atmosphere I have created from my movie ideas.

MYRTLE WHITHEUSE.

$10.00 Letter

San Diego, Calif.

I am the widowed and employed mother of a fourteen year old son. My only hours with him are in the evenings and on Sundays. Almost my only recreation—the movies and my good-looking escort, my son. We both enjoy the same kind of pictures, although we sometimes disagree about the merits of this or that actor or actress. Such pictures as "Stella Dallas," "Slide, Kelly, Slide," "Beau Geste," "Ben-Hur," and "The Big Parade," stay with us a long while, for we talk them over and over.

This is only one of many mothers who are eternally grateful to the movies for providing thrilling, yet wholesome, entertainment for growing boys, and by so doing, help much to keep them off the streets.

And just a word for PHOTOPLAY: It visits our little home each month.

MRS. ZELMA PICO.

$5.00 Letter

Washington, D. C.

Pride and formality have so over-run the modern church that I seldom feel worshipful therein. More often I find the still sense of beauty and praise filling my heart in some good theater. The music, shadows and pictures—the majority of which I believe depict only the highest ideals and preach the greatest sermons—work upon my spiritual self in an unusual way. Often I feel the thrill of praise or a reverent "Thank God for the beautiful privilege of living" singing in my heart.

So I do not understand this constant knocking of the screen. In more than fifteen years, I do not recall a single picture that had a bad influence on my life. I do recall scores of pictures that thrilled, encouraged, inspired! The good and the beautiful so far over-balanced the dress that I have forgotten it entirely.

Every great picture is an objective sermon. Which, after all, is the strongest teaching method.

M. NORES.

More Art, Less Youth

Vienna, Austria.

Excessive youth, according to the November PHOTOPLAY, is the one new demand of the screen. But if it means that a star needs at least seven years' routine to be anything, judging by the infantile efforts of the "baby" stars, we should say that they need fifteen years' schooling at least.

We want more art, not more youth. Let the puppies play for those who have no judgment and are satisfied with vapor. We want more experienced actors. No one cares how old they are.

JACK STUART.

Correct!

Chicago, III.

Censorship is the motion picture prohibition, which permits no picture to contain more than one-half of one percent of the truth.

J. J.

Where Parents Are to Blame

Bethlehem, Pa.

Some folks who carefully supervise their children's reading matter do not hesitate to trot these children along to "the pictures" without knowing what they are going to see. Then they become indignant and denounce

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]
This Singular Book Wields a Strange Power Over Its Readers

Giving them a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY almost instantly!

Will You Read It 5 Days FREE—to Prove It Can Multiply Your Present Income?

A STRANGE book! A book that seems to cast a spell over every person who turns its pages!

A copy of this 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!

Why are men and women so profoundly affected by this book?—so anxious to get a copy? The answer is simple. The book reveals to them for the first time the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality! It explains how to gain for others the personal charm that attracts countless friends—the self-confidence that insures quick success in any business or profession.

It tells how to draw people to you at once, irresistibly—how to be popular everywhere, in any society—how to overcome the most at once any timidity or self-consciousness you may have—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 you how to accomplish them without delay—instantaneously!

Whence Comes This Uncanny Volume?

Fifty years ago, Edmund Shaftesbury, famous student of the human mind, set out to discover the secret of that rare quality—Magnetic Personality. He first applied his discoveries in his own circle of friends. Results were astonishing! His methods seemed to have the power of almost instantly transforming people into entirely new beings!

Quietly, almost secretly, Shaftesbury's fame spread. Great men came to him. His students and friends embraced such names as Gladstone, Queen Victoria, Edwin Booth, Henry Ward Beecher, Cardinal Gibbons, and others of equal fame.

Until recently, Shaftesbury's teachings have been available only to people who could pay $25 to $50 each for instruction books. But now, through the efforts of a group of his students, his wonderful teachings have been collected into a single volume, at a price within the reach of all!

And furthermore Shaftesbury has consented to reveal hundreds of new discoveries never before put into print.

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 never the same after reading this book. Their manner changes. Their tone of voice changes. The expression in their eyes—yes, even their actual features seem to change—seem to grow more cultured, more refined. The eye becomes clear, beautiful, expressive, luminous as a crystal sphere. The voice grows rich, resonant—mellow as a golden bell. Folks listen spellbound—charmed by the fine modulations—the cultured fluency of the tones.

What Others Say

What priceless benefits! So profound! So far-reaching! Is it any wonder that thousands of men and women say that they are overjoyed with the results they have received? One enthusiastic said of this volume, "Things I have read here I would never have dreamed of!" Another wrote, "Certainly wonderful!"—like walking up a stairway to a higher life! Another wrote, "I would not give up what Shaftesbury has taught me for $10,000!"

"In your everyday life—in social life—and especially in business, you will find this book of immense value. You will quickly learn to fascinate people you meet—to attract friends—to gain the speedy promotion and big pay which always come to men and women who have developed this most wonderful of all qualities—a MAGNETIC PERSONALITY!"

Read This Book 5 Days Free

You must see this book for yourself—examine it—before you decide to buy your own personal copy. Merely mail coupon below and this remarkable volume, with cover in handsome dark burgundy cloth, gold embossed, will be sent you by return mail for 5 days' free examination. If you aren't satisfied and you return it within the 5-day free period, return it and it costs you nothing. Otherwise keep it as your own and remit Special Price of only $3 in full payment. This volume was originally sold to sell at $5—but in order we reach as many readers as possible it is being offered at this special reduced price. This offer may never appear again, so you are urged to act at once before it is withdrawn. Remember—you do not pay unless you decide to keep the book. You risk nothing—not a penny and mail this coupon NOW. Kalamazoo University Press, Dept 9-B, Meriden, Conn.

RALSTON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Dept. 9-B, Meriden, Conn.

All right—"I'll be the judge. You may send me the volume "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism" for 5 days' FREE Examination in my home. Within the 5 days I will either return the retail list price of only $3.00 in full payment, or retain it without cost or obligation.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Universal Pictures Corporation wants a slogan to be used under my name. A slogan that will typify me. A catch line that means "me." It must suggest snap, pep, bubbling, sparkling personality. Universal will use it everywhere. If you give Universal a slogan they can use you'll win a cash prize and, furthermore, your slogan will be used in billboards, posters, in national magazines—everywhere! You can then point with pride to your handwriting. You can say, "See that Glenn Tryon? He's a big star—everybody knows him and I did it—I helped to make him—he's a personal friend of mine—he's my boy." Yes, sir—that's the kind of a slogan Universal wants—and you can do it. DO IT! There's money in it for you!

Here are the rules

1. Slogans must consist of one sentence—the shorter and snappier the better.
2. The slogan must get over to the public the new, unique and different personality of Glenn Tryon.
3. The contest opens January 15th and closes April 4th, 1928.
4. Contestants are limited to six slogans each.
5. In the event of a tie the entire amount of the prize involved will be paid to each contestant.
6. This contest is open to every one except employees of the Universal Pictures Corporation.
7. No manuscripts will be returned.
8. We reserve the right to use any slogan submitted to us whether it wins a prize or not.

And here are some pointers on Tryon personality—just to help you originate your slogans

1. I'm the phenomenon that comes once in a generation—A NEW AND REFRESHING PERSONALITY!
2. I'm a totally new type with dyed-in-the-wool appeal to all AGES, SEXES and CLASSES!
3. I combine boyish charm, manly vigor, romance, physical grace and a fascinating, never-forgettable SMILE!
4. I'm an athlete and I can dance—how I can DANCE!
5. I'm a magician with NEW gags and SURPRISE tricks!
6. My comedy is clean, wholesome—and FUNNY!
7. Men ADmire me—Women ADore me!
8. I've got a line that will split your sides with laughter.
9. I'm a caveman and I make the girls on and off the screen LOVE IT!
10. I'm handsome—I sparkle! I bubble! I scintillate Good Cheer! But, above all, my work is as NEW as a fresh laid egg! I'm clever and I know it—it's a gift!

—Glenn Tryon

Universal Pictures

730 Fifth Ave. (Dept. Ph) . . . . . . New York City

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Continued from page 8]

DANCE MAGIC—First National—Just plain tosh—and out-of-date tosh at that. (September.)

DEARIE—Warners.—A so-called noble woman becomes a red hot mama in a night club all for the sake of her no-good son. Labelled an epic of mother love. Ouch! Irene Rich and Buster Collier are in it. (August.)

DEATH VALLEY—Chadwick.—Just a lot of horrors. Stay home and catch up with the darning. (December.)

DEVIL DANCER, THE—United Artists.—Gilda Gray among the Llamas of Tihhet. The lady can act, and her dancing would fascinate the success of a far less interesting picture. A good show for the grown-ups. (January.)

DOG OF THE REGIMENT—Warner.—Ring-Tin-Tin plus a good story plus good acting. In other words, a good picture. (December.)

DRESS PARADE—Pathé-De Mille.—The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Bessie Love and Louis Nathanael. (December.)

DROP KICK, THE—First National.—It is now Richard Barthelmess' turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who's next? (November.)

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Fox.—A modern Horatio Alger story of New York, with some fine realistic backgrounds. Well played by George O'Brien. See it. (January.)

[Continued on page 136]
An Impression of CHARLEY BOWERS

by JAMES R. QUIRK

EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

HIGHBROW critics talk in ornate polysyllables about the ingenuity and art of the German film makers. If they condescended to witness the nonsensical genius of a Charley Bowers comedy they could drool dictionaries.

In the world's most individualistic industry, he is Aladdin and the camera is his lamp. He is a Jack of all trades and a master of one. He can act. He can direct. He can write. He can conceive the most glorious idiocy. He is a master of camera wizardry.

Every short feature bearing his name proves the camera is a monumental liar. He makes hard boiled eggs hatch little Fords, turns time upside down and releases the blessing of laughter. Once in a comedy he drove a herd of elephants and donkeys into the Capitol at Washington. The learned Solons got so excited they demanded an investigation. They had been deceived by trick photography. Charley and the elephants had never been near the District of Coolidge.

I suspect Charley of a conspiracy against the school system. He is a living proof of the bliss of booklessness. All the education he ever received consisted of six months in kindergarten. Then he was kidnapped by a circus. And look at him now. In one of his recent comedies I witnessed a former Biograph director playing an extra bit.

His life has been almost as goofy as his genius. His mother was a French countess, his father an Irish doctor, and Charley was born in Iowa. After that anything was possible.

It happened. At five a tramp circus performer taught him to walk rope. At six the circus kidnapped him. He didn't get home for two years and the shock killed his father.

Before he was nine Charley was supporting his mother. He walked rope, mowed lawns, ran elevators, printed menus, broke broncos, jockeyed horses, packed pork, sketched cartoons, toured vaudeville, directed plays, designed scenery, produced advertising, wrote history, animated one hundred reels of cartoons, worked out the Bowers process, invented a camera and—grew up.

Naturally the impossible is a joke to him. His whole life has been impossible and as a practical joker he is a near-millionaire.

Give this little lad a great big look.

* * *

Educational is the world's greatest producer and distributor of Short Features—exclusively. The name Educational Pictures means the best in comedies, novels and news reels.
...Simply because the finest new Pictures of the month are First National's!—Almost a year's supply of really unusual entertainment in four short weeks...So many Prodigious Productions MASSED Prodigally in this one month that hundreds of theatres have automatically turned their screens over to First National exclusively for January!

John McCormick Presents
**COLLEEN MOORE**
in *"Her Wild Oat"*
From Rags to Riches—from Lunch Wagon to Limousine—from Soapsuds to Society—from Comedy to Romance—and back again!...All her best roles rolled in one. Marshall Neilan's direction.

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**
in *The Patent Leather Kid*
Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**
An **ALFRED SANTELL Production**
The spectacular romance that was the hit of the season in New York...16 weeks at the GLOBE...More People paid More Money to see it than any other picture on Broadway.

**THE GORILLA**
with Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey
Directed by **ALFRED SANTELL**
An **ALFRED SANTELL Production**
In St. Louis—in Toledo—in Cleveland this unique mystery-comedy drew some of the biggest crowds in the history of the theatres that played it!

**THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY**
with Maria Corda—Lewis Stone—Ricardo Cortez
New York paid $2.00 a seat to see this sumptuously spectacular screen version of the John Erskine novel that made America hysterical, "A new and intelligent step in movies"..."Side-splitting," said N.Y. critics.

**A TEXAS STEER**
with **WILL ROGERS, Louise Fazenda** and 3 other favorites in the cast.
Will Rogers, the famous cowboy humorist—favorite fun-maker of monarchs and millionaires—in an American comedy that has been popular for nearly 30 years. Will Rogers' own titles! Directed by **RICHARD WALLACE**.

**THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**
by **HAROLD BELL WRIGHT**
Dramatically beautiful screening of one of the greatest best-sellers ever written by the most popular of all American authors. Brilliant cast including Molly O'Day. Directed by A1 Rogell. Produced by Charles R. Rogers.

**A George Fitzmaurice Production**
**starring BILLIE DOVE in THE LOVE MART**
A slashing, sparkling romantic drama of the days when a sword-thrust was the password to youth's ambition, and beauty could be bought on the auction block. It makes you wish YOU had lived in gay New Orleans of 100 years ago.

**RICHARD BARTHELMESS**
in *"The Noose"*
New York—night life—a side street Honky Tonk—a shot above the blare of jazz! Just a kid—but he faced the Noose rather than betray his mother's shameful secret...And a mother who could save him—if she would tell the fearful Truth.

**let's go!**

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"
Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls’ Problems

Is the Bob Banished?
Is This Month’s Problem

Last year one was old-fashioned and long hair. This spring they will be true if spring comes round? Hairdressers say “No.” Fashion advisers say “Yes.” Here’s my advice to help you in deciding this most important problem in chic. I will be glad to help you individually on this or any other problem relating to beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without return postage in the columns of Photoplay. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

Carolyn Van Wyck.

Such methodical treatment combined with eight hours’ sleep nightly and a diet in which green vegetables predominate will make Lelia’s hair so strong no number of marcelles can harm it. And when it has grown to an adaptable length Lelia can make it so beautiful and so changing a frame for her face people will murmur, “That girl always manages to be distinctive and full of personality.” And isn’t that comment worth every girl’s working for a half hour a day?

Betty H:
Rubber reducing anklets will help to keep the lines of your lower leg trim and shapely. “Piano legs,” since you ask the question, are legs that appear flat and boyish—they evidently get their name from their resemblance to the legs of a baby grand. Exercise may develop the leg muscles but it will not alter the bone formation. Do not give up either tennis or walking—they are both good for you.

W. D.:
As your boy friend dropped one girl flat to go about with you, you mustn’t be too surprised if he drops you flat to go with another girl. It is always wisest to be prepared for what may be part of a man’s character. Usually this rushing from girl to girl [continued on page 107]

Dear Carolyn Van Wyck,

What can I do about my hair? It’s thin and the color looks so drab. It’s cut now in a boyish bob, but I hear long hair is coming back. If that’s true, shall I let my hair grow or is there some distinctive bob I can acquire? Though I’m eighteen I’ve never had long hair, as I had a “Dutch cut” when I was little and all varieties of bobs since. Please advise me how I can make this dull “crowning glory” an asset.

LELIA.

Lelia is quite right. Long hair is coming back. Only a little while ago the big question for every girl was “To Bob or Not to Bob.” This spring for really smart girls the problem will be “To Grow or Not to Grow.” The answer, I’m sure, is “To Grow.”

I have this information from many authorities. A friend of mine who is one of the smartest designers in America warned me months ago I must let my hair become long.

A fashion artist recently returned from Paris astonished me by the crop of combs, hairpins and barrettes she had purchased for her own use.

At the opera, the young debutantes appear in new dignity with tiny chignon on their lovely necks and recently when I visited my fifteen-year-old niece at boarding school I observed that all those young things were letting their hair grow to the pinning-up length in order to give themselves the air of sophistication and charm.

But don’t weep, Lelias and Kates and Marys and Susans because your pretty bobs are no longer fashionable. The hair prospect for 1928 is much more exciting than ever. The bob bought most of us for the first time how to care for our hair. Now longer hair will teach us how to dress it to give ourselves distinction and beauty.

Paris will never admit it, I suppose, but I think the movies are entirely responsible for this return to longer locks. Every woman star in movies uses her hair to express mood and character, though none does it so superbly as Greta Garbo, whose fascinating face decorates this page. Greta dresses her hair high, she dresses it low, she sticks it back, as it suits her mood and the character she is playing. She fairly makes her hair talk for her and it gives her an unfathomable attractiveness. To do this, of course, her hair has to be beautifully taken care of and at a very adaptable length. But granting that, every girl can make her hair as expressive as Greta’s, if she will expend an equal amount of thought and attention upon it.

So the problem for all you Leliases is to sit before your mirror and to decide upon what you want to make yourselves, fluffy girls, or tailored girls, or sophisticates, or darlings with a piquant touch of girlish dignity. Then let your hair grow accordingly.

Long hair in the 1914 sense will never return. Few of you will want your hair to reach below your shoulders. Some of you will find tricky ways of having it cut. Some of you, depending upon your faces, will let your back hair grow, while keeping the sides short as ever. Others will let one side grow, swirling that long lock over the shingled back to make a coiffure new and different. A few will have the sides grown very long, while the back stays short, and curl the long side pieces around tiny ears to come up on the cheeks in fluttering arcs. It’s simply limitless what one can do.

But remember the head line is still to be kept as small as possible in the same subtle manner the bob initiated. The only real change is toward a new picturesqueness and away from the definite restrictions the bob set.

Then while your bobs are growing, take the opportunity to bring to your hair real life, vigor and tone. Twenty minutes’ care, night and morning, plus a good, same diet for health—for physical health affects the hair more than any other factor—will make the dullest head of hair a thing of beauty. All hair colors are beautiful, you know, when given their natural sheen.

Lelia should brush her hair one hundred strokes before retiring and upon arising, for lustre and to restore its natural oil. If her scalp is not so pitable that it moves freely over the bones of the skull, she must correct this tightness, due largely to nervousness, with massage. Kneading the scalp with the fingertips until it feels warm and alive will accomplish this.

When Lelia shampoos her hair she must make sure her hair is thoroughly rinsed and dried. Sun drying is most beneficial.
LES POUDES
COTY

WITH COTY ROUGES FOR PERFECT COLOURING

A ravishing delicacy or thrilling brilliance — your own type of beauty is loveliest when it is glorified with its true shades of COTY Face Powders and Rouges. COTY Face Powders are used daily by twenty million women, a world tribute to their perfect beauty-giving quality.

FACE POWDER
Blanc
Rose No. 1
Rose No. 2
Natural
Ocre
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Rachel No. 1
Rachel No. 2
Ocre-Rose

ROUGE IN FIVE GLORIFYING TONES
Bright — Light — Medium — Dark — Invisible

PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder shade and expressive perfume color to intensify individuality.

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214 Fifth Avenue, New York,
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COUNTLESS thousands have watched the wonderful dancing of Gilda Gray. “She has feet that talk,” they say. “What grace and activity! What Charm!”

Feet that talk are feet free from abuse, free from strain and pinching and distortion. And because the famous stars, such as Gilda Gray, must have active and youthful feet, they are turning to

**THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE**

the superbly styled shoe that keeps feet youthful, vigorous and comfortable.

The sheer loveliness of the Arch Preserver Shoe is in no way marred by the scientific built-in principles. There is an ingenious concealed arch bridge that prevents sagging, a flat inner sole that prevents pinching, and a metatarsal support that prevents distortion.

A correct, normal walking base, assuring foot happiness — foot help — clear through the busiest day. The Arch Preserver Shoe will give you “feet that talk.” Try one pair and you’ll understand.

Write for booklet and name of your dealer.

**THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY**
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
NOT America's Sweetheart, but America's Suppressed Desire—
Greta Garbo. What every woman wants to look like. The
Eternal Feminine to every man. One of the reasons why people
run, not walk, to the nearest theater.
EDUCATED at dear old Universal for the last four years, Laura La Plante wins her B. O. degree—meaning box-office. With only three remote exceptions, all her films have been made by one company, a rare record these days.
Peter Pan has been locked out of the Gardens. Betty Bronson refused to play a scene she considered naughty. Her contract was not renewed. She is the sole support of a family of four. Say you believe in her!
CECIL B. DE MILLE is training her for ultimate glory. Her name is Virginia Bradford and she had her first real fling as the Cap'n's little daughter in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," adding IT to Longfellow's ballad.
JUST a Mexican wild kitten and Douglas Fairbanks' contribution to the game of New Faces. In "The Gaucho," Lupe Velez plays with so much ease and spontaneity that it's hard to believe she is a novice before the camera.
EXEMPLIFYING the new type of movie hero—Johnny Mack Brown. He came to Hollywood as a football star; he remained to establish himself as one of its most promising and popular young leading men.
Women of the fashionable world have come to have a fine appreciation for Gossard foundations—an appreciation which comes from the pliant texture of materials, the unusual smartness of the patterns, and the surprising durability hidden in the softnesses of their weave, which is realized only after constant wear. Beauty and quality are inseparable characteristics of Gossard garments, from the design of the garment to the weave of the fabrics, and because of this fact they are the foundation creed of the fashionable wardrobe.

Go to your Gossard corsetiere and ask to see the various kinds of Gossard garments. In Gossard Completes, Clasp-arounds, Combinations, Step-ins and Front-lacing Corsets you will find the same choice of materials, the same exquisite texture.

This front-lacing corset, a garment which gives unusual support, is made of a lovely brocade, and combined with a smart checked-weave elastic. Average and heavier figures find its long graceful lines particularly suited to their needs. Model 1052, $10.
IN EVERY GREAT MOTION PICTURE STUDIO costumes stay New-Looking twice as long through the use of Lux

WITH millions of dollars invested in beautiful clothes for stars and players and "extras"—in gorgeous materials for hangings and sets—the movies face a fine fabrics problem every woman meets—on a vast scale! For these costumes must be kept brilliant and new-looking, in spite of long, hard wear. It may take months to "shoot" a big picture.

Often, too, there are priceless historic garments—irreplaceable—to be cared for.

When just one mistake might cost so much, motion picture studios dare not guess—they must know the best way to care for their vast stock of clothes and fine fabrics. And it has been found that the one safe way to cleanse all washable fabrics is with Lux!

Through the use of Lux, the studios say, sheer, filmy materials and the more substantial and brilliant fabrics, too, stay beautifully lustrous and new-looking through repeated cleansings—more than twice as long as when washed any other way!

This means a saving of more than a million a year in wardrobe expenses!

As Travis Banton, costume director for Paramount-Famous-Lasky, puts it: "We no longer discard costumes which have lost their new look. We 'Lux them'—they come out looking as though they had never been washed—wear longer than I ever thought possible."

Now all the great motion picture studios—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Paramount-Famous-Lasky, Universal, Pathe-DeMille, Fox, First National, United Artists and Warner Bros.—use Lux—the same Lux in the same familiar blue boxes found in homes all over the country!


SO SAFE AND A LITTLE GOES SO FAR, IT'S AN ECONOMY TO USE LUX
DR. WILL HAYS, the eminent specialist, like any other good surgeon, is willing to adopt any new improvements in operative methods if it will help his patient, the screen.

Only a few decades ago surgeons assumed that all operative wounds would putrefy because of the introduction during the operation of malignant germs. So they laved the cut tissues liberally with chemicals that were calculated to kill the germs, and often killed the tissue also.

Then came the modern aseptic method which was based on the wholesome theory that if the surgeon did not permit the introduction of germs he wouldn't need chemicals to kill them.

THREE years ago Will Hays, as head of the organization of motion picture producers and distributors, adopted a formula. In his own words this was "to prevent the prevalent type of play and novel becoming the prevalent type of picture."

Briefly, the formula worked this way: If a questionable play or novel was rejected by one producer, or if, in the opinion of the Hays organization, it contained objectionable elements for screen production, it was barred to all producers.

That worked—with a lot of groans and creaks to be sure—for a while. It was the best method that had been evolved up to that time.

At least it cannot be said that it was not a sincere effort on the part of Mr. Hays and the producers, and at a time when the stage and the novel were suffering from an epidemic of smut, it was instrumental in keeping the screen comparatively healthy.

Mr. Hays is now working with a committee of the Authors' League, a militant and efficient group organized to demand and enforce a square deal for writers.

They are trying to evolve a new formula, based on the aseptic and more modern method.

For it has demonstrated that a motion picture can be made from a play or story by removal of questionable situations or episodes or single lines, and kept clean.

The issue is this: Should all plays and stories containing episodes, permissible on the stage or printed page but questionable in motion pictures, be barred outright, or is the screen entitled to be considered as a distinct medium which can adapt and expurgate, and in picture form be considered on its own merits, if no attempt is made by use of title or inference to deceive the public into thinking it is to see the original objectionable features?

In other words: Shall a motion picture be adjudged guilty before it is made, or shall it be given a fair trial and judged on its merits?

Along comes a desperate case, a gal named "Sadie Thompson," who was brought into the hospital late, and demanded desperate methods of treatment to save her screen life. Frantic for a picture that would retrieve her
prestige and fortunes, with her whole future at stake, Gloria put over a fast outside curve on the old formula, and bought the original story from which "Rain" was made into a play. The title of that story was "Sadie Thompson."

The objectionable element of that play was that a sanctimonious minister fell for a South Sea trollop, Sadie, and, conscience-stricken, committed suicide.

Gloria transformed the minister into a hypocritical lay reformer, and, it is announced, cooled down other objectionable features. I hope so, but I have not seen it and am in no position to judge it.

If it is "Rain" in substance and spirit it will furnish ammunition to the censors and to that detestable group of ignorant and professional busybodies who are seeking, by argument or political blackjack, by fair means or foul, by half truth or deliberate misrepresentation, to bring about Federal screen prohibition and Volstead movies.

Whatever the outcome the case of "Sadie Thompson" has opened the eyes of the producers to the vulnerability of the old formula, and the necessity of a new one. Sadie was a tough baby and all wet. But the difference between this gal and Du Barry, Nell Gwyn, Helen of Troy, Carmen, Camille, and Lorelei is purely a question of clothes, manners, methods and weather.

If one hundred per cent virtue and righteousness is to be demanded of every screen character and this should be carried through to its logical conclusion in plays, novels, bibles, magazines, radio, operas and sermons, this would not be such an interesting world.

In any event such subjects demand delicate handling. Produced crudely and with salacious intent they are screen abominations. With delicate treatment and deft direction Lubitsch and St. Clair fashion delightful and unobjectionable if sophisticated entertainment. Given the same material clumsy workmen smear the screen. It is all in the treatment. Fine watches are not made by blacksmiths.

The methods by which Mr. Hays and the motion picture producers work out their problems is their worry, and not the public's. It is their problem and they should be permitted to settle it among themselves without interference.

The screen must be kept clean and no one knows it more than they, for it has been amply demonstrated that the American people who want entertainment and pay for it have a code that must not be violated. But that public is interested only in the picture as it appears on the screen and is fair enough to judge by that and that alone.

**NOTE** on the untold wealth that awaits the girl who goes to Hollywood to break into the movies.

Central Casting Corporation, the free employment bureau for extras on which all the studios call when "atmosphere" is required, has come forward with its semi-annual statistics.

It has 6,000 women, including girls from sixteen to sixty, registered on its books.

Within the past six months one girl out of this 6,000 has averaged five days' work a week.

Eight in the 6,000 have averaged four days a week. Twenty-one have averaged three days a week. The other 5,970 have worked two, one or no days.

For all this stunning array of employment the average pay is $8.32 daily. Figure that out and you'll see that the most successful girl, the five-day-a-week darling who scores the 3,000-to-1 chance, has made slightly over $40 a week.

This girl and the lucky eight in the next classification are "dress extras," which means they have a very expensive, very elaborate wardrobe of their own which they wear for society pictures, opera scenes and the like. Deduct that cost from the weekly $40.

Then make your decision. Are you going to Hollywood?

I am sick and tired of hearing the motion picture audiences of this country referred to as "morons."

The term is usually applied by self-styled "intellectuals," folks overburdened with education and egomania, and deficient in normal intelligence and common sense.

The charge is usually based on the results of the old-fashioned mentality tests applied to the lads who served in the ranks of the American army during the late war.

The allegation is triple-barrelled, for it is a direct slam at the army, and, as motion picture audience is almost synonymous with population in this country, it means that this, the most prosperous and contented nation in the world, is mentally sub-normal.

Photoplay has taken the case to a distinguished psychiatrist who served in the American forces, and submitted many thousands of our boys to mental tests.

He will report in next month's issue of the magazine.

*Overheard* at The Union League Club, one of New York's most conservative.

"Yes, I'm going to spend the winter at Miami, George, but you see I've got to have at least ten rooms for my family—and a house is too far out. They all want to be near the movies, so we're going to a hotel."
What Happened to Mary?

By Jane Dixon

Seven years ago, Mary Miles Minter was the screen's symbol of Cinderella. Then came the Taylor murder, the first of a series of misfortunes. Today, Mary is a voluntary exile in Paris. The golden child has grown into a mature woman. Read this story of a vanished star.

ONCE there was a little girl with golden hair, blue eyes and a face that was fashioned for the camera. For the most part she was a good child; a little selfish perhaps, slightly wilful and not particularly clever. She didn't have to be clever, because she was beautiful and she had a shrewd mother. But she wasn't bad or vicious or mean.

For a few brief years, she had a most amazing run of luck. She received one of the highest salaries ever paid to a star. By careful publicity, she became the living symbol of innocent, happy girlhood. Her future was so bright that she was hailed as the successor of Mary Pickford herself.

Then, at the height of the fairy tale, the clock struck twelve and as strange a series of misfortunes descended upon Mary Miles Minter as ever befell a human being.

And after these calamities, Mary Miles Minter faded away as completely as a discredited myth.

First there was the William Desmond Taylor case—Hollywood's one classic murder. Taylor was found dead in his bungalow with a bullet through his back. In the investigation that followed, love letters, silly and pathetically girlish, were discovered written by Mary on butterfly-crested notepaper.

Mary's name became inseparably linked with a particularly sordid and sinister murder. The mystery never has been solved and stalks about even now, like a restless ghost, to haunt those who were even remotely connected with it.

Then Mary left her mother and brought suit against her for an accounting of the money that the mother, as Mary's guardian, controlled for her. Not a pretty spectacle—a girl suing her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]
First Installment of the touching story of a tragic child who became a philosopher, if life has frightened you by its cruelty and made you distrust its most glittering promises. You must make living a sort of gay curtain to throw across the abyss into which you have looked and where lie dread memories.

I think that wildly gay people are usually hiding from something in themselves. They dare not be quiet, for there is no peace nor serenity in their souls. The best life has taught them is to snatch at every moment of fun and excitement, because they feel sure that fate is going to hit them over the head with a club at the first opportunity.

I DON'T want to feel that way. But I do. When I have told you about my short life, maybe you will understand why, in spite of its incongruity, I am a madcap, the spirit of the jazz age, the premier flapper, as they call me. No one wanted me to be born in the first place.

And when I was born, at first they thought I was dead. They thought every spark of life had been strangled out of me during my long and stormy entrance into this world. They fought for hours, fanning the poor, feeble little flame of life that was in me, and it would flare up and then die down again, quite as though I didn't want to stay.

Everything was against my coming here at all, everything was against my staying here.

There have been a great many times when I wish they hadn't fought quite so hard to keep me here. But I don't feel that way any more.

I don't know an awful lot about my ancestors or relations. It isn't really strange if my memory is not good, if I am not very definite about facts and dates. I have been trying all my life to forget, not to remember. Besides, young people aren't much interested in family history. At least I wasn't. I don't like my relations, anyway. They never paid any attention to me until I was successful and they weren't kind to me or to my mother when we needed it so much. I try not to have resentment against them, but I don't care anything about them.

WHEN I write down at the very beginning that I am twenty-two years old, I can hardly believe it.

I feel much older than that. I feel as though I had lived a long, long time. That is because I have suffered so much, and suffering makes you feel old inside, just as happiness makes you feel young even when your hair is white.

I think this story will surprise you very much. It isn't at all the sort of life story you would expect to belong to Clara Bow. For you know the Clara Bow who has been driven by misery and loneliness to clutch at joy and merriment almost wildly.

There is only one thing you can do when you are very young and not a philosopher, if life has frightened you by its cruelty and made you distrust its most glittering promises. You must make living a sort of gay curtain to throw across the abyss into which you have looked and where lie dread memories.

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There is only one thing you can do when you are very young and not a philosopher, if life has frightened you by its cruelty and made you distrust its most glittering
My father is the only person I care for, really.

My mother was a very beautiful woman. She came of a good family in New York State and her mother was French and her father was Scotch. They lived on a country place a few hours from New York City. I was never there, because it was gone before I was born. But from what my mother told me it must have been quiet and beautiful and prosperous.

Perhaps that was the reason that my mother didn’t want to marry. She idolized her father and loved the home where she had been born and brought up, and that was all she wanted from life. Marriage frightened her. She felt no need of anything more in her life than her father and mother and the quiet life she led in the country.

On an adjoining farm lived a family named Bow. They had always been neighbors. The Bows were Scotch and English, of the kind I guess that make landed farmers and squires in the old country. There were thirteen children in the Bow family and my mother had always played with them. The youngest of them was a boy, Harry Bow. And he was the darling of the family and just about my mother’s age. He was a handsome, talented boy who captivated everybody. He just made people like him so much that they didn’t stop to think much else about him. He had a merry laugh, and he could ride and play and was always good-natured and happy.

My mother’s mother adored him. When she knew that she was dying, she called my mother to her and told her that this young man had asked for her hand and that she must marry him. My grandmother was very old-fashioned, very French in her thoughts and traditions, and she did not believe that a girl could be happy unless she was married. She said she couldn’t die happy unless she knew that her daughter [continued on page 78]
Ten little "no" girls; ten little girls wedded to their Art, and coyly dodging the wedding ring which never stops chasing them. They are Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels, Sally O'Neil, Madge Bellamy, Joan Crawford, Olive Borden, Phyllis Haver, Janet Gaynor and Lois Moran. What will the story be in a year?
**Dodging the Wedding Ring**

*By Ruth Biery*

BEBE DANIELS sank into Harrison Ford's arms. Her face was enrap-
tured; his impassioned. Their lips met.

"Bebe!"

A voice from off-stage inter-
rupted the sturdy scene in
"Lovers in Quarantine."

Bebe turned to face her fiancé who had come onto the
lot unannounced. She finished the
scene; then joined him.

"You're going to leave this
business," was his guttural
greeting.

"Why, what do you mean?
It is understood that you are never to interfere with my
business, darling." Bebe's tones were beseeching.

"This changes matters. You can't tell me you can
make love to a man, kiss him like that and have abso-
lutely no feeling for him." His speech had grown
lower. Bebe glanced hurriedly around her.

"Why, you big silly!" She drew him adroitly to one
side, away from the others. "That means nothing.
It's only acting."

"But there was no argument that could convince
him. So that was the end of that matter!"

Bebe looked at me half wistfully, half humorously,
across the shining mahogany of the desk, over which we
were talking.

"And that wasn't all." She shook her head sadly.
"He couldn't understand why I couldn't go to lunch
with him whenever he wanted. You know we always
have story conferences at noon, or see the rushes of the
picture and talk things over. Naturally, I couldn't
take an outsider in on my business, and that's just what
he would have been. So," she dimpled, then gradually
grew pensive, sighed a little,—"so there was nothing to
do but make him a real outsider and not marry." "Which
man was it, Bebe?"

She shook her head. "Twouldn't be fair," she
answered. "You can guess, but I won't tell you."

I RAN my mind over the list. Harold Lloyd, Jack
Gilbert, Michael Arlen, Phil Corss, Charlie Paddock,
and that silk king somebody or other. These I knew
had been among those definitely reported to marry
Miss Daniels.

"And I'm never going to be engaged again," she in-
terrupted my silent reminiscing. "No! If I ever make
up my mind to it, I'll just get married. No more
formal betrothals for mine."

"And do you plan on marriage, eventually, Bebe?"

She laughed, hesitated a moment. "The man who is
the husband of a motion picture actress must have the
disposition of an angel," she evaded. "And I haven't
met that perfect being yet."

"Of course I've been in the game too long to think of
giving it up for anyone. Just think what marriage
would mean. Hubby coming home tired, wite not
there yet. She comes in. There's a six o'clock call at
the studio for the next morning. Or she has to return
and work all night. What chance is there for 'home' in
an arrangement like that?

"The unhappy marriages in
this business are not because
we are more or less human
than others, but because our
business is not standardized.
We have no certain hours. We
don't start at one definite
time and close at another.
Yet a man's nature remains
the same. He is possessive.
He wants to have something
to say about his woman—"

Thus did Bebe organize in-
to words the whyfore of the
wedding ring business in the
Cinema City.

YOU know, I have been really happy for Gloria Swan-
sen during the filming of "Sadie Thompson." At
least Henri was in Paris. If only all the Hollywood
hubbies could take a vacation during the filming of each
of their wives' productions! Can we wonder that Clara
Bow, the one youngster in the whole city who craves
marriage as an antidote for her lonely unhappiness,
swears and hesitates at each new wedding ring offered?

"I want to get married," Clara told me. "I'm so
lonesome. But I want the kind of man who will under-
stand always. Someone who will stroke my hair and pet
me at the end of each day and tell me not to worry.

"But I'm afraid. I want someone to love me for
myself, love me just because I'm the girl I am, not be-
cause I'm Clara Bow, the screen actress. My life
hasn't been any too happy, and I don't want any more
heart-breaks. So I keep holding back.

"For two years I was engaged to Gilbert Roland—
and I loved him. Loved him madly. And Gilbert loved
me, I am certain. I was never engaged to Bob Savage.
He just came out here and made himself silly. Why, I
was still engaged to Gilbert and in love with him. And
Gilbert was sick and couldn't understand about Bob
Savage.

"Then, of course, I was reported married to Donald
Keith. But there was nothing to it. And I was sup-
posed to get my ring from Victor Fleming last Christ-
mas. Then two days before we had a fight. I had
been seeing too much of Gary Cooper!

"Engagements are so silly. Two weeks and no more.
Just get married is the only way. That's what I'm
going to do next time. At least if you once know you're
married, you won't look around for awhile.

"But I want to fall in love, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]
How big was Louis XVI's head? How tall was Cleopatra? Was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?

The Library of the Western Costume Company. These reference books make possible accurate, realistic detail you see on the screen.

The greatest "prop" picture ever taken. How many articles can you find and identify in this photograph?

Edward Phillips Lambert, who not only owns books but reads them, thereby saving directors a lot of time and money.

The Ask Me

"HELLO! . . . Hello! . . . This is Assistant Director Zero of the Hysterical Studios. What would be the greatest necking party?"

A break in the connection as the switchboard operator plugs in the library telephone. And the director of research replies: "That between an octopus and a giraffe."

The assistant director gives a sigh of relief. A question answered in a minute that would have taken his studio's research department a week or more to unravel. For little things like this bit of absurdity are not always as trivial as they may seem. In motion picture making they sometimes amount to magnificent proportions and suspend all activities until they are solved. No one knows this better than the research director of the Western Costume Company.

Throughout the day questions and requests pour into this amazing establishment, the like of which can scarcely be imagined:

"What was the subject, title and artist's name of the oil painting that hung in the Hoffman House Bar, New York City?"

"What figure, or object is symbolic of virtue?"

"Is it true that Louis the Sixteenth's head size was seven and three-quarters? Was this with or without his wig?"

"What does a Siamese dancer wear—on her head?"
Read the story of Edward Lambert, the man who answers Hollywood's strangest questions

Need a hat? Here are the lids, with uniforms to match, of all the nations. They can be delivered in a minute's notice.

Another Man

By Fred Gilman Jopp

"Get us a bottle of colic cure, eight men-sized dummies and John Doe's Magazine for March, 1886."

And in all seriousness: "Was Joan of Arc Noah's wife?"

This latter type of question is not frequent. It usually comes from some dumb, to say the least, yes-man who is apt to make an error if not carefully watched. Nor is it the purpose of this article to encourage or engage in a controversy with "Ask Me Another" fans. Its aim, rather, is to direct the spotlight upon Edward Phillips Lambert, the comprehensive human dictionary who functions within a twelve-story encyclopedia devoted to the motion picture art and science.

There are two reasons for Edward Lambert's success. One is his calm, pleasing way of handling people; the other the man's natural cleverness. He solves problems by letting his mind stay passive; by not trying to force things into it. Nothing ever worries him. His is the happy faculty of doing many things at once, yet always returning to where he left off, even completing an unfinished sentence. He has the unique gift of being able to photograph mentally the most minute details of a scene, event or an object. This gift, coupled with his ease of description, makes his use infinite.

The library, which he has gathered through the years, is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars—millions to the cinema producer. Every known science is represented. But books of travel predominate.

Mr. Lambert has diplomacy—plus. Diplomacy is highly essential to his work. He is in hourly contact with human stars that have all the explosive powers of meteors.

"In a nutshell," he explains, "our establishment functions in the picture business in this wise. A

Antique swords and pistols for any sort of battle. What a playroom for Erich von Stroheim. These old weapons are so valuable that the room is kept doubly locked.
More fascinating information about the director will send us his technical advisers and state that he is going to do a certain thing. We work directly with the scenario far in advance of actual production. When completed we hand on our data to the various departments of this organization, whereupon it is transformed into costumes, properties, and so forth.

"Sometimes, though, the star is a wee bit skeptical about the part she is to play and so beats her staff down here. She looks over volumes that will show her in costumes the picture will represent. Ofttimes a picture ends right there.

"Our stock is valued well into the millions. It has taken twelve years to collect and it occupies twelve floors, not to mention four costume factories to take care of the overflow. We have over 200,000 square feet of floor space crammed with every conceivable variety of clothing — from uniforms of every nation and period of history even to the proverbial fig leaf. As for properties—a stuffed camel, a glass eye, a coffin. Shoes, ships and sealing wax. Whatever the wanted article we have it."

One would think Lambert the dry old encyclopedia he worships. And he is when discussing Shakespeare with an old legitimate tragedian, who has descended from "the good old days" to "those terrible movies." But the next customer may possibly be a comedy director who wants to know why Desdena's handkerchiefs cost more than her gowns. At which time Lambert will whittle down his vocabulary of sixty-thousand words into the eight-hundred words used by the average American. His slang phraseology will then enable the comedy director to make a wow out of that particular thought.

His sense of humor, God's most glorious gift to man, is highly developed. This is due, no doubt, to a dizzy telephone that keeps shooting fact and fancy at him all day long. Real laughs come flowing over that electrified wire.

"Once there came a voice," continued Mr. Lambert, "asking me the name of a once popular screen star.
movies than any other story ever written

Offhand I couldn’t recall the actor’s name but I did remember that he was the chap with the locomotor ataxia. A dirty laugh came from the receiver and I was told that there never was an automobile of that make.”

In our walk about the building no less than fifteen motion picture celebrities stopped Mr. Lambert with a “Hello Ed!” And for the purpose of my visit each was asked to query him with something personal about the stars. Here are his answers:

“Douglas Fairbanks has the greatest imagination in motion pictures. Mary Pickford is the greatest student. She always has a tutor with her.

“The greatest fisherman is John Barrymore.

“His brother, Lionel, paints beautiful marines in oil.

“Jean Hersholt has the best private collection of books on the life of Napoleon in the United States. Harrison Ford is not only an avid collector of first editions, he is also one of the few real intellectuals in motion pictures.

“Esther Ralston has the most beautiful face and figure. Fay Wray is the most quaint. Patsy Ruth Miller has the most unusual finger-nails. They are very long and beautifully tapered.

“And instead of a platinum or diamond ring Norma Talmadge’s wedding band is exactly like your mother wears—a plain, old-fashioned wedding ring.

“Conrad Nagel is the most religious. Ronald Colman the most aristocratic. Erich von Stroheim the most superstitious.

“Tom Mix makes the largest weekly salary, with Emil Jannings running a close second. But Adolphe Menjou knows how best to take care of his money. He is a smart business man. Ruth Roland earned a million clear in real estate last year.

“Tommy Meighan loves apple pie. Jack Holt prefers pumpkin. Lew Cody must have an old-fashioned boiled dinner twice each week. Lewis Stone craves the breast of Guinea hen. He can afford it. Clayton is Harold Lloyd’s middle name.” [CONT’D ON PAGE 92]
CONGRATULATIONS to two lucky girls. To Mildred Gloria Lloyd for having a millionaire daddy and a new-fashioned mother. To Mildred Davis Lloyd for managing a home, career, husband and little daughter all perfectly and yet remaining simple and unspoiled.
**Haven in The Port of MISSING Girls**

By Ruth Biery

It's provided by a Los Angeles woman judge

She was just a wraith of a woman, but with an ambition so overpowering that no arguments of her frightened parents could circumvent it.

"I am going into the movies. You simply cannot stop me!" Again and again she warned them.

And one night, just as she had promised, she disappeared. Disappeared into the darkness of the small mid-western town as completely as though it had been a big, tumultuous city.

Frantic appeals were sent to the western motion-picture city. Appeals to locate a beautiful, lithe, fair-haired girl answering to the name of Betty.

But in all Los Angeles, the police could find no such young woman as the descriptions painted. Oh, yes, there were dozens of light-haired, fair-skinned Bettys; but none who admitted to having parents in that particular South Dakota village. So the police, as is the way of police, dropped the matter.

And probably the heart-broken home folks who had loved their child for eighteen winters and summers would never have heard of her again, had it not been for one woman in the movie-city. One woman, who, although a judge, counts a law which is higher than the legal jurisdiction of which she is the only feminine representative in the Cinema City.

Perhaps six months after the police had forgotten all about the pleas from the mid-western hamlet, a dark haired youngster, in the dirty, ragged clothes of a boy, was hauled into Judge Georgia Bullock's court by a policeman.

She's a girl in boy's clothes. Picked up for stealing," was the announcement of the arresting officer.

Judge Georgia Bullock, from her high seat behind the high judicial bench, looked at the black haired boy-girl with a keenness which has become proverbial in the Woman's Court, Division Number Six, Los Angeles.

"Physical examination," she ordered.

"But, Your Honor—" The officers, the probation women, the least assistant disagreed with Her Honor. The girl had not been brought in for vagrancy, but for stealing. Why was a physical examination necessary? It only took time from hundreds of other cases where examinations were law-requisitions.

"Physical examination," Her Honor was insistent.

The report was brought from the jail a little later.

"Tuberculosis!"

Tuberculosis in its advanced stages. Tuberculosis eating away the body of the young woman, remorse gnawing at the heart of the once fair-haired Betty who had donned the clothes of a boy and ridden on the rods to the Cinema City.

The girl did not at once tell her story—did not speak of the yearning mid-western parents. She had been arrested for stealing; she would have been confined in the city jail along with the rest of the thiefing women. Would have been, had it not been for the woman judge whom Los Angeles had the good sense to put in charge of such cases—and the poor sense to leave without funds to take care of such cases.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 102**
H

AVE you ever noticed that what you see in pictures affects you more strongly than anything you may experience elsewhere under any other condition?

Here is John Jones, for instance. His wife had been trying for many seasons to make him wear spats.

“No, no!” he declared with the firmness and assurance that goes with deep-rooted conviction. “Spats are foppish. What would the office force think of me walking in with those things on? No, my dear, I will try to please you in everything—but spats! Never!”

Then one night said John took his wife to the movies. Lew Cody was playing. Lew Cody’s spats looked particularly effective. And the next day John bought two pairs, lawn colored spats to go with his tan shoes and pearl grey spats to match his grey suit.

Another case in point is Mary Smith. She was a very practical, prosaic type of girl. She dressed always in severe tailor-made fashion. Feminine folderols she abhorred. Her room was stripped to its barest necessities.

But! She admires Norma Talmadge. She considers her a great actress. In “Camille” she saw her in a highly decorative bedroom, frills and laces everywhere.

Mary’s room immediately was transformed as if by magic. It now resembles more the boudoir of a story-book Parisian courtesan than the practical eight by ten of a New York business woman. Mary’s whole character has been changed by this single screen performance.

You must know of examples like these yourself. Have you not caught yourself wanting to imitate the settings and furnishings of your favorite play and the clothes and mannerisms of your movie idols?

It is well known, of course, that famous couturiers vie with each other in persuading the stars to dress at their establishments. Often gowns and hats and all kinds of apparel are named after them.

It is good business because the influence of what picture people do is so tremendous.

The perfume “Nar-

WHY the screen heightens your suggestibility:

1. Music—and the absence of human voices.
2. Darkness.
3. Relaxation.
4. Concentration on a bright, elevated object that shows motion.
5. The presence of a “collective mind.”

Under these conditions, writes Dr. Bisch, “the mind becomes uncritical. Reasoning, logic and judgment are submerged and practically cease functioning. In a corresponding way emotional responses become more alert . . . Instinctive reactions gain control.

“In this heightened state of suggestibility, you respond in most striking ways . . . Thoughts, feelings and actions may be moulded and transformed without your quite realizing how it all happened.”

W

The doctor explains why the movies exert an uncanny influence on audiences

NOW a husband who wouldn’t stand for his wife wearing a one-piece bathing suit until he saw Clara Bow in “Kid Boots.” Then suddenly everything seemed to be all right.

Yes, we are all suggestible.

But when we sit in a darkened moving picture house we are one hundred per cent more so.

The next time you attend a photoplay observe what you do. Perhaps I had better say, take note of your reactions—that is, observe how you think, feel and act.

Two striking situations affect you the moment you have dropped your ticket into the box and the swinging doors have closed behind you.

One, and the most impressive, is the absence of human voices. The second is the darkness.

No matter how excited or buoyant or jovial or noisy you have been in the street this peculiar hush, this quiet immediately gets you. The music plays, yes. But it accentuates the absence of the human voice all the more.

You become sober at once. The soothing melodies sort of engulfs you and shut you in. For a few seconds the strangeness of the place may even appear ominous. At any rate, it checks any tendency on your part to give way to any emotion or behavior that is loud or boisterous. You quickly merge with what your senses experience. You become a part of it.

Already you are a different person!

A thick, velvety carpet that deadens sound also helps to increase this same feeling-tone. As you walk, you walk noiselessly. It is contrasted with your footsteps in the lobby. You may even be struck by the fact that you do not hear yourself walking.
Hypnotizes You!

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

The atmosphere of a movie theater, with its relaxation and concentration on a bright object, is identical with the condition a hypnotist creates when he wants to hypnotize his subject.

Your own state of calm and quiet corresponds with the atmosphere in which you find yourself, which, in turn, tends to make you want to be more quiet still.

Then the darkness!
This reacts upon your nervous system in the same way. You become more shut-in than ever. You feel rather isolated and alone. I have known two individuals of very high-strung dispositions whose first entrance into a dark movie theater actually produced a feeling of fear.

Of course, these sensations last but a short while, perhaps not more than half a minute at best. You may never have noticed them even, they are so fleeting.
Nevertheless they are the preliminaries to the heightened state of suggestibility into which you are soon to enter. Now you take a seat.

If the seat is soft, yielding and comfortable your suggestibility will increase much more rapidly than if the seat is hard, straight and cramped.

As soon as you seat yourself your attention is directed to the screen.
This screen, please note, is bright, glaring at times, shows movement, and is elevated.

Of course you look at it. You cannot help yourself. But the point is you look at it in a certain way which is exceedingly important from the suggestibility angle.
You look at the screen with eyeballs rolled slightly upwards!
Often your head is tilted back and your eyeballs turned upwards at one and the same time!

Now then, this atmosphere of comparative silence and darkness, plus the relaxation of a comfortable position, plus the concentration on a bright object with eyes turned up—all these several factors are the identical ones a professional hypnotist deliberately creates when he wants to hypnotize his subject.

His room is quiet, he darkens it, he lets his subject recline in an easy chair, he tilts the head back, he holds a bright, shining and sometimes vibrating object before the eyes.

The gaze is fixed.
There descends upon the mind a spell of fascination.
The mind drinks in everything the ears hear and the eyes see without question.
The mind becomes uncritical. Reasoning, logic and judgment are submerged and practically cease functioning.
In a corresponding way emotional responses become more alert. Primitive, instinctive reactions gain control.
The mind is now open to suggestion!
The mind is now ready to accept what it might not accept under ordinary and usual circumstances.
In this heightened state of suggestibility you respond in most striking ways.
Spats, that never appealed to you before, now may appear as most attractive. Feminine luxuries you always denied yourself may suddenly become necessities.
In dozens and dozens of ways your thoughts, feelings and actions may be moulded and transformed without your quite realizing how it all happened.
I am reminded of a [continued on page 100]
The Banker Who TRUSTED Pictures

By Terry Ramsaye
Author of "A Million and One Nights"

Another intimate visit to the home of a famous film magnate—Dr. A. H. Giannini

titled to ambitions. He decided on a professional career. He was to be a physician, a figure of dignity and service among his people. So much for a lad's ambitions. So much for the making of plans and purposes. Now it turns out that he is one of the builders of the most remarkable financial institution of modern history—and, incidentally, one of the major powers of the motion picture world.

When and where motion picture magnates and managers are gathered in conference on matters that deal with dollars, this man is most likely to come into the discussion, either in person or by name—Dr. Attilio H. Giannini. To the motion picture Dr. Giannini personifies the mighty Bank of Italy and its endless array of branches and allied banks, including the Bowery and East River National Bank, with its president's office on neither the Bowery nor yet the East River, but in Broadway at Forty-first street, which is one block below Times Square, "the Cross Roads of the World."

Now bankers are very rare indeed in the troubled annals of the motion picture. Bankers have to do with business. The motion picture has not been a business very long. In the beginning the movies financially resembled something between a gold rush and a second class revolution in Costa Rica. After that things got worse. Until a few years ago a motion picture man was about as welcome in a bank as the James boys.

Now the motion picture is arriving at that state of respectability where it pushes right into the banker's office alongside dignified industries like steel and coal and motors and cigarettes and chewing gum. Dr. Giannini has had a hand in this uplifting of the roughneck of the arts.

The steps and processes by which Giannini came into this status in the world of finance and the motion picture run through a success career bespangled with vicissitudes.

Shortly before the Spanish-American war young Dr. Giannini, just emerged [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]
WHEN Tom Mix's contract with William Fox expires in March, Tom will temporarily retire from the screen. And that is bad news. Tom has several million dollars tucked away and he plans to travel in Europe or South America. The cowboy star is sitting pretty. He has worked up a literary following for himself through Photoplay and other publications and he is deluged with business offers, rivaling those of Lindbergh.

If Tom cares to, he can do anything from running a circus to being president of a steamship company. But as far as we are concerned, we'd like to see him continue as a movie star, with literary flings between pictures.

We won't tell you the name of the producer about whom they tell this story. He has been the hero of too many jokes.

Anyway, the producer was telling an author why his story wasn't acceptable.

"You fellers," he cried, "don't know what you are writing about. You don't know your business. I'll tell you, in two words, what's the matter with this story, im-possible."

It is said that professionals are not good business people. This little tale will belie that.

King Vidor decided to sell his Beverly Hills home. Jack Barrymore wanted the house, but instead of going out personally to make the purchase he sent an old couple who looked like fairly prosperous retired farmers.

They looked the place over and when the agents started extolling the tennis courts and the swimming pool, the old folks sadly shook their heads and remarked that they were far too aged to indulge in the strenuous exercise necessary to enjoy either the pool or the courts. And when they were quoted a price of $60,000 for the house they offered $40,000. Finally a compromise was made at $50,000.

So you see John saved $10,000 by hiring a couple of extras to go out and do his house buying for him.

Well, it's a girl at King Vidor's. And Eleanor had picked such a beautiful name for a boy—Boardman Vidor. Since they had provided no name for a girl, the Vidores have tentatively tided their daughter "Mike." Later, of course, they'll select a better box-office name.

King Vidor, you know, is the only man in Hollywood who does not claim entire credit for "The Big Parade." Vidor was merely the man whose brilliant direction made the picture a success.

And so congratulations to Miss Mike Vidor for her choice of parents.

An electrician was explaining the status of Norma Shearer.

"On the set, she's Miss Shearer. At night, she's Mrs. Thalberg. All other times she's Miss Shearer if Irving Thalberg isn't within earshot."

Always pays to be up on these things. Thank you, electrician.

Talking of Norma Shearer, she has a dressing room, which is making dressing room history in the Cinema City. It isn't any bigger than a second! On wheels, and fashioned...
of All Studios

York

What "French Dressing" has done to Lois Wilson. Paris calls a costume like this a "hostess gown." To be worn for tea, bridge or dinner. It epitomizes Lois' revolt against the calico and gingham girl of the great open spaces.

like an old fashioned stage coach, it is fastened as a trailer and carried anywhere on the lot or to any location.

Just wide enough for Norma to stretch across the end, and long enough for her to stretch twice. It has an ice box, a thermos to keep things hot, a tiny ironing board for her maid to do pressing, a dressing table with small mirrors which hide cupboards, and room for a couple of dozen dresses in the end closet.

We were admiring with earnest appreciation when Norma explained seriously.

"But the company didn't give it to me. It was a wedding present from my husband."

WHAT a time John Barrymore has had with his picture, "The Tempest." First, Greta Naisson was heralded through the press notices of United Artists as the leading lady; then Vera Veronina was scheduled to replace her. When Vera became ill, Dorothy Sebastian was borrowed from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company. After five weeks of work Dorothy was called home and Camilla Horn, just imported from Germany by Joseph Schenck, replaced her.

And there have been the same number of directors on the picture. Frank Lloyd was originally hired, but refused to do it with the changes which were to be made in the story; Slav Tourjansky replaced him. Lewis Milestone loaned a hand, without pay, it is stated. One night Sam Taylor made a scene which made such an impression he was given entire charge of the direction. Now it is being made all over again.

CORAINE GRIFFITH is returning to First National Studios, after a try at making her own pictures. And to greet the wandering daughter, First National has arranged to give her one of the finest plums of the year, "The Divine Lady."

A WOMAN was visiting the Jack Gilbert set of "The Cossacks." She was thrilled at the fish drying, the Turkish costumes, etc., but amazed to watch them so realistically flogging Jack Gilbert.

When the rescue party dashed forward, one of them accidentally shot off a gun behind her.

She jumped and cried: "It's all right, you can kill me now. I have seen Jack Gilbert working."

CECIL B. DE MILLE bursts into prophecy and says that in 1930, "IT" will have disappeared from the screen; that sex appeal will be supplanted by intelligence; that brains will be more important than legs.

And the answer to that is, "No, Mr. De Mille!"

EVERYBODY knew that it was coming—the separation of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes. It's a sad tale. Forbes is a young Englishman who came to this country not so long ago. He was fairly successful in supporting casts of Broadway shows. Then he met Ruth Chatterton, an established star. They were married, and everyone said that Ruth had married romantically but impractically.

Then the movies discovered Forbes and on the strength of his work in "Beau Geste" he got a good contract. Ruth Chatterton gave up Broadway and her own career and moved to Hollywood, to be a dutiful wife to her ambitious young husband.

Forbes got ahead and Ruth was relegated to the background. And the young Englishman became the successful member of the family. The separation was inevitable. Draw your own moral.
Wilson Mizner, playwright and the favorite wit of Hollywood, caught in the midst of a big sneer by Cartoonist Mal St. Clair. Mr. St. Clair is the director of some of your favorite comedies.

CLARA BOW went to Yosemite National Park for a vacation recently, and celebrated by getting lost and falling in a pool of water in hunting her way back to camp.

Every ranger in the district was sent on a frenzied hunt for her.

But they all missed her, and she came staggering home alone.

What we want to know is how any man could ever miss finding Clara!

"IMAGINE my embarrassment," says Bill Haines, "when I went home, entered the front door, walked to the kitchen—and found there wasn't any."

It had been burned out during the day.

IT'S all off between Katherine Wilson and Richard Barthelmess, so save your congratulations.

Miss Wilson has returned to New York and is going back on the stage.

It was just another one of those things.

And Mary Hay Bath, Dick's first wife, has returned to this country with her husband, because she wants her baby born on American soil.

Perhaps, too, she wanted to see Dick.

Anyway, almost simultaneously with Mary's return, Dick and Katherine Wilson announced that their marriage has been "postponed."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER officials were giving a luncheon for the Prince of Sweden.

A secretary telephoned Greta Garbo and requested her attendance.

Miss Garbo's secretary replied she was sick and could not attend.

Louis B. Mayer asked to speak to Miss Garbo. "He is from your country, Greta. It is your duty to come."

"But vat ees et for?" Greta demanded.

"For luncheon," Mr. Mayer answered.

"But I am not hungry," Greta responded.

Which is reported to have ended the matter.

Gene Stratton is a worthy descendant of her famous grandmother, Gene Stratton Porter. She plays a part in "Freckles" and John Fox, Jr., has the title rôle. Just two natural kids, ideally suited to Mrs. Porter's stories of the Indiana dunes country.

WE were entertaining Neena Quatero, James Cruze's "baby find" in pictures, at the Montmartre for luncheon.

She ordered a famous, highly-priced salad.

At the completion of the lunch we noticed that she had scarcely taken one bite.

"What is the matter, Neena?"

"All my life I've dreamed of having a magazine writer entertain me. And now that it's happened, I'm just not hungry," she answered.

May they never spoil this youngster!

JUST to show you how gossip starts. Persons living in the same hotel with Lillian Gish reported that George Jean Nathan had a rival. The new suitor was said to be tall, dark and handsome. Girls with a sharp eye for things like that vouched for the fact that he was most attentive and positively affectionate towards Lillian.

This old sleuth investigated the affair and found that Nathan's "rival" was none other than James Rennie, husband of sister Dorothy, who occasionally has a brotherly dinner with Lillian.

OLIVE BORDEN was getting $1750 a week, they tell us. Came the time to renew her contract, which called for a raise to $2000 a week. But the producers, following their economy program, announced she could continue at her old salary and work every week, or take the raise for a forty-week year.

And Olive became temperamental and refused to listen to any half-way propositions.

Incidentally, a very wise bird whispers that she did it of her own free will, not even listening to the advice of her mother.

What, with $80,000 a year, some folk seem to feel that twelve weeks would have offered a good chance for a trip to Europe.

Perhaps Olive plans on a longer vacation!

AND now they call them "snoopervisors."

FOLK are wondering whether Richard Dix has suddenly realized that gentlemen do prefer blondes. After choosing Mary Brian, the little dark-haired ingenue, for three leads in his pictures, he suddenly switched to the blonde curls of Thelma
Tod for "The Vanishing American," then immediately signed her again for "The Traveling Salesman."

IF you don’t think the boys were glad to see Bill Farnum come back into pictures, you should have been a mouse-in-the-corner at the welcome proffered by the Fox players on the eve of his first day of work in "Hangman’s House." It was a glad hand of welcome which made history in the picture city.

PARAMOUNT is still hunting for a Western hero, they tell me. When Jack Holt left, the Lasky officials grabbed off Gary Cooper, hailed him as their "new Western find" and bought him a horse worthy of their publicity efforts.

Then he photographed so well and caught onto the camera angles so quickly, that they decided to put him in a dress suit.

Next, came Jack Luden. But Jack was the good looking son of a cough-drop king and wore dress suits so naturally, that they cast him for the lead in Esther Ralston’s new picture.

To the wilds of the North-West, they rushed for their new man and snatched Lane Chandler from his position as guide to Yellowstone National Park tourists.

He play–c in one Western and now he, too, is to grace a dress suit in the very near future.

Don’t start a stampede for Hollywood, cowboys. Someone is probably on his way north before now in search of the next Western hero.

LANE CHANDLER tells us that the main difference between playing in a Western and a society picture, is you have to paint your hands to keep them white in society and mud them to keep them black in a Western.

BIG and blooming as ever, in fact, even bigger and more blooming than ever, Nita Naldi returned to New York recently after making several pictures abroad. Nita was literally weighted down by diamond bracelets and sable coats, but no amount of wealth will ever make Nita swank before her friends. She stays her natural self.

With the sables and the diamonds, a high velvet hat and a startling make-up Nita appeared every inch the vamp but she announces she is through with that line of acting, at least as far as movies are concerned.

Chiefly she doesn’t want to go back to American movies because they mean going back to California.

"California," wisecracked Nita. "is just a place where people go with one lung and one dollar and keep both."

THE Naldi paid her deep tribute to Greta Garbo while explaining why she felt vamps die young in the public’s affections.

"Garbo can give us all lessons in playing vamps," Nita observed. "As for the rest of us, the public tires of us because we are never allowed to do anything different. One performance and they’ve seen all.

“We slink in, we pet the leading man’s arm, he elevates his chin and refuses to fall, we pet his arm harder and he does fall, only to kick us out in the end. No real vamp ever acted that way, but producers think she did.

TAKE my own case. I’ve got a grand pair of legs. After all, I started in the leg shows—the Winter Garden and the Follies. But have I ever been allowed to show my legs on the screen?

“No, my dear. I always had to wear my velvet skirts tight to the ground because producers think vamps grow that way. It’s the bunk."

Nita should go into talking movies. Her line’s a riot.

THEY say that Charlie Chaplin is going to make his next picture in New York, where he may work quietly and in comparative obscurity. Merna Kennedy will be his leading woman.

And you may not know that Syd Chaplin is now making pictures in England. He has left Hollywood and has gone to live in Europe. That washes up the doings of the Chaplin family for this month.

AN old western street lay deserted on the Al Christie lot in Westwood. It was the property of Cecil De Mille,—a holdover from "The Flame of the Yukon," made two years ago. Came the time it must be torn down according to De Mille’s contract with Christie.

George Bertholen, De Mille studio manager, went to look the situation over.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
SADIE THOMPSON of "Rain" runs into a storm. Rival producers, forbidden to film the story, are raising a ruction over the release of Gloria Swanson's version. And oh, how badly poor Gloria needs a real good money-making picture.
Cynthia Perry was sixteen years old—which is only another way of saying that Cynthia was desperately, hopelessly unhappy. She sat at the writing desk in her bedroom, chin cupped on her brown little hands, staring with melancholy eyes into the starry moon drenched night. At the base of the cliff, she could hear the sea pounding in a tragic monotony upon the rocks; there was no other sound in the world, until a sob escaped her tremulous lips. She heard it, heard its echo, and sat, tense and quivering with inexpressible emotion.

"A sob in the night!" she wrote firmly at the top of the blank page of the scarlet-covered book which lay open before her, and then she set down the scarlet quilled pen with which she had traced those words and felt the slow course of two tears over her cheeks.

Two candles burned on her desk, unflickering before the open window, and their light gleamed on her smoothly tanned skin, on the peach colored flush of her cheeks, the luminous gray of her wide, searching eyes. Gleamed also on fair hair that streamed in a straight flow over her shoulders to her waist...
Young love to young love forever and always.

"I'm going to have one baby," her mother had said firmly. "Irene and Patty are disgustingly grown up, and the only way you can tell a little girl from a woman these days is that little girls sometimes have long hair." She had brushed her fingers over her own smooth bob, and smiled at Cynthia that smile which was inevitably irresistible. "Please, Cynth darling, don't cut your hair!"

Along the strip of road that lay between pine trees at the foot of their lawn, a motor hurried, casting yellow light before it; drifting through the stillness, came the sound of young voices, raised in song. Cynthia seized the quilled pen frantically.

"I think," she wrote, "that I must be the unhappiest girl in the world. Once I thought that to be sixteen was the culmination of happiness. Happiness! If only someone would realize that I am no longer a child! If only someone would peer through this outer coating of childishness and see that I am truly a woman, as capable of a grande passion as any vampire or moving-picture star! Patty, who is pretty but shallow, has any number of suitors. Only today she brought home a new one, a youth named Tommy Lowell, who is a sophomore at Princeton. I am not interested in these callow youths of Patty's—not really interested—but I do think one of them might realize that I am no longer a baby. This Tommy has very nice black hair and plays a knockout game of tennis. As I sit here before my window, I feel utterly alone in the world, alone—"

Suddenly Cynthia raised her chin and wheeled about in her chair, turning eyes, demurred of dreams, toward the door. She slapped the scarlet covers of the diary together, slipped the book beneath a pile of papers, and dropped her chin back against the cup of her hands.

"Cynth darling?" inquired a voice on the other side of the door.

"Come in, Mother."

JANE PERRY, in a rose-colored negligee, peered through the opening. Her eyes, wide and gray like her daughter's, but glowing with life and humor, rested on Cynthia; her rather large mouth jerked into a smile.

"Cynth, you're a most incorrigible child! What earthly use is it to send you to bed at half past ten, if you sit and ponder on the world's woes until midnight?"

"Midnight?" echoed Cynthia, lamely.

"Midnight," repeated her mother. "Twelve o'clock. It's tomorrow. Hop into bed like a good infant and I'll tuck you in."

Obediently, if resentfully, Cynthia hopped, but when her mother leaned over, she flung out her arms, wound them tightly about her neck, and pressed her hot cheek close against her mother's face, sweet and cool from cold-creaming. "Oh, Mother darling, I'm so unhappy!" she wailed, and then bit her lip tightly. She hadn't meant to say that...

Jane Perry merely held her closer. "Of course you are, my darling!" she agreed. "Of course you are!" With which extraordinary remark, she kissed her again, turned off the electric light, and closed the door gently behind her.
That was the truth Cynthia had to learn

He was very wise, an artist and married. Cynthia forgot everything except that he was a man when he leveled his flattering eyes at her bed and fell almost immediately asleep.

Mornings, of course, were different. The rising bell sounded, and from all over the house came the sounds of movement. She had to hurry through her bath and dressing, hurry through her breakfast, in order to catch up with the day. In the pensive shadows of the evening, she would wonder at this senseless display of enthusiasm for life, but in the sunlight, something seemed to urge her forward...

Her parents and Patty were already at the breakfast table; a stack of letters rested beside Jane Perry's place, and between turning the bread on the electric toaster, pouring coffee, and sending swiftly appraising glances about the table, she opened and glanced through them.

"Ho!" she said suddenly, turning to her husband. "Letter from Margaret De Hart, Gordon. She says that she and Max are arriving the seventeenth for a week with us — Good Lord, that's today!"

Gordon Perry groaned. "I do love Margaret," he said, "but does she have to bring that swine with her?"

His wife grinned. "Gordon, how can you speak so of the artist? Yes, of course she has to, or she wouldn't! I wrote her that if she could possibly drown him before, I'd be that grateful. It'll be heavenly to have her here."

Patty looked at her mother reprovingly. "Did you really say that to Aunt Margaret, Mother?"

"I really did," her mother answered, gravely. "But as I've told you before, Pat, you're never to pattern your conduct on mine."

Patty shrugged delicately. "May I be excused, please?" She stood up, taller than either Cynthia or her mother, charming in an orange sweater and striped sport-skirt. "I'm going over to Dell Wheeler's to play tennis."

Gordon Perry turned to his youngest daughter. "Thank God, I have one child who prefers me to the younger generation! Take me on for a couple of sets, Cynthia, after I've read the paper?"

Cynthia nodded and sat listening to her parents' conversation. She wanted to know why they didn't like Aunt Margaret's husband, but at the same time she didn't want to hear. Grown [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

For a few minutes Cynthia lay rigid, considering her mother. Then, "Midnight!" she repeated in a whisper. "A sob—a secret sob—at midnight!" With muffled movements, she turned on the light, tiptoed to her desk where the extinguished candles still smouldered, and pulled the scarlet-covered book from its hiding-place.

"A secret sob at midnight," she wrote, blotted the page, and returned the book to its place. With a smile of morbid satisfaction, she crept back into
THE NATIONAL GUIDE TO MOTION PICTURES

The Shadow Stage

A Review of the New Pictures

**THE ENEMY—M.-G.-M.**

This picture offers the most stirring anti-war propaganda ever filmed, yet maintains a heart interest which will thrill you during every moment. Not just another war yarn. Not a trench scene in the entire picture; not a gun fired; not a bayonet shown. It is the woman’s side of war.

Lillian Gish ceases to be the ethereal goddess. She is an every-day woman who sacrifices her man, her child and finally her honor, for the necessity rather than glory of battle.

As the Austrian bride of an Austrian soldier she proves that she is a really great actress. Her love scenes with Ralph Forbes are superb with genuine emotion; her sufferings as realistically tragic as though she had lived behind the German trenches.

A happy ending; but not a happy ending which spoils the realism. Men did return from battle.

**GET YOUR MAN—Paramount**

Men have called Clara Bow irresistible and women admit it. In this picture she demonstrates her continued adroitness. Clara and Buddy Rogers meet accidentally in a wax-works museum in Paris and become so engrossed in one another that they are unmindful of the passing time and are locked in that night. In the morning, he tells her of his engagement to another. Does she give him up? I should say not! Josephine Dunn plays the demure girl who has long been engaged to Buddy. Josef Swickard and Harry Clarke are splendid actors, well cast. Charles Rogers has a boyish appeal that is winning him many friends. This story may be fragile but the photography is beautiful and Clara continues to charm and fascinate.

**GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Paramount**

Whether or not you read Anita Loos's laugh provoking “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,” you are certain to go into ecstasies when you witness the picturization of the tale. It is sure to be one of the outstanding comedy screen successes of 1928. First, because it is a laugh compelling tale of a beautiful but far from dumb gold digger, who took men like Grant took Richmond. Only much faster! Her triumphant climb from a small Arkansas town to Little Rock, Hollywood, New York, and, finally, Paris, along a road that she left strewn with shattered hearts and swains from whom she had painlessly extracted jewels and gowns and the wherewith to make it possible for her to live and pursue her educational quest, is absorbingly pictured.

Second, because it will bring to you a new screen personality in Ruth Taylor as Lorelei Lee. You are going to love her. She was selected for the role after a nation-wide search and proves herself so capable an actress in this role that she has been placed under a long term contract by Paramount. The fat laugh lines are in the very capable hands of Alice White, the living embodiment of Dorothy.

Ford Sterling as the Chicago Button King will cause you to laugh until you cry, and Mack Swain will make you laugh some more. Holmes Herbert as the eligible millionaire bachelor gives a great performance. Chester Conklin and Trixie Fričanza add to the gaiety. Mal St. Clair has turned out a delightfully handled production that keeps him in the forefront of directors. Atop of all this, the picture is titled by Anita Loos, an assurance of an evening of laughter.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES  CHICAGO
THE ENEMY  GET YOUR MAN
LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED
VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

The Best Performances of the Month
Ruth Taylor in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
Phyllis Haver in "Chicago"
Lillian Gish in "The Enemy"
Junior Coghlan in "Gallagher"
Fay Wray in "The Legion of the Condemned"
Gary Cooper in "The Legion of the Condemned"
Ford Sterling in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
William Haines in "West Point"
Virginia Bradford in "The Wreck of the Hesperus"
Lupe Velez in "Stand and Deliver"
Holmes Herbert in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 142

THE LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED—Paramount

This picture has been heralded as the companion to "Wings." Emotionally it is above "Wings." The leading roles are played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and the combination is one that the public will love.

"The Legion of the Condemned" is a French flying Escadrille during the world war. Like the Foreign Legion, composed of men who wanted to die to forget their past. Francis McDonald, E. H. Calvert, Lane Chandler, Charlotte Bird and others do excellent work. Barry Norton does a bit that will touch the heart of every woman. There are some tremendous aerial combat scenes and, when the heroine stands before a firing squad of Germans, the suspense is terrific.

Because William Wellman flew over the lines ten years ago he knew just how to direct this picture.

CHICAGO—Pathe-De Mille

The story of a girl, Rosie Hart (played by Phyllis Haver), who was all wrong... not a redeeming characteristic. Briefly, the story of a married woman, who is not satisfied with what her husband can give her, and selects herself a man on the side to furnish the luxuries. When this man tires of her, she kills him. The husband (Victor Varconi) would take the blame, but the law tries her for the murder. To Rosie Hart, being featured as "Chicago's most beautiful murderer" was worth anything. It mattered not that her husband had to sacrifice, borrow and steal to raise money for her defense.

Never for a moment is she played for sympathy and yet she is so beautiful that you never want to see her suffer—even when she is cruel, when she is selfish, when she cheats her husband, and even when she commits murder.

Lenore Coffee has done a beautiful piece of work in adapting this play for the screen, and Cecil De Mille's supervision is evident throughout the picture. Frank Urson's direction needs commendation, too. Victor Varconi does his very best work, and that in a very difficult rôle.

Robert Edeson, as Defense Attorney, T. Roy Barnes as a reporter, Gene Pallette as the man she killed, May Robson as the matron, Virginia Bradford, Josephine Norman and others do work worthy of mention, but, after all, the picture belongs to Phyllis Haver, who gives a marvelous characterization. We agree with Mr. De Mille that she is his greatest "find" since Gloria Swanson. Of course, nobody will miss seeing "Chicago."

THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS—First National

Peter B. Kyne's thrilling story has been graphically reproduced, with Milton Sills starring and Doris Kenyon playing the feminine lead. George Fawcett plays a lumberman who pioneered in the Big Tree country and eventually built a town around him. His adored son, done by Milton, goes away to be educated, and on his return he finds his father blind and all of the property encumbered. It becomes necessary for Milton to build another railroad. The fight between Milton and Paul Hurst is one of the most thrilling ever put on the screen. The wrecking of a lumber train is another harrowing experience. Delightful comedy is at our heart by George Stone. George Fawcett does excellent work. Doris looks beautiful.
Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

**THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS**—Pathe-De Mille
**THE LOVE MART**—First National

Remember "Down to the Sea in Ships"? Elmer Clifton, the man who made that classic, transformed Longfellow's poem into celluloid. The sea storm is superb, a glorious motion picture achievement. Virginia Bradford is lovely as the captain's daughter. Here she proves to be one of the most promising young people in the films. They have changed Longfellow's verse, but you will like the spirit of the sea.

**LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT**—M.-G.-M.
**WEST POINT**—M.-G.-M.

Lon Chaney has the stellar role in this mystery drama and the disguise he uses while ferreting out the murder is as gruesome as any he has ever worn. The story attempts to prove that a murderer, when hypnotized, will enact every detail of his crime. The suspense is marvelously sustained. Chaney plays a dual role, and, when conventionally clad, is a little less convincing than usual. In the other role, perfect.

**FRENCH DRESSING**—First National
**STAND AND DELIVER**—Pathe-De Mille

Following so closely upon De Mille's "Dress Parade," we are compelled to note the similarity between the two pictures. Both make desperate effort to correctly portray "The Spirit of the Corps" and both succeed. Bill Haines' starring vehicle is a comedy drama and treats everything in a humorous vein in the beginning, getting many laughs. It winds up with the Army-Navy game. Joan Crawford is Bill's sweetheart.

Rod La Rocque offers his services to the French Army to help capture a noted Greek bandit, a bandit who says "Stand and deliver." Rod was never more lovable, and Lupe Velez, the girl who finally interests Rod, proves without question that she has a permanent place on the screen. She is a combination of Dolores Del Rio and Olive Borden, with something which neither of them has.
of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**GALLAGHER—Pathe—De Mille**

**SERENADE—Paramount**

**BECKY—M.-G.-M.**

**PAJAMAS—Fox**

**LEGIONNAIRES IN PARIS—FBO**

**HER WILD OAT—First National**

**RICHARD HARDING DAVIS’** story pictured. Junior Coghlan, as office boy for a big newspaper, covers himself with glory. He appoints himself partner of one of the police reporters (Harrison Ford). The detective work he does; his naturalness in his fear, and yet his courage withal, will win him an abiding place in the hearts of boys from eight to sixteen. Junior will be a tremendous hit before he knows it.

**ERNEST VAJDA**, the Hungarian, has given Menjou a different type of vehicle. A musician in Vienna, Menjou gets the inspiration for his first operetta from Gretchen (the beautiful Kathryn Carver), and names it for her. By the time it is produced, they are married and his interest has wandered to his dancer (Lina Basquette). When Kathryn learns of this, the trouble begins. Consistently good work by all three.

**OLIVE BORDEN** is a pampered society cut-up who insists on playing practical jokes on the hero. And seeing they have no effect, she up and kidnaps him in her aeroplane. Through an accident they land in God’s country—the Northern woods. Their simple living makes the gal realize what a selfish cuss she has been and then the familiar fadeout. Very, very silly, that’s our opinion.

For real laughter, see this. Comedy as is comedy combined with authentic views of the American Legion Convention’s conquest of Paris last summer make a bouncing burlesque of war’s aftermath. Al Cook and Kit Guard are two visiting Legionnaires who believe they are pursued by the police because of being implicated in a fake murder when really the police are chasing them to decorate them for saving a general’s life.

**MARY LOU SMITH’s** legacy from her father was a portable lunch wagon, a dog, and lots of ambition. One day she took her savings and went for a two weeks’ vacation at a fashionable beach resort, at $30 per day. Then the complications begin. Colleen Moore, as Mary Lou, tugs at our heart strings. Don’t miss this delightful comedy-drama.

[Additional reviews on page 81]
The True

Few men work as hard or wait as long for success as Lon Chaney. Read this triumphant chapter in the career of the movies' mystery man

By Ruth Waterbury

Bloodhound of the North and they finally handed Lon Chaney a scarlet coat and let him be a Northwest Mounted Policeman in the distant background.

"Even among all those other terrible actors I couldn't be important," Lon explained. "The only person who was aware of my existence was myself."

The sole movie pioneer who today ranks among the first ten at the box office, and that entirely on program pictures, sat with me under an arbor on the back lot of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. "The Hypnotist" had been finished that morning, completed as nearly all Chaney pictures are, a week ahead of schedule. It was the final talk we were to have together, but in contrast to my sense of disappointment Lon was volatile and gay.

"Tonight I start out for the high Sierras," Lon crowed. "No shaving, no make-up, no interviewers for four long lazy weeks. We take a stove along and the wife cooks the fish I catch. We sleep under the pines and I try to climb high enough to reach the snows. Camping's the biggest kick in life for me."

The reward of the long, long struggle. "The Miracle Man" was Lon's life miracle turning him from failure to fame

Lon Chaney was the second of four children born to deaf and dumb parents. The year was 1883, the town, Colorado Springs, Colo., and Lon's father was a barber.

By the time the boy had reached the fourth grade, his mother had become an invalid, her speaking hands locked powerless by rheumatism. Lon stayed home to do the housework. He got no more schooling, but through the necessity of talking to and understanding his mother he unconsciously learned the art of pantomime.

When the younger children had grown strong, he started working. He was a guide up Pike's Peak, a carpet layer, a decorator's apprentice, a mine worker, a prop boy, a nineteen-year-old barnstormer.

Mankind found him touring the kerosene circuit of shabby honky-tonks, getting stranded in God-forgotten villages, being broke in Chicago and while hunting engagements, he and his young wife were often close to starving. Nine struggling years later he was still a ham comedian in a five-a-day musical comedy house on Los Angeles' Main Street and by every law of reasoning and common sense he had no right to expect anything at all from the movie profession on which he took a gamble in the late days of 1912.

A MAN, drab and weary after thirty years' struggle, stood outside the casting office of the young Universal Film Company. Never handsome, his clothes far from flattering, the daily battle for existence was written large upon him.

He was hunting a day's work. He hadn't even the satisfaction of being unknown. He had worked on the Universal lot for more than a year. But he still had to beg for every bit he got.

The picture that morning—they made a new one every third day—was "The..."
Most creative artists have dual personalities, but in few men are they so sharply marked as in Lon. I was seeing this afternoon the quiet, successful man of property. His very clothes expressed his relaxation. His grey sack suit was carelessly worn. His hands, which are so rarely still, worked around the edge of a grey cap. Earlier that day I had sat on "The Hypnotist" set watching Lon enact a monster creeping through a fearful room. Then he had worn a black frock coat and a high black hat. He had a wig that matted greyly about his shoulders and from his slobbering mouth pointed teeth gleamed and tears of agony flowed from his awful, distended eyes.

For nearly an hour it seemed impossible for a human body to suffer severer torture than that to which Lon subjected himself in order to gain that effect with his eyes. I promised him not to reveal the make-up trick, yet it would make little difference to the profession if I did, for few men could have endured it. Yet in this visible suffering Lon was plainly an artist in the exquisite travail of creation. To endure pain for his work brought him strange joy. Now, with the character creation ended, he was just a good business man who had done his job and was off for a rest. It even made reminiscing almost agreeable to him.

"I alternated between comedies and one-reel Westerns at Universal," Lon recalled. "We slapped pictures together in two days to a week. I must have been in at least a hundred. Only a few names stick. I remember a Joker comedy called, 'Back to Life,' another titled 'Red Margaret.' I was a moonshiner hidden among the rocks in that one. The chief thing for me was that I got three dollar checks daily and that occasionally they were worth that.

"The movies had their forces at work but none of us quite sensed the gigantic thing we were mixed up with. Some of the troupe were getting somewhere, but I wasn't in that class. The big stars on our lot were J. Warren Kerrigan and Jeanie [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]"
The first movie close-up of the face that launched a flying ship. Ruth embodies all that the American girl typifies. She’s courageous, daring, independent, self-reliant, beautiful, healthy and young.

Ever since her fearless flight across the Atlantic, her thrilling rescue and her international fame, whether Ruth Elder would screen has been a question in motion picture circles. Accordingly, Photoplay engaged Vandamm, the photographer—motion picture make-up expert, to give Ruth a Kleig complexion and staged these portraits to determine if her face was suitable for pictures.

Like almost everyone else, Ruth’s left profile is a shade better than her right but she possesses an almost perfect “camera face”.

Age twenty-three, height five feet four, weight one hundred and seventeen pounds. Will this little girl screen? We’ll say she will.
CAMILLA HORN, the Gretchen of "Faust," was imported from Germany to play opposite John Barrymore in "Cellini." Barrymore was so impressed with her upon her arrival, that he substituted her for Dorothy Sebastian in "The Tempest," thereby necessitating a complete retaking of the picture.
RUTH TAYLOR as that perfect bride of the reformer, Mr. Spoffard of Pennsylvania.
In this gorgeous gown, Lorelei Lee marches straight to the altar and the rewards of virtue. In "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," of course.
HAY! Hay! Love among the rural Russians, as portrayed by Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in "The Cossacks." It's a story of the peasant classes and these two players know all the Steppes.
A woman war worker found this little orphan in the fighting zone ten years ago. Mrs. de Lacy adopted him, took him to Hollywood and Philippe has repaid her by becoming one of the most eloquent and appealing child actors.
Greta Garbo and John Gilbert

Off again, on again—Greta and John again—
How they have stirred up the news for awhile!
Making the critics first sigh with them, die with them,
Making the cynical smile!

Off again—on again—Greta and John again,
They say it's over now—let that be true!
Let's hear some other, more staple love stories,
At least they'll be new!

Lillian Gish Makes a Move

With United Artists, Lillian has signed,
And the figure on her checks
Would strike an extra blind.

She has signed for iron men,
Ten thousand of them strong,
And they'll come to her every week
For Heaven knows how long!

“Gentleman of Paris”

They'll be married in France,
In April—
(Not the first, that crack is out!)
Every one now has French weddings,
Wonder what it's all about?

Mrs. H. Wallis

Louise Fazenda's comedy,
Has gotten her in many a part,
But this new rôle, it seems to me,
Came to her solely from her heart!

Give the Little Girl a Name!

King Vidor, the big director,
And Eleanor Boardman V.,
They have a bran' new daughter,
The finest you'd care to see.

But because they wanted a son, these two,
The baby hasn't a name.
And they call it Mike—and it seems to us,
That that is an awful shame!

A New Constellation

Camilla Horn of Germany,
Has taken Hollywood by storm;
It's not her flaxen hair,
my dears,
Her eyes of blue, her lovely form—

They like her in the west because—
(And, oh, this story is quite true)—
The only English words she knows
Are—“I luf you!”

Vacations

Lots of folks have sailed away
For a winter holiday.
Hanson (Lars), the Swedish boy,
Will give to the fjords some joy.
Victor Varconi will rest,
With his wife in Budapest.
Marie Prevost—shorn of ties—
Will, in Paris, rest her eyes.
All these folks have sailed away—
But we hardly think they'll stay!

PHYLIS HAVER

in the
Leading Role
of
“Chicago”

A Sunset Impression
of the Month’s Best Performance—

Cold blooded, pretty, made for love and dresses,
With baby eyes, and ice about her heart;
The crime to which her pretty mouth confesses
Is but a fragment of her life, a part
That she is playing to a man made jury
(And men have always fallen for her charm!)
Her smile could change to hope the coldest fury,
Her very voice could lead a soul to harm.

The world's her game—a game that centers round her,
A game that could be labeled solitary;
For even guilt has never really found her—
And, if it did, perhaps she wouldn't care!
With cheeks new rouged and legs in chiffon hose,
She nonchalantly hates, and kills—and goes!
"I went to bed an' dreamed I was bein' pursued by wolves with gleaming eyes like camera lens an' buffalos with three legs like movie camera tripods"

CHAPTER II

MAKIN' a million dollars ain't much of a job as jobs go nowadays, but at the time of which I'm a writin', an' to me, the trail a leadin' to my million looked a long an' rough ridin' road.

Still, I didn't feel downhearted because my first million in killin' wolves for a movin' picture concern hadn't turned out so well.

I just naturally figured that I'd taken the wrong fork of the trail an' been ridin' along the river road when I should have been higher up, a headin' over the hog-backs.

So far as I was concerned the picture game hadn't been so good, an' starin' me in the face was my job to get that million an' head back to Texas where I belonged an' where I promised my mother I'd fetch it.

About this time I did a heap of thinkin' as all the time the idea kept a sneakin' in that mebbe this young studio gent wasn't so heavily bankrolled as his partner had promised.

"Have you got a million dollars?" I busted in cold when the next day, he offered me another job, a doublin' his leadin' man.

"Got what?" he says, surprised like, "sure I ain't got
Million

By Tom Mix

continues the story of his quest came sheriff of Dewey, Oklahoma

a million. If I had a million, I wouldn't be stickin' around here—but I'm a aimin' to get a million before I quit."

Here I was hopin' to get a million out of a bird who hadn't even got one for himself. Like me, he was only a hopin'. That settled it an' night found me on a trail a headin' for Oklahoma. I still had enough money to buy a good saddle horse an' a fair outfit, so I decided I'd punch cows again until the next step toward the million had been figured out.

My first job was to ride over in the Osage country with an old friend of mine, Mike Cunyan, after some cattle he'd bought. One day, a ridin' along with the herd, we pulled up under a cottonwood tree for a little shade an' to rest our horses.

"Mike," says I, "where can you an' me get ourselves a million dollars?"

"Well, Tom," he finally says after thinkin' a bit an' brushin' some dirt from his chaps, "it's thisaway. I got an idea if you an' me will just sit here an' wait long enough, some feller will ride up an' give it to us. All we got to do is be patient an' wait."

I THOUGHT Mike was funny, an' Mike thought I was crazy, an' we rode on after our cattle. The funny part of it all an' why I mention this conversation at this time is that Mike was right—dead right—only he didn't know it. That talk took place up in a corner of what Oklahomeans today know as the Osage country—land allotted by the government to the Osage Indians. If Mike an' me had just waited on that spot an' waited long enough an' in the meantime acquired title to ten or a dozen acres of it, today we'd have many millions.

That day Mike an' me was a talkin' that funny talk, we was a sittin' right on top of millions—on land that later proved the richest oil field of the Osage country, which means richer territory than any other section of all Oklahoma.

We was right on top of millions, an' as many another man unknowin'ly has done, gone wildgoose chasin' somewhere else an' in another direction a leavin' the million behind him. Many a man is rich an' don't know it.

Next day in a little town in the Osage called Grey Horse, Mike an' me sighted a coupla fellers who reined up as they saw us an' turned their horses down toward the Hominy Flats. We noticed that one of 'em was a ridin' a light sorrel an' the other a black horse. At the time, their turnin' seemed sort of queer, but we didn't pay much attention to it.

When we got back into Ponca, a feller at the corral told how two men, the day before, had stuck up the bank in Dewey, Oklahoma, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]
A Lady

The Hollywood Boulevardier returns to PHOTOPLAY with his impressions of Aileen Pringle

By Herbert Howe

I WAS one of the first to give her title. After the New York showing of "Three Weeks" I panted to PHOTOPLAY's belfry and proclaimed her The First Lady of the screen. The title was ambiguous and drew me buck-shot. But that's immaterial.

As soon as I could pack I left for Hollywood, though that likewise is nobody's business, and I only mention it to show that I've been authoring round Pringle for some time.

My first impression remains as vivid as a poinsettia.

I was in a Hollywood party when Pringle entered. Pringle's entrance is something more than arrival; it's an event. The effect is that of a commanding officer entering the barracks of buck privates.

This night she was justly robed in sweeping flame.

Three youths sprang forward to arrange the train—others quickly gravitated—and soon there was a court.

It's always so, wherever Pringle sits there the throne is—and there the courtiers gather. Her popularity with women does not obviously follow. She's known to give dinners where all guests are male.

In Pringle's lure for authors her dinners are not to be ignored. True, authors no longer starve unanimously in garrets, this being the day of "movie rights;" nevertheless it's safe to say that mortal man, literate

Aileen Pringle is suspected of being a decoy employed by producers to meet all visiting authors

PRINGLE leaned over the luncheon table and swatted a fly on my chest. The fly expired and went to heaven. Presently his pal appeared for obsequies and buzzed mournfully around my head.

Pringle sprang up and whammed the air with an expert hand. The fly went West to join his buddy.

"Can't stand 'em," said Pringle. "They give me fits."

The beach club where we were lunching had hitherto been considered fashionable. It was Pringle's first appearance there. If anyone recognized the Author's Favorite in the person of the divine fly huntress I dare say his preconception underwent a swift reform.

She's suspected of being a decoy employed by producers to meet all incoming trains bearing Authors. Those who might pan Hollywood go back to praise Pringle, and Will Hays never served the home town better.

This intimation gives Pringle the furies. "Bon Dieu!" she cries or lusty equivalent on being placarded Favorite of the Literati or High Priestess of Highbrowism. "Can't they understand that these writers happen to be my friends?"

Nevertheless the legend endures: Pringle is an institution and Pringleing a cult.

Club ladies come in delegations to view her reverentially. They all but lay a wreath. "It would be a terrible blow to come all the way to Hollywood and not see the Pringle."

"Jesu!" cries the Pringle, a clutch at her hair. "I feel like Grant's tomb."

"Make me a homelike picture," said Aileen Pringle, and Cedric Gibbons furnished a study of a recent sash-weight murder.
or illiterate, rarely partakes of such Lucullan fare. The daughter of a French mother, Aileen rates culinary genius among the gifts from God, and so her cuisine remains intact through all servant revolutions.

I received a royal command for dinner on the eve of one of her sudden departings for New York; suddenness amounts to regularity with Pringie, especially as regards her departures East.

The only other guests were her mother, whom she celebrates as "Julie," and Cedric Gibbons, the art director.

Pringie was in pajamas and pearls, and it was easy to see why she is the authors' favorite, authors being by profession the most discerning people.

She wears silk pajamas for tennis and achieves dinner dress by the simple addition of a string of pearls.

"I HAVE an offer to play Caterina Sforza in a new stage play," she said. "What do you think?"

Caterina was one of the girls I had forgot. With help I recalled a fifteenth century lady who captured the Castle of St. Angelo and wouldn't yield even to the pope until her husband made her.

Back home in Forli, where the Mussolins now reside, she held her castle single-handed against terrific opposition. Upon her refusal to surrender, the besiegers threatened to bash the daylights out of her kiddies, whom they had in their power.

Caterina's reply was to the effect that she intended to hang on to her property, kiddies or no kiddies, as real estate values were sure to rise. Any reader of Arthur Brisbane's column will appreciate the foresight of this medieval dame. The enemy slew her husband before her unblinking eyes; a few weeks later Caterina ran amuck and killed the conspirators, their wives, children and dogs. Nor is this just Hollywood gossip.

Caterina, like Pringie, was a forthright lady, dominant, fearless and sufficient.

"She had only one eye and went about slitting throats," added Pringie. "Oh, I think she's elegant!"

When Pringie presides in the red patent leather chair of her library—her conversation room, rather, since the autographed volumes [continued on page 90]
The story of a girl who jumped overboard for fifty dollars—and couldn’t swim

BABY doll girls off the set!

An assistant director megaphoned the order and a sextette in checked gingham rompers and half socks danced off camera left.

Five-sixths of the sextette put down their slates and took out cigarettes or make-up. The other sixth perched herself on a ladder alongside Stage 3, her slim, little girl legs dangling in rhythm with the syncopated wails of the jazz band.

The set represented an imaginative director’s dream of an exotic night club. Smooth, satin shoulders gleamed above abbreviated evening gowns. Weary eyes flashed promises they luckily would not be asked to keep. Tired hands applauded the hard working entertainers.

But the little girl on the ladder saw none of this. She gave but a passing glance to the slim loveliness of Miss Radia Benson, the star, who had danced into the spotlight in a hazardous bathing suit on which ten thousand—or maybe it was two thousand—seed pearls had been sewn. Mary Rose saw only the salads on the table in the foreground. Oh, the most beautiful salads—the reddest tomatoes, peaked with goldeny mayonnaise—nestling on little beds of crisp green lettuce leaves. Tomato surprise it must be. Tomatoes would be ripe now in her garden back home...

She looked with wistful longing at the trays heaped with tempting little sandwiches, cut in squares, oblongs, triangles, and tried to forget that her dinner the night before had been a stale doughnut and half a bottle of milk; that her breakfast had been a still staler doughnut and the other half of the milk.

Mary Rose had been one of those Cherryvale, Iowa, girls whom everybody said ought to be in the movies.
Why, with her lovely hair and her big blue eyes, she might be another Mary Pickford. Mary Rose dreamed of her name in electric lights—saw herself photographed at her breakfast table, or stepping into her car, with dozens of newspaper reporters begging to know just how she kept her figure, and her peachbloom complexion.

And so her father, instead of buying a new flivver with his spring chicken money, was persuaded to buy his little Mary Rose a ticket to the cinema gold coast. She had never let him know that it was a heartbreak coast to which she had come; that for every extra girl’s job there were six thousand girls waiting; that just being a pretty little blonde didn’t count for anything at all. At a moment’s notice a casting director could summon dozens of girls who would duplicate her in size, coloring, accomplishments. Casting offices were glutted with youth and beauty.... There had been days when Mary Rose had wished for a hairlip—or cross eyes—anything to make her stand out in a crowd. Each letter from home begging to know just when her pictures would be coming to Cherryvale became increasingly difficult to answer. She lived on the stories of extra girls who had been made overnight and the exhilarating hope that at any moment it might happen to her.

Reluctantly, Mary Rose forced her eyes away from the tantalizing salads and tried to concentrate on Radia Benson as her dance came to its whirlwind finish.

"Cut!" yelled the director.

"Hold your positions!" echoed the assistant director.

"Still cameras!"

Kleig lights flickered out and the erstwhile night club devotees rose wearily...
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Is Extended to February 15th—Interesting Activities of Amateur Clubs

The $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest of PHOTOPLAY will close on February 15th. The original closing date—of December 31st—was extended to meet the many requests of PHOTOPLAY readers.

Many schools and organizations have been preparing contest films and the Christmas holidays naturally interfered with the completion of these efforts. Then, too, Christmas shopping held up many individual contestants. In response to the pleas of these readers the closing date of the contest was moved to February 15th.

This gives you a further chance to win fame and a substantial reward, as well as another opportunity to help the advancement of amateur cinematography. Remember, your efforts are to be used by the Amateur Cinema League to study amateur progress and to develop a definite amateur standard.

Plans are under way to show the winning films throughout the country. Future issues of PHOTOPLAY will tell more about these plans.

SINCE PHOTOPLAY, less than a year ago, inaugurated its amateur movie department the amateur club movement has grown with great strides. Upwards of thirty important groups are now engaged in photoplay production.

These organizations are, broadly, divided into two classes. There are photoplay making clubs, such as The Little Screen Players of Boston, the Cinema Crafters of Philadelphia, the Cinema Guild of Milwaukee, and there are amateur cinematographers such as the Movie Makers Club of Chicago, the Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club and the Movie Club of Western Massachusetts.

In presenting its news of amateur club activities, PHOTOPLAY has the cooperation of the Amateur Club Department of the Amateur Cinema League, with headquarters at 105 West 40th Street, New York.

A MATEUR movie makers in the national capital have organized under the leadership of John W. Thompson, a prominent Washington business man. Since Washington amateurs include such men as General Edgar Saltzman, chief of the Army Signal Corps, Tris Speaker, and Walter Tuckerman, the amateur golfer, the prospects of the Washington club are unusually bright.

A state amateur organization has been launched in California. Charles S. Morris, of San Francisco, has sent out an announcement of the Amateur Movie Makers of California. He estimates Central California amateurs to be in the neighborhood of 2,500.

"Framed" is the photoplay recently produced by the motion picture division of the Players Club of the Roosevelt High School of Des Moines, Iowa. Charles J. Luthe, Jr., is cameraman and director of this group, which includes Charlotte Thomas, Mary Currier, Clarence Cooper, Gilbert Carr, Henry Martin and Frederick Bauder. Miss Currier has just withdrawn to go to Hollywood, where she will be.

Mary Currier and Gilbert Carr in a scene of "Framed," made by a Des Moines High School

Full Rules of PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest on Page 135
Neena Quartaro was one of many candidates. Then came discovery!

By Ruth Biery

A WEARY eyed director watched the bits of film being flashed on the screen in the dark projection room.

Seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety girls walked, sat down, twisted and turned, one after another, before him. Girls well known in the motion picture profession; girls who had never before had a test shown.

"Surely one of these will do?" an assistant said.

"Do—Do! I don't want a girl who will do! I want a girl who will fit the part to perfection!" And the director relaxed in disgust to watch the rest of the parade flash before him.

The one hundred mark was reached; the one hundred five—one hundred six; one hundred seven—

"Wait!" The man jumped to his feet, pushed the buzzer connecting with the camera operator.

"Run that one hundred seventh girl over again. Run her several times. That's it; again—Who is she? Never mind, whoever she is, send her to me."

And in less than an hour a diminutive young lady with sloe-black hair, naturally curly; huge eyes of the same color; a full-lipped mouth, slightly pouty; a well-bosomed but dainty figure, stood before him.

Three days later James Cruze had signed Neena Quartaro to play as his "find" in "The Red Mark"; had signed her on a five year optional contract—as the first woman he had ever discovered.

For, although James Cruze directed "The Covered Wagon," "Old Ironsides," "The Pony Express" and many other [CONT. ON PAGE 120]
Let Photoplay

Thousands of readers are

The nightgown at the left is a marvelous value because it is of a good quality crepe de chine and simply but becomingly trimmed with Irish lace; comes in flesh, peach, nile and orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. Price $3.95

Right—This enchanting set consisting of step-in panties on fitted yoke and snug fitting bandeau exemplifies the mode for smart lingerie. In flesh, peach or nile crepe de chine with pretty thread lace trimming. Sizes 32, 34 and 36. Moderately priced at $2.95

At left—a tricky little smock—one of the prettiest we have seen. It is of cotton broadcloth with embroidery extending above the pockets, and the sleeves are raglan style to insure a good fit. Sizes small, medium and large. Colors: Rose, tan, peach, blue and green. Priced at $1.98

The above girdle of heavy satin with elastic side sections is slightly boned back and front, with the opening on the side, and is especially adaptable for the slim miss and small woman. Sizes 26 to 32. In flesh only. Price $1.95

For those who prefer pajamas—at the left a charming pair of broadcloth are shown. The coat has a monogrammed pocket and the trousers are on a fitted belt. In flesh, peach, nile or orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. Price $2.50
Delighted with this service

How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: 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.

The dress of linen at right with hand drawn work and embroidery will delight the stay-at-homes as well as those who can enjoy southern climate. Colors: Maize, white, blue, green and orchid. Sizes 36 to 44. Price $5.00

The lines of the frock at right are remarkably youthfull. The blouse is trimmed with hand smocking and embroidered tab—skirt has graceful shirring in front with pockets attached to belt. Designed for sizes 16 to 40. In navy blue, tan, red or French blue crepe de chine with pipings of contrasting colors. Only $8.95

The one-piece frock at right is fashioned of crepe de chine with pleats extending down the front. In black or navy with red and tan applique on peasant style sleeves, or in green or Chin Chin blue with darker shade of applique. Sizes 16 to 40. Price $8.95

Directly above is pictured two-piece frock of heavy crepe de chine nicely tailored and trimmed with hand fagoting on collar, cuffs and pockets. In Alice blue, cocoa brown and almond green. Sizes 14 to 40. $15.95
When the Doctors Disagree

Why producers go crazy when they read criticisms

"MY BEST GIRL"

"It was wisdom that chose Kathleen Norris' naïve tale as the next story for Mary Pickford. 'My Best Girl' offers her opportunity for the sort of thing she has done best and which she will continue to do best." JOSPEH MCELLIOTT, N. Y. Daily Mirror.

"THE HARVESTER"

"The Harvester' is a rare example of how bad a picture can be. . . . Improvable, unconvincing and at times revolting." JOSPEH MCELLIOTT, N. Y. Daily Mirror.

"THE LAST WALTZ"

"The Last Waltz' . . . is charmingly conceived, directed with a certain sophistication and boasts camera angles galore." IRENE THRER, N. Y. Daily News.

"LOVE"

"Love,' the most exquisitely beautiful thing the screen has offered since Murnau's 'Sunrise,' enraptured a premiere audience at the Embassy Theater last evening." IRENE THRER, N. Y. Daily News.

"THE COLLEGE WIDOW"

"Dolores Costello is only occasionally pensive and manages to capture the comedy spirit so successfully that one might easily believe her to be a graduate of the Sennett school." REGINA CANNON, N. Y. American.

"BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE"

"We have found a man whom we think, perhaps we are going to care for as much as we cared for Rudolph Valentino. It was the quiet humor thing that attracted us to Valentino. . . . And that quality Don Alvarado possesses to a marked degree." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

"IN OLD KENTUCKY"

"In Old Kentucky' may have been a good play. It isn't a good picture." HARRIETTE UNDERHILL, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

"HULA"

"Miss Bow is as seductive as ever—a bit more so, in fact, for she has toned down her makeup and her lips no longer suggest that she had applied her cosmetics with a large and unruly mop." JOHN S., New York Sun.

Playwright (after the play): "What did you think of my scene in 'Hell's Pit'?
"Oh, Jack, I thought it was just heavenly!"
D o you want to send a Valentine that will be really appreciated? Would you like to serve something different in the way of a sweet at a Valentine party?

If you want a Valentine that carries a sweet message, I recommend Hungarian Honey Cakes. The recipe for these delicious cakes was contributed to Photoplay's Cook Book by Maria Corda, the Hungarian star of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Try making them and sending them to your friends instead of the more conventional and less substantial Valentine of paper.

The joy of these cakes is that, if they are kept carefully covered, they will remain fresh indefinitely. And, of course, they are delicious to eat.

Here is the recipe:

\[
\begin{align*}
1 \frac{1}{2} \text{ lbs. honey} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup candied and chopped citron peel} \\
8 \text{ cups flour} & \quad 3 \text{ eggs} \\
1 \text{ level cup sugar} & \quad 1 \frac{1}{2} \text{ teaspoons cinnamon} \\
1 \frac{1}{2} \text{ cups blanched and chopped almonds} & \quad \frac{1}{2} \text{ teaspoon powdered cloves} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ lemon} & \quad 3 \text{ level teaspoons baking powder}
\end{align*}
\]

Bring honey to a boiling point, then skim and take from fire. When cool add one pound of the flour and set overnight in a cool place. Next day beat up eggs with sugar, add almonds, citron peel, spices and baking powder, grated rind and strained juice of the lemon. To this add the honey dough, mix well and add remainder of flour, or sufficient to make a dough that can be easily rolled out with a rolling pin.

Take a small part of dough (leave the remainder in a cool place), roll it out thin and cut in heart shapes. Lay on greased tin and bake in a hot oven until crisp. Repeat this process until the dough is all used.

In Photoplay's Cook Book you will find twenty-three other recipes for sweets, among the one hundred unusual dishes chosen by the screen stars. In the kettle at the bottom of the page, you will find full directions on how to obtain this unusual cook book. Send for it and get the choice recipes of the best cooks in Hollywood.

Carolyn Van Wyck
She

CALLED

HERSELF

SONIA

Jeanne Williams, extra girl, acquired a foreign accent and landed a contract

By Carroll Graham

Broke, discouraged and blue, Jeanne decided that the screen held nothing for her. She decided to return to New York and "The Follies."

Then her first break arrived in the person of an agent, sent to her by a mutual friend. Jeanne had no faith in the agent's ability to get her any sort of work. On the spur of the moment she adopted her mother's maiden name, "Sonia Karlov," and an accent along with it. The agent fell for it, so Jeanne continued to build the hoax as she went along, acquiring a romantic European background, an early life in Berlin, Paris and Vienna, and all the trimmings of a highly colorful past.

The agent arranged with William Sistrom, general manager of the De Mille studios, for a film test, and Jeanne, still with her accent and her foreign mannerisms, went through the test with flying colors. De Mille saw the test and in it Jeanne's charm and personality.

THE contract followed. With it came a lot of trouble. Sonia began to get publicity. She began to run into many people she had known as Jeanne Williams. And she began to meet Danish folk, who were probably somewhat curious.

Fearing that De Mille might be incensed at her deceit and break the contract, she continued to build and build on her magnificent hoax. She succeeded in convincing many persons who had known her as Jeanne Williams that she never really was Jeanne Williams at all. But the strain of being [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]
POND'S opens its Letter Box to you

BEAUTY'S but skin-deep? "That's deep enough for me," a witty young woman once declared. Pond's Letter Box attests that countless others, young and old, agree with her.

From every state in the Union women write us delightful "thank you letters," enthusiastic in appreciation of Pond's Two Creams. And how varied the writers—from eastern farm and western ranch, from northern prairie and southern cotton-field, pretty girls in society, business women, writers, world-travelers.

Pond's Creams—so inexpensive yet so fine that they are favorites of the aristocracy—win honorable mention for distinguished service "in all climates, from Duluth, 42 degrees below zero—to Texas 105 degrees above;" in "bitter frosts," in "driving winds," in "brilliant suns," in "alkali dust!"

"I'm not a society lady, far from it!" one charming letter from Colorado begins. "I live on a ranch, am out all day, face unprotected from stinging winds. Yet—a lady asked me how I could possibly have such a smooth, soft skin. I opened my cupboard and showed her my jars of Pond's Creams!"

A Brooklyn woman has flivered four times across the continent. She says: "A University friend and I wanted to see America first-hand. We camped in every climate from the Siskiyous in January to the Desert in July. Water and alkali just ruin the skin... We found Pond's Cream a necessity of tourist equipment."

From the California Desert: "For years my skin was treated Vanishing Cream is a favorite of mine. It softens 'rusty' elbows—important with evening gowns. It keeps my hands soft and white."

A California mother uses the cream to "massage tired feet." She says: "In a few minutes we feel like dancing."

Mothers, especially prize Pond's Creams. From Maryland one writes: "I have twins, six months old. Each morning as I prepare them for their baths I cover their faces with Pond's Cold Cream. In the tube they kick and splash to their hearts' content. When I take them out their soft rosy skin has been both cleansed and protected."

A New Jersey mother says: "I have three out-of-door kiddies. You know what winds and snows do to their tender skins. Pond's Vanishing Cream has saved them hours of suffering. My little daughter has a 'fairy' skin. A good rubbing at night (legs, too) keeps her in perfect condition. Vanishing Cream does not soil the bed linen, either—an asset, I assure you!"

And so they come—letters as welcome, as kind as if from personal friends. Won't you, too, write us your experiences with Pond's Creams?

THE following is the complete Pond's method of caring for the skin. First cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove every trace of oil. Next tone and firm your skin with Pond's New Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond's Vanishing Cream for finish and protection. At night cleanse and refresh your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener. Used regularly this method brings new beauty to your skin.

NEXT! 14c Offer: Mail this coupon with fourteen cents (14c) for trial tubes of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams and enough of Pond's New Skin Freshener and Pond's New Cleansing Tissues to last you a week.

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These Two Creams are needed to cleanse and protect every normal skin

Women reveal for other women's sake experiences as varied as life itself

"I am a violinist, having difficulty with the finger tips of my left hand...
"I'm a mother of six. I look so young that when I am with my husband folks ask for an introduction to his daughter! The only explanation is Pond's Two Creams. I have used nothing else for 17 years.

"I'm not a society lady—I live on a ranch...

"Pretty Georgia girl got rid of premature wrinkles: "They made me look old. I was ready to give up in despair. A month ago I tried Pond's Cold Cream, massaging it well, leaving it several hours. Now I'm looking young once more. I'm delighted!"

"Across the States in a Ford..."
had a husband to care for her and provide for her later years.

They promised.

They were married shortly after she died.

I do not know all the story of what happened here and it is too painful for my father to speak of.

But you see my father had been terribly spoiled. He had neglected his opportunities for education and training. He often speaks sadly now of his wasted youth and I know that is what he means. He had a quick, keen mind, he had imagination, he had all the natural qualifications to make something fine of himself. But he just didn't.

His people thought him too young to marry; they realized he was not able to face the world and take care of himself and a wife. They were very unjust it seems to me, for after all his life had been in their hands. But they cast him off after his marriage.

My mother's people had gradually lost what money they had—they had never been rich—and I think my grandmother must have been the business head of the family, for after her death things went to pieces very quickly, and the home my mother had loved was sold.

So soon after they were married, my father and mother and her father moved to Brooklyn and my father started a small business there. They lived in a very small place to begin with, only two rooms, and it was hard on them both. My mother had always been accustomed to country life and she always hated the city. My father had never worked and he had always had money and attention. My grandfather was unhappy over the loss of his wife and his home and over being dependent upon them.

I do not think my mother ever loved my father. He knew it. And it made him very unhappy, for he worshipped her always. His devotion to her, his unfailing gentleness and kindness all through the years of her illness is like a miracle to me.

There were two children born before I came along, both girls. One lived two hours. One lived two days.

My mother came forth from the tragedy of that second death a woman broken in health and spirit. I don't think she ever recovered from those two terrible illnesses, nor from the sorrow and horror of losing her two first born babies.

The doctor told her she must never have any more children. And she said over and over that she didn't want any more. They might die, as her two little girls had died. They might leave her without any reward for all she had gone through, without the comfort of a baby's presence which wipes from a woman's mind the suffering of such times.

She didn't want me. Terror possessed her all the time before I was born. Would she die, as the doctor had said? Or, if she survived the ordeal that had nearly cost her her life twice before, would the baby die, as the two others had died? If so, would she lose her reason? She was almost mad with apprehension and fear.

I don't suppose two people ever looked death in the face more clearly than my mother and I the morning I was born. We were both given up, but somehow we struggled back to life.

From that day to the day she died my mother never knew a moment free from ill health of the most shattering kind. She idolized me, but with a strange, bitter love, almost as though she was afraid to love me for fear I, too, would be snatched away from her. She used to watch me when I ran about the house as a little thing, never taking her eyes off me, and in their depths were many things I was too young to read.

I loved her terribly. Her beauty to me was something divine. She had long, golden hair that hung down over her knees, the most beautiful hair I have ever seen. It shone like pure gold. I used to make up fairy stories about it. And her face was pale, almost transparent, with fine chiselled features.

The pain had worn her face thin, but it hadn't lined it, and still, to me, in spite of all that happened, the word beauty brings up a picture of my mother's white thin face under that mantle of gleaming hair. She was tall and slim and carried herself like a princess, so I think it must be true that she had good blood in her. No woman could have carried herself like that in the midst of so much misfortune unless she had.

When she was mean to me—and she often was, though I know she didn't mean to be and that it was because she couldn't help it—it broke my heart.

I wasn't a pretty child at all, in spite of the fact that both my parents were and such a contrast to each other. My mother so slim and fair, my father a squat strong man, with black hair and twinkling black eyes. My eyes were too black, and my hair was too red.

But I was sturdy and healthy. When I was little people always took me for a boy.

We lived then, and all the rest of the time we stayed in Brooklyn, in the upstairs of a house on a side street in an ordinary neighborhood. I went to the nearest public school and played in the streets like the other children. I always played with the boys. I never had any use for girls and their games. I never had a doll in all my life. But I was a good runner, I could beat most of the boys and I could pitch. When they played baseball in the evening in the streets, I was always chosen first and I pitched. I don't think I had very good clothes, they were rougher and older [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
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 allurement. 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. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

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The cigarette that leads by billions

Just to state a great truth in another way—Camel is so exactly what so many smokers want that no other brand is even a close second.

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THE SHADOW STAGE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists

THIS picture does not do Corinne Griffith justice. It hovers between drama and comedy without being either. A young girl meets the proverbial temptations of a cabaret singer; avoids them through the assistance of the wardrobe woman and goes with her benefactor to Monte Carlo. A wealth of comedy. You can guess the rest. The star makes the most of her opportunities, as does Charles Ray, who seems miscast as the young hero.

THE GAY DEFENDER—Paramount

RICHARD DIX has grown a mustache—and Spanish sideburns as Joaquin Murrietta, a Spanish outlaw. He marries his step-father's sweetheart, but why spoil your enjoyment by revealing the plot? Edmund Lowe, Leila Hyams and Gustav von Seyffertitz are the reasons why you'll spend an enjoyable hour.

THE WIZARD—Fox

If you're one of those creatures who just loves those blood-curdling mystery dramas here's your dish. Taken from the stage play "Baloo" by Gaston Leroux, it tells the story of a newspaper reporter and a clue detective who solve the mystery of—why spoil your enjoyment by revealing the plot? Edmund Lowe, Leila Hyams and Gustav von Seyffertitz are the reasons why you'll spend an enjoyable hour.

THE TIGRESS—Columbia

If you're interested in observing how remarkably Dorothy Revier resembles Gloria Swanson, this may be worth a few moments, at least. Otherwise, who wants to follow Jane Holt, but the real acting is furnished by Miss Revier and Phillippe de Lacey.

LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox

THIS is that faithful standby—clothes make the woman and get the man. Set resembled a "prow bohemian" until she was taken in hand by her girl-friend. And then, my dear, if you should see the boys. Virginia Valli plays the gal well enough but the outstanding performer is Nancy Carroll, the g.f.

THE THIRTEENTH HOUR—M.G.M.

A NOTHER mystery yarn with secret panels, trapdoors, underground passages and a series of other mysterious whatnots which the clever dog, Napoleon, also on his trail. And there you have the whole plot.

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO

They correspond to our Mounted Police. Now you know what the story is about except the locale is in Canada.

Nevertheless it is well filled with action and romance and what more does one want? Charles Byer and Patsy Ruth Miller are the lovers. Okay.

DEAD MAN'S CURVE—FBO

THIS is very poor entertainment even though Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast. Another variation of the famous motor-manic yarn that has about as much pep as a flat tire. Need more be said?

CHEATING HEATVERS—Universal

ONCE upon a time there were two bands of crooks—each one out to do the other. Now, in one band there happened to be a charming young man. As to the outcome—that's your business. Trot down to the first theater showing this, for a good time.

WOMAN WISE—Fox

WALTER PIDGENE, American Consul to Persia, went four thousand miles to get away from a woman. Then he is sent a woman assistant, who is none other than June Collyer. Of course, you know his attitude will change now. June Collyer has beauty. Walter Pidgeon and William Russell render smooth performances.

THE GIRL IN THE PULLMAN—Pathex De Mille

A NEWLY married couple on their honeymoon find themselves in the same Pullman with the groom's ex-wife and the bride's ex-beau. Surprises, and pageants, and Great Scott, and Marie Prevost, as the ex-wife, has the starrer. She is ably supported. Delightful, light entertainment.

THE SILVER SLAVE—Warners

IRENE RICH portrays a widow who has loved one man and married another for his money. She has a daughter whom she denies nothing. John McGloin is in the globetrotting villain. The mother finds it necessary to win him away from the daughter in order to expose her. Irene Rich is good, and Audrey Tornef is the daughter, does exceptionally good work.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW—Rayart

HENRY B. WALTHALL again delights with a fine portrayal. This time it is a Swedish cobbler. His chief interest is life is his daughter Dorothy. He has brought her up in strict isolation, except some association with the manicurist, Maze. On her eighteenth birthday she runs away and marries a man who deserters her the same night. Theirblems. This picture opens with a downing man. It closes as the last fingers of the hand go down under the water. Fans will not be interested in the kaleidoscopic review of Otto Matson's life, especially when so terribly over-acted.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners

A COMBINED war and aeroplane story with some old Hollywood in it. Monte Blue does a Lindbergh and flies to Paris, in just time to keep his "widow" from marrying his brother. At least, she thought she was a widow, with her husband reported lost in action and missing six years. An aeroplane costs him his memory; an aeroplane altitude flight recovers it. Program entertainment.

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling

IN this Jobjyna Ralston lets herself in for a lot of trouble when she allows a man to give her an account at a fashion shop. Since this is a nice little love story, with a happy ending, we shall not tell more. Johnny Walker makes a fine lover and Jobjyna is good.

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox

WHATSOEVER there might have been in the beginning is lost by the lagging, insipid direction. Even Olive Borden's gorgeous figure is wasted by co-stars Antonio Moreno supported Olive as well as the pictures under the conditions offered. Don't waste an evening.

CASEY JONES—Rayart

MOST people are familiar with the old song "Casey Jones," and will be expecting this story. Ralph Lewis and Kate Price do their usual good work and Jason Robards and Ann Sheridan furnish the love interest.

DISCORD—Pathex

THIS is a foreign made picture which is reputed to have cost $650,000. Lil Dagover plays a woman who is coerced into marrying a man she does not love, in order to save the family finances. Her husband (Gosta Ekman), takes her to Sweden. Life in a love district is monotonous, so she goes home for a visit and from there on the troubles begin. Strong love scenes between Lil Dagover and Gosta Ekman.

BABY MINE—M.G.M.

THIS is a gag-comedy. But uproariously funny. George K. Arthur, in order to marry his sweet little lady, must first find a husband for her older sister. He picks up Karl Dane as a life-partner for Charlotte Greenwood. Such a pair as they make!

THE LIGHTER THAT FAILED—M.G.M.

A SHORT Hal Roach comedy, starring Charlie Chase, showing how careful we should be about birthday presents. Lovely Edna Marion plays the feminine lead and Gene Paillette renders capable assistance. There are laughs enough to cure your indigestion.

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE—FBO

HOWDY folk, meet FBO's newest cowboy star—Buz Barton, the thirteen year old rodeo singing hero. The story is just plain old Wild West, but Buz's refreshing personality, his swashbuckling and big ncles will place him among the top-notchers.

WOLF FANGS—Fox

THE brutal step-father is at it again but of course the handsome Mouny steps in on time and saves the little girl. But the real hero of this piece is Ranger, another clever canine.

81
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

an' rode away with $8,500 in cash. One of the men, he said, was a ridin' a dark horse an' the other a sorrel. Instantly, I figured that in not meetin' the gents, I'd missed a good chance to add $4,250.00 to my own bankroll, a leavin' only $995.750 necessary. About that time a lot of banks had been held up in Oklahoma an' the banks an' express officials was a payin' fifteen per cent of all the money that was recovered as a reward.

Then it was that I got a letter from a man askin' me to come to Dewey, so I rode over to that town. This gent, whom I'd known for a long time, told me the Dewey bank had been twice held up, each time for a considerable sum. The people around Dewey, he went on to explain, was a withdrawin' a lot of their cash from the bank, an' others seemed to be afraid to put more in for fear they'd lose it, as in those days there was no money insurance for banks like they have today.

"Now, Tom," this Dewey man said, "when you lived down in Texas, you always turned out when they needed a posseman, an' gave a good account of yourself. The job of town marshal of Dewey is vacant. Me an' the mayor are good friends an' from what I've told him about you, him an' the bank folks are satisfied that you can keep law an' order in this town. Besides, it's a steady job."

"What became of the feller who had it last?" I broke in.

"Well," says the man, "he had a little bad luck an' quit. He ain't here any more."

"Where did he go to?" I inquired.

"I think," says he, talkin' kind of slowly, "that they buried him either in Arkansas City or Wichita as he had friends in both places an' some of 'em looked after the remains."

"Just what did he die of?" I kept on, askin' more to see if Dewey was a healthy place to live in than anything else.

"Tom," announces my friend, "there ain't no use in my a deceivin' you, but this here last marshal got killed. You see, he wasn't a very good shot anyway an' a coupla' fellers beat him to the draw."

Further inquiry disclosed that the last town marshal had held down the marshalin' job for about three months. The one before him lasted seven weeks an' one feller wasn't there long enough to draw his first month's pay. It seemed a steady job as my friend had said, but not steady for one man. Still it paid $90 a month, which was a heap better than cowpunchin' an' from all accounts, a heap more excitin'!

I told my Dewey friend that I'd think the thing over an' decide durin' the day. Walkin' around the town I dropped into the postoffice to mail a letter to a feller in Chicago. Tacked in front of the writein' desk in the postoffice I saw a big circular, announcin' a reward of $5,000 for the arrest an' apprehension of a feller who, when last heard of, was a bearin' the temporary moniker of Henry Morgan, an' more generally known as Buck Morgan.

It seemed that this here Buck Morgan had dropped into a bank just as it was a closin' up an' overdrawed his account somethin' like $27,300 an' the sheriff of El Paso county stood ready to pay out the $5,000 so Buck could come back an' help get the books of the bank straightened out.

I had a sneakin' idea about this time that I knew this gent, Mr. Buck Morgan, havin' seen a bird who looked like the man in circular's picture a punchin' cows around Amarillo, Texas, an' who was called Buck by the rest of the boys in his outfit. In my mind came a question—should I go marshalin' an' round up this overdrawed gent? If he had less than $5,000 when I found him, I figured I'd probably claim the reward, but if he was still a carryin' the $27,300 it was hard to say what I might consider was the next best step.

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Winners of Idea Contest in the March Issue

Because of the difficulty in making a choice among the many excellent ideas submitted in the PHOTOPLAY-Paramount-Famous-Lasky Co. $15,000 Idea Contest, the judges are unable to announce the winners this month.

Thirty thousand manuscripts were received and the judges wish to give the ideas the careful consideration that they merit.

In the March Issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine you will find the complete list of winners. Watch for the March PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands February 15th.

82
Pleased? or Regretful?

when you take off your hat...

Does your hair make you prettier? Does it frame your features becomingly? Do its natural little lights warm your coloring? Does its gleam lend a sparkle to your eyes?

Your hair is so important. And brings to your looks such charm if it is always fluffy, soft, alive. To make it so—here are 2 Packer Shampoos. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians.

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—safe cleansing, hairloveliness, hairhealth. 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 will 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 treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently 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. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin 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

THE PACKER MFG. CO., Inc., Dept. 16-B
Box 83, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.

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

(If you wish samples of both types, send 20 cents)

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City ____________________________ State __________________________

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Better than Pickford

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

as the assistant thanked them mechanically and excused them for the day.

Five-sixths of the baby doll sextette hurried away to dressing rooms. The other sixth climbed down off the ladder with a last wistful glance toward the untouched food on the tables.

"Say, baby, we're killin' this set in about a minute. A bunch of swell salads goin' to waste there. How'd you like to have me slip you one for your lunch?"

Mary Rose looked up to meet the smirking eyes of Jimmy Riley, the prop boy. It was not the first time she had encountered Jimmy. That morning, when a button had popped off her pump just when the cameraman was ready to shoot, it was Jimmy who quickly attached a new one with a tiny safety pin. "Oh, that would be just wonderful!" Mary Rose wanted to throw her arms about his neck and hug him tight. "It seems like you're always doing something for me," she added shyly. "The way you fixed my shoe this morning—and everything."

"That's all right," Jimmy's face flushed to match the carrot shade of his hair. "You're not like these other jazz babies. I sure can't give most 'em much. You're kinda different—see?"

It was Mary Rose who blushed then, though the makeup disguised the blush and Jimmy saw only the wistful little smile which he mentally catalogued as a knockout.

"Do you think anybody'll care—I mean about your giving me one of the salads?" she questioned timidly.

"You just leave that to me, baby," he reassured her. "I wouldn't do this for everybody—see—but you're kinda different. I been watchin' you up there on that ladder and I said to myself, I'll bet that little baby doll'd like one of those salads."

"You certainly are a good guesser," she laughed self-consciously.

At Jimmy's direction she slipped back of a flat where she would be out of sight.

"Say, there's chicken a la King in the chafing dishes," he spread a napkin across her knees and deposited the salad plate. "I guess it's cold now but I'll bring you some if you like it."

"I just love it!" beamed Mary Rose. She was glad that Jimmy did all the talking and didn't seem to notice that she was eating every single bit of the salad.

"Been in pictures long?" he questioned.

"Not so very," she answered non-committally, scraping up the last bit of chicken which she was eating with a spoon.

"Well, I don't know as you've got it," he studied her critically, "not like Clara Bow has, anyhow—but you've got something else, baby. I can't just name it—maybe there ain't never been a word coined for it yet—but believe me I know it when I see it!"

Mary Rose watched him roll a cigarette. He was like one of the boys back home. He didn't look at her in that disrobing way that always made her feel so self-conscious.

"You know, baby, I ain't goin' to be in this job all my life. No sir. I've been saving my money and I've got an idea all doped out for a quickie."

"Honestly?" Mary Rose listened eagerly.

"You see I've got a swell bunch of sets that I picked up cheap. Gee, you ought to see the way I've got my place all gagged up."

She loved the way his eyes crinkled up at the corners when he smiled. They had a way of making her smile right back at him.

"The front part of it is a sort of mountain cabin that I grabbed off a Western set for ten bucks." He began to

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She Called Herself Sonia

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always Sonia Karlov began to grow heavier and heavier. It had been fun at first, when there was nothing at stake. Now it was becoming more nerve-racking, for always was the fear that her employer would learn and the contract would go up the chimney.

Sonia was the rage of the Saturday press luncheons at the new Roosevelt Hotel.

The Saturday luncheons, however, proved to be Sonia's undoing, for at one of them she came upon Lina Basquett unexpectedly, in company with a number of newspaper and magazine representatives.

Before the introduction Lina cried out in friendly fashion:

"Why, hello, Jeanne."

Then, before anybody could explain, she turned to her escort and said:

"I knew this girl in the Follies four years ago. We used to dance together."

Sonia carried on the pretense for awhile even after this.

The luncheon was an ordeal for her, but she got through it, even facing down the pointed wise-cracks of a journalist who claimed to have remembered her in a Texas Guinan show.

The agent heard of the story and they discussed at length the best method of procedure. Obviously, the only thing to do was to tell De Mille before someone else did. So, fearfully, like two truant school children, they went to Sistrom, the man who had originally arranged for the test.

Sistrom went to tell De Mille while Jeanne waited, trembling and expecting catastrophe.

It didn't happen.

De Mille has a sense of humor and he is a good sport.

When he was told of the hoax his first answer was a loud and robustious laugh.

He admired anyone who could fool Hollywood. Moreover, he liked the test and he liked Sonia.

So the contract remains with the promise of good screen roles in the near future. Sonia has dropped her accent, to the extreme amazement of those who were still fooled by it, and she is happy and care-free once more.

But the greatest quip of all remains untold.

After her contract had been signed, she was considered for a role in "The Godless Girl."

Studio officials of De Mille finally decided against her. She was too continental for the role of an American girl, they decided.
Don't ever underestimate the danger of a sore throat; if neglected, it may develop into something serious—as many know to their sorrow.

The same goes for a cold; pneumonia at this time of the year is your great enemy.

At the first sign of cold or throat irritation, use Listerine full strength as a gargle. Keep it up systematically.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria in mouth and throat, and halts many an ailment before it becomes dangerous.

During winter weather, when you are usually subjected to poor air and sharp changes in temperature, it's a good idea to use Listerine every day as a mouth wash and gargle.

This pleasant and easy precaution may spare you a trying and painful siege of illness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat

THE NEXT TIME!
The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25c the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.

More than 50 diseases have their beginning or development in the THROAT. Some, of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine. If no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

LISTERINE
-the safe antiseptic
"What a rip-roaring fire it would make," he murmured. "Why don't we write a scenario and burn it down in a picture?"
And that's why "Sin Town" is now in production, with the burning of a town as one of its salient features.
That, friends, is how one scenario was written.

What these fans won't ask to have autographed next!
A girl was visiting the Paramount lot, met William Powell, handed him her raincoat with an urgent solicitation that he write his name upon it.
So Bill affably signed, "From one slicker to another."

Remember young Iris Stuart who made such a brave start in Hollywood about a year ago? Iris, an experienced model, had a fine career mapped out for herself and a nice contract to back up her hopes when suddenly she became ill and had to leave Hollywood.
It was a tough break, but Iris went quietly to her aunt's home in Coopers-town, N. Y., and there recovered her health. She has returned to Hollywood, looking more beautiful than ever.

Lars Hanson and his wife, formerly known on the Swedish stage as Karlin Nolander, sailed for Sweden to spend the holidays. In New York Hanson expressed himself as liking to work for American directors, although he has a great personal admiration for his countryman, Victor Seastrom and Maurice Stiller. "Americans give you more opportunities," Hanson says. "They say in substance, 'You're an actor, now act.' They make you create your rôles."

When W. C. Fields was injured, Wilson Minter sent him the following telegram:
"Sorry you are hurt. My blood is two-thirds formaldehyde from drinking Hollywood gin. However if you need blood transfusion can let you have two quarts."

This really has all the elements of a short story.
A certain studio, ambitious for "big names" in its scenario department has established the custom of importing famous authors from the east to Hollywood, putting them under a high salary for a short period and commissioning them to turn out an "idea." In almost every case the "ideas" so turned out have been quite worthless but because of the money expended upon them, they have been turned over to some writer already on the studio staff with instructions to turn them into epic continuities.

One young writer, who must be nameless, got tired of this situation. She was receiving about half the salary, none of the publicity the visiting writers got, and all the work.
Accordingly she recently hied herself to New York, locked herself in a hotel room and turned out some fiction. It sold immediately to the major magazines with the result that the smart young thing is returning to Hollywood, signed to a contract twice as big and three times as long as her former one.
Having seen her in print, her company now knows she's good.

Joan Crawford at the age of four years and one of the prettiest little girls in Texas. The neighbors knew her as young Lucille Le Sueur.

At last Marion Davies' imitations, the treat of every Hollywood party, come to the screen. In "The Patay," Marion imitates Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mae Murray. King Vidor, her director, is the fellow who is comparing one of the take-offs with the original model.
Now America has learned the way to make toilet soap by the French method for just ten cents!

How eagerly it has been welcomed—this new different toilet soap! Already in just two years it is the delight of seven million families! "Only expensive French soaps ever left my skin so smooth"—"it makes my skin as beautifully smooth as the French soaps I used to pay a whole dollar for!"

Naturally, for Lux Toilet Soap is made exactly as the finest French soap is made. In her cult of woman’s loveliness France found a special way of making soap—to give a woman’s skin satin smoothness!

But the French method was costly, especially since so little French soap was made. It was only when America found literally millions of women wanting a finer toilet soap that one could be made by the famous French method and still be kept reasonable in price. Then came Lux Toilet Soap for just ten cents. As luxurious as costly French soap! Made by the makers of your indispensable Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Lux Toilet Soap...10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
I saw Maria Corda, the current cinema sensation of New York, just before the holidays, three different times in three different settings and each time she gave a different but no less delightful performance of Maria Corda being Maria Corda. The first occasion for a luncheon for the press, given with much high-hatting at the Ritz. Maria, appearing in a pearl grey chiffon afternoon frock, was then the sweet, shy foreigner meeting the oh so powerful press people. At the opening performance of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" she wore a picturesque gown of tulle, shading from lemon to flame color and reaching to the floor. She entered, after a suave and delightful introduction by John Erskine, the professor who wrote the best-seller, a nervous star, childishly eager for plaudits.

Finally I saw Maria at a party her fellow countryman, Willy Pogany, gave for her. She was probably the real Corda there, a gay, delightful Hungarian with a sparkling sense of humor and a love of life. A great actress, this Madame Corda.

Henry Ford's career has been crowned with success. Elinor Glyn says his new car has it.

John Robertson, the director, has returned from Europe with several European offers and a collection of Bond Street clothes. And with a lot of interesting stories of film producing in England. Among the various peeps of the foreign producers are the gentlemen who seek positions on the strength of vast experience in America. Most of them are unknowns.

At least Olive Borden has one consolation along with that broken contract which has caused so much Hollywood gossip.

George O'Brien has been rushing her madly since his return from Europe.

But it is nothing serious, Olive insists, and proves it by letting him go to a buffet supper given by Virginia Valli in his honor.

Harry Langdon approached the entrance of a Tony Los Angeles apartment house on Christmas Eve with a large turkey under his arm, a gift to a friend.

"Hey, you!" shouted the doorman, "go in the delivery entrance."

Harry obeyed him, and when he came out handed the doorman his card.

"If you ever come out to the First National studio," he said, "I'll see that you walk right in the main entrance."

Lights on dimmed stars—Dorothy Dalton, looking very gay and beautiful, though a bit heavy as to figure, pushing her way through the throng in the smoking room in her husband's, Arthur Hammerstein's, new theater. It was the opening night of Hammerstein's most ambitious production, "Golden Dawn," but Dorothy was engaged in the act of calling the attention of the smoking room maid to the cigarette butts careless patrons had thrown on the carpets.

Geraldine Farrar, white-haired and radiant, staging a come-back on the concert stage and falling flat on the stage, because of sheer fright, on her first entrance... Clara Kimball Young, emerging from a quiet, faintly shabby West Side hotel, unknown, unnoticed. Such is fame!

Dorothy Cummings, the Madonna of "The King of Kings," won the right to divorce her husband. Cecil De Mille sought to stop the suit, on the grounds that such conduct was unbecoming a Madonna. However, since the
Now Ready!

AN IMPROVED KOTEX

Offering Two New Exclusive Features:

1. A new, form-fitting shape... you wear it under the most clinging gowns without possibility of detection, without marring smooth, fashionable lines.

2. It is softer, too—fluffier—eliminating unpleasant chafing and binding.

WITH the presentation of the new style Kotex, exclusive in design, comes the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

What form-fitting means

You can wear the new Kotex without self-consciousness no matter how close fitting your gown, how thin and clinging its fabric.

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely, and is worn in the knowledge that closest-fitting gowns will retain their slim, smooth lines.

This brings a composure, a sense of well-being, heretofore impossible.

Softer—fluffier—chafing eliminated

New exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler still softer. Chafing, binding, similar discomforts are eliminated.

Umost protection is afforded delicate, sensitive skin. The importance of such an improvement cannot be exaggerated.

The improved Kotex retains all the advantages of the old Kotex, including the same area of effective absorbent surface you have always known.

Women doctors, nurses, approve

Women doctors, nurses in hospitals, in welfare departments—have given these improvements their enthusiastic approval. So will you! Your good health, your comfort, are considered—and, for the first time, your appearance.

Emarrassment now definitely ended

Utter safety is assured by the remarkable Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex. . . for it is 3 times more absorbent than cotton; it discards like tissue—you simply follow the directions given in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while worn.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.


Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.
A Lady Surrounded by Men

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are a minor note—here evenings are like unto seventeenth century salons, when Ninn d'Enclos reigned, and wit matched beauty. . . . So say authors with better memories than mine. I will confess, however, that when I regard the etchings on the walls—one of the Snyder Murder and another of Billy Sunday astride the pulpit—I distinctly recall what Molière said of Ninn:

"She has the keenest sense of the absurd of any woman I know."

PRINGLE has a rapacious wit. It plays over Hollywood like the searchlight of the Carthay movie theater. No absurdity escapes it. With the selective eye of a dramatist she creates a revue of shams and foibles. Her remark has an awful reverence among the fear-dumb moujiks. Terror of exile was not greater in tsaristic Russia. No one's position is secure; hence the flattery and the yesses. Suppose you're given bum parts or your salary is not increased? "I'll go abroad and write a book," snaps Pringle, "and call it 'Sour Grapes.'"

SHE dissected with a scalpel and a cold objectivity. While she talks I have the feeling that slim bright knives are flying to their mark with death-dealing precision, and all the time her face has the marble serenity of a madonna's, offering no comment whatsoever on what she says—only now and then a swift bright gust of laughter, like an aside.

SHE might have been a surgeon.

As a child, flourished to Sunday school by a pious mother, little Aileen Bisbee would whisk away to a mortuary and there with the assistance of the mortician's little daughter she'd spend investigative hours sticking pins in the dead to see if they'd bleed.

As a débutante she bolted her first tea party in order to make the rounds of operating rooms with a surgeon, friend of the family.

THE interest in surgery was supplanted by an ambition for the drama, but on that there was a paternal curb. So she created her own. She married Charles Pringle, son of Sir James Pringle, and went to New York to live while he went to war.

But she couldn't sit in a hotel all day and twiddle her thumbs and it wasn't the season for flies, so she decided to do pictures with the idea of correcting certain social errors.

With this determination she dispatched the family lawyer to live at the Lambs Club to be her confidant.

She supposed it was her histrionic talent that got her the first part. But the director had had other persuasion. The star of the company had a meagre wardrobe; Madame Pringle of the Ritz could dress up the picture with authentic gems and Paris gowns.

The extra arrived from the Ritz in a Rolls-Royce to take the boat for location. Her friends considering the thing a hilarious stunt had so filled her car with orchids and fruit that it resembled a prize float. "Bon Voyage!" went up with shrieks of laughter.

PRINGLE'S part consisted in walking through scenes with her fictional mother. But her artistic conscience was alert. When the director ordered her to enter a carriage ahead of her mother she cried, "Certainly not! I would never do such a thing!"

The director mumbled something about footage.

"That's of no importance to me," cried Madame, the extra, assisting her mother in. "What would my friends say if they saw me entering a carriage before my mother? Simply impossible."

AS I've noted, she would be a queen were queens not out of season. Elinor Glyn so recognized and cast her for "Three Weeks."

Alice Terry and I dined with Queen Pringle shortly after a review appeared saying the Queen had the warmth of an Eskimo pie.

This ran up the royal temperature to a warmth which the reviewer would have found uncomfortable had he happened around.

Madame Glyn said it was the first touch of the common she had seen in Pringle—the reading of vulgar papers. "Go to the mirror at once," she urged, "and say I'm Pringle, I'm Elinor's Queen."

The advice was unnecessary. Pringle in wrath is majestic enough. The reviewer has since apologized, reformed, and become an Author.

I MIGHT expiate indefinitely on the Lure, but, as the good'a Kempis says of compunction, "I'd rather feel it than know its definition."

There's her beauty, imperial if not classic—but you have her pictures before you.

And not least in her spell for authors is her art of listening. I've often wondered what the sirens did to hold their victims after the come-hither song. Now I know they sat and listened to the gentlemen's croakings.

Pringle listens with an intensity that's mesmerizing. An author goes home feeling very proud of himself, and he who is not an author goes home feeling he's been made one.

Thank God I'm an Author . . . It's elegant!

Brickbats and Bouquets

continued from page 10

the movies as a menace if the little innocents want to know why the man is chasing the lady around the table. Libraries contain both the Elsie books and Balzac's novels, yet no one considers the libraries dangerous, except possibly Mayor Thompson of Chicago.

Electa A. Sargent.

All for Many
Salt Lake City, Utah.

"My Best Girl" excels any other star's picture. Once more the public will be loyal and steadfast to Mary Pickford. Let each and every one of us hope that Mary will produce "Joan of Arc" for her next picture.

R. Rothery.

Not So Loyal
I read Kathleen Norris' "My Best Girl" and thought it a very sweet and appealing little story and looked forward with much pleasure to seeing Mary Pickford in the movie version. And when I did, what a disappointment! It was just about as punk and mediocre a picture as possible. It was just a repetition of Mary Pickford in every other part I ever saw her play.

Mrs. Edith Maddox.

How to Keep Young
Los Angeles, Calif.

Your magazine is fine, but some of your articles lay too much stress on youth in years. If I'd believe all I read, I'd want to commit suicide before I ever reached the sublime old age of thirty. But, you see, I'm modern and young and always intend to be, so the articles don't worry me. Just because man invented years to keep some sort of record of events, is no sign that a year is anything in God's sight. Keeping track of one's own years and of others' is a good way to become old. Let's forget the stars' years, as they mean nothing, but notice how well a life is lived, or how fine an art is portrayed for the world.

M. A. Robinson.

Saving the Younger Generation
Kansas City, Mo.

People are always talking about the way the younger generation "carry on." Just think of all the extra time they would have to "carry on" if it weren't for the movies!

Mrs. J. B. K.

So Do We
Salt Lake City, Utah.

I feel indignant about the report that the missionary preacher in "Rain" is to be tamed. What beautiful conflict will be spoiled if that is done. So "Anna Karenina" is to be called "Love" because we morons must have our sex appeal! Really I wish they wouldn't do that.

J. H. Engbeck.
James Cruze, 
Director of Feature Photoplays, 
writes:

“In the direction of any of my big pictures, and especially during the filming of the Covered Wagon, the constant use of my voice demands that I keep it in first-class condition. As a cigarette smoker it was necessary that I find a cigarette which I could smoke without any chance of throat irritation or cough. After trying them all, I decided on Luckies. They are mild and mellow—which both protects the throat and gives real smoke enjoyment.”

James Cruze

You, too, will find that LUCKY STRIKES give the greatest pleasure—Mild and Mellow, the finest cigarettes you ever smoked. Made of the choicest tobaccos, properly aged and blended with great skill, and there is an extra process—“IT’S TOASTED”—no harshness, not a bit of bite.

“It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.
The Ask Me Another Man

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37]

Jolyn Ralston, who is the most mid-

Victorian of all the feminine stars, asked:

"Why do Elinor Glyn's characters al-

ways endure such a long, lingering death

in bed?"

Mr. Lambert thought a moment and

then replied: "Because Madame Glyn

receives a dollar a word for her scripts."

A GLANCE at the racks in which

were stored thousands of liquor

bottles brought the following remark:

"Did you know that prohibition was

first tried out in this country one hun-

dred and ninety-three years ago? This is a

fact that seems to have escaped most his-

torians. Savannah, Georgia, was the

town. But then no effort was made to

have the act enforced.

"You wonder what's become of Sally?

Well, we'll clean that one up right now.

Sally—our Sally!—is just now out to one

of the studios being fixed up for tomor-
ow's shots. For poor little Sally is to be

buried in the burning sands of a synthetic

desert. She is Hollywood's most famous

skeleton—a real one. Frail, bony Sally

has earned this company over four

thousand dollars. She has worked in

two hundred and sixty-four pictures; has had

twenty broken bones replaced and will,

like Tennyson's Brook, probably 'go on

forever.' There is something fascinating

about a human skeleton.

"I can't show you Sally, but here's Bill

who has lately decided upon a movie

career. Bill, it seems, is a fitting mate

for Sally. His bones were found in Death

Valley beside a rusty musket. Strewed

around him were forty empty shells,

before biting the dust Bill had evidently

accounted for more than one bad Indian.

"Speaking of Indians, fifteen years ago

no tobacconist's store was considered

complete without one. Today they are as

scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. Here

are five mute Redmen, the last in this part

of the country. I call them 'The

Last of the Mohicans.'"

BESIDES being research director Mr.

Lambert is also the vice president and

purchasing agent for the Western

Costume Company. He is in daily touch,

through various foreign agents, with the

corners of the globe. If given a little

time he can procure anything—a white

elephant or a tsetse fly.

"Once," and Mr. Lambert grinned, "I

called frantically all over the old world in

my search for a human giant. Later, when

hope had nearly departed, a real live

giant walked into the office to dispose of

some heirlooms. He had just landed from

Sweden and had no idea of going into the

movies. Here is something to think

about:

"Many war heroes come in to dispose

of medals won by valor. They claim that

they never want to see them again.

"Yet they will go for scenario writers," I

remarked. "There are thou-

sands in this country that believe their

scripts are returned unread from the

studios."

"And they are ninety-nine per cent

right," he rejoined. "Scenarios, so-

called, come to Hollywood by the train-

load. Everyone seems to think the art

simple. But they're only stirring up

grief for themselves. Unexpected suits

in the courts, charging motion picture

producers with plagiarism, are threatening

to close the scenario market to the out-

side world. Instead of seeking material

from unknown writers, studio executives

look warily upon scripts that are sent in

for inspection, and they are weighing the

advisability of even reading them. The

ultimate result may be the refusal to read

anything that comes from outside the

studio."

A dainty diamond-studded circlet was

held up for my inspection. And Lambert

told this story: "A certain star flipped it

to me with the remark: 'Keep it, dear

boy, in memory of Diogenes, who en-

deavored to find something with a

lantern that couldn't be located with a

searchlight. Me? I'm going out and

find a brighter lantern.'"

The laughter following this story was

broken by a department head who came

in to state that a certain article was not in

the building; had never been there.

"YOU'RE crazy!" And Lambert beck-
noned me. Then we three went down to

a lower floor whereupon, with all the

scenting instinct of a bloodhound, he

threaded his way through a kaleidoscope

of properties directly to the article. He

invariably does that. Later that depart-

ment head told me that he would rather

take a whipping than ask his boss to

locate something that was missing.

In the costume departments many

things happen. When costuming players

for a big set it is discovered that they

all expect to be in the first row. Each

girl, who is costumed for a set on which

four hundred players are to appear, de-

mands special attention. One small blue-

eyed woman, in a mob of seven hundred

extras, wanted something to bring out the

blue of her eyes. Another girl sought a

costume that left nothing to the imagina-

tion and everything to self control.

Jetta Goudal is considered to exercise

the most attention to costume detail,

while the Barrymores—John and Lionel

—are very, very discriminating. On the

whole men show better artistic taste and

a sense of color value. In this particular

John Gilbert is acclaimed the leader. And

he is a real prince to work with. Women

look at costumes from a standpoint of

beauty and see them only as the wearer,

while men keep in mind the viewpoint of

their audience and also the character the

dress is to portray.

IN spite of color experience many of

the stars and directors do not know

what shade of grey will result from the use

of various colors," continued Mr. Lambert.

"For this reason practically everyone in

Hollywood that has to do with pictures

carries a little monochrome of cobalt glass.

Through this blue eye-glass one may see

the approximate black and white effects

of any costume or setting. Those who

have visited a movie set and viewed the

costumes under the glare of the Kleig

lights have wondered how the ghostly

appearance of the players ever softened

on the screen. But glance through this

bit of cobalt glass and everything appears

exactly as it does on the screen.

"An idea of the tailors' abilities to do

things in a hurry is demonstrated by the

fact that fifteen hundred military uni-

forms have been designed, made to order,

and turned out complete in every detail,

including equipment, within thirty days.

This rush order did not interfere with

regular business, and is about one-eighth

the time it would take an army contractor

to do it.

"Three or four costumers often get out

rush orders of fifty to one hundred cos-

tumes at an hour's notice. Once, at

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 114]
You must see NORMA in this—her latest success

Dolores "The Dove" seemed out of place in "The Yellow Pig Cafe." Her strumming guitar and her languorous songs caused all sorts and types of men to long and fight for her. Against the odds of sordid surroundings, and in spite of them, she had the courage and fire to fight for her soul and her lover.

Joseph M. Schenck
Presents

NORMA TALMADGE
in David Belasco's great stage success

"THE DOVE"

Noah Beery and Gilbert Roland
adapted by Roland West and Wallace Smith

A ROLAND WEST PRODUCTION

Here is Norma Talmadge, more beautiful in her greatest role. In romance and color, this screening of the famous Belasco hit is a glorious triumph.

See it at Finest Theatres—Everywhere

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
THERE is no sight in life more thrilling than that of a human being who has found his true destiny. Lon was now being as nearly urbane as his lonely temperament would let him. He leaned back against the white birch tree trunks that formed the arbor, peacefully content.

"Tell me about the opportunity Jeanie Macpherson gave you," I prompted.

"Gee, we were in awe of her," Lon said. "First, she was a lady. Then she had a foreign education, had played Broadway, had worked under DW Griffith in New York, and finally she had the ability to write as well as act her own pictures."

She wrote and acted a feature a week. I've forgotten the name of the one in which she first cast me but I do remember that she had me window-shopped under DWY Griffith's window. Griffith at that time was quite a success in Hollywood, which I knew. There was no way I would have refused to play the scene. It was straight character drama and I was convinced I was a comedian.

"I had to be an outraged husband who discovered his wife in another man's arms. Desperately I walked into the scene and started calling my wife names. I had done a lot of listening in my life and I discovered I had quite a store of names to call an erring wife. I raved on until Miss Macpherson's laughter stopped me. I thought that finished me but she was only laughing at my vehemence. She then directed me through the scene, ordering me to keep my mouth shut."

Shortly after that Jeanie Macpherson had a nervous breakdown from overwork. With her health restored, she forgot Universal and joined the growing Lasky Feature Company as assistant to Cecil B. De Mille, for whom her most recent work was the scenario for "The King of Kings."

Macpherson, but I was really happy. For years out on the road I'd battered through awful boarding houses and cheap restaurants. Now I was in a miracle land where the sun shone all the time and I had a home. No touring and I had a sure twelve to fifteen dollars a week. I hoped, hoped constantly for something better, but that much was good. Hollywood was a village of shadowy lanes, orange groves and carnations. I loved it then. I love it yet."

She would probably have helped Lon Chaney more, had she stayed. As it was, that outlook lifted him from the ranks. The studio began giving him regular bits and he jumped from comedy to characterizations, from Italian dramas to cow operas, never being more than one week on any picture and working constantly.

A man of less morose, less idealistic temperament might not have built for fame from that notitiate. But Lon plodded along, solemnly, hopefully, driven on by a soul desire which he himself but dimly understood.

He took a whirl at directing J. Warren Kerrigan for six months. He made good on the assignment but the grease paint urge was too strong for him. He went back to acting, learning make-up, learning technique.

Nevertheless it took six years for his salary to advance to one hundred dollars a week.

It was 1918 and the big stars were William Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lockwood, Fatty Arbuckle, Francis X. Bushman, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, Marguerite Clark. High salaries were the mode and Lon Chaney felt he was worth a little more than he was making. He hired a lawyer, then studio manager of Universal, and asked for $125 a week on a five year contract. Mr. Sistrom, revealing that he was just a typical wise supervisor, stated that he knew a good actor when he saw one but that looking directly at Lon Chaney he only saw a washout. He added that Lon would never be worth $125 a week to any company. Lon walked off the lot. He was thirty-five years old and success was still invisible.

TETOTUM, Va.

Three blankets deep—and shivering. Gosh, East winds are nippy, especially when one's been ordered to bed on a porch for six months and it's only the second week! Nothing but fighting the old "temper" and rough and on and on, hopelessly. Everybody buying spiffy new clothes, and no togs for me but pajamas and a bathrobe!

I closed "Romola" with a shudder. Not a smile in all its dark pages; not once that glorious, swept-off-one's-feet feeling.

I felt bleak as the East wind; I had lost faith in everything. Thinking over the past, I didn't wonder. But unlocking old memory chests is dangerous. Could I fight on?

Over in a corner, I spied a collection of old magazines. I'd go exploring. Wriggling into my slippers, I scuttled across - PHOTOPLAYS—goody! Gathering them up, I slid back. And, after two hours, I was thinking.

These people of the screen—against what towering difficulties they fight! But they didn't stop when the winds blew East; they kept on till they got there. And because of them, and all they give their great, watching world of followers, lost ideals live again and romance brings back the gleam into drab lives. Love, reaching out, touches hardened hearts, and the fires of Faith and Hope are relit, to guide doubting souls—like mine.

While Mary Pickford brings us youth, Betty Bronson makes us believe in fairies and Thomas Meighan strengthens our trust in men. Why have a grouch with the world?

Locked out. The sun shone across the garden and there was Cinthy with my supper.

"Eyes mighty bright," quoth she.

"I've found something I'd lost, Cinthy,—Faith."

"Praise de Lawd! Child got religion out cher by herself."

"Through PHOTOPLAY, I thought, and smiled as I stirred my tea.

F. G. B.
Coming

These superb entertainments from the great De Mille Studios.

"Chicago"

With Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. Directed by Frank Urson. From the famous play by Maurine Watkins. A maelstrom of emotions—the story of a wife who tried to get away with it.

"The Blue Danube"


"The Red Mark"

With Nena Quartaro, Gaston Glass, Rose Dione and Gustav Von Seyffertitz. Personally directed by James Cruze. Remember the famous "Ticket of Leave Man"? This is that sort of a gripping drama and presents Nena Quartaro, a real "find," in her very first picture.

"The Night Flyer"

Starring William Boyd and featuring Jobyna Ralston. Directed by Walter Lang under the supervision of James Cruze. A railroad drama as powerful and fast moving as the "20th Century Limited."

"Hold 'Em, Yale"

Starring Rod La Rocque. Directed by E. H. Griffith. Produced by Hector Turnbull. The title tells the story, but it can't tell how fascinating this gem of college stories is.

Pathé

Exchange, Inc.

Foreign Distributors of De Mille Productions
Producers International Corporation,
Wm. Vogel, President
Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

Even Viola didn’t know where he was, until Lefty turned up as a ranch owner in Craig, Colo.

Viola isn’t following him to the great open spaces, neither is she planning for an immediate divorce.

And Lefty has been quoted as saying: “If I never see Hollywood again, it will be soon enough.”

All of which sounds like one of those back-to-nature conversions that you see in western films.

We asked little Mary Brian if she’s been falling in love, or doing anything exciting, recently.

“No,” she naively answered, “But I might, if you wish, for publicity.”

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN has quit the movies for the legitimate stage. And, by way of a farewell address, he calls the movie producers more fancy names than even H. L. Mencken ever thought of.

Says Bushman: “The pioneers, the real showmen of the pictures, are all gone. Instead, we have only buttonhole makers and pants pressers. The attempts at economy have led them to place before a gullible public a crop of high school kids who have no idea of the art of acting.”

With that parting shot, Bushman went out the door and banged it after him.

WHEN word reached Los Angeles from New York that another plagiarism suit had been filed against “The King of Kings,” a local newspaper man called Cecil De Mille for a statement.

De Mille is said to have answered, “I have always supposed that Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were responsible for this story.”

Whereupon the reporter came back, “Just how does it happen then that Jeanie MacPherson’s name is plastered over all the billboards?”

Norma Shearer shows her new portable dressing room to Robert Z. Leonard. The dressing room was presented to Norma by her husband, Irving Thalberg, as a wedding gift.

option on Miss Cummings' contract with De Mille was not renewed, she went right ahead and obtained her freedom from Frank Elliott Dakin, an English actor.

As you know, Florence Vidor's contract with Paramount was not renewed. Paramount claims that Miss Vidor's pictures did not bring in the coin at the box-office. So Florence was preparing to go to Germany. That handsome German menace, Mr. UFA, is flirting with lots of the girls.

Then up speaks Emil Jannings, whose Paramount contract gives him a say-so in selecting his casts. Mr. Jannings would have Miss Vidor and none other for his leading woman. Emil usually gets his way. For Emil's pictures do bring in the coin at the box-office.

MARCEL DE SANO, a promising young director, has set a horrid precedent in Hollywood. De Sano has given up his salary of $3,500 a week to quit the films and enter the University of Southern California. He has also sold his Lincoln and will buy a Ford—all that he may get an education.

AFTER one grand row with his wife, Viola Dana, Lefty Flynn packed his trunks and disappeared from Hollywood.
First Star—"They tell me you'll endorse any cigarette for a consideration . . ."

Second Star—"Sure, so long as the consideration isn't that I give up my Chesterfields!"
JOHN GILBERT-GARBO "LOVE"
An Edmund Goulding production from the novel "Anna Karenina" by Lyof N. Tolstoi

What more could be said about a picture—see it!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
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 confidential 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.

JIM PANDY, SOURALAYA, JAVA.—First place, this month, to my most distant reader, Walter Pidgeon, played opposite Dolores Costello in "Mannequin." Write to Norma Shearer at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. Greta Garbo is not engaged—as yet. But don't take my word as final in matters of this kind. You know how girls are. Rita Naldi has just returned to America after a long sojourn in Europe. Not working in pictures at present. How are the movies in your part of the world?

D. B., FORT WORTH, TEX.—Tom Mix was never married to the late June Mathis. Nor has Gloria Swanson ever counted John Boles among her husbands. Where did you pick up all those ideas? Katherine MacDonald's first husband was the late Malcolm Strauss. Irene Castle has retired from the screen.

MRS. T. R. C., AMARILLO, TEXAS.—A lot of Texans this month! Jeanie Macpherson adapted "Manslaughter" for Paramount.

J. D. P., MONTICELLO, IND.—Don Alvarado was the good-looking young fellow in "The Monkey Talks." He is twenty-four years old and his new film is "Drums of Love." Barbara Bedford was the girl in "Carnival." Born in Prairie Du Chien, Wis., and twenty-five years old. Her next is "White Lights." Welcome and come again.

J. C. KLINE, INDEPENDENCE, PA.—Leila Hyams played opposite Johnny Hines in "White Pants." Cute, isn't she?

JANE, JERSEY, CHANNEL ISLANDS.—Jean Crawford, born Lucille La Sueur, is a native of San Antonio, Texas, but maybe her ancestors originally came from the Island of Jersey. It's a pretty name, but too hard to remember to make a good name for a star. Eleanor Boardman played in "Memory Lane." Carmel Myers is twenty-six years old and divorced, Alma Rubens and Ricardo Cortez are still married. Cortez is in France.

F. K., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Dorothy Davenport is married to Arthur Hammerstein, stage producer, and retired from the screen. Theodore Kosloff and Tully Marshall were also in "Law of the Lawless."

H. V. L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I hate to hear of family fights, so I'll settle the argument. I am the manager of the stage for twelve years. He was a well-known actor in Germany before he went into the movies, so he never has played in minor parts. Richard Arlen's real name is Richard Van Mattenore and he was born in Charlottesville, Va., twenty-eight years ago.

J. H., ROYAL OAK, MICH.—You are "interested in Mary Brian"? So are a lot of other people. Mary has brown, un-bobbed hair and she is nineteen years old. Not married. That is her real name and she was born in Corsicana, Texas. And her eyes are blue.

R. V., SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Tom Mix has two daughters—Ruth, who is grown-up, and Thoshma, aged five. Lois Moran was born on March 11, 1909. Ceci B. De Mille is an American and Nita Naldi is a native of New York. Drop in again, neighbor.

HERE are the answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., twenty-six years ago. His real name is Frank J. Cooper.

Janet Gaynor is twenty-one years old and was born in Philadelphia, Pa.

Yes, it is possible for a girl over five feet, five inches to be a movie star. Anna Q. Nilsson and Alice Joyce are five feet, seven inches. Greta Garbo is five feet, seven and one-half inches. Mary Pickford is five feet, five inches and was born in St. Louis.

Lon Chaney is forty-four years old and was born in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Tom Mix weighs 176 pounds and is just a half an inch short of six feet.

Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. She is twenty-eight years old.

Laura La Plante weighs 112 pounds and was born in St. Louis, Mo.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.


M. T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—"Braveheart" was adapted from the stage play, "Strongheart," by William C. de Mille.

R. S. C., RIVERSIDE, N. J.—I hate to break your heart by telling you that Lars Hanson is married. I'm sorry, but it's true. His next picture is "The Divine Lady." Lars has been in this country for a couple of years. Edgar Hansen, who was not related to Lars, was born in Sweden in 1900. He was not married. Write to Lars Hanson at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

TEDDY, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Here's a wise girl. She doesn't want to be a movie star because she doesn't think she has the qualifications. Good for you, Teddy. Charles Emmet Mack was the actor you liked in "Old San Francisco." Charles Mack was killed recently in an automobile accident, I am sorry to say.

F. V. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Never heard of any other Antonio Moreno. There are few pictures now being made in New York. None of the regular studios are working.

VIOLET D., DETROIT, MICH.—It's Leap Year, and I open every letter in feminine handwriting with alight heart. Just a romantic old silly. Kenneth Thompson is a bachelor, Ramon Novarro has five brothers and five sisters, but none of them are in pictures. His sisters, I hear, are very beautiful. Warner Baxter has no children.

SALLY R., WORCESTER, MASS.—Let's get all these relationships straightened out. Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Esther and Jofina Rakston aren't related. Pola Negri is Polish and recently married Serge Mdivani. Clara Bow is twenty-two years old, Lois Wilson is thirty-one, Vilma Banky is twenty-four, Richard Arlen is twenty-eight and Gloria Swanson is twenty-nine. Although I do not answer questions about religion, I am violating no confidences when I tell you that Eddie Cantor is Jewish.

E. H., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—You are not at all too fat. I'll prove it by giving you the comparative heights and weights you ask for. Alyce White is two and one half inches shorter than the average girl, weighs 105 pounds. Mary Brian is also five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Louise Brooks is a half-inch shorter than you and weighs six pounds more. And Bebe Daniels, who is five feet, five inches, weighs 120 pounds. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 145]
lady who took a particular dislike to a wrought-iron chandelier which adorned the living room of a new house she purchased.

The chandelier got on her nerves so much that she finally had it replaced with an expensive crystal affair, selling the iron one to a junk dealer.

"I simply could not stand that hideous decoration," she said.

"I took five dollars just to get rid of it."

About a month later the lady attended a picture in one of the scenes of which an iron chandelier, almost identical with the one she had scrapped, played an important part.

It appeared in a luxurious and harmonious setting.

This upset her considerably. She now saw her old iron chandelier in a new light.

Her feeling-tone toward the fixture had been completely changed by the picture. The more she thought of it the more keen she became to have it back.

In the end, to pacify herself, she bought back the chandelier from the junk man for thirty dollars.

"Some of my friends think I’ve gone mad," she confided to me.

"But I could not help myself, Doctor," she went on.

"Once I saw that chandelier in that beautiful setting, it transformed itself from a thing of ugliness to a thing of entrancing beauty.

"Is anything wrong with me, do you suppose?"

I could, to be sure, quickly reassure her on that score.

It was merely a case of a perfectly normal suggestibility streak being enhanced and augmented in a moving picture theater.

AND here is another interesting fact about the suggestion power of photo-
plays.

You may not be able to make this experiment under perfectly ideal conditions, but you may be able to come somewhere near it.

Observe the difference between the force of the suggestion when you are alone in a motion picture theater and when the house is crowded and every seat has been taken.

I say, you may not have the opportunity of being alone.

You may, however, by going very early, when the doors open, achieve almost the same result.

Note, then, that the picture does not hold your interest as much alone as when others are seated all around you.

What you miss is the "collective mind," the minds of a few hundred persons which, miraculously, tend to blend into one.

You feel their presence in a vague yet telling way. It is a mysterious composite effect.

When you are in a crowd you lose your individuality.

Your cultural taste and standards are lowered.

You become more primitive and animal-like.

You let yourself go, you laugh, weep and are emotionally stirred in ways you would not be if you were alone.

When your mind merges with the collective crowd mind you step down a peg.

I have seen refined men and women laugh at the most vulgar kind of slap-stick comedy in a motion picture house who, when confronted with the occurrence afterwards, have felt positively ashamed of having exhibited their feelings in this way.

Brutal killings, such as might appear in a wild animal hunt, have, in a picture crowd, called forth responses of admiration and horreness in the most gentle and tender sort of human souls.

A crowd always augments our suggestibility tendencies.

Undoubtedly this is one of the chief reasons why motion picture palaces are forever growing larger and larger.

A FRIEND of mine told me once that he does not enjoy pictures as much when he sits in the balcony as when he occupies an orchestra seat.

You can understand why that is so. In looking down at the screen when sitting in the balcony we do not assume the position of eyes looking upward, which is the ideal one for hypnotism.

It is no exaggeration to state that you are hypnotized to a degree when you attend the movies.

To be sure, if the screen subject does not interest you, the hypnotic element is reduced to a minimum.

On the other hand, the picture story may hypnotize you to such an extent the resultant hypnosis amounts to a definite trance state.

TAKE a look around at the faces of your neighbors sometime.

Observe the peculiar staring look in their faces.

They are completely lost to themselves and their surroundings, completely absorbed in what is passing before their eyes.

They look for all the world like the subjects in an hypnotic trance.

Because motion pictures have such overwhelming suggestion power is the very reason why they can have such a tremendous educational value.

Many a boy and girl has been inspired through pictures.

The lessons learned through a picture stick in the mind and last longer than lessons learned through any other medium.

Undoubtedly it will not be many more years before the movies will play as important a role in our pedagogical system as the blackboard, spelling and arithmetic books.

Make the experiment and find out how strong the suggestion power of pictures really is!
THREE SPLENDID PHOTOPLAYS
you should see in February

The New Year brings you three of the finest motion pictures produced by FBO in a twelve-month... three glittering gems of the cinema art... big with drama... bristling with comedy... warm with young romance!

"Coney Island"
Stirring love drama against the flaring background of the world's greatest pleasure resort... famous old Coney... to which fun-loving millions go each summer! With Lois Wilson. A Ralph Ince production.

"Legionnaires in Paris"
Bouncing burlesque woven about the recent convention of the American Legion in Paris... See your home folks in the great parade... the convention and its hilarious highlights... With Al Cooke and Kit Guard.

"Chicago after Midnight"
Crackling melodrama of the underworld... The eternal struggle between the forces of Law and the Crime Ring. With Ralph Ince, Jola Mendez and Helen Jerome Eddy. Directed by Mr. Ince.

FBO Pictures Corporation

The month of February marks the Joseph P. Kennedy-FBO Grand Jubilee in commemoration of Mr. Kennedy's second year as president of FBO Pictures... Master Showmen of the World.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLAY MAGAZINE.
Haven in the Port of Missing Girls

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

What was to be done? The only funds were those which would keep her in that penal institution until her time “was up” or death released her. But desert air, milk, eggs and tender care were what this movie-mad child needed. And that she received, from the personal funds of Judge Georgia Bullock.

When she was well, well in soul as well as in body, she wrote those South Dakota parents. She told them that, although she was not in the movies, she was in a home of her own with a fine upright husband and a baby coming, and asked them to pay her a visit.

This judge sent seventy-five movie-yearning girls back to their homes, safe and in most cases, happy, during the year of 1926. She has almost doubled the number in 1927. The woman who with the help of her probation officer, Mrs. Minnie Barton, and the homewench bears Mrs. Barton’s name—has housed and cared for hundreds of movie-mad girls each season.

TAKE the case of the Denver woman who fancied herself madly in love with a certain well-known actor, that her mother mortgaged the family home to let the daughter come to Hollywood that she might “just see him.”

When Alice landed here she had exactly five dollars between her and starvation. In Denver she had worked in a laundry, but, to complicate her Los Angeles situation, she broke her glasses on her second day in the city. This prevented her from securing a position.

An empty room, advertised for two dollars a month, attracted her attention. She rented it, then proceeded to secure her furnishings in a manner so unusual as to make history, even among the police records of the motion picture city. From one apartment house she stole out a chair; from another a pot of geraniums. A mattress was secured from a room near her own. Her two-dollar-a-month living quarters were a bower of cheap knickknacks when the police detective finally brought her to Judge Bullock.

AT the instigation of Mrs. Barton no charges were preferred and the furniture was returned to the owners. Glasses were purchased and the young woman was secured a position in a laundry.

For the first week everything went smoothly. Then the laundry supervisor telephoned that the girl must be ill, as she was not working. Investigators found her trying to gain entrance to the studio where worked her favorite actor, for whom she had left Denver.

A call at the actor’s home, a few words of explanation, and the funds were secured to put little Miss Alice on the train for Denver. Late reports prove her to be working in her old laundry position, happy to have seen the man whom she will probably spend the rest of her life loving.

Dolores, we will call her, came to Hollywood with the rest of the ambitious thousand, to seek her place as an extra. She was barred, and like so many, many others, stooped to petty larceny as a manner of living. But instead of being sorrowful and sorry, she became bitter and extremely resentful. Because Judge Bullock read her mind correctly, she did not turn her loose to secure her own position, but placed her in the Barton Home to learn a useful vocation.

ON June 24, 1927, she ran away, trying to carry a layette prepared for another unfortunate girl with her. Thus she hoped to convey the meaning she was to become a mother.

But in the last moment she became frightened and left the baby clothes behind, escaping with only the dress she was wearing.

It was not until September that Judge Bullock and her assistants found trace of her. She was suing one of the well-known motion picture players for being the father of her approaching infant.

Probation at first glance, in this case, seems to have been a waste of energy and donated money. But look closer! As it was, the district attorney’s office knew from the date of her escape from the Barton Home that, although she had been working as a maid in the actor’s home, he was an innocent party. In other words, Judge Bullock’s kindness to the pitiful waif not only secured her another chance at upright living, but protected the player, his wife and the entire motion picture colony from another utterly false scandal.

JUST another example picked at random from among the hundreds we might tell you. This eighteen-year-old youngster adopted the name of Juiana. She also chanced to come from South Dakota. She was a nice little soul, worthy of mention. Although she could find no place in the motion picture world, she did try to work and keep her family from knowing her real condition. Here are excerpts from one letter she wrote her mother:

“As you see, I am in California. I am working at an extra making ten dollars a day.

“I don’t need much here as it doesn’t take much to live here.

“If you have any extra clothes put them in. I am a little low, especially a coat.

“I have cut off my hair and dyed it red.

“I have taken the name of Juiana—please address me as such—”

“Alice.”

Then she wrote no more to her mother. Here is a line taken from the mother’s letter written to Judge Bullock and Mrs. Barton whose name for kindness had penetrated even to South Dakota.

“I am a heartbroken mother. Please, please find my baby for me.”

The baby was found, brought in with a group of vagrant colored people, into whose unclean but she had crawled to thwart starvation.

Today, she is back in South Dakota.

A Lasting Valentine

CAPTURE her heart with a beautiful Meeker Made handbag, envelope, pouch, or vanity. Here is a Valentine that will win any woman’s heart. Lovely—always lovely, because age and use give the leather a mellowness—stylish—always stylish, because their neutral tones harmonize with any costume—refined—smart and serviceable.

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Largest Manufacturers of Finehide Leather Goods in the U. S. A.
Clara Bow

SAYS: "Smart Set does for its readers the thing which I attempt to do on the screen.

"Sincerity, in my opinion, is the keynote of all art. I try to bring to my screen characterizations all the sincerity and understanding of which I am capable. I try to picture life.

"In this I find Smart Set an invaluable aid, for Smart Set is sincere. Its stories are real as well as vivid and dramatic; they happened; they are the world as it is—not as some one imagines it!

"And one cannot read the articles in Smart Set without gaining a better understanding of the clear-eyed young people of today, and of the problems which confront them in our modern day.

"Is it any wonder, then, that I read every issue from cover to cover?"

WHY should a famous actress find in a magazine the means of adding power to her art? Why will you find in the same magazine the means of broadening and enriching your life —?

Because Smart Set's stories are told by the men and women who actually lived them; because its articles are written by noted authorities who deal with topics of vital interest to you; because of such features as these:

Uneasy Love

IF you were a model in a fashionable dress shop—and you "borrowed" a gown from your employer so that you might crash the gates into the social fairy-land of wealth and leisure—and if you were caught—Would you trust a strange man to rescue you from the consequences? What would he do? This novel tells!

"Mama! How Could You?"

WHEN the charming widowed mother of a marriageable daughter refuses to retire to the chimney corner, and in fact is found being kissed by one of the daughter's men friends who is nearer the mother's age than the daughter's—when the daughter cries, "Mama! How could you?"—You have the start for a tensely dramatic story! In February Smart Set.

Trial Marriage

CLARA BOW says, "Read Booth Tarkington's views on Trial Marriage, as he explains them to Dorothy Holm in the February Smart Set. From his marvelous knowledge of human nature, he gives what seems to me the last word on this much-discussed subject."

See if you also can agree with his conclusions.

The Love Pirate

WHAT do you think ought to happen to a girl who deliberately sets out to tame a man for another girl? Then read the romance of Little-Miss-Man-Wise, who met her match at last—in a story that Miss Bow says "made me want to dance up and down for pure joy!" Don't miss it! You'll find it on page 26 of the February number.

AND these are only a few features of a single number of Smart Set. Nowhere else, never before, has there been a magazine like it! Read one issue—February for example—and like Clara Bow, you'll "read every issue from cover to cover!"
My Life Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78)

They brought a doctor, but it was too late to do anything. He had died in his little swing. That was the first encounter with death and I didn’t believe it. I was quite sure they were mistaken.

The first night as he lay in his coffin in the dining room, I crept out of my bed and lay down on the floor beside him, because I had a feeling that he might be lonely. My father found me there in the morning, almost frozen. I said, “Hush, you mustn’t wake grandfather. He’s sleeping.” But I knew that he was dead. I missed him very much.

That was a terrible blow to my mother. There had existed a great love and sympathy between them. He was the only one who could make her laugh and talk naturally. Often, when they sat together talking, I would see her pass her hand across her head, as though something cleared away.

AFTER his death, she was sad for a long, long time. She wanted to die, too. She often spoke of it. But she never mentioned suicide. Her courage was too high for that. Though she suffered all the time, more and more, and was depressed, and couldn’t seem to rise above it, she went on as best she could.

My school life in those earliest days didn’t seem to make much impression on me. I have no distinct impression of any of my teachers, or my school mates. I had one little playmate, though, to whom I was devoted. He was a little boy who lived in the same house with me. I think his name was Johnny. He was several years younger than I was and I used to take him to school with me, and fight the boys if they bothered him. I could tick any boy my size. My right was quite famous. My right arm was developed from pitching so much.

One day after school I was alone in our house upstairs when I heard a terrible noise downstairs. For a minute I curdled my blood, then I ran down wildly. Johnny had gone too near the fire and his clothes had caught and were burning and he was screaming with pain and fright. His mother was standing there, wringing her hands and screaming, too, like a crazy woman and not doing a thing.

When I came tearing in Johnny screamed “Clara, Clara, help me.” He ran over and jumped into my arms.

I HAD just enough sense to know what to do. I laid him on the floor and rolled him up in the carpet and tried the best I could to put the fire out. The poor little fellow struggled and screamed all the time.

I shouted for his mother to get a doctor and she ran out. I stayed alone with Johnny, holding him in my arms rolled up in the carpet and trying to soothe him and quiet him. I was crying all the time myself and pretty nearly crazy, too. I seemed to feel the fire on my own flesh, and every time he cried out it seemed to me I couldn’t bear it any more.

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Well Groomed Women
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T HIS new wonderful Facial-tone Powder is made by a new French process which belongs exclusively to MELLO-GLO. It has a distinctive youth shade all of its own. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO for you or send us one dollar for a full sized box and “Beauty Booklet”. Just address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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My name _________________________
Address ____________________________________________
Please tell us the name of the store where you buy your toilet articles.
My dealer’s name ____________________________

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
The doctor came. He couldn't do anything. The little fellow died in my arms. He was just—just all burned up, that's all. I tried to pray then, begging God not to let him suffer like that. The last thing he said was "Clara—Clara—"

When I knew he was dead I went upstairs and cried for hours. I have never cried but once like that since. That was when my mother died. It seemed to me that life was just too terrible to be borne. When my mother came in I was asleep. I had cried myself into complete exhaustion, and I was ill for several weeks. The shock had been too much. For months I used to wake up and think I heard that little fellow saying "Clara—Clara—". Things like that are terrible for a little child to go through—I was only about eight or nine, I guess.

As I got older, I played with the boys more and more. I still was an awfully plain kid. I was shy and nervous around girls. They were always hurting my feelings and I thought they were silly anyway. I wore plain clothes and kept my hair tied back out of my face. I was as good at any game as any of the boys. And just as strong. They always accepted me as though I had been one of themselves.

We used to skate together and play baseball and all sorts of rough games in the street and I never felt there was any difference between us. At night sometimes we would build a bonfire and sit around it after we had skated awhile, and the boys never noticed me. They talked about everything just like they were alone. That was where I learned what boys really thought. I knew how they judged girls. I knew which ones they could kiss and how they made fun of them. I was mighty glad they didn't think I was a sissy. I'd do any darn thing to prove I wasn't. We used to hop rides on trucks and get lost and do all sorts of crazy stunts. They let me take care of myself, too, just like I'd been another boy. Once I hopped a ride on a big fire engine. I got a lot of credit from the gang for that.

All this time my mother was growing more ill. She had always been subject to fainting spells and they grew gradually worse. They weren't fits and they weren't regular fainting spells. Often they would happen two or three times a day, and then maybe she would be free from them for a long time. When she felt them coming on she would look at me so pathetically. Like a woman caught in some trap. Then her eyes would grow glassy and she would start to gasp for breath. It was just as though she were being strangled. She would fight and fight for breath.

Usually I was alone with her, and I would run to her and massage her throat to try to make her breathing easier. I'd say, "Mother, mother, don't—please don't." When father was there sometimes we'd cry together, because it is terrible to see someone you love suffer like that and not be able to help them.

We never had much money, you know, and so we couldn't consult any specialists. Our own doctor told us it was a nervous disease. My father said her mother had once told him that when she was a child.

---

Do you long for lovely ovals, perfect half moons?

Now there is a simple way anyone can follow.

What a lovely thing a beautiful hand is! Slender, graceful... the nails perfectly shaped, with beautiful crescent half moons.

Such loveliness comes only with the proper care of the cuticle. Before the nails can be shaped to deep ovals, this tiny rim of skin must be freed from the nail and the shreds of dead cuticle removed. Because frequent washing tends to dry and roughen the cuticle, you must restore the missing oils. Here are the three steps—so easy to follow:

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Third—After the polishing, as a final step, smooth the new Cutex Cuticle Cream into the cuticle and the whole finger, in a gentle downward massage.

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she had a bad fall on her head. When I was four years old she fell again, on the stairs, and it opened up the old scar. They had to take stitches in it. Probably advanced brain specialists today would tell us that that had a lot to do with it. Perhaps they might have helped her, but we didn't know what to do.

Of course when she was having her bad times I had to do most of the house work and the washing and cooking. Father had had a lot of bad luck. Everything seemed to break against him. He worked as a carpenter or an electrician, or at any odd jobs that he could get to do. Everything seemed to go wrong for him, poor darling. He wanted so much to do more for us and he worked so hard, but just bad luck followed him all the time. So I had to do the best I could taking care of mother and the house, but I wasn't feeling good at it. I never had any knack about housework, or cooking. I got to be a pretty expert nurse for mother, but it always frightened me when she got bad and I dreaded seeing her suffer.

WHEN I first started to the Bayside High School in Brooklyn, I was still a tomboy. I wore sweaters and old skirts made over from my mother's. I didn't give a damn about clothes or looks. I only wanted to play with the boys.

I guess I was about fourteen or maybe fifteen when my mother had quite a long spell of being almost herself. Her health was better and things brightened up quite a good deal. Then she began to take a little interest in my clothes and my looks. She combed my hair and pinched it up so that my curls fell around my face, and she made me a pretty dress, that was cut in at the waist and showed pretty plainly that I wasn't a boy after all.

Right away there was a change in the boys' attitude toward me. Oh, I was heart-broken. I couldn't understand it. I didn't want to be treated like a girl.

There was one boy I knew who had always been my pal. We always fought each other's battles and he used to catch on the baseball team pitched for. Well, one night when I'd just come skating, he kissed me on the way home.

I wasn't sore. I didn't get indignant.

I was horrified and hurt. It seemed to me that the end of everything had come. I knew now that I could never go back to being a tomboy. The boys wouldn't let me. They'd always liked me so well, I'd always been their favorite. Not to kiss or be sweet on, but because I was game and could run fast and take care of myself. They'd always liked me better than those silly girls that put powder on their noses. And all that was over. No matter how much I wanted to be a tomboy still, I couldn't. The boys wouldn't let me.

I WASN'T ready for the dawning of womanhood, for the things that would take the place of what I had lost. I'd been cast out by my pals. The girls still made fun of me for being a tomboy. I was absolutely alone.

I had never liked to study. I was just skimming along because I was naturally quick, but I never opened a book and the teachers were always down on me. I don't blame them. I guess I must have looked pretty hopeless. But I often think now, when I have come of myself to realize how I love reading, how much I want to know things, that it wasn't all my fault. If they had made me see what I see now, by myself, I know I would have been good.

In this lonesome time, when I wasn't much of anything and hadn't anybody except Dad, who was away most of the time. I had one dream. I had one place where I could go and forget the misery and gloom of home, the loneliness and heartache of school.

That was to the motion pictures. I can never repay them what they gave me.

I'D save and save and beg Dad for a little money, and every cent of it went into the box office of a motion picture theater. For the first time in my life I knew that there was beauty in the world. For the first time I saw distant lands, serene, lovely homes, romance, nobility, glamour.

My whole heart was afire, and my love was the motion picture. Not just the people of the screen, but everything that magic silver sheet could represent to a lonely, starved, unhappy child. Wally Reid was my first sweetheart, though I never saw him except on the screen. He was Sir Galahad in all his glory. I worshipped Mary Pickford. How kind and gentle and loving she was. Maybe there were people like that in the world.

A great ambition began to unfold in me. I kept it hidden for fear of being laughed at. I felt myself how ridiculous it was. Why, I wasn't even pretty. I was a square, awkward, funny-faced kid. But all the same I knew I wanted to be a motion picture actress. And I can say one thing, right here. If I had had success beyond my own greatest dreams, it may be that it is the reward for the purity of my motive when I first dreamed that dream. For I truly didn't think of fame or money or anything like that. I just thought of how beautiful it all was and how wonderful it must be to do for people what pictures were doing.

One day I saw in a paper an announcement of a contest. Not a beauty contest. I wasn't pretty enough. But I knew what fame meant. That was said that acting ability, personality, grace and beauty would be judged in equal parts.

I WENT to Dad. Shyly, I told him my dream. He was so kind. He always understood. He was harassed and miserable and overworked, but he was kind and understanding always.

He gave me a dollar. I knew, even then, what a sacrifice it was to him. I went down to a theater in Brooklyn and he took two pictures of me for that dollar. They were terrible.

Without daring to tell mother, I sent them in to the contest. And sat down to wait and pray.

No star ever has spoken so frankly, so bravely about her childhood and early struggles. No actress has written more dramatically or truthfully about her rise to fame. In the second installment of her Life Story, Clara Bow tells Adela Rogers St. Johns about her first pathetic efforts to find a place for herself in the movies. You won't want to miss a word of this great Life Story.
Friendly Advice on Girls’ Problems

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16)

is a fear of becoming serious with one in particular. Therefore I wouldn’t crow the boy at the moment. Stay charming and serene. Watch the other girl more than you watch the boy friend. The battle for him is really between you two girls, you know. Outsmart her, my dear, and the victory will be yours.

E. M. W.: If you will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will be glad to give you my advice in the matter of your love affair. I can not answer you through the columns of the magazine.

S. B.: The above suggestion applies to your case. Send your address so that I may write to you. The matter of your mother and your baby complicates the whole situation, I think.

ELIZABETH: You should weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds—you are slightly overweight, but diet and exercise will correct that matter. To reduce your stomach do bending exercises and exercises in which you lie on your back and raise your legs until they are at a right angle from your body. An elastic girdle, especially an elastic reducing girdle, will help.

L. R.: These books will be a help to you in your pursuit of general knowledge:
I. H. G. Wells’ “Outline of History.”
II. Emily Post’s Book on Etiquette.
III. The verse of Kipling, Browning and Tennyson.
IV. The plays of Shakespeare.
V. The novels of the Brontes, and Jane Austen (to get the spirit of the Victorian era).
VI. The novels of Edith Wharton (for familiarity with the ways of a fine modern novelist).
VII. Brander Mathews on Versification.
VIII. Apollo by Reinach (for an outline of art).
IX. Durant’s “Story of Philosophy.”
X. The Bible.

M. E. B.: Put bitter almonds on your finger nails—just as mothers do to their children when they wish to cure them of an unpleasant habit. The taste will soon break you of nail biting. The cure that you are using for freckles are the best on the market. Help them out by keeping in the shade as much as possible, and by wearing sun hats and carrying parasols. Always use a good bleaching cream both night and morning. And put a trifle of lemon juice in the water that you use upon your face.

JOAN T.: Those who will not believe your story are not truly your friends—a friend will not be unkind and will not fail in faith. It is easy enough to prove the date of your marriage by displaying your certificate, you know.

L. C. C.: You are not too young at fourteen to learn how to dance or to swim. If you do not learn now you will find your lack of knowledge a handicap when you are a little older. You are too young, however, to think seriously of “going” with boys. Time enough for that several years from now!

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The Comfortable Low Altitude Route

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from medical school, came to public attention in San Francisco by volunteering to take over the treatment of a man strangely stricken by a disease supposed to be typhus. The patient with the mysterious plague had been removed to a distant isolation hospital.

Out on a hill top alone with his patient and a nurse, the young doctor waged his fight for a hero of God. Three days later that patient died and Giannini and the nurse were stricken. Another doctor was sent to their relief. The other doctor and the nurse died, leaving Giannini the sole survivor of the desperate experience of the isolation hospital.

In the Spanish-American war Dr. Gianinni served as a lieutenant in the U.S.A. Medical Corps, and again distinguished himself by volunteering to take charge of an isolation hospital when an outbreak of smallpox occurred in camp near San Francisco.

After the Spanish-American war the young doctor wanted to see the world. He came to New York for a year at Columbia University and went rambling off through Europe for another year.

Then he returned to San Francisco and entered the practice of medicine, with success and considerable local distinction. It looked as though Dr. Giannini's career was set for life. But, despite all the success and preceptions to the contrary, men did not make their careers in any such single handed way as represented.

Dr. Giannini has an older brother, known crisply as A. P. Giannini, in the business world, but the "A" stands for Amadeo, which, to the Italian, makes him Love-of-God Giannini.

This Amadeo, by the period reached in this tale, had worked his way up through the produce business to such estate that at age 31 he was ready to retire upon his competency. In this decision to retire one discovers an amazing sagacity beyond most American understanding in this Love-of-God Giannini. He had in fact enough capital to pay him an income of some four hundred dollars a month, an abundant living in the North Beach region of the San Francisco of those days. He had enough and knew it. Why struggle for more?

However it just so chanced that a certain San Francisco bank, observing the high standing of the name of Giannini among its Italian customers, elected the retiring young produce merchant to its directorate. He was to be window dressing for the enticement of the Italian business. He refused to be a decoration. He studied the bank and banking, and its treatment of various types of customers. He recommended changes and was vigorously supported.

This was precisely the kind of challenge needed to put Amadeo back to work again. He answered by organizing a new little bank on his own particular idea of what a bank ought to be. So August, 1904, that very small portion of the world in the vicinity of Montgomery and Washington Street, San Francisco, was greeted by a new sign which announced "The Bank of Italy."

Giannini's notion was somewhat revolutionary. Previously most banks had been formed and operated in the special behalf of the bankers concerned. Love-of-God Giannini didn't think that it would be a service to have a bank which was operated for its depositors and stockholders, so safeguarded in its structure that none of the directors or officers of the bank could borrow its money, speculate in stock or entertain outside interests that might in days of crisis conflict with the well-being of the institution.

This bank began to prosper and in some five months was on a dividend basis. Then April 18, 1906, came the San Francisco disaster. The earthquake and described locally as "the settling of the geological fault and the fire."

The fire was sweeping through the North Beach region when the Gianninis reached the bank. The fire was only a block away when two big dray wagons belonging to Lawrence Scatena, stepfather of the Gianninis, backed up to the bank and hauled its treasure and records away. Thoughtfully enough, even in the haste of that flight, the Gianninis loaded in a supply of stationery and forms. They were going to do business somewhere, sometime. The immediate idea was to bury the bank's assets and records to protect them from the fire which at the time seemed likely to utterly destroy the city.

But when those treasure loaded wagons stopped it was at the home of A. P. Giannini, Seven Oaks, at San Mateo.

The fire was extinguished on Saturday following the earthquake. All day Sunday the Gianninis sat at Seven Oaks writing letters to depositors saying them that the Bank of Italy was open for business and that proportionate amounts could be drawn by depositors, also that loans might be negotiated.

The obscure little Bank of Italy, first in all of stricken San Francisco, plunged into the rehabilitation of the city.

Only nine days after the quake the bank was back in town again, doing business at the city residence of Dr. A. H. Giannini at 2745 Van Ness Avenue. They set the North Beach district to rebuilding with bricks that were still hot from the fire.

The psychological value of the move was as great as its immediate financial service. Within a week the bank's deposits were coming in again at a rate that exceeded the withdrawals. The Bank of Italy was made. Its fame spread.

This San Francisco earthquake ordained a new career for Dr. Giannini. He threw himself into the increasing responsibilities and labors of the bank, and
found himself drawn, by this community service, into public service and political office.

The records of the remaking of San Francisco and its delivery from the corruptionists and the graft ring are abundantly marked with the name of this aggressive Dr. Giannini. He became chairman of the Committee on Public Utilities of the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, in a stormy and strenuous period. He was a leader in the fight which revised downward the public utility rates, gas, electricity and telephone. He went to Washington and waged a winning fight there for the Hetch-Hetchy valley water supply.

It would appear that Dr. Giannini had the unique notion that the city ought to be run for its citizens, by the same reasoning by which his brother had decided on a bank for its patrons.

MEANWHILE in 1907 Amadeo Giannini came east on a tour of observation. He decided there was a financial storm brewing. He set about gathering into the Bank of Italy all of the bullion and coin possible. In a few months the panic of 1907, called "the stringency," then, swept the country. While other San Francisco banks were issuing clear line certificates and script, merely polite banking terms for I.O.U.'s, the Bank of Italy added to its repute and fame by paying in gold through the crisis. The Pacific Coast, having seen the Giannini bank unwavering through earthquake and panic, decided it was a good place to put money.

Other communities demanded like service and the Bank of Italy extended its operations through branches. The first branch was opened in San Jose by Dr. Attilio Giannini. It is entirely accurate to say that branch banking, the most significant modern development in financial machinery, was founded and fathered by the Gianninis. They now control more than 300 banks.

By 1909 the Bank of Italy's far flung affairs demanded so much attention that Dr. Giannini resigned from the Board of Supervisors, declined some important invitations to official posts, and devoted himself entirely to banking affairs.

Dr. Giannini in his practice of medicine and his practice of politics got decidedly intimate with a good many facts concerning the human race and the great Commonality, Mr. Demos. A good diagnostican sees a great deal more in the patient beside what makes the tummy ache. Among other facts he observed that "get them young" had proven an excellent policy for churches and political parties. He had a plan for applying it to the bank.

So the Bank of Italy was made the official depository for a system of savings accounts opened by children of the California schools. Dr. Giannini went about the schools lecturing on thrift. He introduced the savings stamp system so that any child with a penny could begin to save. That same system was used on the grown-ups by the U. S. Government during the world war. Giannini's efforts brought down on him a campaign of opposition by the makers and vendors of

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From that contact developed the Progressive exchanges, first customers for the feature pictures made by Adolph Zukor's Famous Players and Jesse Lasky's Lasky Feature Play Company. And from that came Paramount, founded by Hodkinson and carried forward in the West by Wobber. Incidentally Herman Wobber is today, although but slightly known to the public, one of the wealthy and powerful men of the industry, continuing his career with Paramount-Famous-Lasky.

In consequence New York's million Italians began to miss their antipasto.

The Italians are patient. They will suffer long and work hard. But there are limits to their denial. They will have their pimentos, their anchovies, their olive oil, and tomato paste.

So when the war cut off imports from the homeland New York's Italians turned to California where the Italian farmers of the Sacramento Valley produced these viands, con amore.

In San Francisco to buy delicatessen, the Italian merchants of New York opened their eyes wide at the Renaissance elegance of the Bank of Italy, with its marbles from Pavanossa and Carrara. And they marvelled more when they
found that this Bank of Italy was the great bank of the great Pacific Coast, with branches extending in all directions.

These visiting merchants demanded a Bank of Italy for New York. In sequel they subscribed a million dollars. The East River National Bank was taken over and Dr. Attilio H. Giannini came to New York to administer its affairs. He was to stay one year. He has been in New York nine years.

New York is necessarily the home of motion picture financing. When Giannini came to New York all save a limited few of the stronger concerns were, when in need of funds, too often at the mercy of loan sharks, "the twenty per cent boys."

The motion picture, lacking status in the minds of the bankers, was really outside the pale of legitimate business, or at any rate orthodox business. The bankers did not know about it, and the stranger is never trusted.

This situation gave the loan sharks their opportunity. They could demand and get usury. Also they could demand and get a share of the profits. They bled the industry.

This was also Giannini’s opportunity. He saw in many of the motion picture enterprises a banking opportunity—for an honest six per cent with ample security. It was a matter of knowing the business and, more importantly, knowing the men. He became the financial father confessor of many a producer. Also he practically drove the loan sharks out of their screen hunting grounds. From four to seven millions of Giannini dollars are continuously at work in the motion pictures. Along with this the banker has exerted influences toward better business practices in the industry which are too technical for elaboration here. It may be summed up that he has helped to make the movies a business.

Very recently Dr. Giannini made an extraordinary international gesture by financing the making of a Sydney Chaplin feature by the British National Pictures in England. In view of the international situation in pictures and agitation against the American dominance of the screen, this move acquires a special significance.

British bankers are just about to discover the world of the motion picture. A few weeks ago Dr. Giannini was called into conference to tell Michael Herbert, London partner of the House of Morgan, about the motion picture and its banking. The Bank of Italy influence may help the movies overseas.

Dr. Giannini has so much fun at his work that he seems never-to-get around to it to play. Banking entertains him more than golf.

"If any man comes in here talking golf and boasting he shoots under 80, I am doubtful, and if he has a score close to 70 he doesn’t get the loan," observes the banker. "It proves he spends too much time on the links and not enough on his business."

Giannini makes it a business to know the screen and its affairs. He sees the pictures, up and down Broadway, and at the neighborhood houses. He knows

**Why Does a Bear Love Honey?**

Taste-teasing, tantalizing honey—how bruin does love it! Nothing can stop him when he is gripped by that overwhelming desire for his favorite sweet.

There’s irresistible deliciousness in the enticing flavor of Blatz Grape Gum. Its popularity has swept the country. Don’t say grape — ask for Blatz, the original.

Lovers of mint are offered a new delight in Blatz Mint Gum—full of real, old-fashioned peppermint.

Two irresistible treats, sold everywhere. Look for the name, Blatz, on the label. There’s a world of difference in the taste.
what the stars are worth at the box office, regardless of what charming statistics may be presented at his office.

Bankers used to be bulwarked in their working hours by austere offices and vast formalities. Giannini does a great deal of his banking over the luncheon table. He is always to be reached and in times when motion picture affairs have been at a crisis he has been found at his office in Broadway at 3 o'clock in the morning.

This banker extraordinary makes the screen cause his cause. Not so long ago when Charles Chaplin was in a domestic litigation an injunction was served on every bank and banker known to hold Chaplin funds to prevent payment to the unhappy comedian of any money on deposit. The injunction covered Chaplin's personal funds in proper legal form. A footnote on the Giannini copy of the injunction requested that it should be interpreted as applying to any Chaplin funds whatsoever. That, decided Dr. Giannini, was not a part of the court order proper. Thereupon he delivered to Chaplin the major fraction of a million dollars, which stood in another account.

By way of further identifying the institution with the screen world, Will Rogers and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have been made members of the advisory board of the Hollywood branch of the Bank of Italy. Also Nicholas Schenck, president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company, and Joseph Schenck, president of United Artists Corporation, are members of the board of directors of the Bowery and East River National Bank.

Dr. Giannini's home, despite the fact he wants to live in California, is on Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson, which is probably all that he has overlooked in a long time. Mrs. Giannini was Leontine Denker, daughter of one of the owners of the vast Hammel-Denker lime bean ranch which occupied the present site of Beverly Hills, now the home of those screen star-bankers,who so assuredly know their beans. The Gianninis have a son Bernard, now 16 years old. He does not see as much of the movies as his father.

In a room just outside Giannini's private office stands a most elaborately professional barber's chair. In this chair each morning Giannini is shaved, while as he dictates, blowing bubbles through the lather. The chair carries a story, short and with a happy ending.

A few years ago one A. DeSio, a barber down at West Houston and Lafayette street in New York's pluggers, had in the Bank of Italy stock. One day he counted up and quit. He sent his chair as a present to Dr. Giannini whom he had never seen.

"I send you my chair because I shall not need it again—now I have $300,000."

---

**The True Life Story of Lon Chaney [continued from page 94]**

Lon has drawn as close to few men as he did to George Loane Tucker. They became pals and planned many adventures together, one of which was to be Lon's direction of one of Tucker's productions. Tucker's sudden death shadowed Lon's happiness for years.

But with "The Miracle Man" the struggle was over. He had played the part for the salary Universal had said he would never get, $125 a week, and the offers flew fast. He had established a new type. In his work there was a blend of the unusual, the ideal, and the hack range. Lon knew what it was to be in demand but he did not yet know his own worth.

A conversation that he happened to overhear taught him that. Goldwyn Pictures wanted him as the legless lead of "The Penalty." He was the only possible man for the part and he held out for $500 a week. Then he happened to hear Abe Lehr, production head of the studio, talking to the casting director.

"I wouldn't have believed we could get Chaney for $500," Lehr said. "I was prepared to pay him $1,500."

"The Penalty" gave Lon the idea he has used ever since. He makes his appearance news value. For "The Penalty" he designed a harness to wear, which apparently cut off his legs. The public wondered what on earth he would do next. The public, after each of his pictures, still wonders and Lon still outwits it.

Lon played four pictures for Goldwyn, two for Metro, and then went back to Universal as star of their most ambitious production, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

He outdid himself on make-up for "The Hunchback." He wore a harness to stunt his body, he used false teeth so that it was impossible for him to speak while on the set, he placed putty over one eye, so that when he removed it at the end of the day's work he was quite blind for a few moments. It was this trick that still forces him to wear glasses. "The Hunchback" made back a million-dollar cost many times and Lon Chaney was a star of the first magnitude.

One of his best loved parts came next, the clown in "He Who Gets Slapped." He played that at the Metro studios, returned to the Universal for "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Freak," then back to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under his present contract.

"As for the real Lon Chaney," said
that gentleman, "he was in 'Tell It to the Marines.' I never had a bit of make- 
up on during the entire shooting of that 
picture and I played it straight."
Lon lighted a cigarette. "The story's 
over," he said.
"Have you gotten a philosophy of life 
out of it all?" I asked finally.
The amazing Chaney eyes observed me 
carefully.
"It's in my pictures," Lon said. "I've 
tried to show that the lowest people frequently have the highest ideals. In the 
lower depths when life hasn't been too 
pleasant for me I've always that gentle-
ness of feeling, that compassion of an 
under dog for a fellow sufferer. The 
Hunchback' was an example of it. So 
was 'The Unknown' and, in a different 
class of society, 'Mr. Wu.'

I TRY to bring that emotion to the 
screen. Beyond that I don't fuss. 
People seem to have the impression I 
study scripts all the time, I don't. I 
don't even try to find stories for myself 
like some stars. I wouldn't know where 
to look for them and I probably would not 
recognize them if I found them. I trust 
my producers to look out for my good. 
All I want to know is what the character 
is like and what emotions rule him. It 
takes me two to four weeks to work out a 
make-up for a new picture. That set, I 
don't worry.
"I've had good directors. Tod Brow-
ing and I have worked so much together 
he's called the Chaney director. I like 
his work. I think Victor Seastrom and 
Benjamin Christeson are great directors. 
Their values are finer. But I really don't 
worry over who they hand me. The chief 
thing for any actor to remember is that it 
wasn't his brains that got him to stardom. 
It was only his acting. He isn't 
paid to think about production plans and 
when he starts he usually sinks his whole 
career."

We walked together across the studio 
lawns, and out the gate. Lon sent for his 
car.
"You've found success and wealth," I 
said. "Why didn't you let your boy 
become an actor?"

H E'S six-feet-two," said his father. 
"That's too tall. He would always 
have had to have parts built around him. 
He couldn't build himself for the part. 
Besides, he's happy in business and he's 
got a great wife. They're grand kids."

The garage man parked Lon's 
very expensive roadster at the curb and gave 
the wheel over to Mr. Chaney, 
"Might break at your camp," I said. 
"Where is it, by the way?"

Lon grinned. "No you don't," he 
said. "I've answered more questions 
than I ever dreamed could be asked. 
Nobody but my wife and the boy and his 
wife and our chauffeur knows where that 
camp is. And nobody else will ever find 
it. They've gone up there ahead of me. 
But I'm starting right out there this 
moment. Good-bye and good luck to 
you."

So the car door slammed and he drove 
away, up through the golden hills, out 
toward the sunset, all alone, going 
heaven knows where, Lon Chaney, the 
mystery man of the movies, being just as 
mysterious as ever.

---

Shampooing this way 
gives hair Unusual Beauty

In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, 
silky and 
radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it! — see 
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Ordinary, old time methods, however, 
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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, 
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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, every- 
where, now use Mulsified coconut oil 
shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely 
greaseless product brings out all the real 
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It does not dry the scalp or make the hair 
brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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me that I had the key to Pandora's Box.
A pretty thought. But my particular brand of magic results from reading books—good books."

Lambert's sole paraphernalia for wizardry, then, is a marvelous memory and books.

He tells you that Cleopatra was five feet, two inches tall, and you're properly astonished. But he doesn't tell you that it took him weeks to pore through sufficient data to reach this conclusion. Nor does he mention that Jules Verne and Edgar Allen Poe were pikers compared with any scenario writer. But he will tell you that he is thankful that the average human life isn't constructed like a movie scenario.

Even Michelangelo may be in Mr. Lambert's employ for all that I know. For in leaving his office I saw Mike's motto on a placard, which read:

"Trifles Make Perfection. Perfection Is No Trifle."

Making a Million

[continued from page 82]

From the postoffice I went down to a buildin' occupied as the Dewey City Hall. I saw "City Marshal" painted on a door an' walked in. The room looked sort of lonesome an' deserted. There was an old fashioned wooden desk, a coupla chairs an' nothin' else in it. Tacked on the wall I saw a lot of printed circulars, like the one in the postoffice, announcin' rewards for young fellers who'd disappeared without a leavin' forwardin' addresses. The rewards run anywhere from $50 an' $100 to $5,000 an' $10,000.

In the top drawer of the marshal's desk, I found mebbe two hundred postcards, likewise givin' details of missin' an' much wanted gents, with similar rewards. Quite a few, an' in fact, many of the circulars stated it was believed these gents were a headin' out Oklahoma way.

"Tom," says I to myself, "it would be a smart trick to take stock on this h" town marshalin' job an' see what's in sight." I spent the rest of the afternoon figurin' up the posted rewards. They totaled up exactly $87,650. Cards in the desk footed up about $40,000 more. From what the rewards read, the money these birds had extracted from banks, trains, express companies, stage coaches, merchants an' trustin' individuals made a nice total of more'n $105,000, to say nothin' of jewelry, general merchandise, two hundred an' five head of horses an' three span of mules, all worth a grand balance of $252,650 in sight or somethin' like that, all a waitin' to be grabbed. It seemed a heap more in the movin' pictures had to offer or probably, from the way things looked at that time, ever would have.

BACK in the postoffice I read about Buck Morgan an' that $5,000 again. From the fact he was a ridin' a sorrel when last seen, I was satisfied he was one of the two birds me an' Mike Cunyan had seen a ridin' toward Hominy Flats over in the Osage an' likewise, one of the

All the Charm of a Pair of Lovely Shoes

...YET, Utmost Protection

THERE'S a new style of footgear protection. Unlike anything you have seen before. It is called Shuglov—because it fits like a glove over shoe and ankle. It has none of the bulk and weight of old methods. Utmost protection is now assured without them. The leading footwear stylists, who designed Shuglov, gave thought to style as well as protection. Haven't you often wished someone would?

They fashioned Shuglov of strong, featherweight rubber. They made it form-fitting—to be worn with any style of shoe. They made it colorful—to blend harmoniously with any outfit.

And what a reception Shuglov has enjoyed!

Let bad weather come...let tripping heels splash. You no longer worry, either of weather or style, for the trim foot that wears Shuglov is clad with an eye to both.

You will want them, no doubt, immediately. All smart shops are showing them. Women who dictate the vogue are wearing them. They tell us candidly...it is the first time they have ever found footgear protection they are glad to wear.

$5.00 a pair

Shuglov is made of lightest rubber in Nude, Gray, Brown and Black, with two types of heels, the Universal for military, military high and spiked heel—the Cuban for the lower and flatter heels. Shuglov is washable inside and out. A moment's wiping brings back the newness and lustre.

* Pronounced Shoe-Glove.

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Helena Rubinstein
to the
Women of America

The new perfectly appointed Maisons de Beauté Valaze in New York and Chicago have been dedicated to the service of American women, and I hope that each of you will visit them.

During my thirty years of intensive research and experience in the science of making women beautiful, I have noticed the passing of many fads—and slowly, but surely there has grown a demand for The Newer Beauty, a perfection, in every detail aimed toward the expression of individuality.

The recently completed ateliers possess every facility for the cultivation of this Newer Beauty, where the figure, the hair and the hands are surely and scientifically beautified.

To those of you who are unable to accept my invitation, I have another message. Beauty may be developed in your own homes. There are simple rules and scientific preparations to awaken your skin to the fresh radiance of Youth.

Begin NOW with these ACTIVE preparations to revitalize the loveliness of your skin.

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Valaze Pasteurizing Facial Sponges—Completely cleanses, soothes, and moderates that "tired look." Perfect for all normal skin. Use daily, obtaining cream positively benedict oilly, pimpled or acne blemished conditions. An excellent powder base.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

The two gents who had turned off the Dewey Bank for the $8,500. A talk with a man who had seen the bandits confirmed this suspicion. When I added this to the previous figure, carried forward, as the bookkeepers say, the Dewey town marshall's job stood at about $75,000 in sight, all of which made the million I was after. Besides, judging by the fact, this was mine if I wanted it. If I could catch a couple 'em a day or even one, I estimated I'd be gettin' along fine an' makin' headway.

I reported back to my advertisin' friend an' with him visited the bank, where the president said they'd add somethin' to the marshal's pay if I'd sleep in the bank at night, thereby keepin' an eye on the institution. This president man was also the town mayor.

I GOT hired an' swore in by the town clerk. Afteradministerin' the oath, this town clerk fished around an' produced three town marshal's badges. One had a 45 hole plumb in the middle an' another sported a .38 puncture in one corner, while the third had escaped damage but was the exception among the badges. These badges didn't look lucky for me, an' certainly hadn't been lucky for the gents who had been a wearin' 'em. I told the mayor if it was the same with him, I'd send up to Wichita an' get me a new marshal's badge on my own account.

My new badge came in a couple's days an' after a few days a marshallin' around, I slipped in an' told the bank president an' cashier that I was satisfied this here Buck Morgan had robbed 'em an' that I had a good line on his whereabouts. I also added that I thought it a good thing if I slipped in the next day. As he had shorted them plenty, they thought it would be about the right thing for me to do. Another thing that appealed to me was that this Buck Morgan reward had been offered by the sheriff of El Paso county, in which I had marshallin' in Texas, I felt it my duty to go an' get that reward by bringin' in this bank robgin' gent.

I was a ridin' a mighty good horse an' I headed straight into the Osage country, figurin' as I rode along the first night, on where I'd get my next hundred thousand or so after I'd finished up the town marshallin' an' run out of rewards, or if the rewards would come in fast enough to keep me busy, once I had got caught up on the job.

FROM Dewey I struck south, crossin' the Canadian river at Appalachia station. There I found a man who recalled sein' the two men. He said they had bought a packhorse at that point an' headed straight into the west. I knew from the packhorse an' provisions they had bought that they were aimin' to keep away from civilization. That suited me, for I like nothin' better an' nothin' a country. I also found that the man a ridin' the sorrel fitted Buck Morgan to a tee.

At Stillwater, I had my bridle fixed an' a rip in my chaps sewed an' picked up another trail, skirtin' north of Guthrie an' got into Kingfisher. I reckoned now I was mебе a week or ten days behind 'em. At a Kingfisher corral I found the pair had put up there for a night an' kept west, but pickin' up at that point the Osage squaw, who said she had taken her share of the money and took a train out, probably east or north. But as I wasn't wantin' him, I kept on after Mr. Morgan an' the pro tem Mrs. Morgan. The indications to me was that the reward for the Texas border an' this puzzled me, as I naturally thought he'd want to keep out of the state where the big reward was offered for him.

At Watonga, I found Morgan an' the squaw had purchased more supplies an' again crossed the Canadian at a little out of the way ford, but had gone around Arapaho, the county seat. As I rode along followin' this trail seemed so easy, I wondered what eminent bank robber I'd go after next, after I'd got Morgan and maybe Medill, who said he had such a lot of coverpunk. But, if he took back, it all dependin' on how much of $27,300 he had left when I got him, as I reckoned that him an' his partner had split the bankroll when they parted near Kingfisher.

BUT I went a ridin' a mighty good buckskin horse, and restin' him, aperin', an' makin', I guessed ten or fifteen miles a day better'n they were, especially hampered as he was by a Osage squaw an' a pack horse. So I took the trip carefully, stoppin' at good water holes along the way for a couple an' hour's a time, so my horse could get plenty to drink. You know a horse don't get watered right if you just stop for a drink. He's got to drink an' rest an' then drink again, to keep in good condition. I did a lot of ridin' at night to help my horse out. As we got to spot camp fires lighted easy after dark.

Rogers Mills county, Oklahoma, is on the Texas border, an' along about dusk one evening an' after coverin' somethin' like 340 miles an' my horse a gettin' a little foetise an' needin' a coupl'a shoes to be re-set, I came in sight of a little shack on the banks of the Washita river. I found later that the shack had been built by a homesick nester, who'd decided that he had enough of homesteadin' an' departed for his wife's folks back in Missouri. As I rode through, he'd headed in most any other direction. From behind a bunch of river willows I watched. Hobbled an' grazin' near the shack was the sorrel, the black an' the pack horse. Then I knew it wasn't goin' to be long before me an' Mr. Morgan got acquainted. I staked my horse about a mile back around the river bend, where he could get plenty of grass an' water an' rest up, as I calculated I'd probably be needin' a good horse before long.

FOR two days I kept back in the brush a watchin'. At night, I'd ride three or four miles up the river before lightin' a fire to cook the one meal a day I was now a livin' on. Durin' the days I watched. I saw Morgan an' I saw the squaw.
From the way they moved around an' knew where the spring was, I calculated either the squaw or Morgan had lived there before. Later, I found that it was the squaw's second housekeepin' job in the same place. Each mornin' about sun-up Morgan would come out, turn the horses from the little corral so they could graze, an' himself pick up a little brushwood to get breakfast with. Next mornin' long before day break, I stretched myself behind a little old hayrick where I couldn't be seen from the shack an' waited.

Morgan came out. Twice he started toward the corral an' then turned back. I wondered. Somehow, he seemed to look a heap over toward the hayrick where I was a hidin'. Then he went back in the house. I wondered if he had a rifle an' how good a shot he was. He seemed to stay in the house for hours, although the sun didn't get more'n fifteen minutes higher while he was gone. Then he came out. I couldn't see any rifle. I was willin', six shooter for six shooter, to take a chance, askin' nothin' better'n an even break. Morgan walked slowly toward me. Twice he stopped an' shifted his belt. I reckoned he was afraid to come, gun in hand, for fear I'd start it. Then he walked into the barn with his back toward me an' I sure breathed easier, for that told me he didn't know I was there. It was a cool mornin' but he sure had me a sweatin' a little.

At last Morgan walked toward the hayrick, lookin' right at it, an' to me it appeared as if he was expectin' somethin'. I waited until he was not more than a rod away an' then I threw down on him. He took it quite cool, stuck up his hands an' said nothin'. I took his gun an' tied him to a cottonwood near the shack. While Morgan didn't talk, the squaw wasn't exactly pleased an' she kept a murrin' to herself or me in Osage—part of which I understood, an' some parts of what she said concerned me, an' which she knew I savied, wouldn't bear printin'.

I searched the pair an' went through their belongin's. The man had $135 an' the squaw was a carryin' $12 in a beaded bag. Incidentl, I've got that bag yet, an' it's a hangin' on the wall of my Beverly Hills home, but I gave her back the $12. In the shack I found a 12-gauge shot gun, an' threw all the shells into the river. They had no other fire arms except his six shooter, which I had.

Morgan wouldn't talk. The squaw brought him his meals, but wouldn't cook for me, but I could manage that myself. I put in two days an' more tryin' to find where Morgan had stached that money, but could locate nothin'. After I searched the shack an' found nothin', I looked for hideaways, such as woodchuck an' gopher holes. Nothin' doin'. A search made for fresh dirt, where somethin' might have been buried, brought no better results. I turned over old logs an' brush heaps. Then I started to dig on my own account, selectin' when I thought might be likely spots. I turned over enough ground around that river bottom an' shack to seed a pretty good crop of corn. I kept the squaw...

It's worry—not work—that ages a woman

Worry and nerves, in so many cases, are a woman's own fault.

Neglect of the proper care of herself, or misunderstanding of the facts about personal hygiene often lead to listlessness, premature old age, needlessly unhappy marriage.

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"I have received little for a single drawing which, only took a day, as in the engraving work on the J. B. Ford Building. I do not divide in doing this kind of work. A feature of the school is the work that concerns the home and its needs. There are many good free lessons. Any one who can draw and make designs can get a job and earn a good living. For full information write to the school."

With me, leaving Mr. Morgan still tied to the cottonwood, but so he could sit down and pluck it out of his hand.

The fourth day, I must have grown careless like, for suddenly the squaw jumped from the shack door an' let go the double-barreled shot-gun at me, a usin' shells I didn't know she had or I had our outfit of ten squaw and a buckshot lodged in the flabby part of my shoulder an' arm, but none of 'em went in deep enough to do any worryin' damage. I threw the short gun in the river, an' tyin' his feet to the stur-ups, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Squaw an' me pulled up trainin' an' his outfit. We lived in the little town of Red Moon, about fifteen miles away.

THE marshal in Red Moon, who was one-fifteenth of the town's population, got much excited when I come in with my prisoners and insisted he ought to get half the reward because Morgan had been found near his burg. That wasn't to be considered, so I pulled out an' by ridin' most of the night got into Strong City, county seat of Roger Mills county, an' then the end of the railway. The time was about 2 a.m. I left Morgan, a lettin' the squaw go, which she did pronto, takin' the bay horse, the pack horse an' beatin' it back to the Osage. Years later while in Kansas City, I saw that same squaw, a ridin' around in a $5,000 automobile an' dressed to kill with over sixty carats of diamonds on her. I found she was a drawin' $3,000 a week oil money. Funny thing, the more money a squaw's got, the more clothes she'll put on; the more money a white woman's got, the more clothes she'll take off—but then the squaw just a savage an' don't know any better.

Meanwhile a doctor in Strong City fixed me up pretty well an' the next day I decided to notify the sheriff in El Paso that I was ready to come on with his prisoners, an' much wanted Mr. Morgan, an' was going to have the $5,000 reward handy, as I was a goin' to be in a hurry to get away an' back to my marshalin' job in Dewey.

At the telegraph office I took out the old reward circular to get the sheriff's name in El Paso. Then it was that for the first time I made a discovery of somethin' that set my heart a sinkin' down to the bottom of my bootheers. The man I was to wire was Charles Cantaberry, sheriff of El Paso county, COLORADO, an' not El Paso county, Texas. That was the first time I ever knew there was an El Paso county in Colorado but it seemed there was. Lookin' at the reward circular I just read El Paso, an' bein' a Texan, I naturally supposed there could be but one El Paso on earth, an' that was in the Lone Star State.

All this time, me an' me knowin' I couldn't go into Colorado until a little matter between me an' the sheriff of Fremont county, at Canon City, Colorado, was adjusted to the satisfaction of several interested parties, all of which I explained in the previous chapter of this story.

IT was pretty tough to find my man wasn't wanted in Texas at all, but the fact there was a warrant for Mr. Morgan in Colorado, made me an' that gent members of the same lodge.

I'll tell you what a plan to play safe an' send Sheriff Cantaberry a wire that the town marshal of Dewey, Oklahoma, would deliver his man to him in a little town called Benda, just on the Oklahoma side of the Colorado state line. Reckoned he'd know my official an' that as a matter of fact, on the Oklahoma state line, an' that was why I didn't want to cross with my prisoner.

I waited at Benda for a week an' finally turned Mr. Morgan—an' me had got to be pretty good friends by that time. Wolfe had been sent after him. They gave me a receipt for my man an' took him back as he had waived extradition. Lucky for me, the two deputies had never heard of me, an' knew nothin' about Canon City or its troubles, a part of which had been their at least so they said although personal, I couldn't see how that could be. Any- way, then I sold the horse I'd been a ridin' to a young feller I thought would give him good care as he was a mighty fine horse an' I hated to lose him, an' took the train back to Dewey.

ABOUT the first gent I saw when I got off the cars was a husky young chap wearing a new shiny badge which read "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma." "Where's the old marshal," I asked, unconcerned like.

"Oh, that feller," says the new official, "he was a young feller named Mix, kind of a slicker, so they said, an' about a month ago he went off on a bank robber huntin' an' ain't never come back an' he ain't sent no word. We reckon the bank robber out-smarted him an' beat him to it, so I got the job.""

"You're a of a steady job, I reckon," I went on.

"That dependin'," says he, "some says it is—some says it ain't." All this didn't look so good for me an' my marshalin'.

I hunted up Earl Woodward—an' who's still a livin' down there—an' related my experiences. He said hearin' nothin' from me, they'd been obliged to put in a new man as marshal. After the bank folks an' Mr. Woodward found that Morgan didn't have any money from their bank on him when arrested, their interest just naturally faded away an' so far as Dewey was concerned, Mr. Morgan was at liberty to come an' go.

I hung around Dewey for a week waitin' for the Colorado sheriff to send me my reward an' then one day I got a telegram which read: "Tom Morgan, El Paso, Oklah- oma: Jury today acquitted Henry Morgan of bank robbery. Officials and citizens here fail to positively identify him as the right man. Morgan send his regards to you, and says in appreciation of so much to him, you may keep the square. Charles Cantaberry, Sheriff, El Paso county, Colorado."

An' that was how my $5,000 reward faded away an' likewise about sunk my second start to get that million I was after. I felt pretty blue. Then I went to my room, gathered up the big pile of reward circulars an' posted cards that I'd put away for safe keepin', an' burned 'em up in the back yard. I felt at least that...
I was a doin' the new town marshal a favor—I was a givin' him a clean start an' puttin' temptation out of his way. An', just sort of incidental—wrapped in a buckskin strip, tucked away in a corner of a drawer in my room in Beverly Hills is somethin' still slick an' shiny an' without a scratch on it. Once in a while I take it out, look at it an' think how proud it once made me—it reads "Town Marshal—Dewey, Oklahoma."

THE day followin' the bonfire of the circulars, I got a telegram from Chicago. It read: "Tom Mix, Dewey, Oklahoma. Can you bull-dog a buffalo for an important scene in moving picture stop we will pay liberal price for this work stop can you meet me in Dewey Saturday morning please answer (signed) George W. Walrath."

I went to bed early that night to think it all over, an' dreamed I was a bein' pursued by a pack of hungry wolves an' a big herd of buffalos. The wolves all had gleaming eyes that looked like a camera lens, an' the buffalos a chasin' me were a runnin' on three legs, just like the legs under the tripod of a movin' picture machine. Then I dreamed I saw a man a comin' toward me carryin' great sacks of money, which I took to be a million or more. About sun-up, I got out of bed an' wired Mr. Walrath to come to Dewey an' to bring on his buffalos.

Next month Tom Mix will tell how a motion picture concern employed him to bulldog a buffalo. "Up to that time," says Mr. Mix, "I had considered this fairly easy of accomplishment but, unfortunately, the buffalo didn't give me even reasonable co-operation."

The long hidden ear becomes conspicuous. This earlet is to replace the old-fashioned ear-ring, according to Vera Reynolds.
You Test It Free at Home

Instead of dangerous "crude dye" that do not fool anyone, you now call back the original girlhood color to your hair. Simply comb in a clear, water-like liquid containing elements that give natural shade. If auburn, hair reverts to auburn—black, black returns.

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FREE TEST
Check color: Black...darker brown medium brown...auburn (dark red)...light brown light auburn...blonde...[Print name]
Name...
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Back the Whistle
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Test Number 107

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

outstanding productions; although Charles Farrell gained his first recognition of note under his direction; in spite of the fact that Ernest Torrence reached the high salaried class after "The Covered Wagon" and George Bancroft took several runs of the success-ladder because of "The Pony Express," it was not until Cruz met Gladys Quartaro (a name which he promptly changed to Neena) that he made any effort to promote one player.

"I always used the cast they chose for me. If I've helped any one player it has been accidental," he told me.

In fact, Cruz has been noted for preferring the well-known, "old line" men and women.

When he sent word to Neena that she was to be the exception and that he would not only use her in one picture but promote her in others, she just couldn't believe it.

"Didn't he think I was too young?" she exclaimed.

"They have always said I was too young to be a real actress. They've said it for three years and I don't look or feel one bit older."

For, although Neena is James Cruz's discovery, although her lead in "The Red Mark" is her first part of real importance, she was not picked from the Hollywood air by the director. She had been working for nearly four years to secure just such an opening.

First in New York, at fourteen years of age, with D. W. Griffith. D. W. signed her at five dollars a day and then seems to have forgotten to use her.

"Then I was to go to the Paramount school. But Mr. Lasky said, 'You don't seem to grow up, Gladys.'"

"And when I asked him about Betty Bronson and Mary Brian, he told me, 'You stick to it.' Remember, Buster Collier was an extra for eight years.'"

"Then, a year ago, mother decided I was old enough to really go into the movies in earnest. You see I am the baby of seven children and even my own family thought I was too young for pictures.

"But I was so determined that mother finally brought me to California."

Came a prospective opportunity to play the lead with Ramon Novarro in "Romance." She thought it all settled. But when Supervisor Hunt Stromberg saw her—

"He thought I was too young!" her voice broke at the memory of the occurrence.

So she gave up, "I just went and stayed at home I was so discouraged. My manager was about ready to give up too. She brought my test over to Mr. Cruz, but I guess she thought it was a hopeless errand. Then, all of a sudden, this happened! Do you think I'll make good?"

But how could I tell her? How could anyone foretell the future of these young women who are getting their chance in such miraculous fashions? How could anyone say what is to become of Ruth Taylor, Shirley O'Hara, Betty Bronson—

even Janet Gaynor?

She does have something "different." With an ancestry of pure Spanish on her father's side and equally unmarrried Italian on her mother's, she combines the eyes of an Olive Borden; something of the wistfulness of a Janet Gaynor; the "IT" possibilities of Clara—but all undeveloped.

Only time can tell you the end of this story.
It puts back into your skin the vital elements your daily life steals from it

ONE great cause is responsible for blackheads and blemishes, for roughnesses, coarse-textured or oily skin—one great cause, and you can remove it.

Dust and soot that carry germs deep into the delicate pores of the face—lack of the full amount of exercise necessary to keep the tiny glands of the skin functioning normally—dry winds that roughen and clog the surface that should be smooth and supple—these little evils in daily life—each in itself perhaps unimportant—are, combined, the one fundamental cause of every skin blemish and fault. If the skin—any skin, your skin—can only be kept acting normally, the body itself will do the rest.

Thirty-three years ago an important discovery Thirty-three years ago a well-known physician decided that ordinary patchwork treatments were not enough for even the slightest skin blemishes. At last he developed a simple formula—not a complicated drug, but a basic prescription that had within it the vital elements every normal skin needs.

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In thousands of homes where Resinol Soap was first used for the special care of the skin alone, it is today the only toilet soap in use. For baby's tender skin, for shampooing, for the bath—Resinol is everywhere today in daily use. Note its clean, tonic odor.

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The soothing, healing properties of Resinol Ointment have for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the quickness of its action. Resinol is absolutely harmless. It will not irritate even the delicate texture of an infant's skin.

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away from the door, carefully avoiding Miss Plank’s eyes.

“If you don’t stand up to you’d get out and get yourself a job waiting on tables—something that’s steady—instead of hanging around here these studio, waiting for something to turn up.”

A waitress! Mary Rose’s chin lifted scornfully as she hurried along the gay little street bordered with pepper trees, not daring to look back.

THE intoxicating aroma of freshly brewed coffee as she passed a quick lunch caused her to hesitate. A waitress probably!—but Miss Plank wanted to drink—and bacon and eggs for her breakfast—and toast. Her heart seemed to be throbbing somewhere in the pit of her stomach. Involuntarily, her tired feet turned into the quick-lunch room.

“Are there any openings for—a waitress?” Timidly she approached the white-coated husky who was filling the shining percolator.

“Nothing doing, sister. We don’t employ girls here.”

Mary Rose couldn’t take her eyes off the large printed card which announced that they served the best coffee in town for ten cents—one dime. Her fingers closed over the two lonesome coins in her purse. They would buy her a cup of coffee—or they would take her out to the Colossai Studio. In that faltering second, however, she was fumbling with the two lonesome coins. She had ever swallowed—felt its burning warmth on her moist tongue. The tantalizing odor of the coffee seemed to be pulling her toward the counter.

“They want a dish washer down the street,” volunteered the man behind the counter.

Mary Rose managed to smile her thanks for the tip and walk bravely out of the lunch room.

By 5 o’clock that afternoon her bravery was at low ebb. All day she had sat in the casting office of the Colossai Studio, watching the motley parade of extras come and go. Cute little flappers; character men, cowboys, fat boys, freckled boys, funny boys; elderly ladies, exotic ladies, eccentric ladies, matrons; matadors; musicians; the fag-end of a glorified profession, each one certain that his big role lay just around the corner.

To one and all the same reply had been given. No casting today.

Mary Rose had heard it so often that now the clock seemed to be ticking No- casting, No- casting, No- casting today, and the swinging doors echoed it with emphatic slams.

“No use your hanging around,” someone had told her. “Only one company working on the lot today, and they’re doing re-takes. All the rest on location.”

But still she lingered, putting off as long as possible the moment when she must again face Miss Plank—and the street. Where would she spend the night... This and a dozen other similar thoughts jiggled through her mind.

Inside the office an assistant slammed a telephone receiver on the hook with a “Jeez, can you hit beat? Benson’s got temperamental and says she’ll have to have a double. We gotta rush somebody out there pronto.” His eyes searched the messenger’s blotter in the outer office.

“Where’s that kid that’s been sittin’ around here all day. She was about Benson’s size.”

Mary Rose, standing dejectedly just outside the door, caught this last and whispered rather eagerly.

“Say, Kid, can you swim?” he demanded.

“Sh-sure!” she tried to gulp the lie down carelessly.

“It’s a stunt,” he explained briefly. “Doubling for Benson. I’ll be good for fifty dollars.”

She followed him, unquestioning. This, she thought musingly, was what they called a lucky break.

I took little more than an hour to Whisk Mary Rose from obscurity to the blinding glare of a battery of Kleig lights set on the deck of a yacht, some two hundred yards offshore.

With fear-struck eyes she watched them anchor a camera on a two by four rock jutting up out of the churning water. A dummy camera was being set up on the deck, close to the rail. It was to be a night shot. Juicers were busy testing the lights. Farther along the deck a fat, pimple-faced boy tortured the piano, while a couple struggled with the Black Bottom rhythm. All happily unaware that a scared little girl was about to gamble with life itself—for fifty dollars.

Mary Rose braced herself against the rail to keep her trembling knees from hitting together. Below her the water shimmered like oiled silk in the first dark of evening. It sent shivers over her tense little body—the way it wished against the side of the ship. She turned the other way, trying to concentrate on the fifty dollars... how it would feel stuffed into her purse... five ten dollar bills or ten five dollar bills... how she would pay Miss Plank, proudly.

“Well, if it isn’t the little baby doll herself?” Jimmy Riley came sliding across the deck, a pleased grin on his face as he recognized Mary Rose. “Where have you been all these weeks? I’ve been watchin’ for you on the lot.”

“I haven’t been working—so very much.”

NO? Well, we’ll have to look into that. A baby doll like you ought to be working every day. Some of these famous writers think themselves directors certainly have trouble with their eyes.”

The way he smiled down at Mary Rose was conclusive proof that there was nothing wrong with his own eyesight.

“Say, what are you doing here?” he asked suddenly. “You’re not the girl they brought out to double for Benson are you?”

She could only nod her head.

“Well, I hope you brought your water wings. It looks like a wet evening.”

Her icy fingers gripped the rail a little tighter.

“They won’t let me dress—will they?” she asked with a hysterical little laugh.

“No if I know it, baby!” He patted her arm reassuringly and courage began to trickle through her veins.
But her courage was short-lived.
There were shouts for Jimmy Riley and
with a "see you later" he hurried away.
A moment later her heart volplaned to
her stomach as she watched him climb
down the rope ladder, into a waiting
launch, which chugged off toward the
shore.
"We can't have a rehearsal on this," the
director had come over to explain the
scene to Mary Rose. "So you'll have to
get it right the first time."
Numbly she listened while he out-
lined the action.
"NOW the villain—that's Mr. Gordon
over there—got you on his yacht
under false pretenses—see. He's deter-
mined to possess you. You've managed
to get away from him and run along the
deck. You stop here—see—and look
back over your shoulder. That's where
the camera picks you up. You're scared.
He's pursuing you—his arms reaching out
for you. You pause a second—then go
overboard. Have you got that?"
She nodded understandingly, afraid
to trust her voice to speak. All a-
tremble she watched the Kleig lights
sputter on. Her chance had come at
last—her lucky break. This time she
was to be "it." No hovering in the
background of the scene, wondering if
her face would show when the scene
was flashed on the screen. This time the
camera would be grinding for her alone
perhaps for the one and only time.
She was to swim toward the rock where
the second camera would get a full shot
of her.
What if she told them now that she
had never taken more than a dozen
strokes in her life, in Bailey's pond back
home.
Oh, please God... she started to
breathe a little prayer as she followed
the director out of the scene.
"Ready?" asked the director.
She gave him a scared little nod.
"CAMERA!" he yelled, "Action!"
She started running along the
deck. Her legs didn't seem to belong
to her at all. They were like dummy legs
moving up and down. Through her mind
flashed the incongruous thought of how
they would look in slow motion. Back of
her the camera was clicking—thousands
of feet—it seemed to Mary Rose.
"He's after you!" shouted the director.
"You stop—look back — YOU'RE
SCARED!—you tell him you'll jump if
he comes any closer."
For a split second she stopped, her
slender hands gripping the rail, and then
with tightly closed eyes, she jumped.
The camera on the deck caught her
going over.
The camera on the rock picked her up
as she hit the water. The little-faced boy at the piano
struck up "Clap Your Hands" with re-
nerved vigor.
A bored foursome continued to play
bridge.
Below, the dark water had closed over
Mary Rose. For an instant her blonde
head appeared, only to be swallowed
up again, as though so many greedy hands
had pulled her down. And the camera
kept on grinding.

.. and being born a Woman

CHARM... poise... verve... a subtle fascinating wit—no wonder
men adore the brilliant Woman of Today—she who calls dullness the
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A cool, mint-flavored tablet—ap-
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you chew it for two or three minutes,
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Yet soon... notice the difference in
the way you feel!

Fresh—buoyant—clear-eyed—the
deadening poisons of constipation
are gone. And gone with no violent
"flushing" of the system—with no
injury to the digestion—with none of
the unpleasant after-effects that
ordinary laxatives may have for you.
This is Feen-a-mint—the originator
of a new school of laxation and the
answer of modern science to our
commonest physical problem.

Each tablet of Feen-a-mint con-
stit-s of yellow phenolphthalein (the
tasteless compound which is the
"active principle") combined with a
delicious mint chewing gum. This
makes possible the advantage which
experts have long striven for: thorough
mixing of a laxative with the mouth
fluids which aid digestion before it
reaches the stomach.

So amazing, indeed, has been the
success of this new method that a
whole new school of similar rem-
edies has sprung up. The outward
semblance of these tiny white tab-
lets may be imitated. But the care
and skill with which each Feen-a-
mint tablet is compounded, based on
years of actual clinical experience—
and the rigid laboratory control of
each step in the process—these are
things which make Feen-a-mint
unique today. Your druggist has it.

A book of importance—free to you. Recent discoveries have
revolutionized many views on constipation. We have pre-
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"Swim toward the rock," megaphoned the director when his head came up for the second time. "Just like an extra man. I want to take up a lot of footage," he complained to his assistant, flicking cigarette ash with his forefinger.

But the girl struggling in the water was unaware of the hundreds of feet of film being used on her. She was being pulled down... down... Crazy, misfit thoughts were jiggawaving through her brain... Jimmy Riley... quickies... sandwiches cut heart-shaped... the picture house back in Cherryvale... electric lights spilling out Mary Rose... rates her arms impotently threshered the water—then sunk out of sight.

"Jeez, that's gonna be some shot," exclaimed one of the grips who was coming back in the launch with Jimmy Riley. "That little baby's sure taking a chance."

JIMMY RILEY strained his eyes for another glimpse of the blonde head. What was it the kid had said? "They won't let me drown—will they?"

Suddenly he knew why her lower lip had quivered so. He baby doll couldn't swim... and this bozo of a director was letting her drown... right there before his eyes... thinking of nothing but getting a good shot.

In less time than it takes to tell it Jimmy had jerked off his tennis shoes and dived overboard, his strong arms ploughing through the water with swift, over-hand strokes.

What followed caused the director to rewrite the script completely. Maybe you've seen the picture and remember the scene where the juvenile rescued the girl, climbing up on the slippery rock with her slender little body held in one arm.

The censors cut out several feet of the most convincing kiss of the picture but they left the title where he said: "Poor little baby doll!"

When Mary Rose came to she was lying on a narrow white bed in a room filled with flowers.

She had some vague idea that it might be heaven but the smell of chicken broth which someone was holding to her lips seemed very real.

"What do you think of the flowers, baby?"

She stared dazedly at Jimmy Riley, standing at the foot of the bed.

"I GRABBED them off the Benson set," he surveyed the floral display with pride. "Get the orchids, will you? They set the company back two bucks apiece. I been keepin' them alive with aspirin—just for you."

Her eyes filled with tears as she tried to speak her thanks. How often had she dreamed of receiving quantities of flowers—after some picture premiere—with little cards attached bearing the congratulations of admiring friends. She tried to swallow the little lump which had worked its way into her throat.

"Were they very mad—because I pretended I could swim?" she asked hesitantly.

"Mad? Say you gave 'em a wow of a shot. It'll probably make the picture."

Mary Rose listened with amazement.

---

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*Just Rub It On*

When winds blow raw and chilly and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old *Musterole*. As *Musterole* penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth: then comes cooling, welcome relief. For crooky cuffs, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in the neck and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

*To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.*

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**How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands**

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little *Ice-Mint* into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. *Ice-Mint* is made from a Japanese starch product and is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of *Ice-Mint* will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.

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*BE COMFORTABLE—WORD the Brooks Appliance, the modern missionary invention which does away with that immediate re- action to compression. It’s a self-supporting foundation made of *Ice-Mint*. Any druggist will sell you a Brooks Appliance with the endorsement of the *Ice-Mint* label. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.

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people were so strange. And, too, she had always considered it a bit indelic ate of Aunt Margaret to marry, at her age. Max De Hart was a painter, not of miniatures, as was his wife, but of soft, shadowy sketches of nude dancers and bathers... it was, decided Cynthia, all very odd.

PATTY was never at home, and in the afternoon Cynthia sat with her mother and father on the verandah, waiting to greet their guests. When the yellow car swerved up the drive, she saw the slender, long-legged figure of a man unfold itself from behind the wheel, and her eyes widened incredulously. This, then...

“Margaret!”

“Jane!”

Her mother and Aunt Margaret were hugging one another, talking at once.

“Hullo, Cynthia, there!” Aunt Margaret kissed her briskly. “You've never met your Uncle Max, have you?”

“My God, Margo, not uncle!” protested a liquid voice, as Max De Hart took Cynthia's hand in his and bowed.

Cynthia’s eyes, wide and clear, looked up into his. But he was beautiful, Aunt Margaret’s husband! Tall and willowy and fair, with blue, blue eyes and a laughing mouth half hidden by a blond beard... he wore white flannels, with a turquoise striped belt about his slender waist... the color of his eyes...

“You know, that's a delectable dress you've got there,” he said, eyeing Cynthia. “The wind, rippling it against you like that—delightful! I say, Margo, look at this girl! Isn't she exquisite?”

Margaret De Hart looked calmly upon Cynthia’s confusion. She’s my lamb!... she thought in that reticent, beloved voice of hers. “Heaven's, she's grown, Jane! How old is she?”

CYNTHIA’S flush deepened. How would they like it, these grown people, if someone was always asking how old they were? Aunt Margaret, for instance. She must be twenty-eight—her own mother was thirty-eight! “Probably the most exquisite of all ages,” Max De Hart murmured, as her mother told. “Sixteen! Delicious!”

“It's not delightful!” Cynthia contradicted him. “It's hateful and leathery and horrible and I wish—” Her voice broke, and the eyes she turned away from his were stormy.

“My dear!” His hand, taking hers, was smooth and white, with long flexible fingers.

Cynthia looked again at him—her heart swelled as she realized that he understood; his blue eyes were bent intently upon her, upon her angry, parted lips, upon the indignant rise and fall of her young breast, beneath the flowered dress... slowly, with a delicious, creeping feeling of contentment, she smiled at him. His fingers tightened, for an instant, over hers...

“Max, are you getting the bags?” From within the house came Aunt Margaret’s voice, shaking the moment; as Cynthia turned, another voice sounded behind her.

“Lo, Cynth. Aunt Margaret come?” It was Patty, brisk and laughing, towing Tommy Lowell behind her.

Cynthia nodded irritably. “This is my sister Patricia, Mr. De Hart. And Mr. Lowell.” She watched the handshaking, watched the artist’s soft fingers against Patty’s plump ones, against Tommy’s brown fist. “I’ll help you get the bags, Mr. De Hart.”

“Don’t be silly!” Tommy Lowell detained her at the piazza steps, arms outstretched. “Little thing like you. Don't want to get your pretty dress all dirty, do you?” He grinned, a curly, boy’s grin, showing square white teeth.

Cynthia shrugged and turned away from him. Her pretty dress! Pretty! Delectable... with the wind rippling it against you...

CYNTHIA was poised on a rock against a background of sea, her slender legs pointed downward toward a little pool of sea-water, one slim arm flung across the smooth gray rocks, clinging her. From the flanks of the rock dripped sandy brown and yellow seaweed, like the mane of a water-lion; her one-piece bathing suit was a pallid green against the bronze of her skin.

“That’s too utterly splendid!” Max De Hart approved, eyeing her. “You know, we’ll have to do something in colors—you’re entirely too vivi d a person to be caught in black and white.”

The peach color in her cheeks deepened. “Am I?” she asked, breathlessly.

“Then, I guess I was wrong,” he returned, smiling.

“And now come over here and see what I’ve done with you.”

She sat beside him, explaining in exci ted monosyllables, as he lifted one after another of the sketches he had made.

“Oh, but I’m not like that! So—” she turned wide eyes to his. “They’re heavenly!”

“And so are you, my dear! We’ll do one in oils—get the texture of this lovely flesh.” His long forefinger lightly touched her knee, white against the sun-baked brown. “So you don’t like being sixteen, Madameoiseille Cynthia?”

She shook her head, and amber colored hair caught the sunlight in its meshes. “I want to be—really grown up.”

I’LL wager that you were really grown up, as you call it, when you were twelve! Women—some women—are so ageless. There’s something of the eternal Lillith in every one of them.”

“Is there?” Cynthia’s lips parted; then words spilled through them, in a rush. “Men are so different, I think. I don’t think they’re ever interesting at all until they’re—well, thirty! These callow boys Patty has about her all the time—what do they know of—of life? They—they.” She broke off, as she saw Patty and one of the callow boys, Tommy

Sweet Sixteen

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]
Chicago,

They looked at the sketches, praising them as enthusiastically as Cynthia herself, but she could see that the artist was little interested in their comments. What did they, Patty and Tommy Lowell, know of Art?

"They look older than Cynth," Patty commented, cruelly.

"They're as ageless as she is," their author returned, and Cynthia flashed him a radiant smile.

"Ageless?" Patty frowned. "Course she's pretty young." Cynthia concealed her amusement... or at least she presented the tableau of a young woman concealing her amusement. "I think they're darned like her," asserted Tommy Lowell. "She's so cute and skinny and all." He looked at the model approvingly. "Going back now? I've got my car parked down the line, if you'd like a lift."

Cynthia glanced at Max De Hart. "Thanks—quite as soon walk. Cynthia and I've been settling a few universal woes and I really think we should keep up the good work. Someone has to attend to these things. Unless you'd like to ride, Cynthia?"

"Oh, no!" Her heart was throbbing with gratitude. "Tell me, Mr. De Hart," she said, as Patty and Tommy turned away, "don't you think that youth is really a very tragic thing? I mean, unless you're one of those people—well, like Patty is, isn't she content with the outer crust of life?"

"Youth," said Mr. De Hart, thoughtfully, "is, after all, a state of mind."

"Is it?" She leaned toward him, wrapping her arms about her bare legs and peering at him over her round, brown knees. "Do you mean...?"

A LESS sensitive person might have found the maned rock, there on the edge of the sea, an uncomfortable seat, but Cynthia, the next morning, felt bodiless, exalted, as she sat posing for the portrait in color. Lips parted, eyes heavy with dreams, she leaned toward the painter, uncaring that while the brush moved in his supple fingers, she was unaware of her existence as an actual person. As he painted, she watched him, watched the changes of expression in his mobile face, watched his eyes that looked directly into hers without noting anything but their color and shape. Then that sublime moment, when his face relaxed, when his

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blue eyes, really meeting her own, fused with them, and he smiled and asked if she was tired, inviting her to come and sit beside him, and see how the picture was getting on.

"We seem to have picked the favorite spot of your sister and her lover," he remarked, with a slight irritation as Patsy and Tommy came strolling toward them.

"Patty hates this end of the beach," she said. "It's funny..."

"Thought we'd stop by and see how the picture was coming on," Tommy Lowell said cheerfully, apparently unconscious of the unfriendliness in Cynthia's gaze. "Is she a good model, sir?"

Max De Hart winced. "Excellent," he replied, shortly.

TOMMY'S hazel eyes met Cynthia's. "It's great to be a painter!" he said.

"I wouldn't mind being her all morning myself, looking at that view." But he continued to look at Cynthia.

"There are lots of views," she suggested, politely.

"Woo!" Tommy clapped his hand to his cheek, as though he had been slapped.

"Woman, do you mean what I think you mean?"

She tossed her head. "I'm sure I don't know." Their eyes met, squarely.

"Oh, do come on, Tommy," Patty was urging. "I want to swim."

He hesitated, looking at Cynthia. "You going to take a dip?" he asked her.

"Or is that bathing suit the kind that mustn't get wet?"

She shrugged. "Have a good swim, Pat."

After they had gone, Max De Hart threw back his head and laughed.

"Why?" Cynthia asked him.

For the first time, he seemed like a grown person... or made her feel like a child.

"Just life—and women." His face sobered."Shall we go on with it, now?"

It was on the evening of that fateful day that Cynthia rushed to her desk and her diary before, even, she undressed.

"Tonight Mr. De Hart kissed my hand when I came up to bed! He leaned over and said, 'Au Revoir, Little Model!' in the most thrilling, husky voice! I'm sure that no one heard him. Oh, I do think he has a crush on me. To be a woman and young,—sixteen is probably the most exquisite of all ages! Mr. De Hart has asked me to call him Max. Max. It seems strange. I don't know if Mother would like it. Mother—Her hands came down, palms flat, fingers outspread, over the page, as the door of her room opened.

"Mother! You frightened me."

Jane Perry laughed. "Honestly, now Cynthia! And do take your hands off that silly book—I've written enough of 'em in my own life; I don't need the faintest curiosity about what's in yours! Even if I didn't have a slight sense of honor, which, among other things, is something to discuss with you."

"Mother?" Cynthia stared, as her mother sat down at the foot of the bed.

"Did you keep a diary, too?"

"Passionately, my dear. Did girl ever grow up without it?"

"I bet Patty never did!"

"Patty! Do you mean to sit there, Cynthia Perry, and tell me that two years ago when she was seen in a Dream of Fourteen, you didn't know—oh, well!"

She leaned forward and seized a pillow, wedged it behind her back as though she was planning to stay.

Cynthia looked reluctantly at her scarlet book. "It must be quite late," she said.

"Oh, not so very. Come on over here and sit down where I can look at you. Uncomfortably, Cynthia submitted to her mother's scrutiny. "Growing up, my lamb—and, gosh, how I've dreaded it! I wish that Irene would hurry up and have a baby so we'd have one in the family."

"She's only been married three months!" Cynthia protested, aghast.

"Yes, dear, I know." Jane Perry grinned at her daughter. "It's grown up," she repeated. "Lord, Cynthia, I bet you're going to be more trouble to me than the other two put together!"

Cynthia was silent. Of course if her mother realized that she was different...

"Cynthia!"

She looked up, called to attention by the note in her mother's voice. "What?"

THERE was a smile around Jane Perry's lips, but her eyes were serious. "So funny to be talking to you like this. You and your Aunt Margaret, don't you?"

"Why, I love her!" Cynthia's eyes widened in amazement.

"I thought you did. She's just about the finest woman it's ever been my good fortune to know." She bit her lip, looking down at the blue and white bedspread in a sort of confusion. "Cynthia, what do you think of Max?"

Cynthia's eyes blazed into soft flame. "Oh, he's wonderful, Mother! He's so understanding, so sympathetic! He doesn't treat me at all as if I were a little girl..."

"Hmph!" said her mother. "Baby, I don't know how to say what I want to say. I don't want to put silly ideas in your head... or give you names for the silly, nameless ones that are there. But you're not a child any longer. You're a woman!"

"Mother!" After an enthralled second, Cynthia flung her arms about her, kissing her again and again. "Do you really think so?"

JANE PERRY nodded. "Max," she said slowly, as though she were picking her words carefully, "is a good artist and a real companion. Aunt Margaret is very fond of him. If anyone—any woman—was to flirt with him, it would probably hurt her."

"Oh, yes!" agreed Cynthia, fervently, and a shadow seemed to drop from Jane Perry's face; her gray eyes were suddenly laden.

"Women rather stand together, in life," she said. "And you've become a woman, Cynthia. If you ever saw a woman deliberately flirting with—well, say Max—you'd feel that she was being dishonest, wouldn't you?"

Cynthia stared at her. Did her mother think that she was flirting with Mr. De Hart? Flirting! It was extraordinary,
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MAY DE HART was upstairs—he always took a siesta after his lunch—and Cynthia was alone on the verandah, curled up in the Gloucester hammock with a book, when Tommy appeared.

"What you reading?"

She looked at him vaguely. The book was a novel, but she hadn't been reading it; she had been lying drowsily with the sun beating upon her, thinking of the conversation she had had that morning with the painter. About honor... her mind had been wandering with it, since her mother's talk—a perfectly artificial, arbitrary thing. Max De Hart had termed it. "More often than not a crutch for the emotionally infirm to lean on." She hadn't known what he meant, but he had been so certain that she did understand and sympathize with his attitude that she had not persisted.

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"Pete Carter’s coming along in a sec," said Tommy, sitting down, uninvited, at the end of the hammock. "Thought we’d have some doubles, if you’ll play." Cynthia stretched out her arms lazily and yawned. "I don’t think that—Max—" She rather tripped over the name—"wants to paint any more today. He’ll be down soon. Patty’s in town with Mother."

"Yes, I passed her on the road." He lighted a cigarette. "You’re a funny kid, Cynthia."

She shrugged.

"Always around with older men. Why don’t you pick on some one your own size?"

"Oh, I like ’em older—they know more." She turned to watch Patty’s car speeding along the road, conscious of Tommy’s eyes still on her. Funny, that she used to be so awkward and self-conscious with young men and that now, when she was no longer interested in them, she felt perfectly at ease.

Tommy grunted. "They know more, do they? Do you insist on their being married, too?" She looked at him vaguely, and he flushed. "That was a dirty crack—I apologize, Cynthia."

The vagueness did not leave her eyes. She didn’t even know what he was apologizing about. "A man’s a man," she said, "and being married doesn’t keep him from being interesting."

Tommy leaned close. "You’re a hard-boiled little kid—with your hair all hanging down your back, too. I—I never saw anyone like you!"

"There is no one like Cynthia," Max De Hart interrupted, from the doorway. They made her and then they broke the mould.

Cynthia flushed. "Tommy wants me to play doubles."

"Fine. I’ll bring my pad and pencil down and make some sketches on the court."

"You’ll need a fast movie camera to catch Cynthia," said Tommy.

With her flying hair pinned up on her head, Cynthia looked very grown-up—like a little Psycho, Max told her.

"Long hair’s sort of nice, you know," said Tommy. "I think you’re awfully wise not to cut it."

Cynthia only smiled. As she walked to the court between the two men, she had a feeling of elation... and she didn’t know why. She played with Tommy, while Max sketched, and she found him a pleasant partner, not taking her seriously so many men did, and returning the balls to her, when she was serving, with a manner that was positively courtly. They won two of the three sets, and when he took her hand in his and shook it, in mock congratulation, she smiled up at him.

Her parents and Aunt Margaret were going to the Carters’ to play bridge after dinner.

"Coming, Max?" Aunt Margaret asked.

He grimaced. "Oh, heavens, Margo—you know how these suburbanities bore me! And I don’t play. I think I’ll take Cynthia to the movies, if she’ll go with me."

"I was going anyway," Cynthia said, smiling at Aunt Margaret. "Everyone’s going."

Patty was still dressing, and Cynthia and Max De Hart sat on the verandah, watching the last shreds of the sunset shifting over the sky.

"I’m going to hate going away, in two days," he said softly.

"Two days!" Cynthia’s heart froze. "Oh, you can’t be!"

"Have to. Margo’s having an exhibition in New York."

Cynthia’s eyes were fixed on the sunset. What did Aunt Margaret have to have an exhibition for—now? "I’ll miss—talking with you," she said.

"I’ll miss you, my dear. Somehow in these few days, I think we’ve grown very close to one another. These talks—do you really want to go to the movies? Or should we just sit here in the evening and talk?"

"Oh, let’s!"

Patty looked at them oddly, when they told her. "It’s a Fairbanks picture, Cynthia!"

Cynthia shrugged. Fairbanks—what did he matter?

"It’s so beautiful here," Max was saying softly. "There’s not enough beauty in life, little Cynthia. We have to seize it, greedily, with both hands wherever we find it. Beauty should have no laws. It—"

Cynthia leaned toward him, lips parted.

"Come and look at the moon, Cynthia—you should look at the moon! Isn’t yours the name of the moon goddess?"

Cynthia shivered delightedly at his voice, so soft in the darkness. She sat beside him in the hammock, looking across his shoulder at the little new moon in the sky. He put his arm gently about her and she sat, rigidly, holding her breath.

"YOU’RE trembling, Cynthia!"

She shook her head. "Just a shiver. It—she could hardly do it, but she wished he’d take his arm away. She didn’t quite like to say so. She could feel, rather than see, his face turned toward her. She wished he’d talk. Sitting, so, with him—it was almost like lovers, here in the moonlight. And after all, he was old as her father, nearly...."

"I think—" she began.

"Don’t," he said softly, without moving.

She was silent. This was all rather silly. Suddenly she laughed, a short, rough laugh. "It’s so dark—and quiet," she said.

She felt as if she had been swooped up, by a wave....

"Adorable... little moon goddess...."

"Oh, please!" said Cynthia.

Curved, like the crescent moon itself, his arms had been about her; as she swayed back in the darkness, she felt the softness of his beard, unpleasantly, shiveringly, on her face.

Please? He laughed under his breath, and suddenly, while her young body became as tense and stiff as a doll’s, he was kissing her lips.

"Please—don’t!" she said, against his mouth. "Mr. De Hart, please—"
He paid no attention to her; again she felt that smothering, dizzying feeling, as though she were being engulfed by a great wave. She beat against him with her hands. If this was being grown-up, she didn't like it!

"Please!"
The sound of footsteps running up the verandah stairs echoed through the breathless quiet, and in the darkness, Max De Hart released her and leaned back carelessly against the cushions of the hammock.

"Cynthia! Cynthia!"
"Tommy! I'm here!" Through the dimness, she rushed toward him, flung herself against him, and felt his arm, firm and comfortable like her father's, close about her. "Oh—Tommy!"

His voice was trembling, in the darkness. "I came to take you to the hall," he said. "The Fairbanks picture has just started. Are you ready?"

She nodded, still trembling against his arm, clinging to him, and silently they went down the steps, down to the path to his car, at the foot of the driveway. In the light of the headlights, they looked at one another, questioningly,searchingly.

"I'm so—so glad you came!" she said.

His face was sober. "So'm I. Patty said you were at home alone—with him. I couldn't stay at the pictures. Oh, Cynthia, I suppose I'm just a kid in lots of things, but I do like you such a lot!"

She smiled radiantly, and then, at the same moment, they were both conscious of his arm, about her shoulders.

She moved imperceptibly and it dropped to his side, but their eyes exchanged a smile.

"You ought to come down to Princeton, some day," Tommy said, as he started the car. "You'd like it!"

Cynthia's lips parted, as she turned toward him. "W-would I?" she asked, a little breathlessly.

It was nearly three weeks later that Cynthia thought of the scarlet-covered book. She found it, still hidden under the pile of papers, a pile suddenly augmented by dance programs and notes and photographs.

"I don't seem to have any time to write in here any more," she wrote.

"Here it is the sixteenth of August and—"

The sixteenth! She put down her pen swiftly and hurried to her closet, flung open the door.

A sigh of relief escaped her lips. Yes, the green dance frock was back from the cleaners, just as they'd promised. Heaven knew she'd worn it to the Club enough times, but Mother had promised her a new one for the dance next week. She looked down at her slippers, in a row on the shelf, critically. If only silver didn't tarnish so at the seashore...

She shrugged and returned to the desk, took up her pen. The grandfather's clock, downstairs, struck once, lingeringly. Cynthia started. One o'clock—and she was playing golf with Tommy at nine! She looked at the scarlet-covered book and grinned.

"Bosh!" she said, emphatically, and with strong, brown young hands, she tore it across—and across—and dropped it into the wastebasket.
mother over money. Even when the case was adjusted by a reconciliation between Mary and her mother, the memory of it hung in the public mind.

Other suits followed. Mary was named as the corespondent in a divorce suit. The United States government found that Mary and her mother owed money for income taxes. The movies turned a cold shoulder on Mary. The public heard that the slender child had turned into a plump young woman. Pursued by all the malevolent demons, Mary fled.

How and where is Mary Miles Minter living?

WHAT becomes of a star when the gleam of it is cut off by clouds that scurry along between the eyes of earth and its stellar orbit? Perhaps the star goes on gleaming. At any rate, Mary Miles Minter goes on living.

First, the place: In an unostentatious hotel in a quiet street just off the fashionable Champs Elysees in Paris. On the top floor.

When I asked a hotel official to be shown to the apartment of Miss Shelby, he denied all knowledge of any such person. I assured him that no longer than an hour before I had telephoned Miss Shelby and had been invited to visit her.

The official shook his head. His suspicion was by no means appeased. He retired through a door, which he closed securely behind him. After fifteen minutes he returned, summoned an attendant, whispered a long string of instructions and motioned us toward the elevator. We proceeded upward under escort.

In the beginning I rather resented this escort, who insisted on keeping uncomfortably close to my elbow. Later I was grateful for his familiarity with the terrain. Never, otherwise, could I have found my way through the labyrinth of service halls, storerooms, unexpected turns and blind passages leading to a heavy gray door which gave no indication of what might go on behind it.

The attendant knocked on the door. A staccato knock of dots and dashes that sounded like a signal. The whole thing struck me as being ludicrously like a scene in a mystery play.

The door was opened by a slender, bird-like woman with searching eyes, straight set lips and a crown of reddish hair. The woman was Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, Mary Miles Minter's mother.

Yes, Mary is living with the mother she once accused of appropriating her salary and whom she sued for approximately one million dollars of those earnings.

Mary and mother are playing a sister act. Love me, love my mother. Love me, love my Mary.

The peek-a-boo umbrella with a storm window was introduced by Thelma Todd, in preparation for the California rainy season. The little window is a protection against traffic accidents.

London papers please copy
"God only made one Mary," says Mrs. Shelby.

"A girl's best bet is her mother," says Mary.

Just like the good old days, when Mary was at her crest.

There are those who contend that Mary and Mother Shelby are living in a state of armed neutrality. I cannot say. There was no evidence of any hard feelings during my visit.

Mary was suffering from the temper of a bawky tooth. Mary's mother was full of solicitation for her daughter. Mary must partake of tea and toast even if she had to dip the toast in the tea. Mary must have an orange shawl thrown across her couch so she would not get the draught from an open window. Mary, Mary, and again, Mary!

SOME there are who claim remembrance of Mrs. Shelby when, as Mrs. Homer Reilly, she was the elocution teacher in the then small but vigorous town of Dallas, Texas. She taught the young folk to speak their pieces for the church festivals and the Christmas charades, it is said, and the pride of her motherhood was baby Juliet Reilly, now Mary Miles Minter.

When there came a parting of the ways between little Juliet's mother and father, the elocution teacher resumed her maiden name of Shelby and Juliet Reilly became Juliet Shelby. Then Mrs. Shelby took her two little daughters to New York where, it was belied, she cherished hope of realizing stage ambitions for herself.

Her interest, however, centered around little Juliet who, being a precocious youngster with an unusual doll-like face and winsome manner, soon came into demand for child parts. Juliet's success was so marked that Mrs. Shelby submerged her own ambitions in those of her daughter.

Little Juliet became Mary Miles Minter, the two latter names belonging to her parents together.

What a tortuous road the elocution teacher and her daughter have travelled from Dallas, Texas, to the secluded, guarded apartment in Paris!

And what does Mary look like now? No use denying that the little girl has grown up into quite a husky woman. Not even her most ardent admirers dare claim that she touches on or appertains to the fashionable' silhouette. Added weight gives her a mature look, but it is not altogether unbecoming. She gives the impression of being healthy, fond of the fleshpots, but none too happy over their effect on her.

THE golden curls that once were to rival Mary Pickford's are now bobbed into a chic Parisian head-dress.

"Please, must you say anything about me?" Mary pleaded. "People are not interested in me any more. They don't remember me. My name is forgotten."

"Nonsense, Mary," expostulated her mother.

"Well, then," said the sham lamb, "I am studying. Music, mostly. No, I don't play. Not even a jewesharp. But I can hear music, and I can love it. I want to make music my friend instead of a mere passing acquaintance."

Chapped lips are so painful
and husbands just detest them — if you know what I mean. That's why I adore Mentholatum to keep my lips soft!

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"Have you taken up philosophy?" I inquired. "Philosophy is so modish and psychology. And psycho-analysis. The refuge of the misunderstood."

"You're getting deep," laughed Mary. "I have philosophy only so far as I have lived it. And," she went on, "I haven't read a newspaper or a magazine story about myself since 1923. What's the use? One blunder, one mistake, one misfortune, and fame becomes infamy. The climb to public favor is sweet. The fall is swift. The return journey is interminable."

"Not long ago, I was named as correspondent in a divorce case. A man I had met only in a casual way. When the news reached me, I was in Italy with my mother. Investigation brought out the fact that the wife of the casual acquaintance had selected my name as being the most sensational one on which to base a divorce suit.

"I wanted to sue the wife who had taken recourse to such unfair methods in order to win her freedom, or whatever it was she hoped to win. My attorney advised me against such procedure.

"'Drop it,' he said. 'Your friends know better. Folks who like to believe such things will believe what they want, anyway, no matter how much you exonerate yourself.'

"I took my attorney's advice. One blunder. One mistake. One misfortune. The fireworks forever after."

"And if you had it to do over again? If you were just beginning your career, how would you plan it?"

MARY smiled. She has taken too many wallops from life to be disturbed by a powder puff.

"I would not go into the movies."

"Take that, you youngsters and you oldsters with young ideas."

Not that Mary turns thumbs down on the movies. How can she? But, according to her own confession, she has seen ten movies, aside from those in which she appeared, in her lifetime. Two of the ten were Chaplin comedies.

"Moving pictures," confesses Mary, "are a wonderful art and a wonderful industry. But—not for me."

"I should have remained true to the speaking stage," sighs Mary. "I made my first appearance at the age of four. The play was 'Cameo Kirby' and Nat Goodwin was the star. Perhaps I will return some day, somehow. Who knows?"

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Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest

1. $2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:
   1. $1000 for the best 1,000 foot 35 mm. film.
   2. $500 for the best 400 ft. 16 mm. film.
   3. $350 for the best 60 ft. 9 mm. film.
   4. $25 prize for the best short subject film submitted in any division; prizes of $500 will be awarded each of the winners.

2. The submitted film need not be original; 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 chooses. In selecting the winner 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 will be considered: story, title, 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. No members of the Photoplay staff, nor anyone related to any member of the Photoplay staff, will be eligible.

6. All films are to be addressed to the judges at 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 February 15, 1928.

7. The judges will be Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League; S. L. Rothafel; Nicholas Murray; James R. Quick, editor of PHOTOPLAY; and Frederick James Smith, managing editor of PHOTOPLAY.

8. PHOTOPLAY magazine 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.

"The motion picture of today is limited in its scope by tradition and conventions," he said.

"It resembles the artificiality of the still photographs of former days, when everything was posed in a stilted fashion.

"Real motion picture technique has been lacking, though there are signs of its development now.

"Some of these naturally is freakish, but in any event the camera itself is being given greater scope.

"I think the biggest development will come from the amateur field, however, where the restraints will not be as great as they are in the film studio. There are a few studio-made motion pictures that suggest this freedom."

An interesting example of amateur cinematography used for civic advancement has just been brought to the attention of PHOTOPLAY by Jack London, of 2618 Madison Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. London and his associates made a thousand foot reel of 35 mm. film called "A Visit to Some of the Community Chest Agencies." This reel was shown at all the Kancheen clubs in Birmingham, as well as at some of the bigger industrial plants.

The Birmingham theaters took various scenes from the reel and ran them as trailers for two weeks during the Community Chest Campaign, to the extent of $200.

The reel showed some of the directors of the Chest visiting the agencies that are helped by the fund, it revealed scenes of people in various institutions and how the poor children are cared for. In brief, it showed graphically where the money went and how it was used.

The film, which was made by Mr. London and Clyde Engle, both amateurs, proved to be the most important item in the city's drive.

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From Pearl Provo, 2914 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn., "I have been using your eyelash and eyebrow method. It is simply wonderful.

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State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D. Whether money is enclosed or not, this offer is without risk and at no charge.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

FAIR CO-ED, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Mary Martin and Joel Gray in a comedy which is as successful as it is burlesque. (December.)

FAST AND FURIOUS.—Universal.—Another lighthearted comedy, and, oh, how it is to Regina Carroll. (September.)

FIGHTING EAGLE, THE.—Producers Dist. Corp.—A story of the time of Napoleon, just to help you with your day. The story is, however, not so much the story, but Phyllis Haver steals the glory. (September.)

FIGHTING LOVE.—Producers Dist. Corp.—A slightly slow but interesting drama with some grand acting by Jack Oakie and Victor Varconi. (August.)

FIGURES DON'T LIE.—Paramount.—A racy, lighthearted romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD.—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

FIRST AUTO, THE.—Warner Bros.—Ming on all cars, in spite of its interesting theme. A good performance by Russell Simpson, however. (September.)

FLYING LUCK.—Pathes.—Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE.—Pathes De Mille.—By slimy production, Morocco, well played by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schildkraut. (December.)

FOURFLUSHER, THE.—Universal.—A pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business, ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

FRAMED.—First National.—Milton Sullivan in a story of the Orient, all diamonds and dolch. Incidentally, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (September.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ray Innis's best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Hichens romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

GAUCO, THE.—United Artists.—Love, life and religion among the bands of the Andes, excitingly and picturly enacted by Donalogue and Chrysler banks. Keep your eye on Lure Velez, his new leading woman. Fine for the younger set. (January.)

GAY RETREAT, THE.—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A.—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Monjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (November.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH.—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Phillips. (December.)

GINGHAM GIRL, THE.—FBO.—Leslie Wilson in a fool's story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (October.)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE.—Warner Bros.—Life and love in the underworld, agreeably acted by Condon Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE.—Gotham.—An independent production, colored and above the average. Carmel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (November.)

GOOD AS GOLD.—Fox.—Not an ingénue opera but a roasting Western with Buck Jones toting the guns. (August.)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE.—Warner Bros.—The sad story of an American Indian, as much truer of feeling by Warner Oland that you forget its sentimentality. (January.)

GORILLA, THE.—First National.—Charlie Murray and Fredric March in a couple of dumb gorillas plaster laughter all over this mystery yarn. It's a darn fool thing to bring home. (November.)

GRANDMA BERNE LEARNS HER LETTERS.—Fox.—The series rises to real greatness in this story of a wop-stricken German mother. See it and learn a lesson in tolerance and compassion. Margaret Mann scores a hit as Grandma. (January.)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE.—FBO.—The latest crack-up of the Postal Service. The U. S. Marines are called into action—hurrah, hurrah! (September.)

HAMS AND EGGS.—Warner Bros.—A war comedy, done in colors as it were. An occasionally amusing but often silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (November.)

HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY.—First National.—No, not the popular hard-boiled type but another war story, the battle-line. Milton Sills at his best. (October.)

HARVESTER, THE.—FBO.—Came the yawn! If you like George Arlott's Porter's stories, help yourself. (January.)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE.—Warner Bros.—Now it is Dobbs's gloomy turn to swing on the bell. A good card for you. (October.)

HEBIE GEBIES.—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A.—Universal.—Foot Glove does his stuff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (October.)

HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE.—Fox.—A youthful, forgettable story of "prep" school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

HIS DOG.—Pathes De Mille.—Fine acting by Joseph Schalekron. A good card for you. (November.)

HOME MADE.—First National.—Johnny Hines pursing his art. Some of the "gags" don't belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December.)

HONEYMOON HATE.—Paramount.—Florencio Vidor and Tito Curia MacRae in a story of an American girl and her Italian husband. For those who like "on our little island." (August.)

HOOF MARKS.—Pathes.—Meet the new Western star, Jack Donovan. He knows his cattle. (January.)

HOOK AND LADDER NO. 9.—FBO.—Some good new shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December.)

HULA.—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in the Orient. The identification of Clara is the whole works. (October.)

IF I WERE SINGLE.—Warner Bros.—The girls will get a glee out of this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January.)

IN OLD KENTUCKY.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story of the Kentucky Derby that is better than most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance by James Neilson and an exceptional "hit" by Wesley Barry. (January.)

IRISH HEARTS.—Warner Bros.—May McAvoy suffers the consequences of being in love that isn't worth your kind attention. (August.)

IRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE.—Universal.—What happens when a hard-boiled bachelor meets a sweet young thing. Just a lot of nonsense, accompanied by fine dancing. The one thing you can count on is that they will certainly interfere with your enjoyment of a cackling melodrama. (December.)

JOY GIRL.—Fox.—Olive Borden's eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (November.)

LADIES AT EASE.—Claywick.—A bumptious treatment of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December.)

LADIES MUST DRESS.—Fox.—A comedy that starts off like a whirlwind and then collapses. (January.)

LAST WALTZ, THE.—UFA-Paramount.—German sentiment that needs music—and a certain amount of levity. The dancing is by Fredrich Weidemann and the playing by Fredrich Wenzke wears uniform—but bow! (December.)

LES MISERABLES.—Universal.—The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and sets prove that French can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE.—First National.—George Arlott and his charmer friend, who now makes another Irish-Jewish comedy. Not as bad as most. (October.)

LONE EAGLE, THE.—Universal.—Another picture for Lindbergh, with the story by young Raymond Keane. (December.)

LONESOME LADIES.—First National.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic situations. (October.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

PHOTOPLAY—ADVERTISING SECTION

Photoplay Magazine, 135 W. 57th St., New York City
LOST AT THE FRONT—First National.—Simon pure slapstick of the best variety. Not art, not drama, just entertainment. Charlie Murray and George Sidney are fine. (August.)

LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karenina! Not so’s you could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo melt the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don’t be silly! (November.)

LOVELORN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The tale of two sisters who could have avoided a lot of tragedy by heeding the wisdom of Beatrice Fairfax. Not for the sophisticated. (January.)

LOVES OF CARMEN—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimée-Bust classic with a biff-bang performance by Dolores del Rio and some heavy cussing by Victor McLaglen. Lock up the children. (September.)

MADAME POMPADOUR—Paramount.—Dorothy Gish and Antonio Moreno in an English production, lavishly yet not particularly dramatic. A study of history that is not for the little ones. (October.)

MAGIC FLAME, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Mildred, comedy, romance, pathos—and above all Vilma Banky and Ronald Coleman. Step right this way, girls. (September.)

MAIN EVENT, THE—Pathé-De Mille.—Pretzish stuff. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That’s all. (January.)

MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy Mackail and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of Down East high-brows who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (August.)

MAN POWER—Paramount.—Wherin Richard Dix and his trusty tractor save the dam from bursting. A trite story made excellent by the star’s acting and some good thrills. (August.)

MAN’S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (October.)

MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Scandal in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, but Jeanne Eagels is no Greta Garbo. (January.)

MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—Universal.—Reginald Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You’ll love her and you’ll love the picture. (November.)

MILLION BID, A—Warner.—A weepy yarn wherein Dolores Costello is offered to the highest bidder. A good cast, but a silly story and too many dizzy camera angles. (August.)

MOCCKERY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bob Steele. He’s a good kid with a pleasant personality. (Goner.)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Ellis Island. (September.)

MR. WU—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Madame Butterfly with variations—most of them gory ones. Lon Chaney is swell, but Renee Adoree is even more so. (August.)

MUM’S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reeler comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phillips that deserves your kind attention. (January.)

MY BEST GIRL—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford’s best comedy and a romantic episode, played with “Buddy” Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children of course! (December.)

MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—Pathé-De Mille.—The story is that of a man who saves the lives of his wife and children after a shipwreck. (September.)

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The usual situation goes to boarding school and gets a course in it. Colleen Moore makes it entertaining. (September.)

NEST, THE—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with Gary Cooper and the fruitful scenery, fine acting and plenty of thrills. (October.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff has an original twist and Eddie Gribbon, Jimmie Harrison and Alice Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

NOW WE’RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakness under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)

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RUBBER HEELS — Paramount. One gorgeous stunt filmed at Niagara Falls and that's all. The rest just proves that Ed Wynn is no screen comic. (September.)

RUNNING WILD — Paramount. You'll get a real laugh from W. C. Fields as the henpecked husband in this easily bray by a hypnotist. Good stuff. (September.)

SAILOR IZZY MURPHY — Warner. George Jessel in a comedy that has gurilla and a bit of patooty. Lots of laughs. (September.)

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART, A — Warners. They have nerve to call this "comedy." Don't do it again, Selene Faeghezzi. (September.)

SATIN WOMAN, THE — Grahame. One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preambles—if you care for them. (October.)

SECRET HOUR, THE — Paramount. A white—washed woman you have. It's They Know Women; "which proves that you can't make pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

SECRET STUDIO, THE — Fox. Olive Borden is the star—what's new? You laugh as a head warmer. Light but amusing. (August.)

SHANGHAI BOUND — Paramount. Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of Shanghai. [51] (September.)

SHANGHAIED — FBO. Eat—um—love story about a sailor and a dance—hall girl. You laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

SHE’S A SHEIK — Paramount. Bebe Daniels is a wild Arabian beauty and it turns out to be she really—his. A swell evening. (January.)

SHIELD OF HONOR — Universal. Help yourself, if you like crock stories. (December.)

SHOOTIN’ IRONS — Paramount. Jack Luden and his gang in a typical story of the great hokum places. (November.)


SILK STOCKINGS — Universal. Proving that divorce may be worse than marriage—of all things! Louella Piana's best comedy, but not for the little darlings. (September.)

SILVER COMES THRU—FBO. A really good horse picture with Fred Thomson and your old friend, Silver. (September.)

SILVER VALLEY—Fox. Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has it. (December.)

SIMPLE SIS—Warners. In spite of Louise Fazenda, this one will bore you. Louise deserves a break. (August.)

SINWES OF STEEL — Gotham. A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little fellows. (October.)

SINGED—Fox. Binnie Barnet as a dance hall queen and a man's loyal pal. And very fine stuff, Mortimer. (September.)

SLAVES OF BEAUTY—Fox. This one has a hero, La Plante's best comedy, that will interest the girls. Just a fair story. (August.)

SMILE, BROTHER, SMILE—First National. Jack Mulhall in an amusing story of a shipping clerk (he's a shoemaker) that will amuse you. (October.)

SOFT CUSHIONS—Paramount. Douglas Mac Leans tries Broadway gas in a Bagnold harem. A 14 cut comedy. A nervous real hit by a newcomer—Susan Carol. (November.)

SORRELL AND SON—United Artists. Herbrott Bronson has made a touching beautiful picture of this story of a father and son so superbly played by B. W. Barron and a fine cast. (January.)


SPRING FEVER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. William Collier and James Cagney's comedy built about the golf mania. (October.)

STOLEN BRIDE, THE—First National. A young con artist, a stern painter, a marauding officer who has a light face with Fiose Downe as its star. (August.)

STONED—Street. A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune... . It's hard to believe that Anna Lee wrote the story. (December.)

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Topsy and Eva—United Artists. — Breath-breath of the old story with Rosetta Durham snatching most of the footage. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (September.)

Tumbling River—Fox. — It's a Tom Mix picture and one of his best. That's all you need to know. (October.)

Twelve Miles Out—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Rum-running off our dry coasts. A highly popular film with Jack Gilbert giving a sound and interesting performance. (November.)

Two Arabian Knights—United Artists. — Proving that there can be such a thing as war in the city. Brightly entertaining! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

Uncle Tom's Cabin—Universal. — Harriet Beecher Stowe's story rewritten to include the Civil War. Some beautiful acting. March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old favorites. (January.)

Underworld—Paramount. — Great story, great direction, great acting. A raw, drawn drama of the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook are assisted with lads. Not for the children. (September.)

Unknown—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — A fine skit plot, a lot of macabre thrill and great acting by Leon Chaney. Also Joan Crawford helps a lot. Don't go if you're easily scared. (August.)

Vanity—Producers Dist. Corp. — A society girl goes into war fortwork and forthwith reveals the high life. All right, if you enjoy it. A niche sort of thing with Leatrice Joy. (September.)

Wanted, a Coward—Sterling. — If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

Way of All Flesh, The—Paramount. — Emil Jannings is the whole picture. Such acting! The story is a bit long-winded, weakened by sentimentality. But no one can afford to miss Jannings. (August.)

We're AllGamblers—Paramount. — In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is disappointing. (November.)

What Happened to Father—Warner. — Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (October.)

White Pants Willie—First National. — Some snappy esthetics devoted to the Art of Johnny Hines. (October.)

Wild Geeze—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Marta Ostenso's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

Wind, The—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (November.)

Wings—Paramount. — The War in the Air—a thrilling spectacle that is nicely timed to your interest in aviation. (September.)

Wise Wife, The—Pathé-De Mille. — One of those stories about How to Hold a Husband—if you are interested. (January.)

Women's Wares—Tiffany. — Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by nagging men. (December.)

Dallas, Texas.

I am a lonely, unloved, practically unknown old maid in a great city, and surely must live the world's most monotonous life. I get up by the alarm clock every morning at six, prepare for my daily battle against the alcoholic burner, ride the street car to work, come home tired, weary and heart-sick, simply crushed, sometimes, by the utter futility of my life.

I recall one rainy night last winter—a night full of the desolate sounds of a strong wind—I was on the verge of a desperate act when I chanced to see from my window, in electric lights, the advertisement of one of Harold Lloyd's comedies. On an impulse, I grabbed my hat and coat and suddenly was out in the wild night, walking briskly toward the theater. After seeing 'The Kid Brother' I forgot with again, and laughter, and knew that surely there were greener pastures beyond for me.

Moving pictures are my only happiness. They have meant more to me, I believe, than to anybody else on earth. Each year they are getting closer to life and to human hearts. H. W.
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I had become utterly discouraged with a heavy growth of hair on my face and lip. I tried many ways to get rid of it—deplorators, electrolysis, even a razor, but all were disappointments.

I thought it was all hopeless until my research brought me a simple but truly wonderful method which I shall gladly explain to any woman who will send her name and address.

This method is different from anything you have ever used—not a powder, paste, wax or liquid, not a razor, but electricity. It will remove superfluous hair at once and will make the skin smooth and faultlessly attractive. Its use means an adorable appearance. And nothing's given over light—the most brilliant electric lamps—even the glare of sunlight joyously.

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DODGING THE WEDDING RING

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

really in love. And 1 can’t make up my mind.” Clara became wistful. “I’m not really fickle. It’s just such a chance in this business. If I could only know they loved me for myself, and myself only. Yes, I’m still seeing Victor Fleming. None of the rest, much. But Victor seems to understand me. Calls me ‘A good little bad girl.’"

Lonely little Clara! Her big salary, her fame, her genuine appeal, her generous nature do not bring her the happiness of the average man, marriage, because of that insistent fear, “It may not be the real me they love; it may be Clara Bow, the screen actress.” So Clara has about decided to continue to dodge the wedding ring problem.

“IN Europe cet does not make me married or engaged to be seen with a man without a veil. I cannot understand why zee private life has anything to do with those who play on zee screen.”

Greta Garbo was frankly skeptical about just what I wanted of her. What she does on the screen is “zee poobie’s business,” what she does in private life is her own. She does not believe that it should matter whether a star is married or single; has children or no children. If she is a good actress, produces good pictures, that should be the end of her responsibility, she tells me.

When I brought up the question of John Gilbert and Mauritz Stiller, her glorious eyes became veiled with that impenetrable look of deep mystery which is one of the many charms of this alluring Swedish woman.

“I have never been engaged to the both of them,” she said quietly. “I have never been engaged to anybody.”

“I do not say I will not marry. How do I know? I never say I will do this or I will do that. I go from one moment to another.” She sits here now.

Maybe I take off my clothes zee next moment and lay on zee floor without any clothes. I can never tell. But I do not think of zee marriage.

EET ees not because of my vork. Eef you are so in lol nortings else matters. You do not tink of vat vill happen. You are in lol and if you marry, you marry. But eet ees not necessary to marry, ees eet not?

“I loll my vork. Eet ees my life. I will not give it up.”

“I like to work weeth Meester Gilbert. He ees, I confess, a vood. Eef he ees an example of zee American man, you must be very lucky over here.”

“I know Meester Stiller in Europe. He start me in zee picture. I do not know eef I can.”

Greta would never marry any man, however, if there were any danger of quarrelling.

“I never quarrel,” she told me. “I hate zee idea of a woman being vat you call mad. I never get zat way even in zee

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pictures. I will not throw things or do anything like that for no director.

Marriage is simply a question which this young woman leaves to the right moment. It has no relation to her work; none to her public; none to her present self, as far as that matters. Yet, and this is the reason she is included in this story, she has perfectly refused every offer. It may be "for no reason at all," but nevertheless she continues to dodge the wedding ring obligations.

LITTLE Janet Gaynor thinks she is more or less hunting for the man "big enough" to place the gold ringlet upon her left hand finger. Yet she has just broken her one and only engagement.

"I just wasn't in love with him any more," was her earnest interpretation.

Janet became engaged to Herbert Moulton, a newspaperman and actor, while she was still a fledgling, flitting from one studio to another. When she became a dramatic sensation, reached the height of stardom, her love faded and died. She herself sees no relation between the two interests. We wonder.

"I want to get married. But I want my marriage to be the biggest thing in my life. I want to find a man so fine, so splendid whom I will love so much that my work won't make any difference. One who will come first, always, for whom I would give up my career without a moment's hesitation."

Janet is just twenty—and just honest. She has heard people say that she is to be the Bernhardt of the movies, but she has no convictions about it. She does not realize that she has put her Prince Charming on a pedestal so high that no man may ever reach it. She believes she is shly waiting the wedding ring, yet she has broken her engagement. Charlie Farrell's name has been linked with hers frequently, but they are just a couple of kids rising to glory together.

MARY PHILBIN is another screen-baby who believes she has started hunting for the perfect male-being.

"I have been too young to think of getting married before," she tells us. "But now I'm twenty. I figure I have five years more for my work and to save money. I have never gone out with the boys, but now I'm beginning. And I'm going out with all the nice ones who ask me. I want to know them all, so when the time comes and I'm ready to leave the screen I will know how to choose the man who will make me the best husband."

"After I leave the screen!" And if she never leaves it—

Olive Borden is essentially a home-body. She lives so closely within the walls of her home with her mother that in the four years of her career, her name has been linked with that of only one man—George O'Brien! They went away on location for "Three Bad Men," came back and went to the theater together, to mass Sunday morning, and so, of course, to the rest of the world they were "going to be married."

Only they have never been engaged, Olive tells me.

"You can't concentrate on two things at once!" she declared with assurance. "And I will not marry at least until mother and I are economically independent."

"It takes a very clever woman to hold her husband in this business. I still have a fairy idea about marriage. Oh, I think divorce is necessary if you aren't happy. But when I see all the domestic split-ups, I am frightened."

"Marriage should be the crowning glory of a woman's life. And, at least now, when I am concentrating every thought upon my career, I would be afraid to even think of it."

JOAN CRAWFORD tossed her auburn-haired head in defiance. "The Wedding Ring!" she scoffed. "That's one thing I hope I'll always be able to dodge. I know too much about it from studying other professional women who have married. Never! Not as long as I can support myself."

"Absolutely everyone I know is divorced or wants to be and can't get one. Why should I marry?"

Joan was wearing an immense third-finger diamond which she admitted was a man's gift, but she insisted it had no meaning. Since the days when this wily young lady last had an affair on Broadway, she has been reported engaged to one millionaire after another. Of course, the latest is Mike Cudahy, the scion of the Chicago packing-genius. In fact she left us with this remark:

"Got to hurry. The Cudahy family is going to the show this evening." But, methinks, she meant what she said.

She'll never marry.

Madge Bellamy, Lois Moran, Sally O'Neil, Jetta Goudal. There are many girls in this much-married city who seem destined to be profiting by the examples of others. Madge has never been reported engaged to anyone, and her present ambition is to be a two year rest in Europe. John Barrymore is reported to have been the most recent admirer of Lois Moran. But she has, avoided marriage. Sally O'Neil observes the old yarn, "There's safety in numbers." Phyllis Haver has been "going with" one man, Stephen Gooson, an art director, for five years. And she's too busy taking advantage of her big break to give a thought to any secondary matter!

Love!

The one dream-word of every young girl in existence.

Yet the most elusive happiness in the Cinema City.

I HAD not meant to make this a sob-story. But as I have talked with these girls whose ages would average twenty, as I have learned to know—admirable—appreciate and love them, my heart has oftentimes yearned over their problem.

Money, yes! Fame! Beauty, prestige. But that simple little right of all women. A man, a home, happy children. The opportunity to quarrel and make up. The joy of fighting, struggling, working, one for another.

There are some disadvantages to their lives so gloriously painted for us. And, paramount among them, is the concentrated effort, consciously or unconsciously made by so many, to avoid professional and personal pitfalls by "Dodging the Wedding Ring" problems.

Now he draws the things he wants

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes $75.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of hundreds of young people making big money because of Federal training.

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"GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Anita Loos. Scenario by Anita Loos and John Emerson. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Lorelei Lee, Clark Gable, Donald O'Connor, Fredric March, Alice White; Gus Eissmann, Ford Sterling; Henry Sedgwick, Holmes Herbert; Sir Francis Beckman, Mack Swain; Lady Beckman, Edward Brophy; John J. Haxton, Dickie Moore; Trixie Friganza; Miss Chapman, Blanche Friderici; Robert, Ed Faust; Louis, Eugene Borden; Lorelei’s Mother, Margaret Selkorn; Lorelei’s Cousin, Virginia Huston; Chester Conklin; Mr. Jennings, York Sherwood; Lulu, Mildred Boyd.

"CHICAGO" — PATHE-DIE MILE. — From the play by Maurine Watkins. Adapted by Lenore J. Coffee. Directed by Frank Urson. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: Rosemary Hart, Phyllis Haver; Ams Haro, Victor Varconi; Casley, Eugene Pallette; Katie, Virginia Bradford; Police Sergeant, Clarence Burton; District Attorney, Robert Harvey; Mrs. Niles, Roy Barnes; Photographer, Sidney D’Albrook; Ams’ Partner, Otto Lederer; Matron, May Robson; Velma, Julia Faye; Flynn, Robert Edeson.

"THE ENEMY" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by Channing Pollock. Adapted by W.R. Boyle by Fred Niblo. Photography by Oliver Marsh. The cast: Paul Arndt, Lillian Gish; Carl Behren, Ralph Forbes; Bruce Gordon, France Nuyen; Priscilla公正, Marion Currier; August Behrend, George Fawcett; Mitzi Winkelman, Fritz Ridgeway; Fritzi Winkelman, John S. Peters; Jan, Carl Petri; Elmer Clifton, Molly Moran; Kurt, Billy Kent Shearer.

"GET YOUR MAN" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Louis Verneuil. Adapted by Hope Loring. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: Nancy Worthington, Clara Bow; Robert de Bellecour, Charles Rogers; Elbe de Bellecour, Jose Swawder; Marquis de Villeneuve, Harve Clarke; Simone de Villeneuve, Josephine Dunn; Mrs. Worthington, Frances Raymond.


"THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS" — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by Charles J. Brabin. The cast: Grace Cardigan, Milton Sills; Shirley Penellis, Kenyon; Bulloch, Ogilvy, Arthur Stone; John Cardigan, George Fawcett; Randeau, Paul Hurst; Pennington, Charles Sellon; Felix, Yola d’Avril; Big Boy, Phil Brady.

"THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS" — PATHE. — From the poem by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Adapted by Harry Carr and John Farrow. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: Capt. David Slocomb, William Gargan; Deacon, Joel McCrea; Slocomb, Virginia Bradford; John Hazzard, Francs Ford; John Hazzard, Jr., Frank Marion; Singapore Jack, Alan Hale; Deacon, Josephine Norman; Zebe, Milton Holmes; Cabin Boy, James Altman; First Mate, Bud Fine.

"THE LOVE MART" — FIRST NATIONAL. — From the story by Edward Childs Carpenter. Adapted by Benjamin Glazer. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: London, Greta Garbo, Victor Jallot, Gilbert Roland; Poupel, Raymond Turner; Capt. Remy, Noah Beery; Jean Delafaye, Armand Kaliz; Louis Proebbe, Emil Jannings; Fougning, Boris Karloff; Carresse, Mattie Peters.


"STAND AND DELIVER" — PATHE-DIE MILE. — From the story by Sada Cowan. Directed by Donald Crisp. Photography by Edward Dmytryk. The cast: Howard McNear, Normand, La Roque; Janina, Lupe Velez; Chika, Warner Oland; Capt. Dargis, Louis Nathan; Patric, E. James Dine; A. Felas, Richard Arlen; Blind Operator, Bernard Siegel; Commanding Officer, Clarene Burton; Krim, Charles Stevens.

"GALLAGHER" — PATHE-DIE MILE. — From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Adapted by Elliott Clason. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Gallagher, Junior Coghlan; Calahan, Harrison Ford; Clara, Elinor Fair; McGinty, Wade Boteler; City Editor, E. H. Calvert; Burglar, Ivan Ledbeoff.

"SERENADE" — PARAMOUNT. — From the story by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Ernest Vajda. Directed by H. D’Abbadie D’Arrast. The cast: franc, a Composer, Arthur Maude; Gretchen, His Inspiration, Kathryn Carver; Josef Bruckner, Lawrence Grant; The Dancer, Lina Basquette; Gretchen’s Mother, Martha Franklin.

"BECKY" — M.-G.-M. — From the story by Rayner Seelig. Scenario by Woman Constance Blackton. Directed by John F. Seitz. The cast: Carthy, Claude Gillingwater; Gretchon, His Inspiration, Kathryn Carver; Josef Bruckner, Lawrence Grant; The Dancer, Lina Basquette; Gretchen’s Mother, Martha Franklin.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
M. E. D., Spokane, Wash.—Norman Kerry was born in New York City about thirty-two years ago. His father is a non-professional. No, Mr. Kerry doesn't do much travelling nor does he make personal appearances.

E. W. H., Los Angeles, Calif.—Yes, Clara Bow was the ah—sort of fat girl in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Clara has the leading feminine rôle in "Wings." Richard Arlen and Charles Rogers are also in the cast. Sure, "Wings" has been released for some months.

Norman D., West Chester, Pa.—Mary Astor's real name is Lucille Langhanke and she was born in Quincy, Ill., on May 3, 1906. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Raymond Griffith is not making pictures at present.

Mrs. A. C., Swansea, Mass.—Richard Dix pays the penalty of being a bachelor in Hollywood; he's the hero of all sorts of rumors. But I don't think he's going to marry the girl you mention. Write to Louis Willson in care of the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Thanks for the nice words.

E. E. G., Greenwich, Conn.—Vilma Banky just passed her twentieth-birthday on the ninth of January. She came to this country from Hungary in 1923. Write to her at the United Artists Studio, 715 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

A Reader, Marshall, Tex.—For the benefit of you and the twenty-three other girls, I hereby announce that Tim McCoy's address is in care of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

R. M., Birmingham, Ala.—Platterer! Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat and Lloyd Hughes' wife is Gloria Hope. John Gilbert is an American.

A. L., New York, N. Y.—Rex Ingram was born in Dublin, Ireland. You're right; his father was an English bishop.

Toots, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Here's a short sketch of True Brooke: Born in London, England, thirty-six years ago, five feet, eleven inches tall and married to a non-professional. His current picture is "The Devil Dancer" and you may write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

G. H., Hennefeya, Okla.—You win and the boy friend was wrong. It was Antonio Moreno and not John Gilbert who played opposite Greata Garbo in "The Temptress." Collect your dollar.

V. G. S., Canton, Ohio—"Monte Cristo" was first released on March 19, 1922. Robert Harron has been dead for some years. Charles Emmet Mack was killed on March 17, 1927. His last picture was "The First Affair."”

Jimmy, Oteen, N. C.—George Bancroft is his real name and he attended the Naval Academy at Annapolis. So that looks as though he might have been in the Navy.

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Correct the cause

In this Easy, Pleasant way

Fat used to indicate languor, or an over-desire for sweets. But it was found that fat people were often the most active, and often light eaters. Then science sought the real cause.

Fat became unpopular. All dress styles were adapted to the thin. All ideas of beauty centered on the slender.

Some adopted strenuous exercise, some abnormal diet. But their doctors soon forbade. There are dangers in those ways of reducing.

Then science came. Then science—particularly German science—sought the cause of excess fat. It was found in the thyroid gland. That gland is a great factor in the control of nutrition. It is the gland which helps turn food into fuel and energy, rather than into fat.

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Not just an average skin—

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Give your skin the special care that today thousands of beautiful women are using to build up the health of their skin and keep it lovely and clear and smooth!

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How Screen Stars

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by wearing a certain type of hosiery

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PHOTOPLAY

For
March
1928

Vol. XXXIII

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JOHN BARRYMORE will do the film version of Frederick Lonsdale’s “The Last of Mrs. Chaney,” played successfully behind the footlights by Ina Claire. Every United Artists feminine star was after this vehicle, from Norma and Constance Talmadge to Gloria Swanson to Corinne Griffith. Joseph Schenck solved the problem by giving the play to Jack. At this way of giving out roles think what a narrow escape Lon Chaney had from doing “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes”! Ernst Lubitsch, incidentally, will direct Barrymore.

JACK HOLT is back with Paramount again. He will star in Westerns once more.

THE differences between Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company have been adjusted. Janet gets a brand new five-year contract at an increase. The second assignment will be a trip to Vienna and Paris, while “Blossom Time” is filmed on the other side with Frank Borzage directing. Before “Blossom Time” Miss Gaynor will do “The Four Devils” with F. W. Murnau directing.

TOM MIX, Photoplay’s famous contributor, says that he will sail for the Argentine on June 10, and that he may make a film or two on the pampas.

COLLEEN MOORE isn’t going to become a United Artist after all. She will remain at First National. Colleen gets a new contract with a substantial increase.

DOLORES DEL RIO has been seriously ill with flu and congested lungs.

BY mutual agreement Universal did not take up its option on Jean Hersholt’s services. He will do a big picture for them, however, at a big salary jump.

FERENC MOLNAR, the Hungarian playwright, has been signed to write originals for Paramount. Molnar is the famous author of “The Devil,” “Liliom,” “The Guardsman” and “The Goat Song.”

MAY McAVOY and Warner Brothers have agreed to a brand new three-year contract which will take the place of the old agreement.

MAL ST. CLAIRE is going to Metro-Goldwyn to direct one picture, a story of his own.

RICHARD ARLEN is playing opposite Clara Bow in “Ladies of the Mob,” which William Wellman is directing.

LILLIAN GISH has been visiting Doug and Mary. Very soon she starts work on a picture for United Artists. Up to her departure for Beverly Hills, Miss Gish was still doing Broadway first nights with George Jean Nathan, the critic.

TOD BROWNING has sailed for a vacation in Paris.

REPORTS have it that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plan to do “The Shanghai Gesture.” And Universal is said to be about to film Cosmo Hamilton’s play and novel, “Scandal.”

CLARENCE BROWN is going to do Wassermann’s “The World’s Illusion,” announced so many times as the next production to be done by Rex Ingram. Incidentally, from Nice, Mr. Ingram writes to Photoplay to deny once again that a separation is contemplated between his wife, Alice Terry, and himself. “Wont that rumor ever die?” queries Mr. Ingram.

MONTY BANKS, lately a Pathe comedian, is going abroad to make comedies for British International Films.

MARY HAY BATH, former wife of Richard Barthelmess and now married to Virgil Bath, is the mother of a second daughter, born at a New York hospital. Mrs. Bath recently hurried back from Singapore that her child might be born in America.

EDWIN CAREWE is to produce “Womanhood,” an original by Rupert Hughes. It deals with women’s war in war.

LON CHANEY is to follow “Laugh, Clown, Laugh!” with “Chinatown.” William Nigh, who has just completed “China Bound,” starring Ramon Novarro, will direct.

NANCY CARROLL, the Rosemary of “Abie’s Irish Rose,” is playing opposite Richard Dix in “Easy Come, Easy Go.”

“A Free Soul,” the novel by our own Adela Rogers St. Johns, has been dramatized. It had its Broadway premiere recently. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will produce it as a screen play.
RAMON NOVARRO + NORMA SHEARER
in
AN ERNST LUBITSCH PRODUCTION
THE STUDENT PRINCE
In Old Heidelberg
with Jean Hersholt
Your theatre will show this notable Broadway Success at local prices
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners.—A war and aeroplane story that furnishes routine entertain- ment. (February.)

ADAM AND EVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Clever and amusing, with a smooth performance by Alphonse Pringle and Low Cody in a dual role. What could be sweeter? (September.)

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slaps from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norma Shearer. (October.)

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal.—A good show, thanks to Jean Hersholt who plays a pashiminate role with a fine gusto. See it and enjoy yourself. (September.)

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago. A crook story, well told, agreeably acted and safely presented for the family. (January.)

AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National.—Mills Delton has a first that playing a modern Cinderella, Frothy but nice. (December.)

ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE—Pathe De Mille.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Sal- vation Army to look for drama. She finds it. You'll like Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi. (November.)

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

BACK STAGE—Tiffany.—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (November.)

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Universal.—Written by James Oliver Curwood and set in a beautiful background. Also splendidly played by Renée Adoree and a fine cast. (September.)

BARBED WIRE—Paramount.—The romance of a French peasant girl and a German prisoner of war. A sincere story of the war, enacted by Pola Negri, Clive Brook and Elise Hansen. (September.)

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, THE—Metro- Goldwyn-Mayer.—More than three thousand pies were used in one sequence of this two reel comedy. A burlesque on the fistic doings in Chicago. (January.)

BEAUTY PARLOR, THE—FOB.—A swell series of two reels, adapted from H. C. Witwer's stories. Worth your steady patronage. (September.)

BECKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Again the poor working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy brightened by the acting of two Irishers—Sally O'Neil and Owen Moore. (February.)

BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia.—Priscilla Deaen goes in for a little ladylike banditry. The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

BLONDIES BY CHOICE—Gotham.—The ad- ventures of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no appeal." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)

BLOOD SHEEP, THE—Columbia.—Motion, bra- tality and murder. A fine performance by Hobart Bosworth. Too gruesome for good entertainment. (October.)

BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Should a sonneen kill his wife's boy friend? Even the acting of Alphonse Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Nor- man Kerry can't enliven this chesty little problem. (December.)

BOY OF THE STREET, THE—Rayart.—Wherein a little brother reforms a crook. Young Mickey Ben- nett makes the sentimental yarn agreeable. (January.)

BOY RIDER, THE—FOB.—The exploits of one Buzz Barton, a freckle-faced kid who can ride a horse. It is the less critical of the younger generation. (November.)

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

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Deftly played by Constance Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (December.)

BROADWAY KID, THE—Warner.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old gags. A good performance by Audrey Ferris, a new- comer. (October.)

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

BUCK PRIVATES—Universal.—Laughing off the War. Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Golden, Lyn de Putreric and Korea. All the members of an excellent cast. (January.)

BUSH LEAGUE, THE—Warner.—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the own- er's daughter. Need we say more? (November.)

*BUTTONS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Acase story, with Jackie Coogan as a calico boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with piller work by Jackie. For the whole family. (December.)

CABARET KID, THE—Peerless.—Made in Eng- land and France, with Ballie Boulter, the Belle of Britain, as its star. Some good scenes but a discon- nected story. (January.)

CALLAHANS AND THE MURPHYS, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Polly Moran and Marie Drexler are a panic in this slapstick story of life as it is supposed to be led among the Irish. (September.)

CASEY JONES—Rayart.—“Come all you round- ers if you want to hear.” Simple melodrama with Ralph Lewis as the brave enginee. (February.)

CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (November.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (February.)

*CHICAGO—Pathe De Mille.—A shrewd satire on the lady panderers, beloved of the newspapers. And Polly Moran. Growing-up entertainment. See it. (February.)

CHINESE PARROT, THE—Universal.—Who swipes your pearl necklace? The mystery is sus- tained and the Oriental backgrounds are interesting. And Seijin does a real Len Chaney. (January.)

CIRCUS, THE—United Artists.—The triumphant return of Charles Chaplin. One of the most waste space ad- vising you to see it? (January.)

CITY GONE WILD, THE—Paramount.—Thom- as Meighan in a lively mélée of the Chicago Under- world. Good stuff. (October.)

CLANCY’S KOSHER WEDDING—FOB.—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor of "Aye Fiddle!" (October.)

COLLEGE—United Artists.—Butter Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not over- whelmingly funny. (November.)

COLLEGE WIDOW, THE—Warners.—Dolores Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the game for dear old Whosis. Just another one of those. (January.)

COMBAT—Pathe.—Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminate this as entertain- ment. (December.)

COMET TO MY HOUSE—Fox.—Oliver Borden and Antonio Moreno Brandon around in a lot of insipid doings. (February.)

COUNTRY DOCTOR, THE—Producers Dist. Corp.—Sound New England drama and a masterly performance by Rudolph Schildkraut in the title rôle. For discriminating audiences. (September.)

COWARD, THE—FOB.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy boy who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (November.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]
In this highly amusing story of a wise little gold digger who had her divorce plans all laid before she'd even said "yes" to the marriage proposal, winsome Madge Bellamy gives another of those delightful light comedy portrayals which have brought her an international following.

John Mack Brown, former University of Alabama football star, plays the leading male role of the indifferent husband who teaches his alimony-seeking wife a few things about "soft living" that she hadn't bargained for.

"Soft Living," based upon the original story "The Marriage Graft" by Grace Mack, is one of the sprightliest comedies of the new year, with an unexpected twist at the end that will keep you chuckling for hours after you leave the theatre. Don't miss it!

JAMES TINLING PRODUCTION Scenario by FRANCES AGNEW
The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

RUTH BERRY'S article about Francis X. Bushman started a storm. Most of the writers protest that Mr. Bushman's marriage had nothing to do with his decline in popularity. So there! A vehemence minority, however, still insist that they prefer their favorites unmarried.

There was a heart-warming welcome for Mary Pickford in "My Best Girl," while "Dress Parade," "Chang," and "Seventh Heaven" are the most popular of the newer pictures. "Helen of Troy" and "Love" are widely discussed, with plenty of brick-bats sprinkled among the bouquets.

Janet Gaynor, Sue Carol, Charles Rogers and Charles Farrell are the most popular of the younger players. Too much vaudeville, silly college pictures and exaggerated flapper stories are almost unanimously panned.

PHOTOPLAY'S "Stage-Do," "Brief Reviews" and the articles by Dr. Bisch receive the most favorable comment.

Now step right up and speak your piece.

$25.00 Letter

Pueblo, Colo.

I just read one of the prize letters in the December PHOTOPLAY from Wichita, Kansas. I, too, get ruffled at the churches for their gospel of "Thou shalt not." But may I correct Miss Kersting this far: it is not the "churches" that are to blame for the curbing of innocent amusements, but certain denominations.

When people blame the churches for things, all churches suffer in general. A few denominations seem to make it their business to be moral policemen to the community, whereas I feel very sure that Christ never intended the church to be that. The church is to be, among other things, a teacher of principles, and should give the layman credit for having enough real intelligence to apply those principles to their own lives.

I agree with the writer that all legislation which forbids, will not make people go to church. And, personally, I would rather have all my young people going to a picture show on Sunday afternoon, than to guess what outlying town or road house they have gone to on the sly.

If the churches would stick to their own business, instead of trying to force people into straight-jackets, they wouldn't have to worry about congregations. The church never was meant to be a killjoy, but quite the reverse.

Just as the majority of film actors in Hollywood resent the implication that they are profligates, because a few of them go wild, so do I, as rector of a church, resent the implication that the church is opposed to Sunday movies, just because a denomination or two make "Thou shalt not" their creed, and then seek to impose it on everybody else.

REV. HEBER C. BENJAMIN.

$10.00 Letter

Houston, Texas.

1, together with all other citizens of my community, have recently suffered a fresh outrage at the hands of those insufferable pests, the censors. They have forbidden "Don Juan" to be shown here. I had looked forward to seeing this production because John Barrymore is one of my favorites and because it had been so highly praised in PHOTOPLAY.

Why do we put up with censors anyhow? Is it because we need guardians for our morals? In my opinion, if a person's morals are so weak that a hectic movie can dissolve them, they are doomed to destruction sooner or later, censors or no censors. I see neither reason nor justice in giving a dozen or so people the right to regulate and limit the personal amusement of two hundred thousand.

Your magazine gives reviews of the different pictures which can be referred to by anyone who wishes to do so. With such a guide, a normally intelligent person should be able to select pictures to his individual taste. If we could only do that, and send the censors into the discard with all other relics of the Dark Ages, what a great world this would be!

ESTELLE WADE.

$5.00 Letter

Milan, Italy.

I belong to a group of American students in Milan, Italy. We all have, at times, felt terribly lonesome, and some of us have even thought of giving up everything and taking the next steamer back to U. S. A.

One evening a member of our party saw a copy of PHOTOPLAY on the newsstand and brought it home. We all clustered around and looked at the pictures. Then we read and discussed some of the articles. Surely, that night, as by a magic wand, all sadness and discouragement were completely banished!

Since then we have taken to reading PHOTOPLAY regularly, and our spirits have risen considerably. Each number seems like a greeting from home.

When PHOTOPLAY tells us how many of the artists now occupying leading positions have struggled, we feel encouraged to do our best. Those among us who were almost quitters—especially at this season when Christmas is approaching and there is an epidemic of homesickness here—have decided to stick it out.

We may well say that if any of us ever achieve anything near success, we owe a great part of it to PHOTOPLAY.

Jo Otten.
To Men Getting BALD
Here's My Contract

Give Me 15 Minutes a Day for 30 Days

and I'll give you new hair or no cost

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York

I DON'T care whether your hair has been falling out for a year or 10 years—whether you've tried one remedy or a hundred remedies. Give me 15 minutes a day and I guarantee to give you a new growth of hair in 30 days or I won't charge you a penny.

At the Merke Institute, 5th Avenue, New York, which I founded, many people have been paid as high as $100 for results secured through personal treatments. Now through my Home Treatment I offer these same results at a cost of only a few cents a day or money instantly refunded.

In most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but dormant—asleep. Ordinary tonics fail because they treat only the surface skin. My treatment goes beneath the surface, bringing nourishment direct to dormant roots and stimulates them to new activity.

Free Book Explains Treatment

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow" is the title of a 52-page illustrated book which explains the Merke treatment—tells what it has done for thousands—contains valuable information on care of hair and scalp. This book is yours free—to keep. Mail coupon TODAY! Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 393, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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Dept. 393, 512 Fifth Ave.,
New York City

Please send me in a plain wrapper without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

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(_State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address...

City...
State...

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
How Bill Smith Made Good!

FOR over ten years Bill worked in the shipping department of a big manufacturing concern. He worked long, tiresome hours at very low pay. It seemed that every pay day his was gone as soon as he got it. He had none to his name, so did Mary and the children, to pay for the little home that would some day be theirs. As soon as Bill was able to save a few dollars it was just his luck to have something happen to take it away from him. Always something...taxes on the little cottage they were buying...coal to keep them warm...clothing for some member of the family...insurance...a doctor bill or some necessity that had to be taken care of. Such was Bill's luck all the time.

One day something happened. One of the children took sick suddenly. With the doctor's daily visits, Bill hardly knew what to do. The little money he had saved was gone. Then the unexpected happened. Bill lost his job. The factory had closed, and Bill had no good prospects in view. In a small town jobs were few, and Bill was forced to join the great army of the unemployed. Then one day Bill's luck changed.

Bill passed a newsstand at a prominent corner in his town. He saw a copy of Opportunity Magazine. Pivoting on it were the words "Now only 10¢ a copy" and "New Ways to Make Money." Bill only wanted to know of a way to make money so when so many ways were offered, this was a new thing and very interesting. Bill bought Opportunity Magazine, and after reading it one evening, Bill decided to be a salesman and make big money every day.

Of the hundreds of new ways to make big money advertised in Opportunity, Bill selected one that appealed to him. He wrote a letter and got a good job at once. Now Bill's a salesman and makes big money every day. Two years have passed. The house is paid for. Bill has money in the bank, and his family gave him a Chrysler car for his Star Salesman.

There are thousands of men just like Bill Smith. If you are one of them, we know Opportunity will help you on your road to success the same as it did Bill. Just clip a dollar bill to a slip of paper with your name and address and mail it in the address box. Your year's subscription (12 issues) will start with the next issue. It will be the best dollar you ever invested.

OPPORTUNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Dept. PH-3 750 No. Michigan Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[Crowd, the]—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. - The story of a whole family. Their joys and their struggles in a big city. Truthfully and beautifully told. George O’Brian is in a top role. Also excellent is the acting of Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

Crystal Cup, the]—First National. - Dorothy Mackall and the drama of a man-liner that sometimes approaches the weird. Only for the sophisticated. (December.)

Dance Magic, First National. - Just plain tosh —and out-of-date tosh at that. (September.)

Dead Man’s Curve]—Fox. - An automobile yarn that is a flat tire. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast, in case you care. (December.)

Death Valley]—Chadwick. - Just a lot of horrors. Stay home and catch up with the daring. (December.)

Desired Woman, The]—Warner. - Irene Rich in a drama that proves that English women sometimes have a rotten time in India. (February.)

Devil Dancer, The]—United Artists. - Gilda Gray among the Llamas of the Amazon. The lady and her dance should insure the success of a far less interesting picture. A good show for the grown-ups. (January.)

Discord]—Pathe. - Lil Dagover and Gosta Ekman in a foreign-made production. (February.)

Dog of the Regiment, The]—Warner. - Rin-Tin-Tin plus a good story plus good acting. In other words, a good picture. (February.)

Dress Parade, The]—Pathe-De Mille. - The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Besice Karlova and David Niven. (December.)

Drop Kick, The]—First National. - It is now Richard Barthelmess’ turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who’s next? (November.)

East Side, West Side, Fox. - A modern Horatio Alger story. Good with some fine realistic backgrounds. Well played by George O’Brien, Beric. (January.)

Enemy, The]—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. - Anti-war propaganda in the form of a tragedy that befalls a Venetian household. Lillian Gish’s most human performance and appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February.)

Fair Co-Ed, The]—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. - Marion Davies at her very funniest in a pretty fair comedy about college girls. (December.)

Fast and Furious, Universal. - Another Reginald Denby comedy. And oh, how partial we are to Reginald Denby! A good evening. (September.)

Fighting Eagle, The]—Producers Distributing Co. - Credible treatment of the War. A sincere effort to help you with your history lesson. Red La Rocque is the story’s star, with Mary Astor a close second. (September.)

Figures Don’t Lie, Paramount. - A sexy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

Fireman, Save My Child, Paramount. - Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy that caught the mirth of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

First Auto, The]—Warner. - Missing on all slays, in its production. (October.)

Flying Luck, Pathe. - Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

Forbidden Woman, The]—Pathe-De Mille. - Dramatic design in Morocco, well played by Jytta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph Schekhardt. Worth your money. (December.)

Four Sons, The]—Reviewed under title of "Grandma Noodle Learns Her Letters." The screen rises to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. (January.)

Four Floursheer, The]—Universal. - Pleasant, youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business. Ornamented by Marlon Nixon. (December.)

Framed, First National. - Milton Sills in a story of a South American city. Plenty of action, some excitement, the strongest vehicle he has had in some time. (September.)

French Dressing, First National. - In which the dowdy wife outwits the vamps. Swell trouping by Les Wilson, Libby Tashman and Clive Brook. (February.)

Gallagher, The]—Pathe-De Mille. - Richard Harding Davis’ charming story of the adventures of an office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Coghlan merits applause. (February.)

Garden of Allah, The]—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. - Rex Ingram’s best picture in several years. A real praise-worshiping story of a Flemish, love-romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

Garden of Eden, United Artists. - Just a so-so vehicle for Cortese, Griffith and Charles Ray are hampered by a second-rate chorus girl yarn. (February.)

Gaucho, The]—United Artists. - Love, life and adventure in the backlands of the Andes, excelling happily, picturesquely enacted by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a host of his ability. Keep your eyes on the Velas, his new leading woman. Fine for the younger set. (January.)

Gay Defender, The]—Paramount. - Richard Dix, in Spanish get-up, strays into accident in a Parisian Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (February.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 14]
I have great respect for Dorothy Devore. She is a beautiful girl who knows the value of a good "Educational."

More movie-precious than a new plot is a beautiful girl with brains and a sense of humor. And rarer than an artistic picture that makes money at the box-office is a capable comedienne.

Dorothy Devore is the sole feminine funster left in two-reel comedies. Most cuties hold themselves above clowning and are lured from their bathing-suit hilarity to the solemnity of bigger and better things. But flippant Dorothy is wise to the fact that producing a laugh a day keeps freelancing away. She much prefers going up on the payroll to going down in history.

Comedy demands quick tempo and Dorothy has always been a fast worker. At fifteen, she produced and toured in her own "Dorothy Devore Revue." At sixteen, she was the lead in a musical comedy. In her seventeenth year she two-a-dayed in vaudeville and landed in Hollywood. Then she proceeded to make seventy-five mirthquakes in four years.

Her yearning temporarily for glory above gags is understandable. It is hard on any girl to be the face that stops a thousand pies. Dorothy tried the drama, But after she had gone through the boring hours straight leads demand, she deserted features for films faster and funnier. The two-reelers she had left as a leading woman, she returned to as a star. Today she is undisputed queen of her short subjects.

See Dorothy Devore in "Up in Arms," "Kitties," "The Little Rube" or "Cutie" and you'll know how a good Educational comedy contributes to the joy of life.

Educational is the world's greatest producer and distributor of Short Features—exclusively. That's why Educational Pictures always make a good show better.
CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN
in “The Man Who Laughs”

Here’s the way I feel about it—that while “THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME” was a mighty fine picture and a great favorite with the public, there is still another story by Victor Hugo which will be liked even better than THE HUNCHBACK.

“The Man Who Laughs” is as thrilling a drama as I have ever seen. The work of CONRAD VEIDT is so superior to anything I have seen in recent years, that I am compelled to say to you that here is a picture that will give you a piece of character-work that will remain in your mind for months to come.

It is a picture of passionate loves and subtle intrigues in the royal courts of long ago, and Paul Leni, director, has invested it with so much beauty and stirring action that I am confident it will be sought by every moving-picture theatre in the civilized world.

“The Man Who Laughs,” has CONRAD VEIDT in the leading role. Europe produced this talented man and enjoyed his acting long before America knew there was such an actor. I saw him in a theatre in Germany and I couldn’t rest until I secured him for UNIVERSAL.

MARY PHILBIN in the role of “Dea” does the finest work of her entire career. Other notable players in the cast are: GEORGE SIEGMAAN, JOSEPHINE CROWELL, STUART HOLMES, BRANDON HURST, and OLGA BAKLANOVA.

Be on the qui vive for this magnificent spectacle. Mention it to the manager of your favorite theatre. When you see it, write me your opinion of it.

Watch for the coming of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin” in your vicinity. It is a thrilling spectacle which I advise you not to miss.

(To be continued next month)

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave.       New York City

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox.—Poisonous comedy. (December.)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menjou, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (October.)

“GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES”—Paramount.—If you don’t want to see this film version of Anita Loos’ story, something is wrong with you. It is all laughs, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Ford Sterling. (February.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Philps. (December.)

“GET YOUR MAN”—Paramount.—Claire Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made especially for Young America. (February.)

GINGHAM GIRL, THE—FBO.—Lola Wilson in an foolish story that needed songs and dances to put it over. (October.)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE—Warner.—Life and love in the underworld, acted with some success by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December.)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE—Gotham.—An independent production, colorful and above the average. Carmel Myers as a Spanish dancer and Walter Pidgeon as a handsome Englishman. (November.)

GIRL IN THE FULLMAN, THE—Pathé-DeMille.—One of those top homosexual adventures that aren’t for the very innocent, nor yet the very sophisticated. With Marie Prevost. (February.)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warner.—The sad story of an old trooper, played with so much truth and feeling by Warner Oland that you forget his sentimentality. (January.)

“GORILLA, THE”—First National.—Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey, as a couple of dumb Sheriffs, throttle laughs all over this mystery yarn. It’s a dandy fool thing, but you’ll like it. (January.)

GREAT MAIL ROBBERY, THE—FBO.—The first film to get everything its own way until the U.S. Marines are called into action—hurry, hurry! (September.)

HAM AND EGGS—Warner.—A war comedy, done in colors as it were. An occasionally amusing but oftener silly tale of the colored troops in the war. (November.)

“HARD-BOILED HAGGERTY”—First National.—No war scenes, but a fine comedy of life back of the battle-line. Milton Sills at his best. (February.)

HARVEST, THE—FBO.—Come the yawn! If you like Gene Stratton Porter’s stories, help yourself. (January.)

HEART OF MARYLAND, THE—Warner.—Now it is Dokes Costello’s turn to swing on the ball. An old favorite. (September.)

HER HEXERIES—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing comedy that will delight the children. (December.)

HER WILD OAT—First National.—Colleen Moore, the humble proprietress of a little shop, goes berserk at a fashionable resort. (February.)

HERO ON HORSEBACK, A.—Universal.—Hoot Gibson throws away his staff, for the particular enjoyment of the children. (October.)

HIGH SCHOOL HERO, THE—Fox.—A youthfull, rip-roaring story of “prep” school life with a cast of youngsters. (November.)

HIS DOG—Pathé-De Mille.—A fine acting by a dog; terrible acting by Joseph Schildkraut. A good human interest idea gone bad. (October.)

HOME MADE—First National.—Johnny Hines pursuing his Art. Some of the “gags” don’t belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December.)

HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount.—Florence Vidor and Tito Carnimeo enact a neat little comedy duel betwixt an American heiress and her Italian husband. For those who like ’em subtle. (January.)

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

HOOK AND LADDER No. 9—FBO.—Some good narrated shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December.)

HULA—Paramount.—The adventures of Clara Bow in Hawaii. The glorification of IT. Clara is the whole works. (October.)

IF I WERE SINGLE—Warner.—The girls will get a gingle out of this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]
HERE IT COMES!
From Broadway at $2.20 per Seat
to your Theatre at Popular Prices

RICHARD BARTHELMESS
in
THE PATENT LEATHER KID

THINK OF IT!—
16 weeks on Broadway!

7 weeks in Chicago—
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THINK OF IT!

THINK what a THRILLER it must be when
Great Critics call it "A cinema knockout!"—
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Event it's going to be when
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at popular prices!!

Ask your theatre manager when.

Drama that sweeps from a Broadway
Honky-Tonk through the frenzy of the
Fight Game to a Living Hell — then
back to a Heaven of Happiness two
Lovable Lovers had never dared to
hope for!

Presented by RICHARD A. ROWLAND
by RUPERT HUGHES
An ALFRED SANTELL production
Directed by ALFRED SANTELL
Production management AL. ROCKEET

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
DEAR CAROLINE VAN WYCK,

In June I shall graduate from High School and I can't go on to college because my parents need my immediate help in supporting our family. I have taken a commercial course at High and expect to graduate an honor pupil. Still I hate the idea of an office. I'm restless though very energetic. But I don't wish to work on my own and detest taking orders. I'd like some sort of spectacular career but I've no outstanding talents. I'd like a future. Can you help me?

Corinne.

CORINNE is facing one of the most difficult, most important decisions in her life. The girl who finds her job—who discovers work that expresses all her talents, abilities and dreams, has discovered happiness. Reversely, the girl forced to toil at something uncongenial can only be miserable. We can even learn to live without love. But no human being can live without work of some sort. All games and sports are merely work under a pleasant name. Real work with a real salary and real praise for a job well done are the pleasant things in the world.

The most important thing, therefore, is to know what one is after and how to get it.

Now here's Corinne, who hates offices and routine and subserviency, graduating from a commercial course. Dear Corinne, you shouldn't have taken that course in the first place but I admire you for doing it with honors, just the same. But there's an urge for freedom in you and you face being put in a bookkeeper's cage!

Know thyself! Philosophers have said it for ages, but oh, how we need philosophers sitting around in corners of every classroom in the country, shouting at the girls about to go out into the world!

Conscientious or imaginative, flighty or reliable, daring or timid, changeable or conservative? On the answer to those questions rests your job, for all careers are founded on character.

Corinne is wise to distrust secretarial work for herself. She likes to work alone. She likes independence. She won't get that in an office. Girl-secretaries are often super-executives, but the field is so overcrowded with talented youngsters, the salaries are small and the rewards invisible. Most office work is blind alley work, leading nowhere, and an ambitious girl should not regard it as a permanent career. Only the girl, marking time till marriage, should consider it seriously.

Let Corinne make sure first of her health, her appearance, her ability to dress neatly on a small salary, her energy. Clear skin, shining hair, bright eyes—all within the reach of every girl—can give even the plainest face an appearance of beauty. And of course it's obvious that a pretty, well-dressed girl succeeds where a frumpy one gets fired.

Then, in the months before graduation, Corinne should study herself to sort from her dreams of fame and fortune the tangible abilities she possesses to make those dreams come true. Her letter indicates in her

Choosing the Right Career

Is This Month's Problem

WITH graduation days close at hand, many girls write me they are faced with the problem of choosing the right career for themselves. A whole life's happiness or failure may depend upon that decision. Here I try to help you make the correct one.

I will be glad to help you individually on this or any other problem relating to beauty, health or happiness. Letters with stamped envelopes enclosed will be answered by return mail; those without return postage, in the columns of Photoplay. Pamphlets on the care of the skin will also be yours for the sending of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and a booklet on weight reduction may be had for ten cents.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

something of the pioneer spirit—very important to a successful business girl—but the necessity for going slowly, due to her financial need.

Corinne should bring all her intelligence to thinking of untired positions to conquer. Every profession open to men is now open to women, yet girls in professions like medicine, the law, the ministry, in industries like manufacturing, banking and building, in businesses like advertising, selling, trading, even in bricklaying, are conspicuously missing. And the fact is that girls in these lines, by the very value of contrast, by their plain willingness to compete with men openly and not shily, are much more apt to go ahead if they are at all talented than they are in the positions now accepted as "nice jobs" for ladies.

I HAVE a friend who wanted to become a scenario writer in Hollywood—a very common, usually disappointing ambition. But this girl used her intelligence and talent. She was lucky enough to have a college education and to be very pretty and persistent. Arriving in Hollywood, she soon discovered she was doomed when asking for scenario work by the fact that she was unknown and inexperienced. So she finally took a job as telephone operator in a studio and spent her evenings studying shorthand.

It being true that if you aren't too big for your job you are too small for it, Mary soon loomed forth to the studio executives as too bright a girl to waste on a telephone board. When questioned, Mary asked for a job on the lot. She got one as script girl, using her newly-learned stenography. There she worked so well and made such clever suggestions on scenes, she won a place as assistant to a man writer. He recognized her talents and today Mary is turning out originals for one of the largest studios.

There, to me, is the whole technique for Corinne to follow. Let her choose as an initial job one in line with her ultimate ambition yet one she won't want to be holding two or three years hence. Don't let her be held back by pride from any job. Don't let her be too polite to work hard or too ladylike to fight her way forward. Let
LES POUDDRES COTY

FOR DRESSING TABLE AND PURSE

The standard of beauty for true perfection of colouring—the glorifying shades of COTY Face Powders. With them each type achieves its greatest loveliness. And wherever COTY Face Powder is on the toilette table, COTY Compacte should be in the hand-bag to continue the same exquisite service in outside hours.

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For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder shade and expressive perfume colour to intensify individuality.

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The wonderful present—it is all that really belongs to us!

If you long for a beautiful skin—begin now to give it the day-by-day care that will build up its resistance—keep it smooth and clear and brilliant with health and vitality!

Never again will your skin respond quite so quickly and satisfactorily to the right care as now—this very night! In a month—in a year—it will have lost a little of its power to recuperate; you will find it harder to bring it back into perfect condition.

Begin now, to give it the habit of health—of beauty. Care for it as skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Thousands of beautiful women—debutantes—college girls—women guests at America's most exclusive resorts, most splendid hotels—are today building up a clear, lovely complexion with Woodbury's

You too can have "a skin you love to touch"
JUST a liltle girl all dressed up for dancing school? No, it is not Baby Peggy. This charming child is Sally Rand, one of Hollywood's smallest and most fatal blond Menaces.
WON'T some one please give this little girl a picture worthy of her talents? Won't some discerning producer give May McAvoy a chance to equal her unforgettable performance in "The Enchanted Cottage"?
MARION NIXON arrived in Los Angeles as the member of a vaudeville dancing act. She remained to play the much-rescued heroine of countless horse operas. Recently she has been promoted to safer rôles in more sedate dramas.
Metro-Goldwyn's newest recruit to the Foreign Legion of Swedes, Mexicans, Germans and Hungarians—Josephine Borio. Just to be different, Miss Borio is an Italian and came from Milan two years ago to work as an "extra."
TWO years ago, Eric von Stroheim cast Fay Wray in the leading rôle of "The Wedding March." After a siege of months, Fay's great performance will emerge from the cutting room and finally see the light of the screen.
The public loves Charles Farrell because of his Chico in "Seventh Heaven." Hollywood loves him because he still drives the same old pre-reformation flivver that he owned when he was a seven-fifty a day "extra" boy.
FROM breast to thigh, this shimmering Gossard combination clings about the body, etching with Diana-like clarity the natural, supple lines of the fashionable silhouette. Though nothing more than a sheath of satin... (the lower sections of double thickness)... combined with inserts of soft, woven elastic, it brings to the figure a new grace, unfailing continuity of line.

Ask your corsetiere to show it to you. Model 6664, $10.

EmBARRASSED by Dishpan Hands

DICK'S 'chief' was pleasant and friendly, but I knew that he had the fastidious standards of a man of culture and wealth. And I was so eager, as Dick's wife, to meet those standards.

"It was a little thing which upset me—just the merest change of expression on his face...I was pouring coffee, and for the fraction of a second his glance had rested on my hands.

"I knew my hands looked red and rough from housework and dishes—and knew he had noticed them...I became self-conscious, ill at ease. Foolishly, perhaps, I felt the evening was a failure. Now I know how needless it was. Since I have been using Lux for dishwashing, for all cleansing my hands have to do—my hands are soft and smooth and white. I'm never embarrassed now by 'dishpan' hands."

So many soaps—whether flakes, chips, or cakes—contain harmful alkali which dries up the skin, aging and coarsening it.

There is no injurious alkali in Lux! Made by a remarkable process—Lux actually soothes the skin, leaves it a little whiter and softer than before.*

Dissolving instantly, before you ever put your hands in, a little Lux foams up into a mountain of suds—so rich, so cleansing, the dishes seem almost to wash themselves!

The big package of Lux washes six weeks' dishes! Lovely hands for so small a price!

* Many beauty parlors use Lux in manipulating the nails, to soften and whiten the fingers.

Lux keeps lovely the hands that wash dishes
PHOTOPLAY

March, 1928

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

Canon William S. Chase, rector of Christ Church of Brooklyn, champion all-around reformer of America, and loud-speaking arch enemy of the movies, rushes in, without the slightest foundation of fact, to charge motion pictures with responsibility for William Hickman’s atrocious crime.

And this atop of Hickman’s own statement that he thought himself steered toward crime by reading newspapers.

This is the most newspapered and movied country in the world, and if there was a spark of truth in the gabbings of either of these two eminent logicians, nine-tenths of the population would be in jail or en route to the scaffold, and the other tenth in insane asylums.

The reformer and the criminal have a lot in common. The reformer covets your personal liberty, and the criminal is intolerant of your pocketbook.

And just a day or two before the Canon got off his theological gag about the Los Angeles murder, Adolph Hotelling, deacon of a church and father of five children, committed an equally outrageous murder of a five-year-old girl at Flint, Michigan. Family influence and church attendance didn’t do much for the deacon. He must have seen a Charlie Chaplin comedy in his impressionable youth.

A few days later an ordained minister was convicted in Tennessee of abducting a fourteen-year-old girl and given ten years. He told the child he was a movie director and offered to take her to Hollywood. Leave it to the reformers. They’ll find some way to blame that on Douglas Fairbanks, Ben Turpin, or Cecil B. De Mille.

The agile Canon and his crowd of heavenly politicians are working for federal regulation of motion pictures, calling them “schools of crime.” The churchmen of the country should get together and demand federal regulation of these cuckoos who misrepresent the spirit of Christ and breed contempt for religion.

If it goes much further they’ll need a Will Hays to protect them. I suggest Al Smith.

In every mail comes the same letter from readers:

“What chance has an unknown to sell an original story by sending it to a scenario department?”

My answer is one chance in ten thousand.

That is no criticism of motion picture scenario departments. It is about the average of even fairly good, screenable material that is received. Besides, the companies have learned by experience that they are always in danger of plagiarism suits, and the chance of finding a good story is too remote.

If you must write, attempt the short story form, and submit your brain child to the magazines. The scenario departments read
every one of them. There is a general impression that one need not be an experienced writer to whittle out a picture story, but that is just another Hollywood illusion, as true as the average tabloid newspaper pipe dream of studio life, or the synthetic true love stories.

The Photoplay Magazine-Paramount Famous Lasky idea contest was an entirely different matter. Ideas for stories were wanted, ideas written in two hundred words, and $15,000 in cash will be paid for the winning ideas. The winners will be announced in next month’s issue.

But regardless of the merit of the winning ideas, it will take trained writers to put them in form. It is one thing to have an idea for a story—quite another to make a story of it.

There is no royal road to proficiency in short story writing any more than there is to proficiency in playing the piano. It takes practice and work and study and then more practice and work and study.

And even then you might not be able to get a job in an orchestra.

Cinema City has gone completely Mexican. You cannot get in unless you are related to Popocatepetl (and can pronounce it).

I can remember when the old Metro studio wanted to make Ramon Novarro a Spaniard, but Ramon was proud of his ancestry, and even at the risk of losing his opportunity, would not stand for the mask. Right here I rise to say that Mexico can well be proud of her Ramon. On or off the screen I have never known a finer gentleman. Came Dolores Del Rio who adds further lustre to her country.

Gilbert Roland is Mexican. So is Donald Keith over at First National. Then there’s that new sensation, Lupe Velez, the red hot tamale of Doug Fairbanks’ “Gaucho.”

Roland and Keith have Mexican names tucked away with the family frijoles and other heirlooms.

Mexico should kick about our films depicting its natives in a harsh light. All our heroes are Mexican and all our Mexican villains are Americans. If we wanted to make a film showing Coolidge we would have to hire Calles, and if we wanted to show a Mexican bandit we would call upon Will Rogers.

Metro still retains the all-around title-changing championship of the world with “Annie Laurie” to “Ladies from Hell,” but Fox has just changed “Pigs” to “The Midnight Kiss,” and Universal replaces “The Symphony” with “Jazz Mad.”

Anyhow, they give us credit for liking kisses better than pigs.

Twas in 1914.

Three men sat on a cold bench before the old D. W. Griffith studio where the director was filming “Intolerance.”

They were awaiting the opportunity to do anything which might give them the price of one square meal.

Finally, the first was called. D. W. needed a Pharisee in his picture.

Then the second: a dirt shoveller was required, one who could also take the part of a thief to be hung in the production.

The third was put before the camera; but stage fright overwhelmed him and he retreated.

The first was Robert Anderson; the second Monte Blue; the third Eric Von Stroheim.

That was the first and last time these three played together, until now, when Robert Anderson and Monte Blue have been sent to the South Sea Islands to play side by side in the Robert Flaherty production.

As for Von Stroheim,—he has successfully conquered his fear of the camera although he has not lost his patience in waiting.
ONE day Clive Brook came to Hollywood. The next day no one important knew it. Nor the day after that. Nor the following month. He was just a charming English leading man in a town already overcrowded with charming English leading men. True, he worked fairly regularly. He played leads at Warner's, leads at First National. He even appeared in that hunk of cinema cheese yclept "When Love Grows Cold," starring Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. But nobody in the inner circle knew and nobody seemed to care. Then overnight Hollywood began talking of him. He played two leads with Florence Vidor. He played in "Hula" and "Underworld" and "Barbed Wire." Everywhere I went I heard conversations about him. Women's conversations. Women's whispers such as they used to whisper about Tommy Meighan when he played in the De Mille comedies like "Don't Change Your Wife"; as they talked of Eugene O'Brief when he first was Norma Talmadge's leading man; as they talked of Ronald Colman after "The Dark Angel."

A STAR who had recently finished a picture with him told me, "I had to remember all the time that he was devoted to his wife and small daughter."

A girl in the Paramount press department sighed, "Don't let anything keep you from interviewing him. He's simply marvelous."

A script girl who had worked on the Lasky lot during two of his pictures confessed, "Just to have him say 'Good morning' made my day perfect."

So I called him up to get the answer to the riddle. We met in a clattery little restaurant across from the De Mille studio where Mr. Brook was working on "The Devil Dancer." The room was full of celebrites. Rupert Julian, the director, was lunching with Joseph and Rudolph Schildkraut. Phyllis Haver and Jacqueline Logan sat together against the wall next to William De Mille and Clara Beranger. Julia Faye, in a corner, had a book propped up against a glass of milk. Extras mobbed the place and waiters went about carrying their loaded trays high in the air.

Yet when Clive Brook appeared the roomful stopped eating for a moment and looked at him.

There was no reason [CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]
Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks

Few women have enjoyed more universal love than Mary Pickford. Screen beauties may come and screen beauties may go, but Mary reigns on forever.

Since she was twelve years old—and that is almost since the very beginning of motion pictures—this little sprite of a Mary has grown in influence, affluence and importance in the picture world and entrenched herself in the hearts of the public.

And today she has reached the position they all yearn and strive for. She is as free as it is possible for a star actress to be. She can afford to do what she likes, without a "May I?" or a "Must I?" to thwart her will. No short-sighted or pig-headed producer can throttle Mary's ambitions for herself, no director can dominate her art, no financial considerations can balk her desires.

Surely an enviable state for any starry lady to find herself in at the age when many male novelists have maintained that a woman is at her best. And yet, when I told Mary this . . .

"Yes, I could start a million dollar picture tomorrow," she agreed, thoughtfully, almost wistfully. "And, believe me, I have a vastly greater respect for producers now. I have come to realize that exploitation is fifty per cent, no, I would even say sixty per cent, of a picture star's success. I even respect their judgment, their knowledge of public psychology. It is no sinecure, this producing job."

Today, in private life, Mary looks a thoughtful, rather mature 23. Not a day more. Her blonde curls are shorter, her figure as fairy-like as ever, her eyes as blue, her complexion unmarred, with never the faintest little line to hint that time is passing.

It is not in her appearance that Mary has matured. But Mary has grown mentally, amazingly. When I first knew Mary it was a year or so before the war. She had a rather childish, almost babyish, voice in those days and was so very little-girlish in her manner. It wasn't even a pretty voice. But today Mary talks in a rich, soft, matured voice, with a cultured accent, quite unaffected, and with intelligent, well-informed assurance.

You know, there is an old couplet which says: "Tis folly to be wise where ignorance is bliss." And so we have Mary saying,

"I have to remind myself there is a tremendous gap, a mighty difference between the travelled, sophisticated Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and the Mary Pickford the public knows. You see, I represent Youth in pictures to the public, very unsophisticated, untutored youth."

"And it was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who employed Ernst Lubitsch?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it," she smiled. "I admire Mr. Lubitsch and his work. I had come to know and understand his sort of sophistication, and I didn't realize that he was at one extreme end and Mary Pickford at the other extreme end of the modern social scale in the public mind. It was my own mistake. That was a mistake a producer would not have made. One of the penalties of being one's own producer, you see. Oh, 'Rosita' wasn't so very bad, but I might have known I am not the Spanish type, the Latin type. I am essentially Nordic. I know that now."

Since Mary has been her own producer she has made fourteen pictures. "Daddy Long-Legs" was the first. "I never did like 'Daddy Long-Legs,'" said Mary, musingly. She is a very critical critic of her own work. "But we don't know whether a picture is good when we are making it. But the moment it is shown before an audience we know."

"You mean," I said, "that you only consider it a good picture if it is a box office success?"

"No, I don't mean that," said Mary. "But the audience gives a picture life. They put the vital spark in it. Before that it is like a beautiful wax figure, a
analyzes Mary Pickford

By Alma Whitaker

carefully constructed dummy—but it doesn’t breathe until the audience gives it life.”

Mary approved of “Pollyanna.” “It was a sweet little picture made with sincerity. When we are sincere and feel our rôles, they are invariably good.”

“SUDS,” “Hoodlum,” “Heart of the Hills,” “Love Light,” “Through the Back Door,” passed Mary’s criticism of Mary, but—

“‘Fauntleroy’ was a mistake. No woman should ever play a male rôle—ever. I should have been content to be Dearest and have engaged a real little boy for Lord Fauntleroy. We created a false situation, I was distressed at being separated from myself,” said Mary. “It will be remembered she played the dual rôle of mother and son in this.

“Tess of the Storm County” lost interest for Mary because it was made over a second time.

So then we arrive at “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,” our Mary’s first attempt to grow up. “What,” I asked, “was the matter with ‘Dorothy Vernon’?”

“Oh, so many costume pictures just then, and most of them done better than mine,” she said, with that little quirky smile at the corner of her mouth which comes when she is admitting things to herself.

When, a few minutes later, we were talking of little Mary, now eleven years old, Lottie Pickford’s little girl adopted by Mary and her mother, I asked if they were going to put her into pictures.

Mary said:

“Oh, no. Certainly not unless she loves them. So many heartaches in our profession. If we really love pictures as do, we can bear the heartaches. But we have to love them, like babies, you know, love them enough to do the messy little chores for them and adore doing them.”

Mary Pickford has loved pictures in just this way. Until very recently she was an indefatigable picture fan—saw every picture of any consequence. But now...

“I WON’T go to see bad pictures any more. I can’t bear it. It is going to make me not becoming so critical. But I went to see ‘What Price Glory?’ and I think it is the best picture ever made. Even its vulgarity enchants me. The character of Captain Flagg is so cleverly, humanly portrayed. And I loved ‘Seventh Heaven.’”

I was conscious of suspecting Mary of wishing “Seventh Heaven” had been a Mary Pickford vehicle...

“You see,” Mary was adding, with a sly smile, “I am not exclusive in my judgments any more. I can approve them whole-heartedly, even if they are not United Artists’ pictures. I am getting the same about nations too.

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, sophisticated, travelled, cultured. Mrs. Fairbanks cannot forget her wealth, her position. Ruled by her intelligence, guided by her experience. And always at war with the rebellious, impulsive, child-like Mary.

We had such a wonderful experience during our last tour. They were showing a picture of mine in Berlin and I was to make a personal appearance. The house was packed, but I had that queer little sense left over from the war that this was an ‘enemy country.’ I was half expecting a critical, antagonistic audience in a vague sort of way. But presently I realized they were playing ‘The Star Spangled Banner’ and every soul in the house stood up respectfully. Quite a curious emotional experience. My voice choked a little at first. But I soon found they were just the same loving, wholesome public that puts life into our art for us.

“I sought the world for types and stories for my pictures, and then, like the blue-bird, I come home to find them right here in my own country. I believe you are going to like ‘My Best Girl.’” I slipped into three preview at little out-of-town theaters and I heard it click.”

Her eyes glistened happily.

“You see, I am about seventeen in that, and a poor girl of the masses, the type that abounds in this and every country. The kind I understand because I was a poor girl once too. I am glad I was a poor girl, that we had those early struggles after father died. They seem much more real to me than my life since. I come from the sort of stock that prevails in every country, a nice, modest home, just ordinary folks. My English grandmother, who died at 92, went to the same church in Liverpool for 80 years. When father died we were quite little, and mother was left [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]
The Diary of "Lorelei"

Ruth Taylor's own record of her from obscurity to the rôle of the

Here is one of the most human documents Photoplay has ever printed. Here, in chronological order, are presented actual excerpts—exactly as they were originally penned—from the private diary of Ruth Taylor, the unknown who was selected to play Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."

Step by step you can trace the hopes, the disappointments, the heart breaks and the joys of a girl who fought alone for a hearing in Hollywood—where one girl in ten thousand gets a break.

—The Editor.

JAN. 4, 1926—Started the fourth picture of the "Puppy Love" series with Eddie Cline today. He certainly is a grand director to work for. We have a lot of fun on his set.

JAN. 7—Great! The studio took up my option for another six months. I like it at Sennett's.

JAN. 18—You certainly have to go in for everything to be a comedy queen. Started taking horseback riding lessons today.

JAN. 19—Gosh! I'm lame.

JAN. 30—Success! I'm doing two pictures at once. I'm going to do the lead with Ralph Graves and also the next "Puppy Love" series. Went to the studio for wardrobe.

MARCH 16—My first day out. Have been in bed for three weeks from an infected vaccination. Good to be out again.

APRIL 8—Finished the picture in the morning and then said good-bye to Mr. Sennett. He is leaving for New York tomorrow. Went to a preview of the last picture and it is pretty good. Then Mother and I went over to Eddie Cline's and played bridge.

APRIL 18—Just got home after working until one a.m. for Eddie Cline. Had a grand time. I made up like a colored mammy and none knew me when I walked on the set. We certainly have a lot of laughs at that studio.

MAY 14—Started another picture today. It seems I just go from one picture to another. Everything is great, and I'm getting ahead beautifully. I'm awfully happy.

JUNE 19—Worked on retakes in Ben Turpin picture. I'm sorry the picture is ending. Ben has been a riot. He's the funniest thing. He has everyone on the set laughing all the time.

JULY 8—Studio took my option for another six months. I think with another year of Sennett training I hope I'll be ready to go into features. Lots of girls who have worked at Sennett's got a good break when they left Sennett's. Maybe I'll get some good offers, too. But that's too far ahead. I'm signed for comedies for six months more.

AUGUST 3—Had my first swimming lessons at the Hollywood Athletic Club today. Not that I have to for pictures, because it seems like a Sennett girl never goes in the water, but I would like to know how to swim.

AUGUST 30—Warner Brothers want me for the lead opposite Syd Chaplin. Gee, I'd get a lot of work if I weren't under contract at Sennett's.

OCT. 21—Worked all day. Went to Madeline Hurlock's for dinner and to the theater. Dead tired.

NOV. 1—The Wampas Baby Stars are going to be picked pretty soon. Wouldn't it be great if I were picked?

NOV. 19—Went to the opening of "What Price Glory." It was marvelous and Phyllis Haver was excellent in it. Another Sennett girl makes good. Wonder if I will.

NOV. 30—The studio has been closed for three weeks. Open today, and I'm back at work again, and glad of it. I hate to loaf.

DEC. 4—Started a picture. Eddie Quillan, Madeline Hurlock and myself are featured.

JAN. 29—I don't think my option will be taken up. I'm terribly sorry, because I hate to leave, but in another way, I'm sort of glad. The sooner I can get out and get into picture features the better.

FEB. 5—Going to start a picture with Ben Turpin. My option is not up until the 9th. I hope they don't renew. I want to get out and try my luck in features.

"I was just one of about 200 blondes"
Lee

amazing jump
"preferred"

Feb. 9—No option. I don’t know whether to be glad or frightened. Now that it’s happened, it seems like I’m starting all over again. I hope I have luck.

MARCH 7—Finished my last picture at Sennett’s.

MARCH 9—Woke up feeling fine. This was my last day at Sennett’s. Went to the studio in the afternoon to check in my wardrobe. Everyone wished me luck as a free-lance. I know my training and experience in comedies will help me in features. Said good-bye to Ben Turpin. Last set I saw at Sennett’s had ten bathing girls on it. Six of them were new and seemed awfully eager.

MARCH 10—Got up early to rush out to Universal. Had a letter of introduction to the general manager. He sent me to the casting director. Put my picture on file. They told me they would call me. This free-lancing is great. Madeline ought to get away from two-reelers, too. I missed being with her today.

MARCH 12—Went to a matinee with mother today. Played bridge tonight at Madeline’s. My time’s my own now.

MARCH 16—Lost a big part today. I was called to Samuel Goldwyn’s in the morning to see Henry King about a part in “The Magic Flame.” The casting director wanted me to have it, but Mr. King said I wasn’t the type. It was an Italian princess. I don’t care—I’ve worked hard for two years. I can stand a little rest.

MARCH 21—Went to dinner at Victor Hugo’s with some friends from New York. I want to go to New York and see things. Maybe I’ll get a chance after a few more pictures. I’ve never been there. The glamour of New York thrills me. I’ll get there—and soon!

MARCH 31— Called to a little independent studio to see about a lead in a western. I didn’t get it, but I didn’t want it. Why don’t one of the big studios call me? loafing is nice, but after all—

APRIL 5—Saw Ina Claire in “The Last of Mrs. Cheney.” How I would love to be as great an actress as she is. I wonder if she had a hard time getting started?

APRIL 6—I had some pictures taken for Peggy Hamilton. The De Mille studio called, and I took some cut-outs from a Ben Turpin picture out for them to see. The film was good, and I left it there. This is going to be the break. I can feel it. Hope it starts soon.

APRIL 7—Metropolitan called me to come over about a lead with Edward Everett Horton in a two-reeler. They told me I was all set, but to call back at two o’clock to find out what kind of a riding habit I was to get at the Western Costume Company. When I called, they told me Nita Cavalier had been given the part. Another disappointment—I don’t care; De Mille’s will call tomorrow.

APRIL 8—Stayed home all day waiting for a call from De Mille.

APRIL 9—Waited again for the call, but I didn’t get it. I am going out there the first thing Monday.

APRIL 10—Heard Ruth Draper’s recital this afternoon. She is marvelous—alone up there for two hours without a prop. I was absolutely awed. She is a really great artist, but I want to be a comedienne.

APRIL 11—The De Mille picture has already been cast and started. I didn’t get [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121]
Hollywood is the place where a gingham doll who is charming because she is gingham takes on satin airs because she feels she should improve herself.

WELL, here I am back in the land where dreams come true—and turn out to be nightmares.

My absence from the haunts of the wicked has caused considerable gossip—as what does not in Hollywood?—and all because my sudden disappearance was followed by an announcement from Evangelist Aimee McPherson that she had chased the devil out of town—an unkind boast at best!

I trust that none of my loyal readers leaped to a hasty conclusion from this statement. I'm not the gentleman whom Aimee chases, though I am one of her warmest admirers and have pet-named her the Garbo of the Gospel.

Naturally this confusion of identities aroused my interest in His Majesty, who is said to work so successfully here in Hollywood. Despite all the publicity given him he never makes a personal appearance, and this modesty alone sets him apart from all the other successful gentlemen of the town. My curiosity was soon fed with evidence of his handiwork.

"BUSINESS has fallen off sumpin' terrible since you been gone," quoth Betty, the honest waitress of the Come-On-Inn. "Three of our best customers committed suicide, two were sent to San Quentin penitentiary and one got shot."

"My, my, most unusual for this time of year," said I. "I trust my absence had nothing to do with this general despair."

The week of my return a girl attempted suicide after being photographed in a way to catch the fancy of the producers. Both attempts failed.

Another girl, however, had the misfortune to kill herself accidentally in the attempt, and left behind a diary containing names of gentlemen and amounts; this caused considerable comment, especially among the wives of the gentlemen, owing to the amounts.

None of these people were of the film colony though they had every intention of becoming of it. "See Hollywood and die" seems to be the world ambition today, at least for those who would rather expire than live unphotographed.

EVERYONE on earth wants to get to Hollywood, and everyone in Hollywood wants to get out. Even the half-wits at some time or other burst forth with the common remark, "I'm going to get the money and get out."

Of course none ever does get out—at least not voluntarily—because, for one thing, the United States government had not yet minted enough money.

THE reason for this discontent in the city of Aladdin's Lamps is an interesting puzzle for the psychologist. Here one may achieve in a very short space of time, while one is still young, all the things on which the material world sets its heart.

Girls from department store basements who used to hang perspiring by straps in subway trains suddenly are transported in town cars scented at fifteen dollars an ounce and blooming with orchids and chow dogs.

Gentlemen who formerly looked for dimes that the diners left on marble top tables, now occupy palaces designed from the Medici's and are introduced to princes and prelates.

Yet they rave around as though they'd been robbed—and they have. They've been robbed of themselves.

They are no longer individuals but lime-lighted "types" with as much privacy and volition as the ladies and gentlemen of the late Mrs. Jarley's wax works.

FOR eight years I've sat beside the movie gates making notes on people passing in—and people passing out. My statistics prove that the limelight is as fatal to the individual as the gas flame to the bug. It destroys him.

On a few occasions when I've observed a particularly fine young entrant I've been [continued on page 88]
Ten Steps in the Making of a Movie

Showing the actual progress of the filming of "Red Hair"

① Like all good ideas, it has a casual beginning. Elinor Glyn goes on a yachting trip with Clara Bow and as the sea breezes romp through Clara's flaming hair, Mme. Glyn gets the idea for the story.

② Elinor Glyn sells the story to B. P. Schulberg. The producer calls in Clarence Badger, director, and Lloyd Corrigan, scenario writer. They are delegated to act as foster-fathers to Elinor's brain child.

③ "This idea," says Corrigan, as he works on the script, "rose, like Venus, from the waves." And so he does his writing in the bathtub, thereby insuring a clean picture.

Turn the page and see how the idea grows.
Do you know how motion pictures really are

The gods in Valhalla—supervisors and department heads—tear the script to pieces and put it together again. The smoke arises from conference cigars, not from the situations in the Glyn opus.

Re-enter Clara Bow, to have her costumes designed by Travis Banton of the wardrobe department.

The newcomer, to the left, is Percy Heath, called in to prepare the continuity.
made? Study the photographs and find out

©Not a camera has ground yet. Nor can any real filming begin until Van Nest Polglanze completes the designs for the settings.

© Tay Malarky, in the cutting room, separates the good shots from the bad and assembles the film to be first shown in the projection room before the staff, so that any necessary changes, revisions or re-takes may be made.

© The carpenters, under the supervision of Harry Strite, play the overture of the film with hammers and saws.

© And here is the whole gang, from prop boy to director, hard at it, while directly opposite is what they are shooting at and what you will see in the film.
Slowly rage began to well up in me. Why should they look at me like that?

Last month Clara Bow told how her mother, who was of French descent, married her father, the youngest of a neighboring Scotch-English family of fourteen. The newly married couple moved to a small place in Brooklyn. Clara's father had difficulty making a place in life for himself. Troubled days came. Their first two children died almost at birth. Clara was the third. She grew up to be the tomboy of the neighborhood. She never had a doll in her life—but she had a place on the street corner baseball team.

At school Clara read of a motion picture contest. She went to a small photographer and had two pictures made for a dollar. They were terrible, but she sent them to the contest judges.

Hope is a funny and wonderful thing.

Every bit of reason I had, every logical thought process I followed, told me I had no chance to win any contest to enter motion pictures. It was silly to even dream of it. There wasn't a single person who knew me, except my Dad, who wouldn't have laughed loud and long at the mere idea. Why, the contest was open to everyone in the United States. The world was full of beautiful girls, girls with clothes and education and advantages of every kind, who wanted to go into pictures. They would enter such a contest.

What chance would I have? I lay awake night after night telling myself all these things, preparing myself for what I felt was an inevitable disappointment.

Yet hope went on singing in my breast. Sometimes I think that is why hope was included with faith and charity by St. Paul, as the greatest thing to possess. Hope is the thing that enables us to try to accomplish the impossible, that urges us on to heights that, without the encouragement of its music, we would never dare attempt.

Finally, a letter came. My hands were cold as I opened it. I don't think I breathed for several minutes. I was afraid...
Part II. Miss Bow tells of the days when ridicule, disaster and defeat nearly ended her career

to look. At last I did. It told me to come to the magazine offices.

That didn't mean anything. The judges in this contest were Howard Chandler Christy, Harrison Fisher and Neysa McMein. Judges of beauty, all right. No fooling them. Still, it was one tiny step nearer.

My school work was going all to pieces under the strain. I couldn't keep my mind on it for a second. I was just one big pulse of hope and excitement. Every teacher I had—I was in my third year—was sore at me. But I couldn't help it.

On the day set, I went to the contest offices. I sat rigid all the way. It seemed that ages passed. I had a fantastic idea that my hair would have turned from red to white by the time I arrived.

The office was full of girls and my heart just flopped when I saw them. Every bit of hope and assurance oozed right out through my boots. Oh, they were pretty girls. To me they seemed the most beautiful girls in all the world. Blondes and brunettes, no vulgar little redheads. They were elegantly dressed, perfectly groomed, with lovely, manicured hands and slim, delicate legs in sheer stockings. They had poise.

I hadn't dressed up because I had nothing to dress up in. I had never had a manicure nor a pair of chiffon stockings in my life. I had never even been close to the scent of such perfumes as filled that room. I wore the one and only thing I owned. A little plaid wool dress, a sweater and a woolly red tam. I hadn't thought much of that angle. I had only looked at my face, and that was disappointing enough.

But now, in this gathering, I was painfully aware of how I was dressed. I felt presumptuous to be there at all. Shame and humiliation overcame me.

Those girls didn't leave me much room for doubt that the impression I made was as bad as I thought it would be. Eyebrows went up, noses elevated, there were snickers here and there. At first I wilted. Tears came up and choked me, but I beat them back somehow. I had learned not to cry in a high school—on the pavement of Brooklyn with a gang of boys.

But slowly rage began to well up in me. Why should they look at me like that? Why need they be so unkind? I wasn't much, but I knew I wouldn't be as cruel as that to anyone that was worse off than I was. Suffering had taught me how bitter suffering can be, and I never, never wanted to inflict it on anybody else.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]
The Lucky

The Hollywood press agents of the most promising

Sue Carol was a sure bet. You'll find an interview with her on Page 63. She's the lucky girl who has played nothing but leading roles and played them so engagingly that producers regard her as a girl headed surely for stardom. Married but separated from her husband.

Sally Ellers, not just a leading woman but a real comedienne. She represents the Mack Sennett studio and Mack thinks so much of her clowning that he gave her the lead in "The Goodbye Kiss," the first feature length comedy that Mack has made in years.


Gwen Lee has been the good little bad blonde in a flock of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. Gwen comes from Hastings, Neb., and is twenty-two years old. Hers is no sudden success; she has worked two years for the honor of being one of the Baby Stars.

Ruth Taylor, of course. If the Lorelei Lee of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" had been left out, the Wampas would have had to face an indignant public. Press agents, like gentlemen, prefer 'em. Read Ruth's diary elsewhere in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Unmarried!

Alice Day, younger sister of Marceline. Just a kid of nineteen, but with plenty of training. For two years she worked in Sennett comedies and recently played the leading feminine rôle in "The Gorilla." Alice was born in Pueblo, Colo., and she isn't married.

The Wampas, an organization of Hollywood press agents, has selected the thirteen girls that will be singled out for special honors during the year of 1928. In the presence of Chet Vanderlip, banker, and the Rev. Neal Dodd, chaplain of the organization, the publicity men cast the votes that mean so much to the debutante set.

On these pages you will find pictures of the new Baby Stars and something about their careers. The Wampas pride themselves on being discoverers of new talent. Do you agree with them that these girls represent the best of the younger players?
Thirteen
make their annual selection
girls on the screen

Audrey Ferris is looked upon as the most promising youngster at the Warner Brothers' Studio. Her first work was with Educational in 1926. Audrey goes from one ingenue rôle to another, and has played in five important pictures since last June. Eighteen and single

Dorothy Gulliver is Universal's choice. Of course you know the heroine of "The Collegians." Dorothy was born in Salt Lake City, nineteen years ago and she has been married to William De Vite for nearly two years. She started in motion pictures in 1925

Ann Christy is the little girl from Indiana who was chosen as Harold Lloyd's leading woman in "Speedy." Nineteen years old, Irish and unmarried. Made her first appearance in Christie (no relation) comedies in 1926. Lloyd has signed her to a long contract

Lupe Velez, the dancing girl of Mexico City. She was snatched from comedies to play opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Gaucho." And then chosen by Griffith for the lead in his next story. A really vivid and glittering young actress. Single-hearted and fancy free

Lina Basquette is the brave young widow of Sam Warner, the producer. She was a child actress and dancer. Miss Basquette will be starred by Cecil De Mille in "The Godless Girl," one of the biggest rôles of the year. She is the mother of a baby boy

Flora Bramley is one of the surprise selections. She didn't expect it and she is probably the happiest girl in the thirteen. Flora is only eighteen years old and single. She started in pictures in 1926 and got her first chance with "Buster" Keaton in "College"

June Collyer has been in pictures for less than a year but she is already a featured player. June is the daughter of Judge Clayton J. Heermance of New York City. Allan Dwan met her at a social gathering and asked her to play a part in "East Side, West Side"
"SEX appeal has given way to checks appeal in selecting new stars. Box office figures will replace nature's alluring lines in decisions. In the past exhibitors hesitated to tell producers what personalities drew in the coin because they were afraid their prices would be raised. But now the producers own theaters and their auditors can tell who makes the cash register click."

Are the Stars Doomed?

The Inside Story of the Hollywood Revolution

By James R. Quirk

FOLKS who live in sections of the world subject to violent earthquakes will tell you that a fraction of a minute before the tremor is felt by the most sensitive recording instruments they are awakened from sleep by some unknown influence, and, mentally alert and conscious of impending disaster, await the inevitable.

All Hollywood is experiencing that uncomfortable feeling. The local John the Baptist of the film colony babbles and rant and call upon the populace to seek salvation. The actors meet in catacombs where they are safe from the spies of the producers and listen to the words of the clean-shaven patriarchs and prophets, all portentous, all charged with dire predictions from tragic salary reduction to the end of the film world.

The editors of the intimate little film journals, possessed of oracular powers, wail dismal forebodings of the victory of mammon over art, and rail at the stupidity and cupidity of the producers, the repression of talent, and the oppression of monopoly.

The inhabitants hold their cloaks over their heads as they run, fear-stricken, before the wrath of the Jehovahs of the movies.

Hollywood is about as cheerful and merry as London during the black plague, and it doesn’t know where to look for deliverance.

On the far horizon, some of the faithful believe they can discern the figures of Uncle Sam and a regiment of owners of independently operated motion picture theaters galloping to the rescue, but they are not sure.

What is happening? Who fears what? And why? And what’s all the shootin’ for?

Just this. The motion picture industry is undergoing a violent adjustment, and a violent adjustment means a revolution, not an evolution.

Before the fracas is over there will be a lot of headaches, heartaches, rude awakenings from golden dreams of fame and fortune, back-to-the-stage movements by well known actors, and back to cloaks-and-suits by inefficient and uninspired and overpaid directors and egomaniacal executives.

Other than that, business will continue as usual.

Stars who draw money at the box office, talented actors and actresses who are willing to draw less salary than the president of the United States, competent directors who make profitable pictures, authors who write screenable stories, and executives who can work for their organizations and not for the satisfaction of their own egomania, will continue to enjoy the climate of Southern California.

Sounds simple, doesn’t it? But nothing is simple in Hollywood. Everything is dramatized. It is a community of unusually talented and temperamental people, as fine and interesting a group of men and women as exist. It is an actual center of beauty and art. The lodestone of fame and fortune draws to that lovely city beauties of all nations, as well as masters of all arts. The eyes of the world are actually centered on Hollywood every day when millions of people crowd into theaters all over the world.

WHEN Henry Ford saw fit to close down his factories and his selling forces, employing many times the studio population of Hollywood, not a groan was heard from Detroit. But when producers of motion pictures, goaded on by bankers, start a readjustment of things, the event takes on all the pageantry and color of a drama.

Strange as it may seem, and in spite of the Arabian Nights tales of vast wealth accumulated by the royalty of the screen, comparatively few great fortunes have been made in motion picture production.

Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, Lloyd, Mix, Meighan and possibly one or two others among the players are millionaires. Ruth Roland is as rich as any of them, but she made it in real estate operations. De Mille is a millionaire, but he made it by canny investments as much as in pictures.

Adolph Zukor and Jesse Lasky are in the millionaire class. So is Joseph and Nicholas Schenck, presidents of the United Artists and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer companies. So is Richard Rowland, of First National. So is Joseph Kennedy of FBO. So is William Fox and Carl Laemmle. Of them all, the latter is perhaps the only one who made the bulk of his fortune in motion pictures. Wise investments built most of them. Kennedy brought his from the banking business.

Of the pioneers who have retired I venture that not one of them had a million when they got through. Spoor, head of Essanay, made money in pictures, but put it back in his stereoscopic camera. Selig, retired, is not rated as a rich man.

Ten years ago, bankers began to invest money in pictures. Two years ago, they began to be curious about the return on their investment, to be interested in the economics of production. They were informed that there was an undue amount of waste. They asked [continued on page 76]
To protect her make-up from dust and wind on location scenes, Joan Crawford uses a portable celluloid windshield. It is attached to the arm of her chair.

WHEN Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque left on their honeymoon journey, Vilma sighed, and said, "Well, now the fuss is all over."
"Oh, no, dear. It's just beginning. By the time we've reached San Francisco, someone will have started divorce proceedings for us."

But it wasn't until Vilma Banky decided to go to Hungary to persuade her father and mother to return for a long visit to this country, that the rumors started.

And the very day after they started, I chanced to be on the Banky-Colman set. Fred Niblo and Sam Goldwyn had been trying for four hours to persuade Vilma to remove an anklet, which did not fit in with the sixteenth century version of the novel "Leatherface."
"But Rod gave it to me. I will not take it off," Vilma was insisting.

AND at the same time, over on the De Mille lot, Rod was being instructed to remove his wedding ring and love bracelet because college boys do not wear such adornments.

"What the Hell," Rod was more emphatic even than Vilma. "I didn't ask to play in a college picture. Vilma gave these to me and I will not remove them."
"And even though I have to burn the studio I am going to New York with Vilma," Rod told me.

Which is all a pretty good answer to this divorce gossip that somebody or other started about one of Hollywood's most devoted couples.

MONTA BELL tells this one.
"And how," asks one film gentleman of another, "is Eric von Stroheim's picture progressing?"
"Oh, wonderful! He's cut it down to a snappy forty-four reels."

ONE of the newest romances in the Cinema City is Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Thus are Michael Cudahy and Dolores Costello forgotten.

AND Gwen Lee gave George Hill a high-backed chair for Christmas!

Not a bad way to give credence to that rumor that Gwen and George are soon to be married. Nor a bad way to start in accumulating furniture, either.

THE rest promised Janet Gaynor at the end of "Crysalinda" came sooner than she expected. Janet suffered a complete nervous breakdown and was sent to the country. Frank Borzage held up the new Gaynor-Farrell production until she recovered.

With characteristic grit, Janet said nothing about how miserable she was feeling. But one day while running up and down some steep steps she fainted. She tried it twice thereafter and fainted both times. Borzage stopped production.

WHEN Buster Keaton was a small boy, his father, who was a great fight fan, got into an argument with a friend about the relative merits of Sharkey and Sullivan. Finally, heated by aspersions cast upon his favorite fighter, Keaton, pera, declared, "And I say that John L. Sullivan is the greatest man in the world!"

Little Buster became nervous at this tactless remark (it being the Christmas season) and tugging at his dad's coat tail, he whispered, "Don't say that, dad. You're forgetting Santa Claus and God."
of All Studios

York

Just so no one will mistake it for a street costume, Clara Bow has a fish stitched on her bathing suit. But please, Clara, don't wear that jeweled wrist watch when you really go in swimming.

The girls twenty years from now will probably be begging young Donald Reid Hughes for his photograph. He is the son of Lloyd Hughes and his mother is Gloria Hope

and he was discovered among the unknown cowboys who hang around the Western lots looking for work.

Marie Prevost is so anxious for a chance to play a dramatic rôle, instead of continuing in comedy, that she has relinquished her stellar position to accept a secondary rôle in "The Goddess Girl." She will support Lina Basquette, a newcomer.

This new De Mille film tackles the subject of atheism. De Mille walks boldly into another religious subject.

Thelma Todd may have been a Boston school teacher, but she's learning.

"Where you going for your vacation, Thelma?" we asked.

"Don't know for sure. Maybe Lake Arrowhead."

"Is there a big party going?"

"Not that I know of. But there will be, if I go."

Blanche Mehaffey, comedienne, has married George Joseph Hansen, an oil well supply man of Los Angeles. And Grace Darmond is going to marry R. P. Jennings, theater owner, as soon as she gets a divorce. Also Larry Weingarten is said to be engaged to Sylvia Thalberg, scenario writer and sister of Irving.

Weingarten is a press agent, but he's going to be promoted to the production department.

Clara Bow's father, Robert Bow, won his annulment suit against his twenty-three year old wife, whom he married back in 1924. Soon after the marriage, the bride, who is about Clara's age, walked out and Mr. Bow claimed that he had been vampéd into marrying her.

After various quarrels and legal skirmishes, the Bows are now free to go their separate ways.

George O'Brien has a new yacht with a 60 horsepower engine that rides any sort of an ocean. George sailed home to San Francisco in the "Pasqualita" to show his father that movies aren't such a bad business for a young man.

And now George has been cast as a convict in "Honor Bound."

Just to keep things in the family, wouldn't it be nice if Fox could persuade O'Brien, senior, to take a lay-off as Police Chief of San Francisco and play the captor!
Indulging in a Hollywood pastime—throwing mud at a star. The "prop" boy has been ordered to wreck Leatrice Joy's pretty costume for a scene in "The Blue Danube," just for realism.

A GIRL sat behind a typewriter at the De Mille publicity office, laboriously trying to write a letter. Phyllis Haver walked through the door, stopped, stared at the girl a moment, then remarked seriously:

"Little girl, you should be in pictures. You're cute enough."

Sue Carol looked up from her typing. "Yes?" she answered.

"Thank you, Miss Haver."

What a laugh the boys gave the bewildered Phyllis!

HOLLYWOOD was represented in far climes during the Yule tide season. Monta Bell spent Christmas in Paris; Lars Hansen in Sweden, and Robert Flaherty and his company of thirty actors in the South Sea Isles. Tim McCoy got as far as the town where he was born, Saginaw, Michigan.

A NEXT startling example of how closely the girls follow the movie stars in their coiffures:

The Gainborough hairnet people report a remarkable increase in the sale of hairnets, just because there is a noticeable tendency among the stars to neglect the scissors.

OUR GANG gave a Christmas party for Mrs. Carter, their teacher. At least the four of them who go to school on the Hal Roach lot got in on it. You should have seen the presents. Each youngster made his own purchases. Farina brought a bath towel and had mother embroider it with a huge basket of many colors. Jackie Condon brought a face veil. J. Smith donated a string of yellow beads which the clerk told him came from Niagara Falls, while Joe Cobb purchased a guest towel.

WHEN Edwin Carewe learned that his wife was going to leave him, the first thing he did was to go to the telephone and call the engravers.

"Take the name Mrs. off those Christmas cards," he is said to have ordered. "Just leave the Mr."

And when he turned from the telephone, "Whew, that was a close call. They were just going on the machine. It would have been too late in another moment."

AND two dollars a plate, my friend."

He sold the painting.

Frank Marion, De Mille's new leading man, runs a hot dog wagon in Los Angeles. It nets him $400 a month. He is starting a chain of "feed 'em quicks."

And the average featured player doesn't greet her friend with, "Hello, where are you going?" but "Hello, dear, where are you free lancing now?"

THE Hollywood opening of "My Best Girl" was being reported over radio. As the various stars arrived, they stood a minute to be photographed, their costumes were described, and then they were asked to say a word into the microphone.

"Miss Pickford arriving. . . Just a minute and Miss Pickford will speak to you. She is waiting for a STILL."

"Miss Griffith arriving. . . Just a minute and Miss Griffith will speak to you. She is waiting for a STILL."

After listening to this for four or five times, John Barrymore remarked: "This is the dryest crowd I ever saw at an opening."

IS the world coming to an end? Glenn Tryon is kicking to the official of Universal because he feels that he has been advertised as being too good.

Tryon claims he'd rather prove it to the public first, before being labelled as great.

WHEN Wilson Mizner was in Europe, he discovered a man who could reproduce a Rembrandt or a Millet in a twinkling of an eye, by a process he had invented.

Wilson immediately imported him to this country and started him in business on Fifth Avenue.

One day an Oshkosh gentleman came in and fell in love with a huge mural painting of "The Last Supper."

"How much?" he inquired.

And Wilson answered, "Two dollars a plate, my friend."

He sold the painting.

If there are any women still bewailing short skirts and bobbed hair, Patsy Ruth Miller would like to have them step forward and work one day as Rebecca Levine, the part Patsy is playing in "We Americans." Nineteen-sixteen was a time for long skirts and great knots of hair, and when Patsy Ruth says there is no fun in them, you may know it's true.

By the way, Patsy will make her "dash for freedom" just as soon as this picture is finished. A trip to Europe with all the trimmings. No, there is no boy along. Patsy knows she is a good sailor, but might not be certain of the boy, so there must be no risk of anything spoiling this first trip abroad. It is rumored she will do a picture for UFA while in Berlin, but she will have to work fast, as her contract with Tiffany-Stahl calls for four pictures a year.
ALTHOUGH had whole planned for than know how hold when make-up. 

On January 2nd, the tonsils "acted up" again and out they had to come, and more than ten days of the precious vacation were spent in the hospital.

ALTHOUGH Roscoe Arbuckle is working steadily these days in vaudeville, he still has his troubles. Recently his first wife, Minta Durfee, threatened to attach his salary and property unless he paid up $25,000 which she says is due her in alimony.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON was visiting the First National Studios recently and was introduced to Mrs. Sills (Doris Kenyon) when she was without make-up. An hour or so later, Sir Thomas was taken out on the sets by a different party, and was again introduced to Mrs. Sills.

The gorgeous beauty in the 1898 costume was such a different being from the demure creature he had met an hour before, that he was completely fooled. As soon as he could, he inquired of his host, "How many 'Mrs. Sills' are there working for you?"

A NEW type of supervisor has been discovered.

One that never comes near the set while a picture is being made! No wonder the directors love him and affectionately call him "Milly."

Bertram Millhauser, Beulah Marie Dix, and Rupert Julian hold their conferences frequently, until the story is completed. When actual work begins on the picture, "Milly" disappears and leaves Julian to get results. Not a bad thing for some other supervisors to remember.


CLARENCE BROWN admits that he had several offers of more money from other producers, and gives this as a reason for signing a new three-year contract with M.-G.-M.

"I get so much sympathetic co-operation here. I like to work with Irving Thalberg."

Mary Philbin entertains visitors from England. These little triplets are Claudette, Claudine and Angela Newby. And, you'd never guess it, they want to go into the movies. They're five years old.

Which we think is a loyal tribute for one man to pay to another.

NOAH BEERY broke a rib during the filming of the adaptation of "Leatherface," Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman's last co-starring feature. Sam Goldwyn's agile press agent, Barrett Kiesling, hastened to explain it:

"It was not in pursuit of his profession. Noah slipped on a prosaic board between the set and his dressing room."

Going to dressing rooms might be considered in pursuit of some actors' professions.

ELINOR GLYN has a gracious manner for those whom she likes to remember. For others, a different greeting. A well known actress had been introduced to Miss Glyn a number of times. Some mutual friend would say: "Of course, you have met Miss..." Each time Miss Glyn would reply: "I don't believe I have had that pleasure."

Finally, on the fourth occasion, the actress remarked: "Miss Glyn is so kind to me. I am always as good as new."

ALL of Ronald Colman's friends were mighty excited recently when the newspapers carried the report that Mrs. Ronald Colman, wife of the motion picture star, had been in a taxi smash-up in Chicago.

Ronald had thought his wife was living happily in England. The truth came out, when the Chicago police started a thorough investigation of the claims of the woman.

When she found out that it took longer to get out of jail by claiming to be Mrs. Ronald Colman, than plain Mrs. Rosen- feffer, she confessed to the latter cognomen.

"Being the wife of a star ain't so much fun," she is reported as saying. Mrs. Ronald Colman was in England.

PHIL SLEEMAN is one Hollywood actor who will tell you that a "pretty mug" doesn't go as far in the movies as a married one.

Two years ago Sleeman was the sleek Latin type with Valentino ambitions. Ambitions that didn't seem to materialize in a speedy fashion. An automobile accident put Phil in the hospital and out of the game for a year. Now he is back with a nasty scar on his face and is in constant demand to play villains. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]
Companionate

Vilma Banky and Rod they reconcile domes-

By Ruth

Rod takes care of their investments. The La Rocques frankly own up to an ambition to make and save plenty of money

W e have heard about the girls who are "Dodging the Wedding Ring" in the Cinema City. We have read Francis X. Buhman's advice "Don't Marry" given to young men with screen aspirations. Now let us spend an evening with two stars who failed to heed such words of warning, who just went out and were married.

Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky.

You know, I am glad I had not chanced to meet these two stars until, some eight months after their world-renowned marriage, I went out to talk to them about it. Glad that I was not prepared, had no inkling as to whether they were really happy or already half-tired of their bargain.

As we sat down to dinner, it was Rod who remarked casually, "We've never missed a dinner together. Not one, since we were married."

And Vilma who added, "We usually eat alone. We don't like company for dinner." Then said hurriedly, "That is, we don't mind one or two, but we don't like to be in a crowd for dinner."

"But how do you manage your schedules?" I queried. Although there seemed little doubt that they were, indeed, happy, yet, to one used to the early hours, the night hours, the location hours of the motion picture schedule, it just didn't seem that matrmetry between stars could run as smoothly as this surface-taste promised.

"We have two," they both answered. "One when we're working and one when we're not."

The working schedule is as follows:

Rise at eight. "When the studio is good to me," Vilma interjected. "When it's not, up an hour earlier."

Breakfast together.

At the studio by nine.

Luncheon together, when they're both working. When Vilma is working and Rod isn't, which is the case while this story is being written, Rod sees Vilma off, takes an hour in his gymnasium with his trainer, then comes into the house, reads the morning papers and checks up the amount they have lost or have made on the rise or fall of the stocks they have purchased. If it's a rise, he orders his car and dashes to the studio and lunches with Vilma to tell her how much money they have made since yesterday morning.

If they have lost, he telephones her and says, "Dear, I have to go down town and talk to our brokers about it." And even though they have won, when he leaves her after luncheon, he goes into Los Angeles to talk with his business advisers to see if they can sell anything at a profit and invest where they can make even more profit!

T THEN home to dinner, together, alone, and out to a picture show in the evening.

Yes, a picture show is what they insist is their favorite recreation. Oh, they have to go to parties once in awhile, but not any oftener than is professionally and socially essential. For they are movie "fans", pure and simple. And I doubt if there is a picture you could mention that they haven't seen and discussed together.

There is a neighborhood theater around the corner, where they see most of their pictures. Independent productions, comedies, whatever hodgepodge is offered. Once in awhile, downtown to a big theater, or to Cecil B. De Mille's private projection room, or some other producer's.

Home early and to bed, where they read, usually, O. Henry.

"You know," Rod said, "I had heard Europeans, as a rule, do not appreciate our O. Henry. Imagine my surprise and my joy.

H ERE are some of the rules that Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque apply to keep peace in the family:

They eat dinner together.

They go to parties together.

They aren't jealous of each other's professional associates.

They never criticize each other's work until the film is finished.

They pool their money, but each reserves a small separate account for minor expenditures.

And—this is most important—they never both lose their tempers at the same time.
Stardom

La Rocque tell how ticity with their careers

Biery

when I found Vilma loves him. We read him over and over, and the other day I caught Vilma telling her maid an O. Henry story!

In one respect, at least, it is a very modern marriage. They have separate bedrooms and separate baths, too. This arrangement, Balzac once said, is the sign either of a completely happy marriage or a completely disastrous one. In this particular case, it is the sign of a completely congenial marriage.

They are happiest, they both agree, when neither happens to be working, when they are both "on vacation" at the same time.

"Our schedule is wonderful! We do exactly as we please!" Vilma described it.

Since their marriage, their "fan" mail has increased twenty per cent, which shows that the public approves of the match

Vilma keeps the family budget. She runs her home far more economically than many housewives with nothing better to do

They go to parties only when they are not working, and they go only together. They don't even dance with others—"unless we can't help it," Vilma explained.

"Are you ever jealous of each other's leading men and leading women?" It's a dangerous question, but I asked it.

"Why, we never think about it!" Rod answered, calmly.

"But, isn't it true the world wanted Vilma to marry Ronald Colman?"

Rod leaned across and answered quietly, "Our fan mail has increased between fifteen and twenty per cent since we married, and there has never been a suggestion that Vilma should have married Ronald Colman."

"Do you criticize each other's pictures?" I thought it time to change the subject.

"And how!" Vilma promptly aided in switching the conversation.

"But not while they are being made. Not until they are finished do we talk about them," Rod added.

Aside from their love and their profession, money is the most important question between them.

"We want to be very rich," Vilma announced frankly.

Rod laughed. "You know, I realized I was marrying a star, and I was prepared to make allowances. I did not..." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
Are

By

Louis E.

Bisch

M. D., Ph. D.

Movie audiences are the population of a prosperous nation. Can so much energy flow from so many feeble minds?

In a neuropsychiatric office one naturally becomes accustomed to surprises. Human nature presents so many queer twists and turns, you know. Now you think the last case has revealed a genuine novelty, and then—Presto!—along comes another amazing phenomenon that immediately throws the startling interest of its forerunner quite in the shade.

Well, when James R. Quirk, the Editor of Psychoplastic, was announced by my secretary as wishing to consult me professionally, my surprise amounted almost to "shell shock."

"What's wrong with him?" I blurted. "Is it possible after all that—!"

But no! My ego and doctor's pride would not let me admit that my visitor could be in need of an alienist's attention. Had I not talked with him only a few days previously? Surely I would have noticed a change had anything mental been amiss!

"I did not come for a personal examination," said Mr. Quirk right at the outset, as though he, himself, had made an analysis of me and had divined my thoughts. "I came because I want a psychiatric opinion on the American public."

That surely was a new one too!—the most surprising reason for a consultation in many a moon. And I told him so.

"Yes, that's exactly what I want," he continued. "Every day, from all sides, people throw mud at the moving picture audiences. They call them morons. If these millions of movie fans are morons, then, by far and large, the majority who compose the general public are morons too.

"Are we morons? Or are we not? "What I am after is an absolutely unbiased, scientific article to settle that question."

And, of course, I immediately agreed to take Mr. Quirk up on this proposition. Afterwards, when I came to consider the matter I wondered why I had not thought of it myself.

For Mr. Quirk is right—as right as rain. To find out whether actually we are morons or not is a most timely inquiry.

Not so long ago George Bernard Shaw admitted that he is a movie fan. More recently the famous Austrian playwright, Ferenc Molnar, on a visit to this country, admitted the same thing.

Scores and scores of prominent men and women in the United States are not ashamed to say they enjoy pictures. Intelligent, capable, educated and cultured persons of all ages find relaxation in a movie show. Often do I hear men in my own profession say that a picture refreshes them after a day of strenuous work.

Can it really be possible that the picture enthusiast is moronic? What is a moron, anyway?

The term was first suggested for general use by Dr. H. H. Goddard, a psychological authority on mental tests and defective mental states. Quoting from his book on feeble-mindedness:

"If we leave out those whom society has already recognized as idiots and imbeciles, we have the higher group, specifically feeble-minded or moron, which has been defined by the Royal College of Physicians in the following terms: 'One who is capable of earning his living under favorable circumstances, but is incapable from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age (a) of competing on equal terms with his normal fellows, (b) of managing himself and his affairs with ordinary prudence.'"

In other words, a moron is a mental defective—no more, no less.
We Morons?
The scientific answer to those who belittle the intelligence of movie audiences

The word itself comes from the Greek, "moros," with its root meaning "fool.” The Great War is responsible for putting "moron" on the map.

Between May 1 and Oct. 1, 1918, about 1,300,000 men in the American Expeditionary Forces were examined by trained psychologists by means of two systems of mental tests called the "Alpha tests" and the "Beta tests."

The Alpha tests were devised for men who could read and write while the Beta tests were for illiterates and foreigners and were carried out by pantomime.

These tests were group tests, mind you. From 75 to 500 men were tested at one time.

The tests were supposed to show whether the subject’s intelligence was normal, super-normal or sub-normal. Idiots and imbeciles were rarely drafted, of course. But the borderline cases escaped detection at the first registration examination and so practically all of those found to be sub-normal in intelligence were morons.

Now then, the striking discovery made was the fact that, according to the tests, 45 per cent of the men tested belonged in this moron class.

By inference this meant approximately fifty per cent of the population feeble-minded!

Half of us—think of it!—with the intelligence of a child of from 8 to 12!!

Half of us (according to the Royal College of Physicians’ definition of moron) "capable only of earning our livings under favorable circumstances and incapable from mental defect existing from birth or from an early age of competing on equal terms with our normal fellows or of managing ourselves and our affairs with ordinary prudence."

And worse than that, half of us never being able to develop, no matter what the education or training, higher than the twelve-year level! On the face of it something certainly is wrong somewhere.

This is a prosperous nation, a preeminently leading, influential nation.

Can it be possible that we have brought this nation where it is today with half of us mentally defective?

This is a busy, bustling, go-getter nation.

Can so much energy flow from so many feeble minds?

This is also a fairly clean-minded and healthy nation despite our foreign critics. Suppose this government of ours does reveal graft and incompetence? Is this democracy not, after all, better on the whole than the governments such critics hail from? And can it be possible that all this progress of ours in government, as well as in finance, education, and in the economic status of the average citizen, has been accomplished with a dead-weight drag of so many millions of moronic minds?

It happens that I, myself, was engaged in psychiatric work during the war and in April, 1919, published in the United States Naval Medical Bulletin a paper entitled, "A Routine Method of Mental Examinations for Naval Recruits," based upon my experiences with the intelligence tests employed at the time.

I shall quote directly from this paper as it summarizes my criticisms of the group method of intelligence testing—which group method was responsible for the supposed existence of so many millions of morons.

"(1) In group tests the scores depend exclusively on the time element. We have no psychological grounds for believing that a mental process shall occupy a given amount of time. (2) The group method leaves no opportunity for the adaptation by the examiner to the individualities of the subject. (3) Failure in performance of tests given by the group method, in the absence of the individual observation of that performance on the part of the examiner, is not reliable evidence that a failure was due to low mentality. (4) The best group tests are of necessity dependent upon written responses, and the act of writing adds a complication which it is difficult to evaluate and separate from pure intelligence factors in scoring."

James R. Quirk, Editor of Photoplay, went to Dr. Bisch with this problem: "Every day, from all sides, people throw mud at the moving picture audiences. They call them morons. If these millions of movie fans are morons, then, by far and large, the majority who compose the general public are morons too.

"Are we morons? Or are we not?"

In this article, Dr. Bisch gives his frank answer. He tells why mentality tests are often inaccurate. He explains why the movies interest sensible, intelligent people as well as those of inferior mentality. And he proves that the term "moron," as applied to audiences, has been widely abused.

Read this fascinating and instructive analysis.

As Director of the Psychiatric Division of the 5th Naval District, I soon came to the conclusion that group tests were unreliable and that they gave an entirely misleading idea of the intelligence of the individuals forming a group.

We therefore employed individual tests solely.

And we did not find anywhere near the number of morons that the Army tests did!

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A STORY based on the life of Sarah Bernhardt and played by Greta Garbo as the Divine Sarah herself. The interest centers in the acting of Miss Garbo and Lars Hanson, her soldier lover, rather than in the story itself.

Marianne, as they have called the Divine Sarah, is brought to Paris as a surprise present to a worldly-wise mother who does not wish to acknowledge a sixteen-year-old daughter. She is gawky, untutored, ugly. Thrown upon her own resources, she falls in love with a soldier. Chance introduces her to the stage. The conflict between her love for the stage and her love for the man is the theme of the story.

Watching Marianne makes love; watching her suffer in poverty; glory in applause; rage at the unkindness of Fate makes it well worth your while to see this production.

A MORE heart gripping melodrama than "The Noose" will be difficult to locate in the year's crop of screen productions. Richard Barthelmess again presents to the public a superb performance. The audience will be held tense from the moment that Barthelmess slays Montagu Love, leader of the bootleg ring. He has the rôle of a youngster reared in ignorance of his parentage by the bootlegger leader. He has been in charge of one of the trucks running booze, but within himself there is the urge for a better life. Dorothy (Lina Basquette), a little cherine in the bootleggers' den, is the one that stands by when he is in his greatest trouble. John Francis Dillon's direction is excellent. Lina Basquette contributes a colorful performance. Alice Joyce is compelling in a leading rôle.

TO those who have read and loved Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California, the entire elimination of Ramona's life from the time she runs away with Alessandro, her Indian lover, until her child dies, three years later, will be a keen disappointment. But the scenic beauty of the production and the splendid acting of Dolores Del Rio will do much to make up for the deficiencies in the handling of the story. It is a superbly beautiful series of episodes which depend upon titles rather than action to carry the dramatic value.

With the exception of the years of her early wandering with her Indian lover and the omission of any reference to her marriage, the picture adheres to the original story. We find her, first playing with her adopted brother, Don Felipe, on one of the vast ranches of early California. Much is made of a sheep shearing scene. Ramona's struggle with her autocratic stepmother; her indignant repudiation of jewels in lieu of her Indian lover; and the loss and recovery of her memory at the end of the story offer intense moments. But we are forced to admit that much of the drama that one feels in reading the story is lost in the picture.

There could have been no more fitting person to impersonate the Indian-blooded Ramona than the Mexican Dolores Del Rio. At the end, when she recovers her memory, her work rises to the heights. Warner Baxter is well-cast as the Indian, Alessandro, while Roland Drew is capable as Felipe, the Spanish Don, brother and lover. Edwin Carewe directed.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month
RAMONA THE LAST COMMAND
THE DIVINE WOMAN THE NOOSE
BEAU SABREUR THE LEOPARD LADY

The Best Performances of the Month
Emil Jannings in “The Last Command”
Greta Garbo in “The Divine Woman”
Lars Hansen in “The Divine Woman”
Richard Barthelmess in “The Noose”
Gary Cooper in “Beau Sabreur”
Dolores Del Rio in “Ramona”

Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 136

THE LAST COMMAND—Paramount

In this, his second American-made picture, Emil Jannings lives up to the high standard his former pictures have led us to expect of him. As Sergius, Jannings makes a complete departure from the type of character he portrayed in “The Way of All Flesh.” This, however, is an unusual portrayal. As favorite cousin of the Czar and Grand Duke of Russia, Sergius Alexander was easily the most important man in the Russian army. Imperious of necessity, he made bitter enemies. He falls in love with a beautiful woman revolutionist, Natacha, but strikes and arrests her companion, Leo. When the revolution comes, Natacha helps the general escape, but she is killed.

Poor, humiliated, beaten, grieved, he searches the world over for Natacha, finally landing in Hollywood among the extras working for $7.50 a day. Leo, meanwhile, has become a famous director, and now has his revenge, which you must see. As the all-powerful leader of the Russian army and as the pathetic movie extra, his fine shadings of different emotions are perfect. Evelyn Brent acquits herself most creditably and displays enough beauty and brains to disturb an army.

Joseph Von Sternberg, who also directed “Underworld,” proves again how well he can handle tremendous crowds or single individuals.

Von Sternberg gives us in this picture the best inside portrayal of studio activity that has ever been put on the screen; also, tremendously realistic background both in studio and behind the scenes on Russian front. A thrilling melodrama.

THE LEOPARD LADY—Pathe-De Mille

If you are interested in any kind of a circus, you will enjoy the realistic atmosphere of the Continental traveling tent show in this picture. You will be tense with excitement as you watch Jacqueline Logan, in the service of Vienna, trying to find the party who is responsible for the murders that follow in the wake of this circus.

There is a new slant to the story and a great surprise at the finish. Director Rupert Julian has contributed a most commendable piece of work. It is handled so deftly that the characterizations of Miss Logan, “The Leopard Lady,” and Alan Hale, the Cossack rider, stand out in cameo-like clearness. Both do their best work in ages. Jacqueline may go right into stardom on the strength of this. Robert Armstrong and James Bradbury, Sr., are well cast.

BEAU SABREUR—Paramount

Yes, this reminds you of “Beau Geste,” but while not built with the same suspense as the former picture, this is a story of adventure and romance that is most intriguing. Gary Cooper, handsome French officer, sworn to live and die for France and never look at a woman, is sent to a French garrison on the Sahara. He does not know then he would meet Evelyn Brent, but he covers himself with glory even though he breaks his promise about women.

“Beau Sabreur” means “beautiful swordsman” and, in this picture, we have such a battle with swords as you have never seen, with Cooper on the ground and William Powell (the polished villain) on a horse. The suspense through this is terrific. Noah Beery, William Powell and Mitchell Lewis lend virility to all the actions.
Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

**THE BIG CITY—M.-G.-M.**

Lon Chaney is a crook of no mean ability in this story. When one crook can step into a cabaret, undisguised, and capture the other crook's loot, conceal it in a dish of spaghetti and make his get-away, you have the acme of underworld intriguing. Lon wears only his God-given face in this picture. The story is complicated but has good action. Betty Compton is Lon's crook aid whose jealousy reveals his secrets.

**THE WHIP WOMAN—First National**

A ROMANCE of Hungary during the post war period, with Estelle Taylor in the title rôle. After seeing her take care of herself with the gay old Romans of the village, you'll admit that there is something in association, and, after all, she is Mrs. Jack Dempsey. Antonio Moreno plays the rôle of the hero of a royal house who falls in love with her and finally is wed to her.

**ROSE MARIE—M.-G.-M.**

EXCITING fights and daring escapes. An excellent cast with Joan Crawford a charming Rose Marie, the daughter of the northern ice-bound country who warms the hearts of all the men around her. The fur traders bring a new comer, Jim Kenyon, played by James Murray, who, although hunted by the police, is so lovable and so daring that Rose Marie cannot forget him. It's a little complicated but offers suspense.

**THE DOVE—United Artists**

WHEN Willard Mack wrote this as a play for David Belasco he went back to the screen's pioneer plot: the dance hall girl who is fought over by the hero and the villain. This is dull and colorless—and Norma Talmadge is wooden as Dolores. Such honors as exist go to Noah Beery. The subtitles shift the action from Mexico to "somewhere on the Mediterranean" but the settings still border the Rio Grande.

**JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS—FBO**

AFARLY swift-moving drama depicting a certain type of Kentucky mountaineers. Brant Dennis (Orville Caldwell), was the "hero to a crowd of drunken loafers." His young brother, Tad (Frankie Darro), wanted him to be a real hero and helped make him one. Virginia Valli, as the school teacher, did all that could have been done with her part. You will remember only Frankie Darro.

**LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—First National**

THE stage farce by Charlton Andrews and Avery Hopwood has been picturized in a manner that is going to keep you laughing to the final fade out. The action is more or less stereotyped, but it has been deftly directed by Edward Cline. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are co-leaturd, both giving excellent performances. The honors, however, must be tendered to Gwynn Williams, as Mike Sweeney.
GATEWAY OF THE MON—Fox

A BADLY-DIRECTED, sappy melodrama obviously released only to cash in on the popularity of the star. But don’t let that fool you. This is not the Del Rio of “What Price Glory” and “Resurrection,” but Dolores being very terrible as one of those coy undressed sheikas of the South Seas, pursuing her man amid swamps and crocodiles. Cheap in every respect. Fans should stay away in droves.

THE LATEST FROM PARIS—M.G.M.

A LL the cloak and suit houses in America will want to hire Norma Shearer after the release of this picture. She sure sells the goods, no mistaking, and lines up the men in the bargain. Ralph Forbes supplies the love interest. George Sidney and Tenen Holtz, the proprietors, give corking comedy performances. Bert Roach tickles the palate with his fun-making. Corking titles. Snappy, light entertainment.

TWO FLAMING YOUTHS—Paramount

W. C. FIELDS and Chester Conklin, the newest co-starring comedy team—and how! The picture is plain slapstick comedy and it is not meant to be anything else. If you aren’t amused at this whole piece—then we give up. Fields and Conklin are rivals for the hand of Widow Malarkey. But widdie has other ideas and marries someone else. John Waters may receive your applause for his direction.

SPORTING GOODS—Paramount

RICHARD SHELBY, enterprising salesman for Elasto-Tweedo Golf Suits, was “up with the lark, down with the grapefruit, and out with the samples.” Nevertheless, he got into trouble. But you will forget your troubles when you see Richard Dix in this hilarious farce, as he is a joy from start to finish. Beautifully directed by Mal St. Clair. Laughs for all. Too good to miss.

LOVE AND LEARN—Paramount

A YOUNG girl comes home and finds her parents on the verge of a separation. She has heard “it is trouble that keeps married people together,” so she starts out to contribute the trouble. Esther Ralston is pleasing. Lane Chandler gives a delightful performance. Claude King, Hedda Hopper, and Helen Lynch render good support. A fast moving comedy drama, well directed by Frank Tuttle. You’ll love it.

A GIRL IN EVERY PORT—Fox

VICTOR McLAGLEN is featured in this picture because of the popularity he won in “What Price Glory.” McLaglen, as Spike Madden, a deep sea sailor on a tramp schooner, finds that another seafaring youth is stepping in his love affairs in the various ports of call. McLaglen and Robert Armstrong are excellent as the roving rivals. Their adventures will intrigue and amuse you.

[Additional reviews on page 99]
She stood before him, dark and straight and tempestuous. He found it a little difficult to maintain the careful impersonality of his tone.

"But, Evelyn, my dear, you haven't answered my question; what can this Forbes Nathan give you that I can't—that I haven't?"

Her dark eyes, vivid with unrestrained emotion, filled with sudden tears. She was perhaps not conscious that she was acting. She had been an actress so long that she had ceased to analyze her reactions as to the quality of their sincerity. Her rich voice, the voice that had thrilled thousands of worshipful listeners from behind the amber footlights, held the same poignant note of appeal now in the luxurious privacy of her husband's apartment as it would hold the night of her new play, "The Sorrowful Lady."

"I want—I want—love; love—and laughter."

If Lawrence Danvers was hurt, he gave no sign of it. He had what his lovely wife did not suspect, a facile imagination. He also understood her, although he had never permitted her to guess the fact. She was curiously like a child, reveling in the eternal playtime of life and emotion. Well he knew that a single careless word of his at any moment of the eight years of their married life might have brought the insecure structure tumbling about their ears.

Those who marveled at the fact that the prosaic business man could win—and hold—the love of the exotic Evelyn Lorraine, did not know that the simple, though subtle secret had been his matter of fact acceptance of every mood of her make-believe.

Sometimes it had not been easy. Particularly the times when she had fancied herself passionately in love with another man—usually an actor in her company. Lawrence Danvers knew these comet-like emotions for the effervescent things they were; but he had never made the mistake of belittling them, or of showing jealousy. He knew that his aloof self-control was the bond that held Evelyn to him.

He was not an actor by profession. But it required no mean skill to stand there, facing her passionate confession of this new love, without yielding to the temptation to cry out, to crush her in his arms and tell her savagely that she was his, his, that he loved her more than life, and that no man should take her from him while he lived.

He was older, he reflected, and Evelyn still possessed a glorious beauty that time had touched with scarcely perceptible fingers. This Forbes Nathan was young too; younger than Evelyn. Was that the attraction? Did she turn to youth when she felt her own youth gently slipping from her? Or was it merely the insistent urge of propinquity?

They were rehearsing "The Sorrowful Lady," which would open on Broadway within the week. A curious,
THE tragi-comedy of an actress, her prosaic husband and the leading man who held the stage kiss just a few seconds too long.

Why, she was—clean! So meticulous in her person, her mind, her manner of life. He could not visualize her plunging through the mud to be lifted upon the unstable pinnacle of passion.

"Oh Larry dear, I know that you love me. You have been so wonderful about everything. It's because I trust your love for me that I am not afraid to tell you that I love Forbes Nathan, love him with every breath, every heart beat of my existence. Larry, I know that it hurts to hear me say that. But I can't be anything but honest with you. I would rather hurt you than shame you. I'm asking you to let me go, to divorce me or let me get a divorce. I want to marry him, Larry, you've never heard me say that about any other man, have you? Please let me go, Larry, I can't live without him!"

Lawrence Danvers moved mechanically to the tiled fireplace. He took a cigarette from a brass container and lighted it with steady, unshaken fingers.

"Evelyn, you have a rather unique position in the theatrical world. There has never been the slightest rumor of anything ugly connected with your name. If you will look over the letters from young girls—and their mothers, you will realize what an ideal you have made yourself. You know the laws of New York state. A divorce can be obtained in only one way—a most unpleasant, filthy way. Are you willing to smear yourself, or have me smear myself for you, to gratify this—"

he paused slightly—"love?"

His fingers were wet upon the flimsy paper of the cigarette. He could not bring himself to look at her. Why, she was—clean! So meticulous in her person, her mind, her manner of life. He could not visualize her plunging through the mud to be lifted upon the unstable pinnacle of passion. Ah, what they would say about her! They would strip her bare, and run her through and through with all the long-suppressed delight and jealousy of little, evil minds. He heard her sigh, ever so faintly.

[continued on page 111]
An Automobile Smash-Up

Polly Moran
In many a fall,
Has never been hurt,
No—not at all!

She's fallen through films,
As comedy gags,
Her hair has come down,
And her frock has been rags.

But she never was hurt,
'Til the other day—
When a rollicking Rolls,
Got in her way.

The New Griffith Picture

He's doing a battle again, he is,
And battles have always been wholly his;
The wars that were civil, those less polite
He's done—he's a bear when he films a fight.

But now he is doing an age-old war—
(And one, incidentally, he's filmed before),
A war that troubles and thrills and vexes—
You're right—it's "The Battle of the Sexes."

EMIL JANNINGS
as
Sergius Alexander
in
"The Last Command"

A Sonnet Impression
of the Month's Best Performance—

Against the melodrama of the story,
He stands—a figure tragic, brave and bold—
He never seems to lose his look of glory,
Though beaten by the world, and growing old.
He who had known the flame of pomp and power,
He who had scorned the cringing and the weak,
Could never wholly bow beneath the shower
Of scorn and poverty and words men speak.

The studio has made a screen behind him
Of shadow shapes that only come and go;
He is no shadow, we will always find him,
Where blood is hot, and passions dare to glow.
Pathetic? Yes, perhaps, we watch through tears,
As he goes marching down the broken years!

Congratulations are in order
For every WAMPAS baby star;
We hope that they may reach their goals,
That they may travel very far.

Thirteen of them—who ever said
From number thirteen luck was lacking?
Get to it girls, and strut your stuff—
You've youth and beauty for your backing!

Ring 'Em, Sylvy!

Miss Dupont is married now,
Orange blossoms on her brow—
She has wed Sylvanus Stokes,
One of these here wealthy blokes.

A Distinguished Visitor

Ruthie Taylor—"Miss L. Lee"—
She who got the much sought rôle,
Is to visit our New York,
Every good gold digger's goal!

Ruth, for all her artful ways,
Never left the west before,
She has got a lot to see,
When she opens New York's door.

What, you ask us, do we mean—
What should every bright girl see?
The aquarium, of course,
Grant's Tomb and Miss Liberty!

Vilma Goes Abroad

Vilma La Rocque (do you like it that way?)
Is going to visit the land that is natal;
Is going to wish her dear parents "Good day,"
And maybe return with them—would that be fatal?

That fact that she's going to Hungary's shore,
Isn't that she's casting young Rod from her life—
Ah, no—for she loves him, she says, more and more—
In fact, she is Hollywood's plus-perfect wife.
When night-time comes to Hollywood,
I think the lady moon looks down,
With kindliness and sympathy,
Upon the silent, resting town.

She, gently swaying in the sky,
Bathes with a healing, silver fire,
The tired city that has wept,
And laughed, and worked, and known desire!

And all the faiths that have been lost,
And all the plans that went awry,
Are giving back to dreaming hearts,
Her benediction from the sky.

For, as the wistful breezes sing,
And as the clouds about her creep,
The lady moon is keeping guard
Above the earth-bound stars who sleep.
ON these two pages, we have Hollywood's best arguments in favor of short skirts—or no skirts at all. Here is Joan Crawford, Texas' (the state's, not Guinan's) greatest gift to the ocular drama.
AND here is Olive Borden of Virginia. Not so long ago, Olive worked in her mother's little candy store. Today she is a United Artist, along with Mary, Doug, Charlie and Jack Barrymore.
Sue Carol's hit parallels that of Janet Gaynor. Sue didn't need the money and she wasn't looking for fame when she went to Hollywood. One picture—"Soft Cushions"—made her. Now she's playing opposite William Boyd in "Skyscrapers."
Don’t Call Her A RICH GIRL

But give Sue Carol credit for succeeding in spite of her money

By Ruth Biery

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was coming to the Huntington Hotel in Pasadena. An exciting event for the children, back in 1913, when this story opens, as it would be today among any group. It was in the middle of winter, when many youngsters were spending their winters in California, rushed away from the cold and snow of the East and Middle West.

“Let’s give Charlie a show,” they said. “We have given benefits for poor people and parties for ourselves. Now let us do something for Charlie Chaplin who has given us so many wonderful entertainments!”

So they ran to their respective mothers at the bridge table and took up the matter with fathers on the golf links. As the evening approached for the entertainment, there was much excitement among the tiny performers. Chief among the merry-makers was a dark-eyed child of six winters, thrilled because she was to dance for Charlie Chaplin.

And how she did dance upon that evening dedicated to her favorite actor! Danced so hard, with so much genuine ecstasy and motion, that right in the middle of her principal number, the scant, chiffon costume which mother had ordered especially created, fell to the floor.

With one look at the withered costume beneath her, she burst into hysterics, kicking and screaming. She had disgraced the party!

“And Charlie Chaplin did everything but stand on his head to make me forget it!” Sue Carol’s eyes danced with mischief in memory of the six-year-old tantrum which she was describing. “He did everything to make me feel happy. And later he asked mother about my going into pictures. When mother said ‘No,’ he agreed that she had made a wise decision because he felt it was a hard life for little children.

“When I left Pasadena, I wrote Charlie Chaplin a love letter. It must have been one of the most ardent fan letters he ever received, I am certain.”

Only, Charlie never did get it. And Sue, [continued on page 108]
Tom continues his quest for a fortune, telling how he threw an elderly, but game, buffalo, for $500

Making A

I did know a lot about buffalos an' besides, I was out here in Oklahoma, where I was at home. You see, over on the 101 Ranch, at Bliss, where I'd been foreman, they had a herd of buffalos an' I was pretty well acquainted with 'em an' their ways. An', besides, I might as well confess that I'd always entertained an idea that I could bulldog a buffalo, only the Miller boys, who owned 101 would never let me try it, sayin' they didn't want me to break the spirit of one of their buffalo bulls.

I MIGHT put in now for the information of the general public which probably don't know a heap about buffalos, but nothin' in the world will fight harder, longer or more desperately than a buffalo bull. At the same time, nothin' will give up so easy, once he knows he's whipped. A lot of folks, probably, will think I'm misstatin' facts, but I'm not, when I tell you that if you rope a buffalo bull an' throw him, an' he realizes that you've got him where he can't do nothin' to help himself, Mr. Bull will just lay right down there on the prairie and die—pass out from a broken heart. He's been humbled an' he can't live an' remember that.

Well, to get back to my story about the million. Commencing where I left off, I had this telegram askin' me to bulldog the buffalo, an' I wired 'em to come on, a bringin' their buffalo with 'em.
DAD TURNER took me up to the hotel an' read the story we were to make. I don't know who wrote it an' I hope I never find out. This understandin' author, who had probably lived all his life around Times Square, New York, an' thought there were Indians a runnin' around the streets of Indianapolis, Ind., an' that the citizens of Buffalo, New York, were used to havin' the street traffic tied up with animals of the same name a roamin', promiscuous like, around the town. I told Dad the story wouldn't do. Then, says he, it's up to you an' me to sit down an' make up one, so we started in.

In the first place, we had to have some good reason why the buffalo was to be bulldogged an' not shot. If we went back to the early days, the Injuns would have killed the buffalo with bow an' arrow—they'd never heard of bulldoggin'. After much sittin' up nights, me an' Dad threshed a yarn something like this.

A young fellow comes out of the east—he is an engineer, plans bridges an' buildin's an' such stuff. He gets adventurin' down in the Injun country an' meets up with a mighty pretty young squaw—an' we make her so pretty an' attractive that I don't mind addin' that if there really had been that kind of young squaw there, I'd still be in Texas or Oklahoma. Well, this Easterner gets plumb crazy over young Miss Squaw. She'd had a little education an' savvied English. I think we made her name Go-Wan-Shosho, which is Osage for Flamin' Arrow. So our young engineer ups an' marries her. The Osages, accordin' to our literary masterpiece, didn't take kindly to this white man a bustin' into their tribe by marryin' the niftiest lookin' squaw they had an' one who had already been looked at admirin'ly by some of the... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
How to Dress

Esther Ralston proves that clothes lighten the hardest

The girl who goes gardening in a chiffon dress, a small hat and high-heeled shoes courts a torn frock, a sunburn and tired feet. If you would enjoy your flowers, wear a smock, a large hat, gloves and get a pad to keep your knees off the damp ground.

Tennis can be torture in long sleeves, a wool skirt that is tight over the hips and rubber soled sandals which do not support the feet during a vigorous set. Black, for sports, is hot and dusty.

Tennis is fun in a white sleeveless frock, with a full pleated skirt and regulation tennis shoes. Unless your hair is very short, wear a bandeau. And, for the love of Helen Wills, no jewelry!
At the right, you see a lady in for a bad afternoon. The umbrella will never cover that big hat. The shoes will spring a leak and the fur trimming will soon look like a wet cat. Moreover, the pleats will come out of the skirt. And, behold (at near right), a young person who will look chic in the worst weather!

When dish-washing is drudgery. Long sleeves, lace collars and cuffs, and a jabot to absorb dishwater. Ruffles to catch on every corner. And jeweled hands at the mercy of soapy water

Kitchen work needn't be messy if you have a pretty apron, comfortable shoes and a pair of rubber gloves. Notice, too, that Miss Ralston slicks back her hair to keep it out of eyes
"Do you mind if I stay here with you? It's—it's so lonely eating by one's self." Her voice was wistful.

The park path—save for the shadowy bulk of a distant policeman (and his back was turned)—seemed utterly deserted. The trees made an arch of green above their heads. And Ann—cuddling suddenly close to the roughness of Richard's tweed coat sleeve—knew that she was about to be kissed. Knew it with a small, delicious shiver.

"Why—I might be sixteen, the way I'm feeling!" she told herself.

Richard looked down at her. Although they were almost of a height, it seemed as though he were looking down from an unimagined mountain peak. Why does being in love make a woman feel so—so physically small?

"You—you darling—" he breathed huskily.

And then he did kiss her. And it was even more wonderful—that kiss—than it had been—in dreams. Even though Ann's dreams were, often, rather spectacular things. For, you see, she was a poet. Richard wasn't—he was a broker.

"You darling—" he said again. And his voice quivered on a strange, high boyish note. And then he added—in the tone of a person who steps out of a bewildering tumult into a high ceilinged, white church—"You do love me!" It was not a question—it was a statement.

Ann's laugh, answering his voice through the darkness, was also shaken.
By
Margaret E. Sangster

“Midnight”

“I've loved you for a very long time,” she said slowly. “I never guessed what it was to care in just this way, before.”

Richard was a business man. Had he been a poet, too, he might have dallied with a swift, bright moment—the sort of a moment that can seldom be found again once it has passed, even though one searches for it. But he did not dally. This thing that had happened—it was too important to be trifled with.

“You'll marry me?” he asked—and the words came with a rush. “You'll marry me—soon?”

Ann laughed. She didn't feel quite so small as she had a moment ago. She was beginning, ever so slightly, to regain her poise.

“But of course I will!” she answered. And knew that she was about to be kissed again—even though the not-nearly-so-distant-as-he-had-been policeman was now facing in their direction!

Time passes very quickly when two people are getting engaged and making marriage plans. It didn't seem very much later that Richard—bidding Ann a reluctant good-bye in the foyer of the tiny hotel in which she lived—looked deep into her eyes and went his way. But when Ann had reached her room and had switched on the lights—when, with incredulous gaze, she had dared to look at the little leather-bound clock upon the mantle shelf—she realized that it was well past midnight. And that she was more vivdly, more widely awake than she had ever been in all of her life. Her very pulses were singing—and their song was an echo of every dawn that the world has ever known.

Breathlessly—rather like a person who had finished a race—Ann threw herself into a chair. It was all so wonderful. So shining. She found herself speculating as to whether any other woman had ever loved—and been loved—in quite the way that she and Richard were loving each other. She found herself wondering whether any other two people had ever kissed as she and Richard had kissed. Out of doors. Under the friendly moon and the insistent small stars. And with the trees coming together so that the moon and the stars were just a trifle shut away. She wondered. And then—

She was remembering. Remembering a girl of eighteen who had lifted her lips to receive the first kiss of a young lover. A very radiant girl, with her hair 'up!' (ten years ago a girl of eighteen had hair to do up!) for the first time. She was remembering arms—the strong arms of an athlete, the tender arms of a dreamer—clasping her tight. While the moon and the stars laughed down and the branches of a tall elm made velvet shadows on the grass.

They had called it the trysting tree—she and Jeremy. They had met there, to see visions and to create futures. All through one May they had met there, and one June, and one languid, sweet July. And then—then had come the legacy from her aunt. And she had gone to the city to make a name for herself. She had gone courageously, recognizing her chance—but the tears had stood upon her cheeks as she said good-bye.

“I'll come back, Jer—” she had murmured—“when I'm a great poet. And I'll write the lyrics to go with your music. And we'll be happy—so happy, with our art—” she had gulped over the word—“and with each other. Oh, Jer—”

The boy, too, had tears upon his cheeks. After all, he was only twenty-three.

“I'll be waiting, Ann,” he told her—“here. Under the trysting tree. When it's moonlight, try to remember me—waiting. I'll bring my violin, and I'll play Schubert's Serenade—” (it had been Ann's favorite, then)—“I'll play it for you. And, somehow, across the miles, you'll hear the sound of it.”

Jeremy and his violin. Ann—looking back across centuries, rather than years, was remembering. They had meant so much—Jeremy and his music. They had
been her life—at eighteen. But, at eighteen, love is not always unchanging. It’s a weather-vane thing, then. Love, at twenty-eight—Ann caught her breath sharply—is different.

She had parted from Jeremy. Meaning to return. Of course. She had come to the city. Her verse hadn’t gone too well, at first—but her aunt’s legacy had stood between her and the legendary starvation in a garret. Her verse hadn’t gone well, at all. In the beginning. But, in time, her advertising copy had made a place for her in an agency of national reputation. And, with a pay envelope bearing her name each week, the verse began to sell. Poetry is, often, like that!

During the first month she had written to Jeremy every day. And had received letters from him each day, in return. The tiny photograph of him, that she carried in a small silver frame, grew rather smudged because of her tears—and her kisses. But, after the first month, she began to meet people. And there were parties and parties. As well as work. And so she wrote to Jeremy once a week and her kisses upon his portrait took on an almost impersonal briskness. And, sometimes, she found herself too busy of a morning to read his letters when they arrived at her door. Sometimes it was noon before she had gotten around to opening them. And at night, usually, she was too tired to write an answer.

Ten years—Ann, going over them in retrospect, found it quite impossible to identify the place where she had ceased to be interested in Jeremy. Their correspondence had stopped with no thought of blame, of recrimination, on either side. The letters rather dwindled away. And she had never gone back to the trysting tree—and when, in some motion picture theater, she heard the melody of a certain Serenade it meant very little to her.

And yet, curiously enough, Ann had never cared for any men between the era of Jeremy and the time of Richard’s coming. There had been flirtations, yes! Moments of amusement—exciting interludes. But she had never cared—not really—until she had looked across a drawing room, one evening, and had seen Richard’s heart—leaping from his eyes to her eyes.

Sitting there, in her chair—with the hands of her clock working havoc—Ann went over the months, since meeting Richard. There had, until that moment, never been a doubt in her mind. But, suddenly, she was swept with a thousand doubts. What—what if it were really Jeremy—Jeremy who belonged to the past? What if it were he, instead of Richard, the stars had chosen for her? What if she had gone back—keeping her promise? Would her pulses have throbbed to the voice of Jeremy as they did to the sound of Richard’s tone?

[continued on page 129]
Amateur Movies
By Frederick James Smith

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Contest Closes—Dorothy Farnum Gives Six Rules for Home Scenario Writers

PHOTOPLAY'S $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest closed on February 15th.

An announcement of the winning films will be made in PHOTOPLAY as soon as possible after the judges completely examine the entries.

The contest aroused tremendous interest among amateurs not only in this country but abroad. It was the first international amateur movie contest ever held anywhere. It had the full backing of the Amateur Cinema League and all of the films submitted are to be studied by the league in preparing an amateur standard. Thus, everyone who entered the contest is doing his or her bit toward furthering the cause of amateur photography. Never before has it been possible to study and analyze amateur films in sufficient numbers to make the preparation of an amateur standard.

When the winners are announced, PHOTOPLAY will tell more about its plans to show the prize films, so that as many amateurs as possible will have an opportunity to see and study the work of the lucky contestants.

DOROTHY FARNUM, the scenario writer who did the scripts of such well known professional motion pictures as "The Divine Woman," "The Torrent" and "The Temptress," has prepared six guiding rules for amateurs in preparing stories for production. Miss Farnum is an enthusiastic amateur movie maker and her rules, consequently, carry a real practical value for amateurs.

Here are Miss Farnum's rules:

First: Be visual. Keep always in mind, when writing the scenario for your picture, the fact that every idea, emotion and thought has to be conveyed to the onlooker by visual means. Test every scene by saying to yourself: "If I happened to come across these characters in real life, engaged in carrying out this scene, would I understand it?"

Second: Let your story be so arranged that it moves forward with every scene. Try as hard as you can to eliminate flash-backs and other devices which retard or slow up the movement of your story. The continuity of your motion picture should carry forward your story from the beginning to the end without a flashback.

However, I do not mean by this that the tempo of your story should be monotonous. This should vary to suit the theme of each separate scene.

Third: Let your script have unity. By unity, I mean not only a unity of plot but also a unity of purpose, theme and content. Don't ever let it get too heavy in the wrong places. For instance, don't give too much footage to unimportant sequences and try always to make your characterization scenes as brief, pointed and pungent as possible. Be sure to have every incident and every scene directly concerned with the story you are attempting to tell.

Fourth: Let your story have appeal and human interest. I would always suggest that everyone, professional as well as amateur scriptwriters, work always with the simplest plots and themes. Perhaps you are a golf enthusiast. Then you know thoroughly all the aspects, grave and humorous, of the "right noble and ancient game." If so, this makes a fine background for a motion picture. Think up some simple little plot, perhaps a love story of the links, write your scenario, bringing in the elements of humor and suspense. If you are

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]

Dorothy Farnum tells amateurs how to write their scenario

Margaret Ervin as Anne Howe in "And How!" produced by the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges
Above—Imported cluster of flowers that can be worn with equal chic on coat or dress. The flowers are small and of velvet with tiny pearl centers and the leaves are of imitation mother of pearl. Colors: rose, blue, pink, maize, orchid or white. $1.00

Right—A printed silk frock, to refresh your winter wardrobe, that can be worn at any daytime hour. It has the new slanting neckline with side jabot extending to hemline. The novel printed design comes in assorted combinations on blue, green, red, tan or grey background. Sizes 14 to 40. Moderately priced at $8.95

Jacquard jersey and crepe de chine are used to make the attractive two-piece dress at right. The jacquard jersey jumper blouse is tailored with bands of crepe de chine, and the bodice-topped skirt of crepe de chine has front plaitts. Available in cocoa-brown, light green, flesh or maize. Sizes 14 to 40. Price $8.95

To brighten up frocks that seem drab or trim those that need a finishing touch—at left—a novelty collar and cuff set with scalloped edge—wide gauntlet scalloped cuff—in a light cream shade of assorted Oriental silk and Val lace combinations. Set 95c

Right—New polka dot sweater of Zephyr and rayon—crepe or V neckline. Colors: rose, tan, green, brown, red or navy. 34 to 42. $2.95. Wool crepe skirt on bodice top has finely plaited front. Blue, green, brown, or navy. Sizes 14 to 42. $5.95

At right—To complete your important costumes the one strap pumps of French beige kid with genuine tan lizard strap, brown kid with genuine tan lizard strap, grey kid with genuine grey lizard strap, or black patent leather with genuine tan lizard strap. Sizes 3 to 8, widths triple A to D. Price $10.50

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THOUSANDS of women are delighted users of Photoplay's Shopping Service, which is at the disposal of every reader. It is simple to order.

Any article may be returned if not entirely satisfied.
The smart simplicity of the tailored tub silk dress, at left, increases its attractiveness and makes it useful far more than house wear. In green and white, red and white and blue and white checks.

Sizes 36 to 46. $7.95

At left—An irresistible negligé of heavy crepe de chine which has the swaying grace of three tiers of wide silk fringe trimming the skirt, while the surplice neckline and sleeves are edged with same wide fringe. In lovely boudoir shades—turquoise blue, peach, coral, rose, orchid, Nile green, French blue and black. Sizes small, medium and large. $9.95

The latest accessory—above—A buckle pin of rhinestones will answer the need for pinning belt or drapery and can be used with equally good taste for daytime or evening wear. Remarkably priced $1.00

At left—An unusually appealing chemise of crepe de chine richly trimmed with creamy lace, and although it has slim lines freedom is gained by the slashed sides. Colors: peach, flesh, Nile green or orchid. Sizes 34 to 40. Priced at $2.95

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The oxfords at left combine smartness and comfort. May be ordered in French beige, brown kid or patent leather with piping of contrasting color. Sizes 3 to 8. Widths triple A to D. Price $10.50

Right—Another scarf for the first whisperings of Spring—it is 36 inches square and made of very fine georgette in Futuristic designs. Beautiful color combinations in green, rose, tan or blue. Only $2.95
When DOCTORS DISAGREE

Sometimes the jury brings in a fifty-fifty verdict

"CHICAGO"

"Phyllis Haver seemed to be a logical choice for the part of Roxie Hart. From long years of rôles portraying ladies who are no better than they might be, Miss Haver's work is effortless: eminently real." Joseph McElliot, N.Y. Daily Mirror.

"It would behoove the new star (Phyllis Haver) to overcome her exaggerated facial contortions and learn something of restraint. As it is, she still displays traces of the broad and feverish expressions of the Mack Sennett school." George Gerhard, N.Y. Evening World.

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY"

"No better choice than Maria Corda could have been made for the rôle of Helen. She is quietly amusing, graceful, fascinating and fully cognizant of her feminine attractions as the fair lady who stirred up wars." Mordaunt Hall, N.Y. Times.

"Maria Corda once again proves that there is such a thing as a rôle invulnerable to both mediocre histrionics and tepid biological urge. . . . As a connoisseur of the hot diggity, it is our duty to report that the Corda is hot stuff up to and possibly including the limits of Miss Bessie Mason, our favorite entrepreneur de physique of the Houston Street Winter Garden." Donald Thompson, N.Y. Telegram.

"HONEYMOON HATE"

"Miss Vidor gives an intelligent conception of the girl who had everything and who wanted her husband to be obedient to her. Tullio Carminati is capital as the Prince." Mordaunt Hall, N.Y. Times.

"To see Florence Vidor, who is looking quite mature these days, assuming the part of a spoiled, petulant daughter of wealth and Tullio Carminati enact a juvenile prince is a little too much to take seriously even in these days of miscasting," Regina Cannon, N.Y. American.

"THE DOVE"

"Miss Talmadge proves her versatility by reason of an intelligently drawn character of a sprightly, temperamental señorita." Joseph McElliot, N.Y. Daily Mirror.

"Dolores, the Dove, comes but faintly to life under the ministrations of Miss Talmadge, who seems preoccupied with gentility." Willela Waldorf, N.Y. Evening Post.

"THE CHINESE PARROT"

"In his second American film, 'The Chinese Parrot,' Paul Leni has produced a worthy successor to 'The Cat and the Canary.'" N.Y. Times.

"Paul Leni's second picture for Universal, 'The Chinese Parrot,' is not up to the standard set by his earlier film, 'The Cat and the Canary.'" N.Y. Graphic.

On LAND or SEA

The two homes of John Gilbert. On land, Mr. Gilbert lives on one of the highest of the Beverly Hills. When he's at sea, his home is his yacht. The yacht is called "The Temptress." Do we hear a faint chorus of "Ah, there's!"
SMALL, dark, vivid—and very modern is this petite English gentlewoman, the Marchioness of Queensberry.

Still in her early twenties, she deftly combines—as only the “moderns” seem to know how—the roles of wife, mother, hostess, sportswoman, artist.

The daughter of one of England’s most distinguished portrait painters widely known for his portraits of the Royal Family, Lady Queensberry is herself a painter of unusual talent. Like her father, her special gift is for portraiture.

She entertains frequently and charmingly in London; she rides, plays golf, hunts with the famous Bicester Hounds. And always she paints. For to Lady Queensberry her work is her life.

“I like society,” she says, “—and oh, I’ve been delighted with your American society! But it can only be a recreation with me—never a pursuit!” Always the keen eye of the artist is seeking the unusual, the beautiful; the deft fingers long for the brush and canvas to record it.

A portrayer of lovely women, Lady Queensberry’s comments upon beauty are of exceptional interest to women everywhere. “To the eye of the artist,” she observes, “nothing is at once so exquisite and so elusive as a lovely complexion. And the artist, perhaps more than most women, values the gift of Beauty, knows that it should be cultivated, and appreciates the means of guarding it.

“For my own part, I sincerely believe in the gentle ministrations of Pond’s Two Creams.”

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Now there are two delicious new Pond’s preparations for use with the famous creams.
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Cleansing Tissues wipe away all oil and dirt. Next tone and firm your skin with Pond’s new Skin Freshener. Finally apply Pond’s Vanishing Cream for an exquisite finish and protection. At night refresh and cleanse your skin again with the Cold Cream and Freshener.

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if there was any good reason why ordinary business methods were not applicable.

About the same time, a crisis developed in the policy of acquisition and construction of theaters to serve as outlets for the products of the studios. Paramount, under the able leadership of Adolph Zukor, fought its way to leadership and naturally was the principal target of complaints of small theater competitors, and the object of attention by the Federal Trade Commission.

All of the machinery of the larger companies had been built up around a system of "block booking." Theater owners had to buy all the productions of a company to secure any at all. The Hays group, the organized producers and distributors, were willing to battle it out among themselves, but the independent theater operators yelled "murder" and the government took a hand in the game.

The independents complained that the big operators were crowding them out by methods that were not good business, and wanted the government to let them pick and choose pictures to show in their theaters. The battle is still on. One thing we may be sure of. The independent theater owner is too concerned with his own troubles to worry about the star's problems.

GETTING back to Hollywood. Last summer the producers got together and announced a horizontal cut of ten per cent in all salaries over fifty dollars.

That started something. The actors, directors, and writers affected screamed with pain and indignation.

Good fellows all, the producers were willing that the matter should be submitted to arbitration by the newly formed Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, a supposedly idealistic and altruistic organization, the published purpose of which was a renaissance of art and all that sort of thing. All the little artists and scientists were to be one happy family, you know, one of those one-for-all and all-for-one Utopian affairs.

The decision of the illustrious academy was that the salary lads were the artists and the producers the scientists, and that there were other ways of skinning a cat than putting it under a buzz saw.

The producers were glad enough to call off the fight because it was arousing the neighborhood. The artists got out of hand and were loudly calling attention to a lot of business inefficiencies and executive incompetencies that reflected on the producers. It might become embarrassing if the bankers overhead and took a hand in the shindig.

The artists promised to control their temperaments, pay attention to their school work, behave themselves after school hours, and not to carry their flasks to church. The scientists patted them on the back, and promised them lollipops for Christmas.

Then the producers forgot all about the stars. They are whispering "conspiracy" (in restraint of trade), but they are whispering it. There is talk of midnight meetings of the movie Romanofis and Rasputins, and of blood flowing in the gutter, but there has been no real massacre of the stars.

THE conspiracy line was thought up by the lawyer for a leading man whose box office was decreasing as his years were increasing. He held out for three thousand dollars a week and the producers knew he wasn't worth it.

So because a few of them talked it over, he claimed he was being conspired against. The truth of the matter is that they got on to him.

The drastic actions of the producers have involved principally older stars who have declined in box office value and won't admit it, or younger players who either failed to live up to their early promise, or who, after a few successes, gained an exaggerated idea of their own value. These two classes of players are in an unhappy position. The older stars have for years been getting thousands of dollars a week, and for the most part much their own way in the selection of stories and directors. They have considered themselves the very bulwark of the industry, and the producers who held them under expensive long term contracts, encouraged them in that attitude, partly because they believed it themselves, and partly because it was considered good business to use their popularity and box office value to help sell the other pictures in their program.

THE shining example of this was Paramount's offer of twenty thousand dollars a week to Gloria Swanson who had been a best seller. Gloria made the mistake of her life when she didn't accept it. Colleen Moore gets half that amount because First National thinks she is valuable as a headliner for their program. Metro's contracts with John Gilbert and Greta Garbo have some time to run, but those players mean actual cash in the till, and unless their box office appeal dies down, Metro will reach away down into the sock to hold them.

In the movie business, as in monarchies, the cost of maintaining a court of new kings and queens is expensive. It costs a lot to publicize a new crown head or a new movie star.

And so the
...more becoming than your nicest hat?

When you take off your hat, are you prettier? Does your hair release natural little lights to lend a sparkle to your eyes? Is it so satiny, so alive that it flatters your features and warms your coloring?

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For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you enough Packer's Shampoo (either Olive Oil or Pine Tar—please indicate which) for two treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 86-page book has recently 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. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

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Gossip of All the Studios
[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

THE day before Christmas Gertrude Olmsted was worrying about presents for her family.

Of course she had a big ball for all three of them, and three new collars.

"But what else shall I get?" she queried. Then she answered her own question. "Oh, I know, three special bones tied with red ribbon."

And we remembered that Gertrude's and Robert Z. Leonard's family consists of two wire terrier puppies and one brindle Aberdeen.

L ORNA MOON was asked if she knew "Mrs. So and So."

Her reply was: "I am not the sort of person who knows people. I am the sort of person whom people know."

The gal has a sense of humor.

THE prize for the height of bad taste is hereby awarded to Al Jolson. Jolson was smart-cracking over the radio in a widely advertised hour. And right in the middle of his talk, Al let slip the following:

"I like Clara Bow. Clara and I were engaged. But I broke it off because she slept cross-wise in bed."

This was just a gratuitous and unnecessary crack at Clara, at Hollywood and at the movies. It does not sound well coming from a man who, in spite of his stage reputation, doesn't come within shouting distance of Clara Bow as a movie star.

W ITH a tale of woe that would make you break down and sob, Roy D'Arcy has gone before a Los Angeles judge and asked to be freed from his wife, Laura Rhinock Duffy D'Arcy. Roy says the Missus was cruel and claims that she talked like a film critic. She once told Roy that he was nothing but a "ham actor."

Mrs. D'Arcy is the daughter of the late Joseph Rhinock of Kentucky, a millionaire showman.

WHY producers have melancholia. It was during a matinee of Lilian Gish's picture, "The Enemy," the story of which is laid in Vienna. The scene showed soldiers leaving for the front.

"Who are those soldiers?" asked one spectator of another.

"Those are Austrians."

"You mean Australians."

"No, I mean Austrians."

"Which side did they fight on?"

METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER is worried. They have a lion in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" that's thirty-eight years old, sway-back and toothless.

"Fraid the public'll think it's Lon Chaney in the lion's skin as well as in the head of the pictures," one of their wise boys told me.

A N overlord was giving instructions to a scenario writer.

"Now, in this story," he said, "you must plant something that will bring out Adolphe Menjou's fustitude."

JOHN BATTEN, an English stage actor, had been in Hollywood five months trying to crash into pictures without success. [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 82 ]

Introducing a new occupation, that of millinery architect. She sketches, plans and constructs a hat to suit the personality of the individual customer. The hats are built on your head in a few minutes. The fit is perfect and the lines are designed to suit the requirements of your face. And Ruth Taylor is delighted with the result.
Camel

The most popular cigarette in the United States

Quality put it there—quality keeps it there. Camel smokers are not concerned and need not be concerned with anything but the pleasure of smoking.

If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.

The Business Girl Knows

The Dollars-and-Cents Value of “That Schoolgirl Complexion”

As beauty is rared a dollars-and-cents asset by women of the stage and screen, so too it is rated today by women in the business world. Note there the lovely complexities that you see.

The rule for gaining a good complexion is the same as for keeping one—soap and water, as advised by virtually every leading authority on skin care. This to keep the skin and pores clean and free of beauty-impairing accumulations.

The one secret is in the kind of soap one uses. Only a true complexion soap can be wisely employed on the skin. Other soaps may be too harsh.

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.

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, then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Perf Co., Chicago, Illinois,

THE universal rule for daily skin cleansing with soap and water is founded on one important factor: A true complexion soap is meant.

Thus millions use Palmolive, a soap made for ONE purpose ONLY: to safeguard and protect the skin. Remember this when purchasing soap for facial use.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper— it is never sold unwrapped.

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Palmolive Radio Hour—Broadcast every Friday night from 8 to 9 p.m., eastern time; 7 to 8 p.m., central time, over stations WEAF and 26 stations associated with National Broadcasting Company.
NO, I am not going to quote the old saying that “the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach.”

But I am going to remind housewives of an important point in home-making: always plan the principal meal at night to please the man of the family.

Men look forward to dinner. It is, or should be, the pleasantest hour of their whole day. Consequently, the cook should make a special effort to cater to the masculine taste.

The meal need not be elaborate, but it should be filling. It should be without frills, but it should be served promptly and piping hot.

Aim for variety.

Don’t allow dinner to fall into a routine by serving the same old combination of dishes.

The men stars of the screen have contributed to PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book a collection of recipes that will help you make some agreeable changes in your dinner menus.

For instance, most men like beefsteak. And yet the housewife is sometimes ashamed to send beefsteak to the table so often.

In PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book, you will find a new way of serving steak.

This recipe was contributed by Thomas Meighan. It is broiled fillet of beef with horse-radish sauce.

1 tenderloin steak
4 tablespoons cream
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon grated horseradish

Put slices of tenderloin steak, cut three-fourths’ inch thick, into a hot blazer which has been rubbed over with a piece of beef fat. Sear one side, turn and sear other side.

Cook four minutes, turning frequently. Spread with soft butter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

To make the sauce: Beat four tablespoons of heavy cream until stiff, add three tablespoons grated horseradish root, mixed with one tablespoon vinegar, one-fourth teaspoon salt, and a few grains cayenne.

If you will fill out the little coupon and send a quarter, you will receive PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book, with one hundred of the best recipes you ever tasted.

CAROLYN VAN Wyck.
when he played a part at Writers' club exhibition. Cecil De Mille saw him and signed him at once for a part in "The Godless Girl," C. B.'s next personally directed picture.

Now won't the Writers' club be busy!

ESTELLE TAYLOR is back on the Fox lot for the first time in five years, to play opposite George O'Brien in "Honor Bound." Estelle made her first big hit, you will remember, in "Monte Cristo," "Blind Wives" and "A Fool There Was," under the Fox banner.

FOR several days, a girl has been attempting to talk with Walter Hiers. Like most screen stars, Walter hurries to and from the studio. So the girl had to wait her time. One day she nabbed him.

She wanted to sell Walter a fat reducer! If there is one thing Hiers does not want to do, that thing is to reduce. Upon his weight depends his screen success. The loss of a pound causes a small riot in the Hiers' household.

CAMILLA HORN, the youthful German actress, now playing opposite John Barrymore in the "Tempest," arrived in motion pictures via the pajama route, so to speak.

At least Camilla says her success is due to the fact that she was taught to be a good hausfrau, to cook and mend and sew. When less than sixteen, with four pairs of men's pajamas under her arm (every stitch made by herself), she marched into Berlin and sold these to the biggest haberdashery there. Other orders followed. That's how she got to Berlin. And the UFA motion picture company is in Berlin. We know the rest.

RONALD COLMAN and a cameraman arrived at the Sam Goldwyn set so early one morning that they found the front gate closed. They went down to the side entrance, used by plumbers, carpenters and the most lowly assistants.

The gatesman recognized the cameraman and let him pass, but balked at letting Mr. Colman enter.

"Hey," he called back the cameraman, "Who is this guy?"

"Why, that's Mr. Colman."

"Colman—Colman. What department's he in, anyway?"

THEY were photographing bed room scenes in "Lady Raffles" and Lilyan Tashman was in bed, supposedly sound asleep. While the lights were being arranged, she closed her eyes, for the Kleig rays are strong. Then the cameras were set.

"All ready, Miss Tashman," spoke the director. "But wait! That's no way to simulate sleep. It isn't natural."

No reply or change from Lilyan.

"I said to change your position," repeated the director, louder this time.

"You don't look as though you were sleeping at all."

Still no reply from Miss Tashman.

Whereupon the director strode to the bed and shook Lilyan. She opened her eyes suddenly, seemed surprised, and then laughed. Miss Tashman had been sound asleep! There's temperament for you.

THE Academy of Music, down on Fourteenth Street in New York, is doing a rushing business with a series of personal appearances. Francis X. Bushman, Priscilla Dean, Anita Stewart and others are making brief stage appearances at several thousand per week.

Incidentally, Anita Stewart is going to make her debut as a Night Club hostess at the Little Club, originally managed by Mrs. Park Benjamin.

REMEMBER when Billie Burke and Madge Evans were both movie stars—Billie head luminary with Thomas Ince's organization and Madge star child of the old World program? Now they are playing together in a New York stage production. They enact mother and daughter in a sparkling comedy called "The Marquise."

Madge has been studying industriously the last few years. Her speaking voice is charming and in "The Marquise," wearing a red wig, she looks remarkably like Miss Burke.

IRENE RICH is about the most domestic star in pictures. Take Irene's recent flying visit to New York as an example. Enscounced at the aristocratic Plaza hotel, waited upon by press agents and reporters, Irene couldn't keep her conversation away from her two daughters and her new husband. Ask her about future pictures and Irene replies with some remark about her daughter in college. She hardly left her hotel suite because of fearing to miss telephone calls from her husband on the Coast.

Only one thing could I learn from Irene regarding her future. She may go into vaudeville. She looks unbelievably young and pretty. She has nothing to fear from the camera. But having made one Vitaphone picture Irene discovered her voice better than she believed it to be. Hence the temptation of the two-a-day offers.

A couple of comedy terriers. Johnny Illes found this pup in New York and took him to Hollywood to play in "Chinatown Charlie." The little canine comic is called "Dixie."

Yours votes won this tribute for Herbert Brenon. Paramount-Famous-Lasky presented this diploma of honor to the director of "Beau Geste," which picture was awarded the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal for being the best picture presented in 1926.
Keep this Priceless Record of their Childhood Days

... in a Wonderful Movie that you make yourself

How fast they grow! Never the same from one day to another. Always changing... from babyhood to childhood, to adolescence... and then they're gone forever. It's the only problem every mother has to face.

Don't let another day slip by without making this priceless record of your children. Keep them forever just as they are today... as they never will be again... in a wonderful movie that you make yourself.

You photograph them in action! Running... romping... laughing... living in their happy, carefree way. Today you can capture it all on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your darkened room.

Every little motion is there. Every gesture... every smile... every flash of personality... you get each expression, to enjoy over and over again in a movie on your own silver screen.

Just think of what this priceless film will mean to you... in three, in five, in ten years' time.

Home Movie-Making Simplified

The hard work is done. The months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the effort of Eastman Scientists, Home Movies are as easy to make as the ordinary snapshot.

The camera is simplicity itself.
Gossip of All the Studios

(continued from page 82)

ROSETTA DUNCAN can again declare, "My nose knows," for dynamic Rosetta, of the famous Duncan Sisters, lately touring the country in "Topsy and Eva," has had her sense of smell restored by an operation. For four years Rosetta couldn't tell a piece of pork from an orchid (with her eyes shut) but now she can enjoy French perfume and cheese, with equal facility.

A NON-PROFESSIONAL visitor was escorted onto "The Patriot" set, Emil Jannings' latest. Introduced to Lewis Stone, he became effusive. "Oh, Mr. Stone, you are my favorite actor. Your work in your last picture was beyond description. I never saw such acting. It was—"

"Yes? What picture was that?" Mr. Stone politely interrupted.

"The picture—ah, why, the name has just slipped away for the moment. But your work was superb, I remember."

Mr. Stone's eyes widened slightly. "What type of picture was it?" he queried.

"Oh, ah,—the usual thing you know. It was your acting that made the picture—"

"And who else played in it?" Mr. Stone was still politely curious.

"Why,—ah, now those names—"

"Now, I know you're my favorite actor," Mr. Stone concluded the conversation.

AS most of you know, it has been quite the thing to have an autograph book. Every fan in the Hollywood district, between the ages of eight and twenty, has one. One of the best places to collect signatures is at the theater entrance, when a preview is being held. The "fans" line up on the sidewalk and there is no escaping them.

Marion Nixon frankly admits that she makes no effort to get away but signs them all gladly, for Marion keeps a book in which she gets the autograph of every member of her company, each time she starts on a new picture. So you see, we are all alike underneath.

A PITIFUL Hollywood case is that of a man who works regularly in pictures, but can never see himself on the screen. He is blind! James Cruze uses him in every picture it is possible to do so. To me it seemed so pathetic, but the man reminded me "Not half so pathetic as if I had no chance to work."

"I get the next best thrill to seeing myself," he told Nena Quartaro and Gaston Glass, when they were all working in "The Red Mark." "When my pictures arrive, I go with a friend. He tells me when my scenes come, and I enjoy the thrill of knowing I am there and others are seeing me."

A RIDE in the Country" often means "Walking Back." Anyway, it did in the case of the George K. Turner story that C. B. De Mille had planned for Vera Reynolds. In other words, the title was changed. But "Walking Back" must have been pretty light, since we understand both William Howard and Rupert Julian turned down the job of directing it. Thereupon, C. B. promptly said to Vera: "If it isn't good enough for those directors, it isn't good enough for you." So, perhaps there won't be any need of "Walking Back."

IMAGINE my embarrassment when they all came with presents!" exclaimed Dorothy Mackall.

Eddie Cline, the director, was having a birthday party out at First National. Dorothy was jealous and in a spirit of fun, blithely announced it was her birthday, too. Congratulations she enjoyed. But later when flowers, perfume, and all the things that delight the heart of a woman began to arrive, poor Dorothy was frightfully embarrassed. Then she didn't have the nerve to tell she had been teasing. Now, when her real birthday arrives, she will have to keep mum.

PHOTOPLAY ran a picture of Joan Crawford under the mislabeled PHOTOS, since it came out Joan's secretary has been running around in circles trying to answer all the letters.

College boys all over the country wrote Joan long pleading letters, that they might be her companion on Christmas. Four boys from the University of Pitts- burgh signed one letter together reminding her that they would play football here on New Year's, but would have plenty of time after the game for playing. While the Penn boys reminded her that they would be in Berkeley for a game, but returning home via Los Angeles. Joan refuses to tell how many she actually received but she gives the magazine picture the full credit!

(continued on page 96)
"Tremendous Allure in lovely smooth skin"

SAYS

JOHN M. STAHL

Producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Few people can resist smooth exquisite skin. 'Studio Skin,' we call it—that skin of rare, lovely smoothness which defies the cruel, blazing lights of the close-up. Such a skin can't be faked even with the cleverest make-up. It must be genuine. This perfection of skin is one of the greatest holds a star has on her public."

FIERCE "Klieg" lights blazing—drenching the star's face with light, the camera so close! A screen star's skin must be exquisitely smooth, flawless—"studio skin" or the cruel eye of the camera spells ruin.

Every star in Hollywood knows this—youthful velvety skin means more to them even than it does to other women—it means their whole life, their career.

Nine out of every ten stars whose flawless loveliness captures the hearts of millions use Lux Toilet Soap. White, delicious, it cares for their skin the true French way. Lux Toilet Soap is made by the very method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film companies, too, have made Lux Toilet Soap the "official" soap they provide for their studio dressing rooms.

You, too, will find that Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for a woman's greatest charm—her softly smooth skin—Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Graceful silver swan faucets and the glittering crystal chandelier are brilliant notes in a black and white bathroom conceived so appropriately as a setting for May McAvoy's delicate beauty. May McAvoy is a Warner Bros. star.

"A smooth skin—'studio skin'—is one of the most important assets a screen star has—like every woman and even more than most women, I have to guard my skin—I always use Lux Toilet Soap—a lovely soap, it keeps my skin exquisitely smooth."

May McAvoy

LUX Toilet SOAP  •  The dollar-a-cake luxury of French soap • now 10¢
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

richest young bucks in the tribe. Besides, the engineer hadn't followed Injun tradition—he had brought with him no ponies nor cattle, nor sheep, which facts, from the Injun viewpoint, marked him as not much good. The head tribesman or chief thereupon told Mrs. Engineer that she'd have to take her squawman an' get off the reservation an' live elsewhere.

The couple then moves into a little neighborin' town where they discover the white folks had put the Injun sign on both of 'em an' that no one would have anythin' to do with a squawman or his wife, an' particularly since both of 'em had been thrown out of their tribe.

So it was, turned down by the Injuns an' ignored by the whites, the pretty squaw, who was to be the leadin' woman of our story, had her troubles from the start an' had to suffer right down to the last 300 feet of the picture. I wanted Dad to let up on her about the middle of the story as I'm naturally soft hearted, but Dad said "no." Why, when we got her starvin' in the snow, I pleaded all one evening with Dad to bring her into town an' give her one square meal an' send her back, but he wouldn't do even that. I got where I felt so sorry for this young an' good lookin' Osage squaw who didn't exist, I couldn't eat any food myself.

Well, to go on, this young feller an' the squaw take up some land out on the prairie, build a sod house an' start homesteadin'. I don't know how much the public knows about homesteadin', but it's thisaway. Homesteadin' is a game where the government bets you one hundred an' sixty acres of land against $31.65, the same bein' the land office flin', fees, that you can't live on the place for five years— an' the government usually wins.

WELL, our young folks is a homesteadin'. They romp the summer through, breakin' a little land, raise a little corn an' plan to buy some livestock next year. Bein' husky an' a good shot, the young engineer figures with deer an' bear a plenty an' a few buffalo roamin' around, he will be able to keep his family fed. But the winter a-cornin' proves tough, the snow deep an' the ice thick. In fact, me an' Dad made it the worst winter ever known in Oklahoma. I wanted to put a couple stoves in the sod house, a feelin' sorry for the nice young squaw, but old Dad said the cookstove was enough, an' she'd have to go on a sufferin' an' a freezin' without my help.

Dad burned up all their wood; it got scarcer an' scarcer until they got to burnin' corn to keep warm. So Dad picks out the most terrible day of that awful winter an' sends the young engineer out a huntin' for meat—everything else is eaten up an' there's a baby now, an' it's a cryin' for meat. The squawman gets out in front of the sod house in the blindin' snow an' kisses the nice lookin' squaw an' baby good by, an' bids 'em be brave until he gets back with the meat. Incidentally, in creatin' this young squaw, even if he did let her do a heap of sufferin', Dad let her keep her good looks; in fact, she kept gettin' prettier each day, which was all right with me as long as Miss Stedman was to play the part.

While this squaw an' the baby shiver an' suffer an' burn up the last bushel of corn they've got, the hero braves the elements an' goes over the bleak an' snow covered prairie a lookin' for deer. I argued with Dad that even a squawman would have more sense than try to find deer in the snow, but as everyone knew a deer would seek shelter, in the timber an' along the creek bottoms, but Dad stood pat—this hunter must look for 'em in the deep drifts.

But he don't find 'em. Dad wanted to have a bear come along, but I insisted on buyin' my own way about that. Bears, says I, at this time of year—it bein' the dead of winter—have all gone to bed with their alarm clocks set for next spring an' there ain't a bear in all Oklahoma foolish enough to get out of bed an' go out in a storm like we got. In fact, argues me, there ain't no one or nothin', that I know [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

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The Most Faithful Fan

By Earl B. Douglas

"There goes Grandma Alf," they say and know it's time for the first show.

Two thousand nine hundred and twenty-one nights in succession Grandma has gone to the movies, unaware that such loyalty is making her a celebrity.

It's all quite simple to Grandma. The seat over by the register is always reserved for her and until the organist sees her there, her white hair gleaming beneath her knitted cap, her work-worn hands folded on her lap, he won't begin the overture.

Until her seventy-second birthday Grandma was much too busy for happiness. Born in Germany she was trained like all proper little German girls in her duty to church, kitchen and children.

Yet the spark of adventure was in her. She was thirty when her husband proposed their going to America but she did not demur. Her babies were coming regularly. They continued to arrive on the Iowa farm until there were twelve of them, but Grandma liked that. She accepted life and her lot was no harder than other farmers' wives.

As the children grew up and left the farm, they whispered of cities outside the corn belt. When Mr. Alf died, Grandma wasn't through with life. She determined to go to the city herself.

She sold the farm and came to Cherokee, Iowa, with its paved streets, Tin Lizzies, bright lights and its movie theater. Grandma bought a house, a modern house with brass plumbing, hardwood floors, a tiled kitchen. And then she made her first trip to the movies and life was never the same again.

NOT that she changed. Grandma takes her movies as she did her duty—straight. Neither are slackled. She cleans house mornings, knits hooked rugs afternoons. That is, she does until four-thirty. After that she can't keep her eyes on the rugs. They're on the clock. The movie theater opens right after supper and Grandma doesn't want to miss anything. So she begins to bustle around in a right frivulous manner when twilight falls, getting supper, getting dressed.

Eight years of it. Spring nights with their sweetness, hot midwestern summer nights with their fierce thunder storms, autumn nights, when leaves crackle softly in gutters, white winter nights with breaking snow underfoot. None of them disturb Grandma. Like her fellow fans throughout the world, she touches youth, romance, adventure, love. Mere weather cannot hold her back.

"There goes Grandma Alf," they say in Cherokee and the whole town knows it's time for the first show.

---

Grandma Alf of Cherokee, Iowa, hasn't missed a movie in eight years
My Most Precious Beauty Secret

A glorious warm tub! That doesn't sound like much of a beauty secret, does it? You'll probably say, "Why, of course, everybody knows about that—about Cleanliness being next to Godliness—and all that!"

But the sort of tub I mean is a heavenly holiday for the nerves that recreates one—spirits away the droop of weariness and gives back the fresh vivid loveliness of a springtime morning. It relaxes every tired muscle, loosens up all the tight kinks in one's worried mind and sends one out, renewed and refreshed, with sparkling eyes and tons of energy.

When I come in off the set, exhausted and nervous after trying scenes, I go at once to my bathroom, fill the tub with hot water, drop in a handful of bath crystals, scented with my favorite perfume, and lie in the tub until I am thoroughly refreshed.

I follow this with a cold shower, and then with a brisk rub of toilet water, top it with dusting powder, and I am a rejuvenated person.

In the morning before going out on the set, I always take a cold plunge.

Before going to bed, I take just a hot tub. At least once a week I have a massage with cold cream, preceded by a warm, cleansing bath.

Easily one of the most astonishing books ever printed—a book written by 20 of the most noted, most beautiful of screen stars, which for the first time reveals their highly treasured secrets of physical charm and attractiveness.

Read how one gorgeous star keeps that marvelous rose-petal complexion year after year; how another controls superfine flesh; how a third cares for that wonderful vibrant hair—successful beauty methods for every part of the body—little intimate secrets never before so frankly disclosed.

And this remarkable book is yours for almost NOTHING. Simply mail the coupon below, enclosing the small cost of postage, packing, etc. Prepared at great expense, luxuriously bound, profusely illustrated, it would easily cost a dollar or more if sold thru regular channels. But because it contains a few pages of additional and priceless information about Cheramy French toilettries, the Cheramy Company of Paris offers it to you free, and will in addition enclose a generous size container of their famous April Showers Talcum.

This is the finest, smoothest, most refreshing talc you have ever used—so soft and delicate it seems like a veritable mist. And every tiny atom is saturated with the delicious fragrance of the famous April Showers perfume—so elusive, so Youthfully entrancing.

Take advantage of this wonderful free offer NOW, before it is withdrawn. Mail the coupon today, merely enclosing 25c to cover postage, packing, etc. But send at once, before our limited edition of "Precious Beauty Secrets" is exhausted.

CHERAMY PARIS—NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
moved to issue council but if you've ever tried to dissuade a moth from circling round a flame you know the only way to do it is with a fly swatter.

Youth enters pictures arrogantly with the idea that he's lending his charms to the camera in exchange for a fortune, whereas, in reality, he is selling outright.

It's very much like the devil's bargain of which Herr Goethe wrote in "Faust."

If you've ever sat in a room lined with mirrors you know how self-conscious you can become, yet so fascinated are you by what you see that though you heroically avert your eyes they're bound to steal back as though hypnotized.

The man in pictures not only sees himself constantly but hears, day in and day out, a discussion of himself. Everyone talks to him about him.

His own image is constantly before him. As his popularity grows the vicious circle tightens; if he makes an attempt to escape he is quickly driven back into himself; eventually the will to escape is destroyed and he is held fast, hopelessly and forever his own prisoner.

The first requisite of good acting, as any director will tell you, is freedom from self-consciousness. The young actor scores in his first pictures because he gives himself honestly and spontaneously to the screen.

Gradually, as he is made conscious of his charms, he begins to act them. It is as though the kleig lights had sucked out the real of him for the screen; the shadow is he and he the shadow. Eventually the artifice is apparent and the crowd turns away, as it always does from an imitation.

A YOUNG aspirant to movie glory asked me pitiously the other day if there was no way of escape. "Can't people remain themselves, keep their ideals, and yet be successful in pictures?"

They might if they went on living as they had before, keeping the same friends and the same environment. But he who enters Hollywood leaves self—the real self—behind. It is the land of Let's Pretend, and the hardest acting is done off screen.

A gingham doll who is charming because she is gingham takes on satin airs and a drawing-room manner because she feels she should improve herself; a simple, naive Merton of Christian ideals, lovable because he's just that, takes on a silk hat and a flock of cocktails in order to be sophisticated.

A gay, roistering vagabond, reckless and hell-raising, is beguiled or beaten into a circuspect gentleman of the manor; the wide-eyed child of spindrift descends to that what she needs is sex-attraction and bursts into the black bottom at every party.

None in Hollywood is content to remain himself. He would improve. And none is content to confine his acting to the studio, he must needs rush out to parties, first-nights and other spot-lighted affairs in order to show people how really super-

rior he is to his screen person. The effect is blinding disappointment on the part of the observers.

A young girl of pure whimsicality came recently into favor. She reminded me irresistibly of Maude Adams. Then I recalled how Miss Adams lived, either by personal inclination or by council of the shrewd Charles Frohman, a life apart, in perfect harmony with the person she appeared on the stage.

Her beauty of the cinema, in bold contrast, goes night after night to see her own picture, is advised into getting an English maid for an English accent, and is preparing elaborately for the social position which her success has given her.

A DIRECTOR will behold her in her new guise and decide that she has never been put on the screen to true advantage.

He'll show her in a totally different light, a sophisticated, polished society woman, perhaps, or a hip-shaking little flapper with "It." A few such disappointing attempts, and the child will try to give an imitation of what she was in the picture that made her famous.

Charles Ray, in his confession of his "dressing-up" blunder in PHOTOPLAY, told the story of what happens to them, but none will be able to profit by his experience.

"Sister" McPherson, a guest at a Wampas' dinner, said, by way of rending the Darwinian theory, that an ape never became man but men often became apes. Because Hollywood pictures are so filled with ape-men we turn to pictures like "Chang" where an ape's an ape and isn't ashamed of being one, or to a picture like "Star Love" where men are men and are content so to be—at least on the pictures.

Of course there are exceptions. Life is too sweet to me, even in Hollywood, not to offer an out for myself, and since every player considers himself an exception none will feel piqued.

THERE are interesting characters in Hollywood who have not been so self-captivated as to bore themselves and everyone else. Of the number, I regret to say, the overwhelming majority is feminine. H. G. Wells has explained this circumstance for me better than I can explain it by paraphrase. He says:

"A great actress is not the feminine equivalent of a great actor; being a great actress is not the same thing as acting; it is a thing peculiar to woman-kind. It is the sedulous development of a personality to superb proportions. The actress can lie and think of that effect she creates, that legend which grows, as I lie and think of the great revolution that began before I was born, that will continue after my death, to which I have given myself."

Few are the great, but great are the few in Hollywood who can be objective toward themselves. And they are chiefly women who outwit the devil at his bargain. Ngrissus was a man.
It took 2 years to perfect the Improved Kotex—now ready

24 months of experiment in our laboratories and the cooperation of 27 women doctors and 83 nurses were required that we might offer you the two exclusive new features

1 Kotex is now form-fitting, non-detectable. Corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit. Any gown, however clinging and filmy, may be worn without self-consciousness, without altering the smooth, modish silhouette.

2 A way has been found to make the soft filler even more downy... the gauze wrapping softer... unpleasant chafing and binding are ended.

Fluffier than ever... to end chafing

Exclusive methods have been worked out in our laboratories to make the absorbent filler even softer. The result means gentler, more delicate protection to sensitive skin, and an end to the discomforts of chafing, binding and similar irritation.

Yet the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which fills Kotex and which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproof absorbent, plus its own unique qualities. It is 5 times more absorbent than cotton. It discards like tissue—you simply follow directions in each box; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically

During the past two years 27 women doctors, 83 nurses in leading hospitals, in City Health Departments, in Welfare Departments, were consulted. Six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas.

Each detail was supervised by scientists who know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their enthusiastic approval is the most important endorsement of the Improved Kotex.

Nothing else is like Kotex

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay... it comes in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort. Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE.
A Complexion That Will Not Rub Off

ACE Powder complexions often prove embarrassing. They constantly rub off, soil clothing, and leave your skin in a streaked, spotted condition.

"Touching Up" must be continually resorted to if you hope to maintain even a semblance of their original appearance.

Many women have found a better and more staple method of beautifying. They give to their skin and complexion a radiant, bewitching, appearance that will not rub off, streak, spot, or show signs of perspiration. An alluring pearly appearance, so subtle, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected and with an effect that is far more beautiful than you could secure in any other way.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream opens a new pathway to beauty. It exerts an antiseptic and astringent action that will prove beneficial in correcting blemishes, wrinkles, flabbiness, excess oiliness, freckles, redness and muddy complexions. Where permanent blemishes mar your appearance, you will find they are effectively concealed.

Commence its use today and know the joy of a new, lasting beauty that will always reflect an enchanting touch of youthful freshness. Made in white, flesh and rachel.

Are We Morons?
[continued from page 51]

Of the first thousand men whom we examined we found only 21 whom we considered subjects for further intensive, individual testing.

And finally, after such detailed testing, we found only nine who were so defective mentally that it seemed best to discharge them from the service.

Several thousand cases were examined as the months of the war went by. Generally speaking, the same percentage of morons to normals held throughout.

It may interest you to know that a normal child of twelve is supposed to be able to do according to mental tests.

Following are four questions taken from the famous Binet-Simon test at the twelve-year level:

1. Repeat the number 2964375.
   Also the number 9285164.
   Also the number 1395847.

2. Define Charity.
   Define Justice.
   Define Goodness.

3. Repeat these two sentences: "I saw in the street a pretty little dog. He had curly brown hair, short legs and a long tail."

4. Problem A. A man who was walking in the woods suddenly stopped much frightened and ran to the nearest police station and reported that he had seen hanging from the limb of a tree a —what?

   Problem B. My neighbor has been having strange visitors. He has received, one after the other, a doctor, a lawyer and a clergyman. What is going on at the house of my neighbor?

   One day I tried these questions out on a few people who happened to be visiting at my home. One was a concert pianist, another a motion picture actress, the third a playwright, and two others were physicians.

   Not one of these received an absolutely perfect score! All my friends were morons!

   On the face value of the tests they were, at any rate.

But the test scores were not accurate. Why? Because the individual emotional and intellectual reaction equation had not been taken into account—the novelty of the procedure, self-consciousness, embarrassment, etc.

Therein lies the trouble with all tests.

Tests have value—tremendous value sometimes—but they must be carried out individually and must be interpreted.

To determine whether an individual is a moron or not it is equally as important to note how he goes about the test as what he does with it.

When all is said and done the real use of tests is to objectify and measure the degree of intellect—not emotion—which an individual is able to command at the time of examination.

And that is all!

After careful study of the situation, my pronouncement from a psychiatrist's viewpoint to Mr. Quirk's question is unreservedly that the American public is not a "bunch of morons."

Even persons whose intellect is far above the average like the movies and attend them regularly.

But these people—sensible people—do not take the movies too seriously.

They don't attend pictures to be edified.

They don't want to be instructed.

They don't seek uplift.

No, people crowd the picture houses because they want to be entertained!

I, myself, make it a point to attend a neighborhood picture house as often as I can.

I have seen shows that bored me. Some have almost put me to sleep. On several occasions I have left before the reel was run.

But I never found any production so bad that I felt like going around the corner and blowing my brains out.

I CANNOT recall ever having sworn never to darken the door of a movie palace again.

I have been disappointed, yes. Often the theme did not interest me. Frequently the plot has been hackneyed and its development halting. Sometimes the story has been so thin as to be positively threadbare. Often the emotional value of the picture dangerously approached the zero point.

Nevertheless, despite my own personal and individual reactions, I have not failed to notice that others were entertained.

The next time you run across a movie that, in your own opinion, falls down badly, study the faces of the rest of the audience.

Do all of them look as fed up as you are?

Do none of them respond?

I have made this experiment on several occasions and I have to state emphatically that I have yet to witness a performance that did not seem to "get" most of the people who attended it.

Others have laughed when I was as sober as a graven image. I have seen glistening, moist eyes when mine were dry.

Pleasure, animation, excitement, sympathy, amusement, enthralled interest—the entire gamut of emotions have been experienced by my movie neighbors while I remained as unmoved as a stone.

Should I therefore call these folks "a bunch of morons."

Have I really the right to sit on a pedestal and throw mud?

If the majority is having a good time is it not a piece of impertinence on my part, or on the part of anyone who thereby does the cloak of the high-brow, to mock, disparage and belittle the intellectual equipment of the majority?

When you come right down to brass tacks the truth of the matter is that anybody who does not agree with you is a moron!

The millions of movie fans that Mr. Quirk is interested in come no closer to being morons than that!
What do the neighbors think of her children?

To every mother her own are the ideal children. But what do the neighbors think? Do they smile at happy, grimy faces acquired in wholesome play? For people have a way of associating unclean clothes and faces with other questionable characteristics.

Fortunately, however, there's soap and water. "Bright, shining faces" and freshly laundered clothes seem to make children welcome anywhere... and, in addition, to speak volumes concerning their parents' personal habits as well.

There's CHARACTER — in SOAP & WATER

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN SOAP AND GLYCERINE PRODUCERS, INC., TO AID THE WORK OF CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

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expect domesticity. Imagine my surprise and delight when Vilma came to me at the end of our first month at home and told me exactly how much it was costing to run our home."

"How much does it cost?"

Vilma laughed and Rod hesitated. "It won't sound possible. People won't believe it. I've added it on the adding machine and worked it out on the comptometer, and aside from the salaries we pay the six servants, Vilma averages exactly $11.58 a day for household expenses."

Yet consomme, thick lamb chops, celery and endive salad, fruit whip and cake had been included in our dinner.

"Rod forgot that I was raised in Europe and knew how to keep house before I knew anything about acting. I am really domestic." So domestic, indeed, that she has her Viennese cook prepare their luncheons and their assistant chauffeur bring them to the studio, hot, in containers; not only because the food is better, but, because it is just a little cheaper.

They have pooled their money. All is community property, except a small separate account for petty expenditures. Even here they have a friendly contest to see who will save the most money.

In five years, perhaps, they will be able to retire and travel. There is a rumor they will make one picture together, which they expect would add much to their fortune building ambitions. If this co-feature goes through, they admit it will be the fulfillment of one of their greatest joint aspirations.

The other fulfillment will be their children. Oh, yes, Vilma and Rod both hope for children.

The only subject that brought a cloud to Vilma's eyes was that of location trips and possible separation. "I suppose I'd just have to stay at home and stand it," she said.

They haven't quarreled yet, not in earnest. They don't always agree on all matters, but each one has promised the other to remember the words of their lawyer on the day of their wedding:

"I suppose you've had lots of advice, but I'm going to add my word. It is, simply, never get angry together."

Why Lenore Coffee would rather work at home than at the studio. One of Cecil B. De Mille's best scenario writers, Miss Coffee finds that motherhood is the best incentive for a career.
No wonder Princess Pat preparations give far greater beauty

says Mary Philbin

Famous Universal Film Star

"Do you know," Mary Philbin will say, "the reason Princess Pat beauty aids are so marvellous is because their preceding genius is in all beauty..."

"In exactly what women want, is a brilliant chemist, a laboratory expert, and, I am sure, the greatest idealist in the profession of any woman living. And let me tell you, this woman looks at least twenty-five years younger than she actually is. I have never seen a more beautiful, finely textured skin, nor more perfect grooming.

"I had wanted to discover in person the truth about all Princess Pat beauty aids. I had read about them, heard women enthusiasm about them. But I have a peculiar inquisitiveness which I always want to satisfy. So I arranged a brief appointment—and actually spent three days in the laboratory and factory where Princess Pat beauty aids are conceived and prepared.

"What I learned made me a Princess Pat enthusiast for life; and I have hundreds of converts to these scientific beauty preparations. And if, my friends, I'll tell you some of the things I discovered."

How I Begin My Day for Beauty's Sake

"Each morning I apply a tiny bit of Skin Food Cream. Nothing startling in that, but wait. I do not remove the Skin Food Cream—not yet. Instead I apply a fairly generous amount of Ice Astrigent. Now Skin Food Cream is to give back to the skin oils of which exposure robs it. Ice Astrigent is to close the pores, keep them always fine, and protect against dust and dirt. Well then, I gently massage the Ice Astrigent on top of the Skin Food Cream. An absolutely new idea, you see. And this is what happens. The Ice Astrigent—cool and refreshing as it is—washes the skin, the substance of which is an astrigent. The astrigent cools the skin, cleanses it, removes perspiration, and refreshes it."

"And Princess Pat Rouge. Never was anything so wonderful in the history of beauty. I remember the explanation of that simply, because it was so obvious. The skin, you see, has no real color. If you doubt, just try to say what color your skin is. No, the skin is really a transparent membrane with some neutral tints. When you have a natural color, it is the blood showing through your natural skin. Now if you use the usual rouge, this is not taken into account. You apply a fixed unyielding color—and then wonder why it never looks natural.

"But with Princess Pat, these facts have been taken into account. Special transparent colors have been used. They penetrate instead of blot out the natural skin tones. There are ingredients that actually warm to life when this rouge is placed upon the skin. Thus it is warm, yet not hot. It blends in with the natural skin. You can apply Princess Pat rouge just as heavily as you like, and feel no difference: it will look beautiful; or you can use the tiniest hit with a perfectly natural effect. Thus each one's liking—for much color or little—is perfectly served."

The Most Valuable Advice I Can Give You

"I haven't space to tell you all that Princess Pat beauty aids accomplish—how they speedily correct eruptions and blemishes of all kinds, how they eradicate wrinkles (with marvelous quickness) how special methods of application give exceptionally beautiful make-up to harmonize with your good and green, how one special shade of rouge (Princess Pat-ite) is scientifically prepared to respond gloriously to every kind of artificial light (almost impossible with day-light rouges). I can go into all these details.

"But here is what I advise every woman to do. If she wants twice the beauty from beauty aids. Princess Pat has the most adorable Week End Set, containing generous quantities of all Princess Pat beauty aids. For instance there is a month's supply of powder alone. Every set represents an actual loss of money. It is for distribution simply and solely to enable women to try all Princess Pat Preparations for next to nothing. For the set, beautifully boxed is sent you for 25c postage prepaid. Why, that is less than what they pay for a soda fountain drink. And think of the joy of a month's new beauty for the same amount.

"And just not least there is sent with this set the most beautiful beauty booklet in the world—no exceptions. And it contains beauty information and instructions you'll be simply wild about. The booklet, too, is just out and contains beauty information you can obtain nowhere else in the world.

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Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi. A giddy wife who tries to fool her husband, does fool a jury, but doesn't get away with it after all. From the stage success by Maurine Watkins. Directed by Frank Urson. Easily the sensation of 1928.

"THE BLUE DANUBE"
Leatrice Joy; with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. All the romance that's in the famous waltz. Austria, land of lovely ladies, where romance is a delight and an art. . . Paul Sloane, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"STAND AND DELIVER"
Rod La Roque; picturesque, keen, sparkling. He fought—he had to. He hated, for it was natural. He loved, for what an alluring girl she was! A Donald Crisp Production, Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

"SKYSCRAPER"
William Boyd, fresh from his success in "Dress Parade" is a riot as a roughneck riveter. Laughs and love in a delectable drama. Howard Higgin, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer

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Rod La Roque; a drama of youth, joyous, likeable, unrestrained. E. H. Griffith, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE NIGHT FLYER"
William Boyd; a railroad drama that's an entertainment special straight through to the trans-continental popularity terminal. What a succession of successes for this engaging young star! Walter Lang, Director, James Cruze, Supervisor.

"MIDNIGHT MADNESS"
Jacqueline Logan, with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. Its very title reeks of strange people, mystery, suspense! Harmon Weight, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

"THE LEOPARD LADY"
Cleo H., Dayton, O. — Let's get this straight: Mr. Davies, the paint salesman whom you met, may be the father of a Marion Davies but not the father of the Marion Davies. Marion's father is Judge Dorcas, a magistrate of the City of New York, and so quite a person himself. Moreover, Marion has no sister named Margaret but her sisters are Reine, Rosemary and Ethel. Also Thomas Meighan has no children. All of this only goes to prove that you can't believe much of the gossip you hear. When in doubt, put your problems up to this old Fount of Wisdom.

G. L. M., Atlanta, Ga. — The Edison Company was one of the pioneers in the producing field. Thomas A. Edison had an independent part in the General Film Company and many of the stars and directors started at its studio in New York. If you want a complete history of Mr. Edison's contributions to the movies, I refer you to Terry Ramsaye's history, "A Million and One Nights."

L. M. R., Port Chester, N. Y. — For the benefit of all, I will add that "Seventh Heaven," I'll broadcast that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell may be reached at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Louise B., Watertown, N. Y. — You win. The picture you inclose is Molly O'Day.

Margie L., Los Angeles, Calif. — Yes, it's tough that you Angelenes have to write to New York to find out about your movie neighbors. Gilbert Roland was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, but his present address is the United Artists Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood. And I'll confirm your impression that he isn't married.

Marcella Shatavsky, China. — No, charming stranger, I cannot tell you my name. It is against the rules and, anyway, I am too bashful. But I can tell you that both Ramon Novarro and William Haines may be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Come again!

M. N. Z., Cleveland, O. — Marion Nixon has chestnut brown hair but she sometimes wears a blonde wig in pictures. Blonde or brunette, she always looks good to these old eyes.

Miss Schaber, Jersey City, N. J. — I rush to impart the information that Natalie Kingston was the girl you liked in "Lost at the Front."

M. L. R., Madison, Wis. — William Boyd has light brown hair and blue eyes and is married to Elinor Fair. He's six feet tall. Write to him at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif.


Charmaine, Bordentown, N. J. — Trying to vamp an old man, are you? Well, keep on enjoying Life with a capital "L." And best regards to my rival. To answer your questions: Evelyn Brent played in "Underworld" and was born in 1899. Charles Farrell was the boy in "Seventh Heaven." Come again, even if the questions are only an excuse.

Edna S., Burbank, Calif. — Richard Arlen started in pictures in February, 1925. He played small parts at first, but now the young fellow seems to be coming into his own. He is twenty-eight years old.

Grace W., Chicago, Ill. — You were a lucky "fan" to get such a good, face-to-face close-up of your favorite. Rod La Rocque's next picture is "Sweet and Low." Lila Haver is starring in "Chicago." Tell your friend to write to Virginia Lee Corbin at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Flo S., Chattanooga, Tenn. — When you take that trip to Spain, you won't have to "hobo." There are very nice, inexpensive students' tours. Ramon Novarro was born in Durango, Mexico, but he is of Spanish ancestry. And Dorothy De Banzie was educated in Spain, although she comes from Mexico City. Stick to your ambitions; they are very fascinating.

M. S., Los Angeles, Calif. — Sally O'Neil is five feet, one and one half inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. She has dark blue eyes and black hair. As for being temperamentally, well you know the Irish. They are, but they make you like it.

H. B., Delaware, O. — You typewrite like an expert. Norma Talmadge was born in Niagara Falls, N. Y., but she lived most of her early life in Brooklyn. Roy D'Arcy was born on February 10, 1891. James Hall was born on October 22, 1900. Gloria Swanson has brown hair and Billie Dove has brown eyes.

A. M., Canton, O. — John Gilbert is an American and not of Syrian descent, that I know of. Neither have the Gish sisters any Syrian ancestry. I don't know of any Syrians who are in the movies.

H. W. E., Lansing, Mich. — Anna Q. Nilsson is about thirty years old. She was born in Ystad, Sweden, but she has been in this country so long that she really is an American. Anna Q. is divorced but she is going to be married again to an actor. Anna Q. is married to a non-professional. Lon Chaney is married and that is his real name. Lon's newest thrillers are "London After Midnight" and "The Big City."
Gossip of All the Studios

[continued from page 84]

ODOY, goody! Lew Cody is going to take orders from a woman. Dorothy Arzner has been borrowed from Paramount to direct Lew in a new comedy.

DINNER at the Ambassador with Blanche Sweet and Micky Nalton and some friends.

The waiter timidly inquired of Blanche, “Aren’t you Mrs. Alexander’s little girl, Blanche?”

Blanche smiled with pleasure and responded in the affirmative.

“I used to wait on you in Chicago,” the waiter continued. In a few moments, he remarked, “Say, Miss Sweet, I served you once at the Ritz in New York.”

The actress was more or less flattered. The waiter became more familiar: “Say, Blanche, don’t you remember the night I saw you out at the Plantation?”

Then followed more and more familiarity, until Miss Sweet became furious and complained to her husband. Then the truth was disclosed. As a joke, Micky had hired an actor friend to play waiter at their table and thus embarrass Miss Sweet.

ARS HANSEN has written his Hollywood friends a letter saying that since he returned to Europe he has discovered that Hollywood is the most famous city in the world. He has been so pestered with questions, that he has gotten out a mimeographed set of answers, because he says most people ask the same questions.

UNIQUE among the various Christmas gifts exchanged by the studio contingent was that of Milton Sills.

Harold Lloyd and Milton Sills have estates, where they are growing, or expect to grow, every rare plant and flower that can live in California. Milton has already a recognized horticulturist and Harold is studying, so it was quite appropriate that Milton should give Harold a copy of Bailey’s Encyclopedia of Horticulture (several volumes) bearing the inscription: “From One Horticulturist To Another Horticulturist.”

A YEAR ago Betty Bronson’s mother was worried for fear Betty might not be like other girls. She just didn’t care to go anywhere. Now Mrs. Bronson beholds the fact that Betty never stays at home. With luncheons, teas and dances, the girl is growing up faster than her mother had wished. You just can’t please these modern mothers.

WHEN Nils Asther is between pictures, he flies himself to Arrowhead, where the knee-high snow drifts make him think he is back in Sweden. He makes good use of his skis while he is there for Nils remembers that he skied himself into pictures, having been seen by Stillar, the Swedish director, when he was competing for the skating championship in Stockholm.

The director later called for Nils when he needed a double for his star in a skiing sequence.

If that lad you are in love with just does not seem to be making the grade, buy him a copy of OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE and make a salesman out of him. That’s what Gertrude Olmsted does for Richard Dix in the picture he is now making. Philip Strange, the third side of the triangle, doesn’t think he has a chance to make good, but see what OPPORTUNITY MAGAZINE and Gertrude do for Richard in “Sporting Goods” when it comes to your theater.
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By Mary Philbin

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Edited by Carolyn Van Wyck

Photoplay readers do enjoy good things to eat. We are convinced of that, as the entire first edition of our new Cook Book was completely sold out only a few months after the appearance of the first announcement. The second edition is now ready for distribution, so you will not be disappointed.

Photoplay's Cook Book, of course, is in no sense a book on how to cook. It is merely a guide of what to cook. The recipes are not beyond the skill of the average housewife. In fact, very few of them call for any delicacies that are not in stock in every kitchen.

You will not find any charts or calories, proteins or vitamins in this book, but you will find among its recipes some very delicious vegetable and fruit salads that should be on the menu of every woman who values her health, her complexion and her figure.

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The many "party" recipes, the many dishes that are appropriate for luncheons, teas or suppers will make this little book priceless to the hostess. The foreign recipes furnished by prominent French,

German, Swedish and Hungarian Stars will add a welcome variety to your menus. Also included in this amazing little book are 22 favorite recipes for desserts and candies, for which you would gladly pay double its price. Tasty desserts and delicious candies, just the thing to serve after an evening of Bridge or after the theater.

Write your name and address plainly in the space provided in the coupon, and enclose only 25 cents (stamps or currency), and you will receive your copy of this wonderful little Cook Book by return mail.

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Are the Stars Doomed?

[continued from page 76]

producers are not inclined to kill off established favorites out of sheer personal malice or the satisfaction of sadistic impulses.

BUT when the financial statement sheet fails to balance on the right side, then the star must either take a reduction in salary and a demotion in rank or get into the tumbril and ride to the guillotine.

The grim spectacle of the headstrong stalks through many an almost genuine Louis XIV boudoir today.

As I write, I have before me a list of thirty former stars, not merely featured players, stars, who are on their uppers in Hollywood today.

I have another list of once famous leading men and women who are on call as extras at the studios.

It would be sheer brutality to publish them, but as I read over some of these names, famous beauties, matinee idols, great actors, many of them I have known in the zenith of their popularity, a feeling of sadness comes over me. They were just as beautiful and handsome and just as clever as most of those who are basking in the sunlight of popularity and opportunity today. That's a side of Hollywood you never hear about, the shady side of the street.

Last time I was in Hollywood, a dramatic star whom I had known at the height of his fame was working as a three-dollar a day atmosphere in a cheap two-reel comedy, and glad to get such work a few days a week.

A former screen actress of dazzling beauty is waiting on table in an Illinois small town hotel.

But enough of that. It's too depressing to write about.

WHAT, then, is the answer to our question? Is the star system doomed? A loud and decisive NO is the answer.

It all began when the public demanded the names of the unidentified favorites in the old Biograph days.

The personality hidden by the producers under the name of the "Biograph Blonde" was brought into the open by a Mary Pickford. That was the start of the star system.

The fact of the matter is that producers know now that they must build personalities.

They must take comparatively unknown people and develop them up with pictures and exploitation. They have found that is better business than outbidding each other for established stars to whom they must pay salaries so large that they cannot make money for the companies. They have found that big salaries often expand temperaments, and temperament is a very definite item of studio expense.

There have been cases of downright injustice to players as well as to directors and writers. There are men occupying powerful executive positions who are so un fitted to guide and inspire creative workers that they too are on the way to the guillotine.

The doorsteps of many of them are chalked to.

There is one studio in Hollywood in which the salaries of three executives constitutes an item of over thirty thousand dollars on every picture before the story is selected.

There is one studio so overrun and demoralized by relatives of the powers that be that it is difficult to retain a competent manager.

By this time the bankers know that motion pictures must be a profitable business to stand the abuses it has been subjected to.

The capable members of the younger set must realize that they cannot hope to achieve the salaries of yesterday.

TAKE the case of sweet little Janet Gaynor. She worked in the Fox studios for months and nobody took any particular notice. Then Winfield Sheehan, new head of the Fox production forces, selected her against the advice and over the protests of his whole organization, to play the part of Diane in "Seventh Heaven." Frank Borzage made of it an almost flawless picture. Gaynor was made overnight.

Then what happened? She was advised by friends and attorneys that she ought to demand a huge salary from the Fox company, in spite of the fact that she was under contract at $400 a week with increases from year to year.

Sheehan voluntarily raised her salary to $1000 a week, an increase of $31,000 for the first year, with steady increases which would give her $2000 a week the fourth year.

Sheehan would go no further and little Janet finally saw the light. The Fox Company risked a million dollars on Sheehan's judgment to make her a star, and have no assurance that she will ever do such work again. Yet her attorneys would remove all chance of the company ever making a cent of profit on their investment.

Sally O'Neil was boosted from an extra into the big-money class by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

She was getting $750 a week. At the end of her contract she was offered $1000. She insisted on $1500 and they let her go.

OLIVE BORDEN, who was discovered by Tom Mix and given a part in one of his pictures a few years ago, climbed up to $1500 a week.

She had been an extra girl and her mother ran a candy store.

Her contract provided that on its conclusion the company might renew it for $2250.

Olive didn't prove a box office sensation, and she was offered $2000 for forty weeks.

The case of Lillian Gish is significant.

She was getting about $8000 a week from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her pictures
did not bring in a return sufficient to justify a renewal of her contract.

Today Lillian Gish doesn't know where she's going, but she is on her way to United Artists. Joe Schenck has offered her shelter under that program, but nothing more—no huge salary. Miss Gish must discover her own stories, select her own casts, provide her own director, risk her own money. The star is not enthralled by this idea, as Gloria Swanson was.

The only director she wants—the Swedish Seastrom—is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Lillian has already used up all her story ideas. "The White Sister" was made at her suggestion. So, too, were "Romola," "The Scarlet Letter" and "LaBoheme." Remembering their box office results, Lillian is quite justified in the suspicion that she is not a good story picker. However, Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer alone was responsible for that prize flop, "Annie Laurie."

There are many critics who regard Miss Gish as our greatest artist. Certainly she has a loyal and large following.

She has been acting since she was six years old.

Yet here, mid-way in her career, she is forced into the rôle of producer if she is to continue to draw a huge salary.

The answer to the headline question at the beginning of this tale of woe is that stars (outstanding personalities) will go on as long as the motion picture continues in its present form.

Great pictures can be made without stars, but stars cannot be made without great pictures.

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**The Shadow Stage**

[Continued from page 55]

**13 Washington Square—Universal**

This is a story dealing with the efforts of a mother to keep her son and his sweet heart apart. Alice Joyce, the mother, lends to her delineation the aristocratic poise that gives her work such charm. Jean Hersholt's part does not demand acting at all commensurate with his ability. Helen Jerome Eddy and George Lewis register when given an opportunity, but honors go to ZaSu Pitts. The picture is mediocre but it contains both mystery and comedy.

**Tenderloin—Warner's**

Underworld stories are shown on all sides of us and we are becoming familiar with the tenderloin districts of our cities. This particular story deals with a band of crooks, who plan a bank robbery, are double crossed by another crook, and the blame thrown on an innocent girl, thereby causing much anguish. Dolores Costello does fairly good dramatic work.

**Under the Black Flag—M.G.M.**

Ralph Forbes, Marceline Day, and Arden "the wonder dog," are the featured players in this drama. The German boys are shown training and doing some fighting on the Russian front but this is largely to show the part the dogs played in the war. Forbes, "too good an artist to be a soldier," could never kill until the enemy killed his dog. Then he fought with a
Here's a Comb for the "Ragged Bob"

The "windblown" or ragged bob is charming when it is becomingly worn, but a studied effect must be retained by skillful combing or else chaos! A carefully selected set of Ace hard rubber Combs with smoothly polished, rounded teeth is the prescription. A large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb, for a thorough job in the morning, is stimulating and "peppy." The little Ace Pocket Comb does the trick many times a day when the "rags" must be nicely adjusted. Then the Ace Dry Shampoo Comb at night to take out the day's dust and restore the sheen. Such a set of Ace Combs will just fit your needs.

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vengence. Forbes gets a thorough grip on his part, and William Fairbanks has a rôle which he handles creditably, but it is the dog's picture.

THE CRIMSON CITY—Warners

THE Crimson City is Singapore. Myrna Loy, as Nan Toy, a captive in the "House of a Thousand Daggers," gives a most intelligent interpretation. John Miljan, an American, hides in China because he cannot prove his innocence when convicted of a crime he did not commit. He is without friends or funds, but is kind to Nan and she, in return, saves his life and honor. Action—and the piquant Myrna Loy.

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO

BILL BOYD (played by Ralph Ince) is framed by a rival crook, Hardy (James Mason), and sent to prison for fifteen years. When he regains his freedom, he has lost his wife and little girl, and his only desire is to even up with Hardy. The story of how he does this is vividly directed and acted by Ralph Ince. Jola Mendez, as the daughter, does rather good work.

COMRADES—First Division

TWO boys are inseparable comrades. One is a coward, the other courageous. Comes the world war! The brave lad goes in place of the weak one, assuming his name. His fiancée believes him to be the coward. Helene Costello is charming, first as the girl left at home and later as an ambulance driver behind the trenches. Garrett Hughes and Donald Keith make lovable boys. Pleasing entertainment.

THE LAW OF THE RANGE—M-G-M

If Tim McCoy has ambitions to become a Bill Hart, he makes a good start in this picture. With the help of his white horse, "Snowman," and Rex Lease, he is a mammoth prairie fire, he gives us a picture which is not only a thriller but holds unusual heart interest. Joan Crawford as the sweet old-fashioned girl fires the protective instincts of both bandits and rangers; Rex Lease is the youthful robber; and Bodil Kongs plays the yearning mother.

THE CHEER LEADER—Gotham

ALTHOUGH we have never seen a cheer leader tumble from his post and rushed into a football game in the last three minutes to win for his team, it does make a new twist to an otherwise conventional college story. George McFarland is a delectable co-ed. Rivalry for the girl and rivalry for prominence on the team furnish the usual college complications. Good, light entertainment.

THE BRANDED SOMBRERO—Fox

BUCK JONES, whose popularity never falters him in another conventional rôle, of the self-sacrificing hero, who protects his younger half-brother from bad company. There's a fight thrown into the proceedings for good measure.

THE LADY OF VICTORIES—M-G-M

HISTORY and romance are combined in this Technicolor two-reeler. And what more dramatic subject could be found?—Napoleon and Josephine. This is the story of the great romance of the Emperor of France and Josephine, the Cinderella of the tropical island of Martinique; the tragedy of their Imperial divorce; Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo and his exile. The battle scenes and picturesque court backgrounds are effectively presented. Agnes Ayres and Otto Matieson are in the cast. See this—a splendid production in every way.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER—Warners

HERE'S one reason why people walk out on pictures. This is the poorest comedy Syd Chaplin ever appeared in. Syd is annoying throughout the picture—Roy D'Arcy now has a rival for dental honors.

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners

A BEDROOM farce. Cheap or sophisticated, it all depends on your viewpoint. Chester Morris, Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry are a married couple who just can't understand each other until—anyway it is not a family picture and, furthermore, growups are not so dumb as to believe in Santa Claus.

ON YOUR TOES—Universal

THE poorest Reginald Denny feature we have seen in some time. Grandma raises Reggie to be a dancing teacher. His partner is a huge, heavy-weight champ though Reggie was not aware of the fact. Eventually he lands into the square circle and of course becomes the champ. The fight sequence is the best part of the picture. The kids will be amused with this.

SILK LEGS—Fox

LESSONS in salesology, a la Madge Bellamy. Madge is a silk hose saleslady and is out to do her competitor who happens to be the boy-friend. After Madge cleans up, she orders both companies consolidate and naturally the boy-friend becomes the boss. Amusing if you don't take your movies too seriously.

LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING—Hal Roach—M-G-M

ANOTHER rib-tickler furnished by the famous pair—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. It's all about two pals who become hysterical from laughing gas while polking another in his own tooth extracted. When they start home in their Henry is where the fun begins. A two-reeler—but better than most feature length productions.

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS—First National

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT'S famous novel is faithfully pictured against gorgeous outdoor backgrounds. The types from the Shepherd of Alec Francis to the Sammy Lane of Molly O'Day are played sincerely, yet the total result is somewhat slow. A stranger from "outside" comes to an Ozark mountain community, stays to the right of wrong. His son has committed there years before, thwarts the villains and brings happiness and prosperity to all. Recommended to placid parents and children.

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia

DON'T bother to find out. It isn't worth your time. The only real mystery of this melodramatic farce is why such a venerable muddle of missing jewels, very secret service operators, bewildered butlers and crooks in strange clothing was ever filmed. Director Walter Lang and the cast headed by Ricardo Cortez, Eugenia Gilbert and Lillian Leighton did their best, but the result is very, very gaga.

HER SUMMER HERO—FBO

THERE'S not a tear nor a smile in this—in fact it is the poorest picture of the month. An improbable story and ditto the cast.
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

of, foolish enough to go out in this storm except a movin' picture hero.

Besides an' what's more, I kept on now that I'd got started. I may as well tell you that this squaw being a Injun would have pounded up the corn, made it into cakes, cooked 'em over a corn-cob an' corn husk fire, fed herself an' the meat hungerin' baby an' gone back to bed, keepin' warm with what quilts, comforters an' blankets they happened to have. But Dad stood pat, made the poor girl burn up the corn for heat, go hungry an' keep on sufferin'.

He even let that poor little half-breed Osage baby cry through the long nights, a moanin' for meat.

OUT in the drifts, our hero is a huntin'. Sudden, he sees buffalo sign. He tracks 'em. I tried to tell Dad the horse the man was ridin' would a smelled the buffalos three miles away, but Dad wouldn't listen. The hero, seein' meat in sight for his streak-demandin' baby, tightens his belt, digs in his spurs an' goes ahead. The buffalo trail crosses the Salt Fork of the Canadian river, now frozen over—he tries to cross—the ice busts—in they go. How, says I, interruptin' again, could the ice bust when it's this cold an' the snow's this deep, but Dad replies that the play has got to go as it lay, so into the icy water goes the hero an' the horse. They scramble for the bank, but the horse gets out first an' to save himself, throws his cartridge belt into the river, it containin' the last shell he's got an' none nearer than Ponca City, sixty miles away an' tough roads.

The hero crawls up the bank an' shadin' his eyes with his hands for the closeup, looks back to where the sufferin' squaw an' meat insistin' baby are a freezin' an' sufferin'. He grits his teeth an' swears he'll have that meat for the baby or he'll never go back. He has nothin' to aid him now but his hands and an' abidin' faith in the Presbyterian church.

Then it was that the old bull buffalo, who really should have been somewhere else a mindin' his business, was to come in from behind the snow drift. Naturally, he was a foolish buffalo, or he'd stayed behind the drift where he'd be out of the wind an' storm. The buffalo sees the hero an' charges him an' it looks like the undertakin' shop for the young man, and then the horse comes back, havin' more sense than the buffalo, decidin' it's time to get out of there an' find shelter. The hero leaps into the saddle an' would have started for home but in his ears comes the pitious wail of a half-breed Osage baby cryin' for meat. Meat he had to have.

I told Dad if the hero knew as much about buffalo meat as I did, he'd a gone on home an' passed up the bull. There ain't ever been a steam meat chopper made yet that a hunk of buffalo meat wouldn't stall. Anyway, the hero spurs the cow-pony, rides straight for the buffalo, leaps from his saddle an' with his bare hands bulldogs him. The struggle is fierce—it's a struggle to the death. The hero would a lost, but above the din of the

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A

N', ladies an' gents, I was the bird slated for the buffalo battle. My part of the job was to subdue the mighty monarch of the frozen prairies, "an'," says I, when we had got to this point, "for what?"

"For what?" says Mr. Turner, "for $250."

"You claim," he went on, "that you got to raise a million dollars. Well this will be your first step an' you can get a heap of money, especially out here in Oklahoma an' for ten minutes' work."

Me an' Dad argued. I wanted $1,000, but he laughed an' I finally agreed on $500. The fact he promised me a part in the picture for which I'd get paid extra an' the further fact Miss Stedman was also in the film, probably influenced the compromise.

Miss Stedman was delighted when she heard about our fine story. "I suppose," says she, "that you'll put wires on the buffalo—you won't do this with your hands, will you?"

"Ma'am," I told her, "there'll be no wires on this here buffalo an' the dispute is strictly between Mr. Mix and the buffalo, an' no one else will be allowed to butt in."

T

HE story bin' finished, we next had to find a location for the prairie scene. I worried at first about the snow, this bin' summertime, but Dad said he would attend to that. I knew Mike Cunyan had a little ranch over on the Salt Fork he'd let us use, providin' we gave the tenant somethin', Everything bin' fixed, they ship the buffalo in—two of 'em.

While always certain in my own mind that I could bulldog a buffalo, I didn't put in any loud protests when the picture folks apologized an' explained the two buffalo bulls were aged—that they'd been able to buy 'em cheap on that account. When it come to lookin' this pair of bulls over, an' decidin' which one I'd use, I sure took my time. I bought a coupla bales of good alfalfa hay an' I certainly was good to them two old buffalo. I give 'em more hay an' grain than they ever knew was harvested, an' all this tryin' to find out which one had the kind an' friendly disposition.

An' this is just as good a place as any to say that as a buffalo psycho-analyst, I wasn't so good. Age may slow a man up—added years may take the elasticity of youth from him an' dim his eyesight, but none of those things affect a buffalo that's away. The older a buffalo gets, the tougher he grows; years increase his speed an' makes him more an' more un-sociable; I don't blame the rest of the buffalos from keepin' away from him. 'Not knowin' then as much as I know now, I still thought I could throw either of these old bulls. Reckonin' from horse an' cattle sign, I figured the oldest bull was about thirty. Long about then, I was thirty myself, but the buffalo was better at thirty than I ever hope to be.

O

VER at Cunyan's place me an' other cowhands looked on with much interest while the property men spread about ten barrels of salt mixed with mica over a two-acre pasture lot, to make the winter snow. We produced a tougher winter day than Oklahoma ever saw. They made some snow drifts that Oklahoma's best January wind couldn't improve upon. That was the set.

I've always had a lot of respect for horse sense. At that time I was ownin' an' ridin' a horse named Old Blue—I used him in the pictures until Tony grew up—an' when I took Blue over to this buffalo pen, he didn't like either of 'em, particularly the oldest, which I had selected for the scene. To this day, I've always trusted the horse sense of Tony—when he an' I don't agree, I change my mind an' string along with him.

Finally, the great day for the buffalo scene came. Turner had already shot the scenes with the hero, the squaw an' kid around the sod house. Miss Stedman had been the one to do fancy stuff. I figured that after she'd seen me throw the buffalo, there'd be nothin' to it an' that thereafter instead of spendin' the evenin's walkin' around with the good lookin' leadin' man, she'd go horseback with him. I didn't know at that time, but learned it years later. When Turner had told her to keep me pepped up, so I'd go ahead with the scene. It also was a good thing that I didn't know then that the part he promised me in the picture was that of an old Injun chief who appeared an' done nothin' in the pow-wow of the tribe when they threwed the good lookin' young squaw out, an' Miss Stedman wasn't even in the scene.

Anyway, she had me steamed up to a point where I was willin' to fight one buffalo or a carload, so long as she was watchin' me.

M

EANTIME, I had made all kind of secret preparation. Night after night, I had fed my old buffalo baled hay an' grain and talked kind an' soothing words to him. I didn't see how anythin' could go wrong unless the buffalos died before we got to the scene. I discovered that the salt an' mica, used for the snow, made the ground slippery, which won't do when you're a bulldoggin', so I got me the iron ridges from the palms of a couple pair of corn huskin' gloves an' put 'em on my boots along with the cleats that I'd taken a pair of old shoes that I owned. I figured that I couldn't slip.

A bunch of cowhands had driven the old buffalo into a little pen just behind the big snow drift an' give him some hay on my suggestion. About this time Mike Cunyan drove up in a buckboard. Mike had lived in Oklahoma since it was first settled an' knew a heap about buffalos; an' was a good friend of mine. He first walked over an' looked at the buffalo an' next came out to me.

"Tom," says he, "are you sure a ain't any buildin' this buffalo?"

"Why not?" I told him, "I can bulldog any old buffalo."

"Well," he said kind of slowly, after thinkin' a minute, "a few weeks ago you
left a good saddle, a Winchester an’ a slicker over at my house in Ponca; what do you want us to do with ’em?"

“Do with ’em?” says me, “why keep ’em an’ I’ll come an’ get ’em.” Somehow, I didn’t like the way Mike looked as he walked away.

I GOT on Old Blue an’ rode in where Dad Turner told me the scene was to be shot.

He cautioned me to keep in the snow an’ that if the buffalo got out of the scene, to coax him back to again.

I waved to Miss Stedman, an’ yelled so the perfumed leadin’ man could hear me, that she’d probably never see another bulldoggin’ of a buffalo, unless she saw me do it again, an’ that probably would be a long time from now.

I told ’em to turn the old buffalo loose.

He sure came around the corner pretty an’ me an’ Old Blue started right for him, but the horse required considerable spurrin’ to keep him headed in the right direction, but he was game an’ in he went.

I had figured out just where I was to leave the saddle, grab the buffalo by the horns an’ twist him on the ground.

But Mr. Buffalo got in front of the drift and stopped, watchin’ us out of his funny little eyes. Then he whirled an’ charged in our direction. Me an’ Blue hadn’t figured on that an’ before I knew what had happened, the bull tossed Blue up in the air, which naturally threw me to the ground an’ left me afoot an’ the buffalo started after me. It was probably sixty yards to the end of the enclosure which had been fenced in by a nine-high barbed wire fence. To this day I still think an’ some of my friends still think that I done the best sixty yards ever hoofed by livin’ man, with or without spurs.

I also climbed that nine-high wire fence without stickin’ myself or tearin’ my clothes.

Dad Turner said he never supposed before that anything but a railway train could move that fast.

I CAME around an’ Miss Stedman was laughin’ to beat nine bands. I explained to her an’ Dad an’ the rest of ’em that I just had been testin’ the buffalo out to see how good he was an’ to get him riled an’ het up so he’d make the scene good.

“Now,” says I, “I’m goin’ back an’ throw this buffalo bull. The only thing I hope is that I don’t do it too cruel or too rough or break its neck.”

Miss Stedman wished me luck an’ begged me not to be too hard on the buffalo. I promised.

I think that when Old Blue an’ me rode in again an’ started right for the buffalo, it sort of surprised him, for he stood there doin’ nothin’ but pawin’ the movin’ picture snow.

Just as we rode past, with the horse on a good run, I jumped an’ grabbed the buffalo by the horns. A buffalo’s horns are shorter than a steer’s but I’d counted on that.

I didn’t know it then, but I know now that a buffalo has got ten times more strength in his short thick neck, than the best long horn that Texas ever produced, dreamed of havin’.

Anyway, I had the buffalo by the horns

... the audience would have a fit!

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FURTHER an' nearer to the ground the buffalo slowly shoved me. I knew it wouldn't be long now. I felt the buffalo's neck muscles tighten. I knew he was about to make his final effort—an effort I knew I was powerless to stop—an effort that I knew would end the scene. I made one final attempt myself to twist the bull's neck back or on one side, but my strength made no more impression upon that bull than a child's would have done.

I closed my eye and decidin' to make the best of a bad buffalo deal, an' I dug the old bull try to brace his front feet for the final shove an' finish things, but the old boy's hoofs were smooth with thirty years of adventuresome buffalo live—I felt the tightenin' again of muscle and sinew, an' then, as he showed his feet deep into the glazed salt an' muck, he slipped.

I held him goin' down an' guessed what had happened. I dug the old baseball cleats deep into the prairie sod an' gave the best an' mightiest heave I ever threw in my life, before or since. I gave a twist—the old bulldoggin' twist—an' the old bull until stretched for a firm foothold, went down, fightin' to the last. I landed him on his back an' then—I left. I still claim my exit was made in better time than any big leaguer has ever stole second from first. Anyway, they had the picture.

DAD TURNER, Tom, and everyone complimented the scene, an' Miss Stedman said she thought it just wonderful, which pleased me fine. The leadin' man didn't say anythin', which also pleased me.

"How did you ever do it?" she asked. Assumin' a modest demeanor, I replied that it was easy, "nothin' for me, in fact." But I told no one about the old bull's front feet a slippin' an' no one saw it except Mike Cunyan. "It's a mighty good thing for you, Tom," he told me later, "that the old boy's hoofs were slippery and he couldn't get a hold on the ground, otherwise my boy, Bob, would a had a good saddle, a Winchester an' a slicker."

I mentioned to Mike there was no need of tellin' anyone else about it.

The picture folks were pleased and gave me my check for $500. I rode over to Ponca and at Burke's drug store bought a beautiful white mirror, comb an' brush in a lovely red plush box an' presented it to Miss Stedman an' she seemed pleased with it.

The next day, the picture company's Eastern manager—from the old Selig Polyscope Company—who'd just come out, called me to one side an' said: "Tom, we got a great picture in mind—it's called 'Quo Vadis,' an' in it you are to play Ursus, the hero who rescues the hapless maiden from the horns of a wild bull.

"Is the hapless maiden a goin' to be Miss Stedman?" I wanted to know.

"Sure," he said, "none other."

"Then I'm bired," I put in. "I put in, at the same time I asked him to write down the name of the piece, so I could show it to the rest of the cowboys."

"Surely you fellows know about 'Quo Vadis,' don't you?" says he.

"No," says I. "I don't." When I was sheriff I once arrested a cattle rustler, whose lawyer got the case so mixed up that it became quo warranto an' I'd heard of fellers gettin' statu quo an' I know what quo ameno meant in Mexican, but the quo he was talkin' about was a near on me.

"Young man," said the manager, "you've got a great future, you're a goin' to play the outstanding rôle of the year—you an' the bull. You will become famous overnight."

"That's great," I put in, "but how much money will there be in it?"

"Money?" says the Eastern gent, "money? Why, my boy, there's millions in sight for you—millions."

"Millions," thought I, "he says millions, an' I only need one of 'em."

[TO BE CONTINUED]
Lasky's Brook
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

for it. He came in quietly enough. But ordinarily the twelve Apostles could have walked through that room in a body without receiving a single glance.

Madame Glyn named the quality IT. Barrie called it "that damned charm." Whatever it is it was as tangibly present at our luncheon table as the sugar bowl and the ketchup bottle. It made me want to break forth into the mountain tops at dawn, English hearts at home under an English heaven style of writing. (Stand by. I won't.)

"I'm most awfully sorry but they've given me only fifteen minutes for lunch," announced Clive, ordering tea and muffins, with cream, not lemon. "I've been looking forward to talking to you, knowing you've come out from the East. The New York mind is so much closer to my London mind than the ones here in the West. There's writing, too. I used to do a bit of it. I'd like to talk on that. But fifteen minutes! I'm most awfully sorry."

I NOTED his long-lashed, quizzical grey eyes, the cleft in his chin, his very lean English figure.

"What happened to you," I demanded, "what made you a sudden vogue?"

A mocking glance from across the table, the same kind of glance Rolls Royce in "Underworld" flung at the enamoured Feathers. "I ceased to be an actor and became an aphrodisiac," explained Mr. Brook. "A stimulant, you know, something taken to make the heart flutter. Take 'Hula' for example. Fancy a child like Hula falling in love with an antique personage like myself who has to struggle against the coming of a second chin. Fancy myself falling in love with an unholy terror who ate with her fingers and brought her dog to the table. Yet they injected me into that plot. Miss Bow took one look at me and her heart began to flutter. For all the acting I did they might as well have poured me out of a bottle."

"There was 'Underworld,'" I reminded him.

"YES, there was 'Underworld,'" said Mr. Brook, "and there was 'Barbed Wire,' thank heaven. Adult roles both of them, the only ones I've had in America. Now I'm again being the cold shoulder to an unaggressive lady. I am a kind of English lure for 'The Devil Dancer.' You can see I'm obviously miscast."

The mocking glance again amid the muffins.

"You sound as subtly blase as John Barrymore, " I commented, "and you're much more quietly clever than Jack Gilbert. How do you get that way?"

"You want the biography?" asked Mr. Brook.

"I want the biography," I said.

"I was born in London in 1891, the son of George and Charlotte Mary Brook," he said. "My mother was an opera singer and she wanted me to be a barrister. I dutifully attended Dulwich College

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with that end in view until I was fourteen, but I spent my leisure playing in amateur theatricals and studying the violin. Then the family fortunes turned over, I left school and happily forgot the law.

"A nine years' lapse. I can't remember half the things at which I tried to turn an English penny. Once I was a reporter. Once I taught horrible elocution. Once I achieved the post of assistant secretary at the Colonial Club and all the time I was attending classes in acting at the Polytechnic. Then the war broke.

"I JOINED up with the Artists' Rifles, a unit composed of professional and university men, as a private. That was in 1914 and when the unit was dissolved I was an officer with a machine gun section stationed on the East Coast of England looking for Zeppelins.

"Shortly thereafter I was sent to the front, went through a number of battles, particularly the battle of Messines in which our army mined so tremendous a portion of the earth that the explosion was heard in London. I was one of the men literally buried alive. But they got me out and sent me home on ten days' leave. I thought myself quite all right until one night when I had started for the theater I awoke to find myself in a strange part of London with no knowledge of how I got there.

"They kept me home then to drill troops. One midnight I stepped out on the parade grounds and began vigorously drilling troops which were not there. After that mental lapse, presumably, they decided they might as well kill me fully and I was sent back to the front again. But both my memory and I returned, my memory good and myself a Major.

"FOR the first time then I tried the professional stage. Sir Alfred Butt gave me the leading role in 'Fair and Warmer.' That started me. I played several other things after that and it was in the theater that I met my wife, Mildred Evelyn, who was one of the most popular leading women on the British stage. We played together in 'Over Sunday' and 'Sacred and Profane Love' and married in 1920. I went into films then, one of my first pictures being with your own Betty Compson. But pictures in England are not good. We are hampered by lighting, by old favoritism, by the fact that our intellectuals in England scorn the cinema worse than the intellectuals here scorn it. So neither the pictures nor the actors get anywhere unless the actor comes to America, as I was delighted to get this chance to do. I like it here tremendously though I could wish for a little more conversation in California. That's my whole history."

"Clive Brook," I said, "you're an intelligent, cultured, intensely human being and all this infinitesimal small talk of yours about being an aphrodisiac doesn't deceive me a bit. You're bored with this strong, cold Englishman casting inflicted upon you and you'd like the chance to play some real parts. Why not say so?"

His mocking glance returned. "Listen, child," he said, "I have, with the exception of my two favorite pictures,
walked around. In the final scene I have arranged my profile so that it wouldn't get in the way of the leading lady's profile and we have faded out together. But some day I shall forget. Some day I shall throw a shadow on the leading lady's nose that won't photograph well and then my career will be over. It's a terrible destiny for a grown man and the reason for not raising your sons to be actors."

An assistant director came in to whisper that Miss Gray was waiting on the set. Dutifully Mr. Brook departed.

But I'd like to give Mr. Lasky a suggestion. There was another famous brook. It belonged to Alfred Tennyson who put it in a poem and according to the legend it went on forever.

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I hope, Mr. Lasky, that I do not have to speak of this again.

Fresh, fragrant clover blossoms, laden with delicious sweetness — bees will go miles to sip the honied nectar.

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Also, another great realization awaits you — a new delight — Blatz Mint Gum, full of the real, old-fashioned peppermint.

Sold everywhere. Try them today — there's a world of difference in the taste.

"Everybody Loves It"

The high-flying camera or the boy who worked his way to the top. Here is a camera placed in a perilous position to get some trick scenes for "Monkey Business," a new Dane-Arthur comedy.
“My Very Dear Friend Charlie

We arrived here in San Francisco yesterday. I thought I would write you today; I will write again as soon as I reach Chicago. Dear Charlie, I don’t want your Secretary to answer my letters. Only you can write to me. Please, do not want any postal or five cent letters either. But I want a good size one at least a three paged Letter from you and Believe Me, Charlie, I will certainly honor that Letter if you ever honor a letter. Evelyn Lederer knows well enough to speak to. I tell them I know you Charlie Chaplin and no fake either. And you took me to the Depot. If you only knew Charlie how happy you made by taking me to the Depot.

“From you’re Great Little Admirer,

Evelyn Lederer.”

YOU know, it is almost with regret that I go on telling this story of Sue Carol. And when you read these lines about this youngster who at the age of twenty is making one of the most rapid climbs ever chronicled in pictures, I just want you to know how difficult it was to get Sue to talk about herself.

Not that she doesn’t want publicity. For she realizes that stories are, after all, essential to her success in pictures; but just because she doesn’t like to talk about the fact that she has money; has always had money.

“People don’t understand,” she told me. “They’ll just think it’s publicity or they’ll think I’m bragging. Can’t you please write something else about me?”

And when we explained that any true story must carry the details of exactly what has happened in her twenty years of existence, she still held back and decided we just hadn’t better tell any story.

When we asked about her girlhood friendship with Janet Gaynor, we met the same hesitant resistance. “But I don’t see Janet out here any more. When I just came out here for fun, I used to see Janet. But now that I’m just a little person in pictures and she’s a star, I don’t call her up any more. Oh, she’s lovely. Only people might think I was bringing up the old friendship just to have someone write the story.”

She laughed. “Did I ever tell you how we fell out of the hammock one night? We were thirteen and we lived very near one another. We used to dress just alike and comb our hair the same way. We weren’t allowed to ride on buses, but we used to sneak away and ride on the top, hoping that people would take us for sisters.

“One time, after such a ride, Janet stayed all night with me. We wanted to sleep on the porch but mother wouldn’t let us. So after everyone was in bed, we slipped out onto the hammock. And it broke! We didn’t dare make a noise in fear someone would hear us. And when mother came out, there we were on the floor sleeping, or at least pretending.”

SUE is an only child who, until ten years of age, was not allowed to play with other children because she might catch some contagious disease or be injured. Then her health broke and physicians ordered lots of play and fun with other youngsters, so she was sent to Kemper Hall in Kenosha, Wisconsin. After three years, she went to National Park Seminary. On September 25, 1926, she made her debut at the Drake Hotel in Chicago.

You know, I am going to play fair with this youngster and not tell you about her marriage to Allan Keefer which followed. She speaks so highly of Allan and of his mother and father, that why should anyone divulge that little secret of personal unhappiness which might tell of an eighteen year old youngster who happened to marry?

But the year of 1926 was an unfortunate one for Evelyn Lederer Keefer. For in that year she lost her daddy. And to Sue her daddy and her mother are, after all, the only things in life which really have mattered. She was on the ocean, four days out, racing to Switzerland to meet them, when she received word she was too late. Although she didn’t say so, we guessed that it was to forget this year of misfortune, and the bad luck that came to California to visit a friend in February last winter. Then she met Nick Stuart. When others had asked her to take a screen test, she had laughed and said she wasn’t interested. But where others had failed, Sue succeeded. She was awarded the lead in “Slaves of Beauty.”

THEN the telephone wires to Chicago began buzzing. Mother said “No.” But Nick prevailed, until mother finally said, “Just one picture!”

The next day the Fox lot was buzzing. Now Sue didn’t tell us this, but we know that when she finished her first day of work, there were forty agents present, trying to sign her as their client. Sue didn’t know what agents were for and only laughed at their offers. The harder she laughed, the harder they persisted.

But one persisted more than all of them. When she refused to talk to him on the phone or admit him to her apartment, he literally kidnapped her on the lot and took
ried Chaney came and are told and Mary movies.

Your Culver you, you
hy Michigan Rudolph
money, because hundred to tell
spent into studio, Douglas
lier) letter whom woman,
the seventh CaHfornia,
the Case of the estate in

AND called studio, Douglas

Irma


Nesta Harris, London, England. — Your letter touches my heart. I agree with you, Louise Dresser is a fine actress. Write to her in care of the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Miss Dresser is married, and her newest pictures are “The Garden of Eden” and “My Country.”

A. S., Dayton, O. — Karl Dane never has told me his age. But he was born on October 12. I’d guess about 35. Hey, Karl, how old are you? He’s married, and weighs 505 pounds. He was a carpenter before he became a movie comic.

Irisz, Atwood, Colo. — Tom Mix’s wife is Victoria Forde. She used to be in the movies. Ronald Colman is still legally married to Thelma Raye, an English actress, but they have been separated for some time. Mary Pickford is thirty-four, and Lon Chaney is forty-four.

If you cannot believe that a Linit Beauty Bath will be the most pleasant you have ever enjoyed — we ask you to make this simple test: After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come into contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream — and after you dry your hands your skin has a “feel” like velvet. You’ll be convinced — INSTANTLY!

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Sensational in Immediate Results

Your skin instantly feels like rare velvet

JUST think of stepping into a bath like rich cream, using your favorite soap, then stepping out and finding that your skin has a “feel” like the down on a pansy petal.

This sounds almost too good to be true — or if true, probably too expensive.

But it is true — the results are immediate and the cost is insignificant. You’d never believe that such an inexpensive beauty bath could produce such instant, enriching results.

Merely dissolve a half package of Linit in the bath — bathe in the usual way, dry off — and then feel your skin — soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, satiny “finish” comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit — harmless and pure — and being a vegetable product, it contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. Dermatologists and doctors regard its purity so highly that they generally recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

IMPORTANT: If you experience any difficulty in procuring LINIT from your grocer, please write Corn Products Refining Company, Dept. 17 Battery Place, New York City.
No modern face will tolerate "skin-fatigue"

A coarsened skin texture—crow's feet, lines, hollows and drooping contour of "Skin-Fatigue" are inevitable when the skin becomes over-tired.

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Begin now—awaken your skin to youthful beauty with these first simple steps or if neglect has already left its traces select the special correctives your skin requires.

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Valaze Pasteurized Cream—Thoroughly cleanses and "molds" away that "tired look". Perfect for all normal skins, and a unique cleansing cream which actively benefits oily, problematic or acne-blemished conditions. An excellent winter protection, makes powder lasting indefinitely.

Valaze Cleansing & Massage Cream—For dry sensitive skins, alternates with the Pasteurized Cream every other night—ideal for quick removal of dust and make-up.

Valaze Visualize

Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—animates, corrects sloughed-off scale, blanches mildly, creates exquisite smoothness and clarity of texture.

Tone & Grace

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—A mild toning, purifying lotion which closes the pores—refreshes the skin and imparts a delicate flattering finish.

SPECIAL CORRECTIVES

Valaze Crevant Anti-Virulence Cream—(Antibacterial)—rich, nourishing cream which smooths out wrinkles and creases quickly, antibody, shrivels skin and scarring neck.

Valaze Post-Cure Special—instead of soap and water, a no-foamer, skin cleanser, removes dirt and returns skin to normal delicacy and smoothness.

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Red Cardinal: Light Red Ruby: Rose

Valaze Water Lily Double Violets—In square jewel-like enameled cases. Jade, Black and Chinese Red.

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Kindly send me, without charge, full individual information, care and advice (no more than 100 words)

Name: ____________________

Street: ____________________

City: ____________________

State: ____________________

Dealer's Name: ____________________

Plaintive:

If your hair is naturally beautiful, wear it simply—without either band or elaborate head-dress. Lovely hair is at its best unadorned. What is that line about "painting the lily"? The perfect shampoo are advertised in Photoplay. You can lose ten pounds easily if you will take some regular exercise and pay attention to your diet. Omit white bread, potatoes, pastry, candy and ice cream for a month and see what happens.

Girls' Problems

[continued from page 16]

her look ahead earnestly, for even though she marries, it will be very pleasant to have won a place so real in the business world, she'll want to keep on with it after the honeymoon. Yet don't let her be afraid to fail. If the first job doesn't suit, or the second, don't let her get discouraged, but keep on climbing, getting more competent, more poised, more intelligent.

For the thing that makes a career, whether it be acting before the camera or working in a factory, is the ability to do something different in a practical manner.

Waltzing:

Send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope and I'll be glad to mail you instructions for clearing your skin of pimples.

Alma Cazaretto:

What a fortunate girl you are, Alma, with your thick, curly hair! To make your hair lie smoothly, brush it thoroughly night and morning, then rinse it well to remove the natural oil and give it a fine sheen. Secure water wave combs and place them in your hair about once a week for a half hour to "set" the pattern of your wave.

No modern face will tolerate "skin-fatigue"

Fear of crude dyes no longer excuses gray hair. You don't have to use them. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that comes harmlessly in the clear glass bottle. It changes back the color. Not the weird hues women used to get from old-fashioned hair dyes, but the color your hair ought to be—the color it used to be.

Kolor-Bak acts gently—the change is gradual. That's why your closest friend can't detect it. Hair is left lustrous; only the gray is gone. Blonde, auburn, brown, black—any shade responds to this natural process. The one bottle is right for all.

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will agreeably surprise at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere. Advertisement

Skin Troubles

Abrasions, bruises, cuts, cold sores, frost bite, windburn, blemishes, and most skin irritations promptly relieved by healing, soothing ZEMO. All druggists. 35c, 60c & $1.

No Gray Today!

On Sale at all Drug and Department Stores.

Kolor-Bak
Banishes Gray Hair

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint into the hands occasionally preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will agreeably surprise at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties whether used on the hands or face. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should have pretty hands as they are really the true marks of refinement. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her hands and skin. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere. Advertisement

FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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Earnings $20 to $50 a week, from writing, illustrating, designing, illustrating, etc. bet. 19-25. Working women or men wanted—no charge. Please write today. 

ARKAY ENRICHMENT

Dept. B-3

3920 Sheridan Road, Chicago
Although teeth are white

Pyorrhea strikes 4 out of 5

FEW people realize that Pyorrhea attacks even when teeth are clean and snowy white.

And as a result, this foe of health takes heavy toll from 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. A needless sacrifice!

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. Every morning and night use Forhan’s for the Gums. As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it.

Without the use of harsh abrasives, it keeps teeth clean and white and also protects them against acids which cause decay.

Moreover, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. As you may know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan’s. Use this dentifrice every day. Massage your gums daily with Forhan’s, following the directions in the booklet that comes with tube. Teach your children this good habit. Two sizes—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan’s for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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“I am never troubled that way—”

SO YOU SAY, but are you sure... Personal irreproachableness is an absolute necessity to the cultivated woman of the social world. The sureness, the gracious confidence of being always exactly right is expected of her.

That humiliating experience of underarm odor, stained frocks, never casts its shadow on her gayeties. For she relies on Odorono. And rejoices in the freedom of an underarm dry and sweet at all times. She enjoys the smooth smart fit of her dresses worn right next to her underarm, and the absence of extra bulk to overheat and cause additional odor.

There are now two kinds of Odorono. The ruby colored, full strength, which checks moisture and odor used once or twice a week. The colorless, milder, lasts only a day or two, but can be used night or morning and on sensitive skins.

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Street.
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Women of breeding use over three million bottles of Odorono annually. Odorono has no drying or other injurious effect on the perspiration glands.

DANVERS, Yes, Nathan was here. I can’t say when Miss Lorraine left the theater, but I came on duty just a few minutes ago. Sure, I’ll have her call the house if she comes back.”

It was almost eleven when he heard her key turn in the lock. With a quick movement he swept into the fireplace a pile of cigarette stubs, bent, twisted things, with the tips scarcely blackened. He made a feint of putting aside a magazine. He knew, even before she spoke, that she had seen—or heard—the story. There was no color in her face, and her dark eyes were stretched unnaturally wide.

“LARRY,” she said scarcely above a whisper, “have you read this?” She held out a crumpled copy of the Evening Star.

“Yes,” he answered slowly, “I have. In one way, Evelyn, I am deeply sorry. In another, of course, you will understand how I can be very glad.”

The color flooded suddenly into her face.

“Glad!” she cried sharply. “What do you mean? Do you think that this makes any difference in my love for him? This difference, if any, is that I love him more! These lies, set on him by his enemies like a pack of snarling dogs—do you think they matter to me? I tell you my love is big—big! Nothing in the world can change it. If I must go to him through the mud, I’ll go. I am not afraid of scorn, I am not afraid of slander. I will make the world realize what love is! Yes, the world that now condemns will bow its head in acknowledgment of the sacredness of our wonderful love!”

Lawrence Danvers had heard the tempestuous slamming of her door. He stood motionless, grooping in a thick cloud of unreality. He had lost. What was it she had said, “I want love—love and laughter!” He heard his own voice in a harsh, jangling laugh.

“T{hat next week he recalled more than once the statement made by some learned chatterer, that if time ceased to move we all would go speedily mad, either of boredom, ecstasy, or horror. The prosaic realities of life were all about him, the perfectly served meals, the business routine—calling at the theater for his wife after rehearsals. And, at the end, there loomed the monstrous shadow of a blight. His mind kept turning upon it desperately like a squirrel upon a wheel. It was a totally unrelated incident that gave him a faint hope. Vague as a light in a fog, but as welcome. A woman caught in a traffic jam, pulled from under a truck cut and bleeding. He saw her wan, blood-streaked face as someone picked her up. He heard her say faintly, querulously, “Has anyone a powder puff?”

Even through the heavy mist of his own misery he caught the sardonic humor of the situation. A broken head and a powder puff! The eternal feminine that brave a burglar and screams at a mouse! The first night of the “The Sorrowful Lady” approached. Evelyn had said to him:

“Please, Larry, don’t come. It’s going to hurt you, and I don’t want to wound you any more than I have—that I must. I have put Forbes off until after tonight. I must think only of my work. But afterwards—” Her eyes fell before his steady, deliberately impersonal gaze.

“Oh, don’t mind me,” he told her casually. “I wouldn’t think of missing a first night. And there’s just the possibility that you may want me to bring you home afterwards. You look awfully fagged, my dear, haven’t the rehearsals been going well?”

She hesitated nervously. “I’m not sure” she confessed; “it’s such a queer kind of a play, we’re just a little fearful as to how it will go over.”

“The third act love scene?” he asked smiling slightly.

She flushed at his tone.

“W{e’re not afraid of that,” she answered proudly. “Forbes and I are”—she stopped, suddenly ashamed. The grayness of his face was more than she could bear.

Now he sat in the orchestra aisle seat, cold and tense. The first and second acts had come and gone, to the accompaniment of rather cautious applause.

The audience was very evidently reserving its final decision for the third and last act.

He heard murmurs of conversation about him, criticisms for the type of play, whispers of “isn’t that pageant don’t you think? I don’t know whether the play is supposed to be taken seriously or not. These foreign plays! Aren’t they odd?”

The curtain rose on the third act, and Evelyn Lorraine, as the “Sorrowful Lady” for whom the play was named, swept into her final tempestuous scenes with the man for whom, as in real life, she was willing to sacrifice her security, her honor.

Lawrence Danvers felt the tension of the actors on the other side of the footlights. All were nervous with the exception of Evelyn Lorraine. She was superb.

“I give you my life, my happiness, my sorrow,” Ah, the ringing glory of her voice was like the tolling of a death knell in the heart of the man who sat there in the darkness.

“Take all of me, do with me as you will! And if you crush me, and leave me but a husk, the shell of me will smile on because of the inner rapture that once was mine. I love you, I love you! What else matters? See, I am yours, now and forever!”

She waited, passionately proud in her surrender. He caught her to him fiercely, and their lips met in a long, passionate kiss.

For the barest instant, a tense silence. And then—from somewhere far back in the absorbed intensity of the darkened theater—came a loud derisive—“SMACK!”

It cracked like a bullet in the strained attention. A gasp, a shudder of nervous giggles, an explosive crackle of laughter, and the theater rocked with that peculiar
merriment which is half amusement and half relief from taut nerves.

"The Heavy Lover! The Heavy Lover!"

Someone said it half aloud, and the laughter became hysterical. There were other "smacks," kissing sounds and loud, derisive sighs.

Upon the stage Forbes Nathan and Evelyn Lorraine clung startled in the frantic, forgetful embrace which seemed now not passionate, but merely ridiculous.

Lawrence Danvers saw his wife wrench herself out of her stage lover's arms. Her eyes were blazing, incredulous, shamed. She passed her hand over her eyes, across her mouth. Forbes Nathan took a quick, appealing step toward her. But she was looking at him as if he had accosted her insolently upon the street.

She flung up her head, and spoke a short, sharp word that the playwright had never written—

"Fool!"

LAWRENCE DANVERS was waiting for her at the stage door that night. She came out quickly, almost stumbling against him. She looked at him with eyes that slowly became aware of his existence, then filled with helpless tears. Her hands went out to him gropingly.

"Take me—home," she said brokenly.

Lawrence Danvers thought of many things that night when his wife lay within the protecting circle of his arms like a weary, heart-sick child. He thought of the feminine illogicality of mind which will laugh at disgrace, and—be disgraced by laughter.

He thought of Frederick Simons, who had given rich proof of his friendship by the saying of one word.

And the thought that went with him into slumber was that Evelyn Lorraine should never know that he himself had given her the two things she craved from another—love—and laughter.

---

Manon Lescaut will perpetuate it.

Blanche, Naturelle, Rachel, Ocre, Mauve, Peaches* Powder, Peaches-and-Cream* Powder

An ideal rouge for every occasion—Ashes of Roses,* medium

---

LAUREL, MISS.

In my family are six brothers and two sisters. We have always been extremely fond of one another and very kind in our family attitude. Within the past year, one of my brothers had grown cool in his feeling toward the home circle. In fact, he often boasted that he cared more for some outside people than for his own. This pained us all not a little.

A few months ago, "Beau Geste" came to our little city. Of course, everyone was carried away by it. One brother, sister and I went to the matinee. I urged my other brother to go at night. He attended and it made a wonderful impression on him. In fact, he has been lovely to all of us and his old family loyalty has returned. I attribute this change to the beautiful and inspiring influence of "Beau Geste."

R.B.

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"Yes, positively ashamed—you looked terrible all evening...the other men have such smooth, good-looking hair—Frank told me how they do it—Stacom."

Liquid Stacom keeps your hair dignified—in place all day. Health, too—helps prevent dandruff...not harmful like water.

NEW LIQUID STACOMB

America's foremost Dance Authority, who staged the best editions of the Folies and over 600 other musical shows and who international training contributed so much to the success of Marilyn Miller, Anna Pavlova, Gilda Gray, Fred and Adele Astaire, Marie Studholme, Ada May, Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, and others, nationally.

EVERY TYPE OF DANCING FOR STAGE AND SOCIAL AFFAIRS

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Learn the Latest Stage Dances

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The Value of Ned Wayburn's Method of Training Stage Dancers—Boys and Girls—is demonstrated by the quickness and ease with which his pupils secure highly paid engagements.

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If you want to have a fascinating lifelong paid career, there is one sure way to secure—Stomy with Ned Wayburn. What he has done for others he can do for you.

ARE YOU PAY OR TOO THIN?

If so, avoid dangerous drugs and health impairing diets. THE ONLY SAFE WAY TO REDUCE OR BUILD UP IS TO JOIN Ned Wayburn's Day or Evening Classes in "LIMBERING AND STRETCHING" and modern simplified stage dancing.

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At Columbus Circle (Entrance on 70th Street)

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Children's dancing classes every Saturday.

Males (10 years) taught in private lessons only.

Stage Managing Courses for Young Men.

Write or call for FREE BOOKLET WC.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Brickbats & Bouquets

[Continued from page 10]

Boys, Get Married

San Antonio, Texas.

The article about Francis X. Bushman contained quite a silly bit of advice. I sincerely hope that none of the young stars will be guided by it. Because Mr. Ronald Colman is married is no sign that his popularity will wane. Mr. Richard Arlen has been married for over a year and we still consider him one of the best actors on the screen and very popular. Mr. William Boyd is married to one of the prettiest young ladies on the screen and we still dream of him.

CONNIE R. LOZANO.

Good Movies First

Puyallup, Wash.

The brickbat I have for these Vitaphone and vaudeville theaters is that, nine times out of ten, they show pictures that PHOTOPLAY warns us about. If they can't give good movies when they have the Vitaphone, then I suggest they leave the Vitaphone out.

VIVIAN KAPPNER.

Down with the Bathing Girl

Vernal, Utah.

Winter is here, and I greet it with joy. For, unless Esquimaux embrace an additional phase of "civilization," Jack Frost will temporarily end a nuisance.

Throughout the summer, movie patrons have been "regaled" with a constant parade of three-fourths nude girls contesting in so-called beauty shows. It seems to me that editors of news reels could readily find events worthwhile to record with cameras. I fail to see anything edifying in the exhibition of the persons of silly girls in a public parade.

JOHN BRISTOL.

Against Dizzy Photography

Hartford, Conn.

Here's a big brickbat for the inventor of the following camera. It is a pity it could not have hit him on the head and dislodged the idea before it developed. A few years ago, the makers sought to perfect screen and machine to get rid of the flicker, but now they undo all this work, make it worse and impose this abomination on the public. Watch it abused, without any excuse, "in The Dove." It is hurtful to t'e eyes, and what good is a panorama of something you can't half see anyhow?

CONNECTICUT.

What the Boys Want

Tilton, N. H.

I have charge of eighteen small boys in a private school and I have no idea what a blessing the movies are to the child. Fred Thomson and Tom Mix just seem to hit the spot with the youngsters. I take the boys to the movies on Wednesday afternoons and I have to know exactly what the picture is going to be and who Mr. Tom is and what it all amounts to. I am given to the boys and I never see it. I can't begin to tell all this from memory, so I rely on my PHOTOPLAY to help me out, and it never has failed yet.

HARRY C. GROVE.

Ouch!

Corvallis, Ore.

I used to drive fifty miles to see Colleen Moore in her latest picture, but if the future ones are like "Her Wild Oat," I'd rather walk a mile for a Camel.

JOHN A. McCLEAN.
A Librarian Speaks

Pasadena, Calif.

I work in a branch library and, for two years, I have made a note of every film that was taken from a worthwhile book, and of the increase in requests for that book, as soon as the film was released. It seemed to me that practically no one ever read "The Scarlet Letter," but when Lillian Gish starred in it, all the volumes immediately disappeared. And there were four fat volumes of "Resurrection" that I said "hello" to every morning, until the picture came out, when they all temporarily vanished. I am afraid that you will refuse to believe the number of people who had never heard of Barrie until "Peter Pan" was produced. But from "Peter," it was only a step to introduce them to "Tommy," and when "A Kiss for Cinderella" appeared, they all clamored for Barrie's plays.

RUTH GORDON:

Is Temperament Justified?

New York City.
Temperament! How few cases of it there really are, and how many which the producer calls temperament are really the players' most effective way of protesting against poor pictures? They have a right to good stories which are really suitable to them, and not the rot which is given most of them to play. Producers know this and are trying to take away, under the flaunting banner of "cutting down expense," this way of protest.

SIDNEY FIELD:

Doing Wrong by Tolstoi

Los Angeles, Calif.

I wonder why "Anna Karenina" has been changed to "Love." That title is misleading. No doubt there are lots of people who know the story of Anna and her lover Wonsky, but how many of these people want to see such a really spiritual and moral story altered until it is unrecognizable?

MRS. R. A. WALTON:

From the Youth of Main Street

Dundee, Mich.

As long as youth is youth, there will be a desire for romance and adventure. This life on Main Street is not adventure nor romance. We long to sail the South Seas, to dance on a New York stage, to ride a horse over western plains, to travel, perhaps, in Arctic regions, perhaps in tropic countries. Generally it is only through the movies that we are able to find these things we seek.

FRANCES P.

Thanks from a Business Man

San Francisco, Calif.

When we hoi-polloi see "Chang" after a day of toil at some city desk, we are lifted from ourselves and taken to the great hinterland where the impossible occurs. It stimulates our imagination and likewise deletes our profound egoism, replacing it with a better knowledge of the size of the world, and the things which are of greater importance than our job, or the new public library, or the latest musical hit.

GILSON WILLETS.

Too Collegiate

Buffalo, N. Y.

Would it not be wise to suggest to the producers that the public is not made up entirely of eighteen-year-olds? One wonders, when play after play borders very strongly on the Haines-Bow type, why some worthwhile pictures are not shown for us grown-ups.

MYM R. HOMER.

WORRY shows in the face

AND you can't massage it away with cold cream.

First little lines, then heavier wrinkles, and tired, joyless eyes—you can't keep these out of your face—if you don't protect your health and youthfulness in the wise, modern way.

Nowadays, the truly modern woman prevents aging lines by keeping well.

Practise feminine hygiene regularly—and correctly—with "Lysol" Disinfectant. Do not follow well-meant but false advice. Send for the free booklet offered below. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth" and was prepared for women by a woman physician. Send the coupon now.

But in the meantime be safe, be certain. Get a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. It is the thoroughly reliable antiseptic for this vital purpose.

Complete directions come with every bottle.


Lysol Disinfectant

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Without the slightest hint of artificiality, this marvelous liquid lash dressing weaves its spell of enchantment. It makes you appear smarter and utterly fascinating. Deftly it makes the eyes seem larger and more expressive—by framing them in a shadowy fringe of soft, luxuriant lashes.

A moment before your mirror, and behold! You have captured the elusive beauty that women seek. Just cover the lashes with Winx, using the dainty, little plume. Then, with a soft brush, flick the top lashes upward and the lower lashes downward. Winx is steadfast. It is lasting. It cannot run. It's safe! It's waterproof! Just put cold cream on the lashes...then gently remove it with a moistened cloth. Winx comes off with the cream.

Be sure to insist upon Winx, the originator of the mode that is sweeping the world of fashion. As only Winx can give to lashes the soft texture and beauty demanded by smart women. Your choice of black or brown—75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores.

ROSS COMPANY
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WINX

Lavishes Beauty without a hint of Artificiality
You can obtain wonderful Winx in cake form or cream, in light or dark shades, wherever the waterproof Winx is sold!
I was "different" and had a unique personality.
I went back to high school and told them. The girls only laughed at me. Oh, how they laughed. They just decided that any beauty contest I could win must be a bun one. Every time they looked at me they giggled and giggled. So I decided not to go to school any more. It hurt to be laughed at. I thought maybe they would be glad.

THEN began a terribly hard time. I guess all contests are like that. For weeks, nothing happened. I waited and waited. I haunted the office. Panic was growing inside of me, driving me crazy. After all I had been through, all my joy was this going to be a failure?

But at last I hung around so much they decided to get me a job to get rid of me. Or maybe they really meant to all the time and were just busy. Christy Cabanne was making a picture with Billie Dove as the star. They took me over to him and explained the situation and he took one look at me and almost had a fit. "Don't tell me she won a beauty contest," he said.

It almost broke my heart.
Anyway, he agreed to give me a small part.
But there was another stumbling block. I had to have four dresses to play the part and I had to furnish them myself. I didn't have four dresses. I didn't have one dress. Dad didn't have any money—yes, he had enough to buy about half a dress. So then I did something I'd never done before. I put my pride in my pocket and for the first and last and only time I went to some of my relatives for help.

I HAD an aunt in New York who was rich. They had a beautiful home and one of the girls had made a good marriage and the son was in Wall Street or something. I had never been in their house, but I went. I told my aunt the whole story. I didn't need much and I would pay it back out of the first salary I got. It was my big chance and it looked like I was going to lose it because I didn't have four dresses.

She put me out of the house.
While I was walking away, just sunk, I heard footsteps behind me and somebody called my name. It was her son, my cousin. He didn't know me at all, but he had heard our conversation. He was interested in pictures, and he didn't think about them as his mother did.

"I don't think you've got a chance, kid," he said, "but I like your spirit. Here's all the change I've got."
He handed me eighty dollars.
Eighty dollars may not sound much to buy four dresses. It wasn't. But it was so much more than nothing. I went to a second hand place, to a wholesale place, and I got four dresses. I knew how they must have been pretty terrible. But then I thought they were magnificent.

The next day I went to the studio ready to work.
I had never put on a make-up. While I was taking the tests for the contest they had an actress who made up all the girls. Now I had to go alone. But I was encouraged when they put me in a dressing room with four other girls. I thought

Opera cloaks—evening wraps—high hats—bright lights—theatre parties—it's the social season! And the snow and blow of late winter are ready to take their toll—

Here come those cold and cutting winds—to crack lips and chap hands—to roughen cheeks, elbows, knees and ankles—unless you use precaution and—Frostilla!

Like a good friend, Frostilla will stand "twist wind and skin and guard you thru this tricky weather.

And if this advice should reach you a bit late—if chapped and roughened skin are already your sad lot—cheer up! For Frostilla will promptly soothe and smooth the skin and banish that dry, "starched", corrugated condition for evermore!

Frostilla makes the perfect powder base. Just massage it ever so gently into the skin . . . enjoy its cool, fragrant caress. Note that it leaves no trace of stickiness. View your satin-smooth reflection in the glass. See how evenly—perfectly—naturally that last touch of powder does its work—and thank Frostilla!

You will find Frostilla in its new, blue dress and its silvery cellophane wrapper, at drug and department stores everywhere. There's a luxury-size package priced at one dollar—a trim and practical traveler's bottle for fifty cents.

The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y.
Sales Representatives: Harold F. Ripple & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 56th Street, New York City.

FROSTILLA for the WINDY MONTHS
Use Frostilla to soothe wind-sting. To satinate dry, sensitive skin. To soften chapped ankles and knees. To smooth roughened upper arms and elbows. To heal cracked lips. To revive dance-tired feet. To protect the tender skin of children. (Men find it a luxurious source of comfort after shaving.)

Send for this Unusual Sample!
The Frostilla Sample-Size presents a delightful way to get acquainted with this fragrant lotion. You will find a dozen uses for it—it fits in purses, grips and desk drawers. Write for it. It's yours for a dime, and with it comes a handy booklet entitled "Keep Your Dates." Address The Frostilla Co., Dept. 617, Elmira, N. Y.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
A NEW danger threatens the beautiful hair of American women. Tight hats are largely blamed for baldness among men. Now fashion decrees that women shall wear close-fitting hats over their bobbed hair. What will be the result? Here are two simple treatments—approved by a well-known physician—to offset the harmful effect of tight-fitting hats.

1. Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Tarouleum Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

2. Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp anti-septically clean.

Give your hair a chance! Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at all drug stores and barber shops. Accept no substitutes.

Surely they would help me. But they didn’t. They just laughed. They said, “Go ahead and learn like the rest of us did.”

Sometimes I wonder about things like that. Most of the people in pictures are so kind. It seemed as though fate were just throwing everything in my way, giving me every possible obstacle. I don’t think those girls meant to be unkind. They were careless and self-centered. Most of the unkindness in the world comes from thoughtlessness. I am sure of that.

I did the best I could. When I came on the set, Mr. Cabanne thought I had gone crazy. I looked like a clown. I tell you I didn’t have to use any cold cream to take that grease paint off. I washed it off with good hot tears. The next day I watched the other girls and learned a little and got by all right.

My part wasn’t very big but I had about five scenes. In one of them I was supposed to cry. Mr. Cabanne didn’t seem to think I could, but I did. It was always easy for me to cry. All I had to do was to think of home. He said I had done it well and it seemed to please him. After that he was kinder, and helped me.

When the picture came to Brooklyn I was so excited I couldn’t sleep. I asked some of the girls from school to go with me to see it. I guess maybe I wanted to show off a little. I wanted to prove to them what I could do. I thought of those five scenes and I felt sure they’d respect me after that. I’d be a real movie actress.

We went. They ran the picture. There wasn’t a single shot of me in it anywhere.
The girls certainly made life miserable for me. You can’t blame them. But it was a bitter blow to me.

But not the worst one.

Mother was growing steadily worse and her thoughts seemed to center on me.

She came up to me one day on the back porch where I was doing some washing and said, “I think I’ll kill you. You would be much better off dead. This is a terrible world. Motion pictures are terrible. I think it is my duty to kill you.”

I was frightened—but—it was more than that. I was so sorry for her, I loved her so. I knew she loved me. I never mentioned pictures to her after that, but every once in a while she would start talking about how it was her duty to kill me. I told Dad and it worried him terribly and we had a new doctor but he said there was nothing he could do.

Things weren’t breaking for me at all. Winning the contest hadn’t seemed to mean a thing. I wore myself out trying to find work, going from studio to studio, from agency to agency, applying for every possible part. But there was always something. I was too young, or too little, or too fat. Usually I was too fat. When I told them that I’d won this contest, they only laughed. They said the woods were full of girls who’d won some bum beauty contest and they were mostly dumb or they wouldn’t have been in any beauty contest in the first place. Which I guess maybe was right. And I couldn’t wear clothes and I wasn’t pretty enough.

But finally I got a job. Elmer Clifton
was going to make a picture called "Down to the Sea in Ships." He wanted a small, tomboy type of girl to play a second lead. He hadn't much money to spend and couldn't afford to pay much salary for this part. He had been at a casting agent's office and they had been going over all the people they knew without hitting on the right one. The casting manager had sent Mr. Clifton copies of the magazines containing my picture. After the agency visit he happened to open one of them to a picture of me. It was one in the red tint and was part of the publicity from the contest, so you see it did do me some good.

He said, "Who the dickens is that? Clara Bow. Cute name. That's what I want. Send for that kid."

But I was terribly discouraged by then. I was so sick of being told I was too young or too small. So I decided to take a desperate chance. I put my hair up, sneaked one of mother's dresses and went over done up like that.

When Mr. Clifton saw me he said, "Great heavens, you're not the girl I saw in the picture. I wanted a kid, to play a tomboy part. You won't do at all."

Just think. I had guessed wrong and nearly missed my chance. I startedexploding so fast the words stumbled over each other. I said, "Oh, I'm the girl all right. But I've lost so many parts because I was too young that I put on mother's clothes to see if I couldn't look older."

That made him laugh and I went home and got my own clothes and came back and got the part and fifty dollars a week. That was more money than I knew there was in the world.

But we had to go away. They were going to make the picture up in New Bedford. I'd never been away from home a night in my life and I knew mother wouldn't let me go. But Mr. Clifton arranged for the cameraman's wife to go along and be with me as a chaperon—so Clara Bow went on her first location with a chaperon.

I WENT home all happy and thrilled. Mother was sitting there, and she was very quiet and didn't say much. She looked well, though, there was color in her face. Father was working and we had dinner and she was quiet, but very pleasant and sweet. Then I went to bed. I hadn't told her about the job. I thought I'd wait until father was there.

I don't know how long I had been asleep when I woke up and realized there was somebody in the room. My heart was beating hard and funny. The door was a little open and in the light from the other room I saw mother standing there, in a white nightgown. Her hair was braided over each shoulder and hung down to her knees.

In her hand was the butcher knife. I said, "Mother?"

She didn't answer. Just came closer to the bed.

I said "Mother, darling, what are you doing?"

She pinioned my hands down. "I'm going to kill you, Clara," she said very quietly. "It will be better."

She put the knife at my throat.

A Perfect Marcel Wave
in 15 minutes — cost 2¢

Not a connection from a bottle—not a sticky, messy lotion—not a "trick" brush—not a "magic" cap—not an antiquated "curling" device—not a scientific substitute for the old-fashioned kid curler. This amazing French invention is positively guaranteed actually to Marcel wave any head of hair in fifteen minutes at a cost of less than two cents.

Note the endorsements shown below of famous motion picture stars—their names and companies

By Mlle. Rene Duvol

From Paris I bring to American women the greatest beauty secret of all time. French hairdressers have guarded it jealously for many, many years. This secret will at once enhance the natural beauty of any woman's hair a hundredfold. And—there is but one simple, easy thing to do. Now every woman and girl in America can know, for the first time, the real and true secret of the French woman's always perfectly marcelled hair—a thing that has caused American women who visit France much astonishment.

An Amazing Revelation

It is so simple—a small, inexpensive, easy-to-use device—the invention of a famous Parisian hairdresser—it is now called Marcelwave. I brought it from Paris to America—my friends here perfected it for American use—then it was sent to 1,000 prominent American women—including the most famous motion picture stars—so they can try and test for themselves. Marcelwave gave such perfect results—proved of such great convenience—saved those who tried and tested it so much money—that every one of those 1,000 women asked to keep it—and their friends sent their orders for thousands of Marcelwaves.

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Men and Women Marcelwave is taking America by storm. Biggest earnings ever made by agents everywhere. You may get in on ground floor before all territory is taken. Write now for complete information—All Post Free!

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Please send me FREE your precious secret of a perfectly marcelled head of hair in fifteen minutes at a cost of less than 2¢—also a copy of your famous book, "How to Marcel Wave Your Own Hair."—

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Check here if interested in agent's offer

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The room went all black. I fought to keep consciousness. I knew if I didn't I was lost—we were both lost. I kept thinking, "Oh, poor mother, poor mother, how terrible she will feel if she ever knows she has done this. I mustn't let her." I moved. The knife came closer. The hands tightened like steel.

I STARTED to talk, to plead, to soothe, watching her all the time. She didn't seem to hear me. Her eyes burned into mine. I don't know how long it was, but it seemed hours. At last, when she seemed to relax for a final effort, I made a desperate spring, as swiftly, as strongly as I could. It knocked her away from me. I ran across the room and out the door and turned and locked it.

Outside I was so weak I could hardly move. I could hear her inside trying the door. The handle turned. I wanted to go back in and comfort her. But I was afraid to. I was too terrified to stay alone. I went downstairs and asked the lady there if I could sit there awhile. She looked at me, but didn't ask me any questions and she said I could stay.

I sat there all night. At five o'clock, I heard Daddy's step. I ran to meet him. Poor Daddy. We went up together. There was no sound from the room. We opened the door and she was sleeping on my bed, as peacefully as a child, her hands folded, the long, golden braids over her shoulders. When she woke up she didn't know anything about it.

I was glad to go away then. She didn't make any objection, when Dad explained it to her. But the shock had upset me more than I knew. All the thirteen weeks we were on location I was ill. I knew it was only nerves and I fought against it. But I couldn't sleep. I used to wake up crying all the time.

When I came home, mother was there. Dad told me he had had her away in a sanitarium for treatment. They said she wasn't insane. You couldn't call her that because she was so intelligent. She could answer any question, talk well, be as calm... Then once in a while these spells came on. But she seemed so much better Dad brought her home. She wanted to be at home.

But she began to be unhappy again about my going into pictures. Once she said, "You don't take me to the studio with you. You're ashamed of me. You think I'm crazy." That broke my heart. I was so proud of her.

So I decided to give up pictures. May-be mother would be better. I couldn't bear to make her unhappy like that. So I hunted around and got a job answering the phones in a doctor's office. I hated it. The trip was long and the pay small, but it was all right.

And then I started trying to have a little fun. I just had to. I knew a lot of young people around Brooklyn, boys I'd been to school with. They were always asking me to go places. The boys seemed to like me and I liked them, though I had never been in love, not even a kid romance. I never had a love affair until after I went to Hollywood.

ONE night I went to a party with some young friends, two boys and a girl. We were having a fine time, dancing and playing the phonograph, just like a bunch of kids will, when the telephone rang.

It was my father and he said I was to come home right away.

I didn't want to go. I said: "Oh, Dad, please don't make me. I'm having such a good time. If mother's having one of her spells, she'll come out of it all right."

That was the only time I'd ever said anything like that. But I was only a kid and I wanted a little fun.

But Dad insisted. He said, "You'd better come right home, Clara."

(To be Continued)
The Diary of Lorelei Lee

[continued from page 33]

the part. When am I going to work? The casting directors don’t seem to remember me from Sennett’s.

APRIL 13—I went with the nicest boy to see the play, “Chicago.” Oh, what a part. I’d love to do it. I’ll bet Phyllis Haver plays it in pictures. She’s a Sennett gal, too.

APRIL 14—Went to FBO for a test. I had to cry and get hysterical. All tired out tonight.

APRIL 17—I didn’t photograph well in the FBO test. Don’t get the part.

APRIL 18—Heavens! I’m getting frantic. I wish I’d start to work. Why doesn’t someone see some possibilities in me and give me a chance?

APRIL 24—Such a glorious day, and such an exact opposite to my thoughts. I’m positively getting panicky. Why don’t I get work?

MAY 2—Woke up with a terrible case of the blues. But I simply won’t give in to the thought I wasn’t intended for a motion picture actress. In the afternoon Madeline Hurlock and I went ice skating. I told Madeline today I wouldn’t advise anybody to leave Sennett’s and start free-lancing.

MAY 5—Took a test at Metro-Goldwyn’s for the lead with William Haines. Told to Joan Crawford awhile. There’s a girl who deserved a break and got it. She’s a great girl. Things look promising about the part.

MAY 7—Over to United Artists to see about a part as Mary Pickford’s sister. Wouldn’t it be grand if I got it? I always have adored her.

MAY 8—Went to see “Seventh Heaven.” What a picture! And what an actress Janet Gaynor is! Oh! It must be grand to get the biggest part of the year.

MAY 14—Woke up feeling great, but two things happened to make my day the worst yet. I didn’t get the Mary Pickford part and I didn’t get Billy Haines part. But I’m glad about the last one, because Joan wanted it, and I’m glad she got it. It looks like I’m never going to work in pictures again. I won’t cry after I get in bed tonight.

MAY 26—Went to see a firm of agents who just came out here from New York. Thought they might handle me and get me some good parts. Evidently they’re not interested. They evaded and said they would telephone me.

MAY 30—Had a terrible case of the weeps. Mother tried to cheer me up, but it all seems a total loss.

JUNE 2—Called over to Warner Brothers about a lead with George Jessel. Took a test for it. This may be a change of luck.

JUNE 6—Didn’t get the part with George Jessel.

JUNE 9—It’s been exactly three months since I left Sennett’s and I haven’t done
Do This
to have bright eyes

To restore the lustre of youth to dull, lifeless eyes, simply apply a few drops of harmless Murine. Also use it when your eyes are bloodshot to quickly clear them up. Many women use Murine every day to keep their eyes always clear and radiant. 60¢ buys a month's supply. Try it!

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Chest Colds

Just Rub
Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough, watch out! Rub Muste-
rolo on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. Muste- 
rolo penetrates the skin bringing; a soothing, cooling sensation and
welcome relief.

Recommended by doctors and nurses, Muste- 
rolo relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and
joints. Keep Muste- rolo handy.

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in milder form for babies and small

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Corrected by use of the Mar-
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Comfort either day or night or both.

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They were the prettiest girls I ever saw, and they were all having tests. Mr. St. Clair was directing the test. He never looked at me. Test after test was made, and at five o'clock I was the last one left, all tiring. Finally, Mr. St. Clair came over to me and said, "Well, it's late but we'll take it." He seemed tired. I was so tired that I wasn't a bit nervous, and I was a little angry; no one had paid the slightest attention to me. Mr. St. Clair seemed bored, and as I went in front of the camera, I made up my mind that I'd make him wake up. He explained the part, but I knew it already. It was right out of the book and I had read it three times. He stood way behind the camera and started the test. When it was half way through, he was right up beside the camera, and when it was over, he came out and put his arm around me. He said, "I've made 200 tests and that's the best one. I don't even want to see it on the screen." I was weak, then, so I could hardly walk, but I was treading on air as I went home. Nearly hit a car at Melrose and La Brea. Grandmother, mother and I sat up half the night, discussing Loreda and planning and hoping and wishing.

**August 18**—Paramount called real early for me to come for another test. Met Mr. Emerson, and he said he was more than pleased with the first test, but that he wanted to see how I responded to direction. So he gave me another test of about five scenes from the picture. When it was over, he said, "You have the best chance of anyone." I haven't met Miss Loos yet, but the suspense is getting awful. I can hardly stand it. I bet I don't sleep at all tonight. I'm going to go back to see the test at three o'clock tomorrow. That's exactly three centuries.

**August 19**—Went to the studio at three o'clock and met Mr. Emerson. He took me into a dark projection room. The test was already running. There were two people in the room, but I couldn't see who they were. I was watching myself on the screen, and could hardly believe that I was that girl. When the lights came up, I saw I was sitting next to the tiniest person I had ever seen. Mr. Emerson said, "Bug. I want you to meet Miss Taylor." She said, "Hello," and that's all. It was Miss Loos. As I walked out of the room, Mr. Emerson said, "Well, it's up to the executives now. As far as Miss Loos is concerned you've got it." A lot of men walked in as I went out. I went home and as soon as I got there, Mr. Datig called me up and said for me to hurry right back. My head was swimming. Things happened so fast. I got to the studio, Mr. Datig ushered me into a room filled with men. It was the publicity department and they all interviewed me and asked me questions like, "Do you think you have a blonde personality?" I didn't know what it was all about. Then the door flew open and in came Miss Loos and Mr. Emerson. She laughed and said, "Your test was the worst, so we picked you." Mr. Emerson shook hands with me, and they went out and the man started asking me questions again.

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Copy this dancing girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win first prize. This contest is for amateurs only (17 years of age or more), so do not hesitate to enter, even if you haven't had much practice.

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Imagine! I had just gotten the biggest part of the year, and I was expected to answer questions. I was dazed. Then Mr. Datig came and got me and took me into the attorney’s office and I signed a contract to play the part. And there’s options with it, so if they like me in the part, they will take up my options on a five-year contract. Who’s the happiest girl in the whole world tonight? Don’t be silly.

August 20—Went to the studio today to pose for photographs. I’m having a terrible time keeping it a secret. I’m not to say anything until it comes out in the paper.

August 24—It was in the papers tonight. The phone kept ringing, and it seems like every one of my friends called up to congratulate me. Isn’t it too marvelous?

August 25—The phone began ringing at seven o’clock. I have more friends than I realized. Went to the studio to be interviewed by a Photoplay Magazine writer. My first real interview. Went to the Montmartre for dinner. That agent from New York that turned me down months ago was there and came up and said, “I knew all the time you’d get it. I knew you had it in you.” The phone rang until eleven o’clock.

August 26—Got wires from Texas Guinan and Edna Hibbard, who played Dorothy in the play in New York. They were kind to remember me. Lots of other telegrams too. Saw Mr. Lasky at the studio and he congratulated me.

August 27—Today started the big thrill of getting wardrobe for the part of Lorelei. Had a long talk with Travis Banton, who showed several sketches he made of costumes for the part. They are gorgeous. I’m to have loads of pretty things. Took another test with a candidate for Dorothy.

August 29—Studio all day taking tests of girls for Dorothy. I’m getting awfully tired. Went over to Madeline Hurlock’s for dinner, and we talked over the good old days at Sennett’s. Gee, I wish I’d get over this excitement. I can’t seem to get to sleep.

August 30—Heard the picture is to start the 12th. Can’t wait. Looked at some more sketches. My clothes are going to be exquisite. Travis Banton is terribly clever.

SEPT. 1—Went to studio. Two interviews in the morning. My photographs in the afternoon, and then two more tests for Dorothy candidates. Am I busy? I asked for work and got it!

SEPT. 2—This afternoon Mal St. Clair took me into Pola Negri’s dressing room to meet her. She’s terribly fascinating and quite beautiful. She looked at me and said, “You will be goot.” Coming out we met Louise Brooks and Mal introduced me to her. She has more chic than any girl I ever met. I like her.

SEPT. 3—Hairdressers all morning. No call from the studio and I came home and relaxed. The first day I’ve been home in two weeks. Read “Gentlemen Prefer Blones” again. It’s the best book I ever read.

SEPT. 7—Went to a preview of Mary Pickford’s picture, “My Best Girl.” It’s splendid. I saw the part I was supposed to play but didn’t get. But I don’t feel bad about it now. A lot more people came up and congratulated me as I was leaving the theater.

SEPT. 8—Took test at ten thirty. I hope they pick a Dorothy soon. Tonight I made my first personal appearance as an added attraction at Loew’s State. It’s amazing the interest the public takes in Lorelei.

SEPT. 10—I wear a long blonde wig in the first part. It’s gorgeous. Hal Rosson is to photograph the picture. He is considered one of the best cameramen in the business.

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A study in concentration. These little troupers have been working in scenes of “The Man Who Laughs,” and, to meet the requirements of the California law, they have been dismissed from the set for a few hours to study their lessons. In a corner of the studio, under the supervision of Mrs. Mary West, the young players study as earnestly as though they were miles away from the camera.
SEPT. 14—“Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” started today. What a relief! I couldn’t believe it until now. Now I actually am Lorelei and am really acting in the part.

SEPT. 19—Worked all day at studio. Did the murder. Miss Loos told me today I was doing better than they ever hoped anyone would ever do. I hope people will like me in the picture. You never can tell, though. I may fall right now, but a flop at the finish. Fittings until 8 o’clock. Home dead tired.

SEPT. 20—Worked today with Chester Conkin. He is the judge. He’s a marvelous comedian. Mal said I did well.

SEPT. 21—Alice White selected as Dorothy. She has done some great things for First National and I think she is a great selection for the part.

SEPT. 22—Anita and John Emerson left at 6 o’clock for New York. They told me I was doing good work and to keep it up. I was terribly sorry to see them leave. Anita Loos has been like a fairy godmother. Everything has turned out beautifully since I’ve known her.

SEPT. 30—Worked all day and until 9 o’clock tonight. Then rushed to a dinner at the Ambassador to a dinner given for me by a man who just came back from Paris. He brought me an antelope bag from Patou’s and a marquise pin. Lorelei’s first gifts.

Oct. 8—Worked all day, then a big night. Mal St. Clair and his wife gave a Lorelei party for me at his house. Had a glorious time. Crowds of people were there, and everyone was so sweet.

OCT. 10—After work went to the ice rink and skated. Fell down and tonight have a big black and blue mark. If I was still working at Sennett’s it would show.

Oct. 12—Had the biggest thrill today. Opened two magazines and found big interviews about me. Six months ago interviews as Lorelei would have been a wild dream.

Oct. 15—Finished the picture at 2:04 this afternoon. We had a lot of farewell pictures taken, and Mal gave me a lovely corsage of orchids. Somehow I feel terribly sad. I only hope the public likes the picture one-half as well as I liked working in it.

Oct. 17—The studio called this morning and asked me to come over to see Mr. Schulberg. When I walked into his office, he looked at me in a funny way. I was still standing at the door. Finally he said, “Dear Miss Taylor, it’s been very nice having you with us, and I’ve called you in to say goodbye.” Then got up and walked toward me. I almost died. He’s going to show me the door. I’ve been an flop. Another dream broken. A lot of lovely thoughts rushed through my head. The next thing I knew he was shaking my hand and saying, “I want to say goodbye to Lorelei. We decided yesterday that we want you to sign a long-term contract and to stay with us, not as Lorelei but as Ruth Taylor, Paramount featured player.”

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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

not a golfer, then choose something else with which you are familiar and write a script about it.

Fifth: Remember the limitations of the camera. Try not to let yourself become involved in too many intricate and unusual camera details. Remember that the professional cameraman has an entire technical staff and equipment at his disposal.

Sixth: Never be afraid to tackle anything new. The amateur is blessed indeed in that he has no need to think of how his picture will sell and whether or not the new effects he devises will please the public. An amateur has freedom from all business considerations, therefore a lack of courage in his efforts is unpardonable.

A LOS ANGELES photo-filter specialist now has soft focus and fog filters adaptable to the 16 mm. lens used by amateur cameras. The first—a diffusing screen—brings a softened image without sacrificing speed. The soft focus was devised by D. W. Griffith and is used continually in professional films. The fog filter gives all the effect of foggy weather and can also be used in making soft focus art titles. Try it on an outdoor shot this winter.

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Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Analyzes Mary Pickford

[Continued from page 31]

without anything. She was wonderful through those hard poverty days."

"...and she has always protected you from the commercial side of your work. hasn't she?" I interpolated.

"Oh, yes, the unpleasant part, the hardening part, the part that frets so many artists," she said with sparkling eyes. Mary's love for her mother is very deep and sincere.

"You would have loved to have had children of your own, two or three," I suggested.

"Oh, yes, not two or three, but twelve or thirteen. Grandma had thirteen. It means so much to us to have little Mary. Somehow, I don't know just how I am going to do it, but I am going to have a lot of children. And I must not wait too long, I want to grow up with them, watch them develop." And Mary meant it.

"Is it true about the college picture?" I asked.

"Oh, no, but we did discuss one. But college pictures are being overdone. It would have to be an exceptionally good story. You know, the most important things about pictures are, first the story, then the directing, and then the editing. It is the most difficult to find good stories.

Sam Taylor directed 'My Best Girl' delightfully, and Kathleen Norris wrote, although we had her change it a little for us."

"And the next picture?" I asked.

"I don't know, Doug and I considered doing a picture together called 'The Crusaders.' I was to be the girl leading 30,000 boy children on a terrific march. But, oh, well, we doubt the advisability of doing a picture together just yet."

"If you are about seventeen in 'My Best Girl,' you are beginning to grow up gradually. You have usually been nearer twelve," I remarked.
"Yes, I think perhaps I can do it that way. I would like to do one taking a little girl's life from tiniest babylhood and play-
ing her at various ages. Mary is very fine for that."

"And take us right through to her old age?"

"Oh, women don't grow that old any more," said Mary. "There aren't any really old women any more. I would get quite old—oh, perhaps 55, she could even be a grandmother soon after that."

So you see, behind it all, with all her freedom and power, we have a very troubled Mary, wondering how she can in-
veigle the public into letting her grow up. She is devising ways and means of slipping it over on them. She wants to love the mature Mary just as they have loved the skinny-legged, lively, lovable little-girl Mary. But somehow they expect Mary, like Peter Pan, to stay kiddish forever. They love her maternal little ways—but they want her Wendy-ish, just playing at being mother.

THEY want to keep Mary a bud that never blooms. And, of course, Mary does seem very much like those buds that sometimes make such a glorious start on the American Beauty rose tree. Their lovely petals cling so closely, and give such promise of a wondrous bloom to come, but they never open out and flaunt their full glory.

Yet the same public that has adored Mary in her immature roles continues to expect great things of her. Mary has been so full of promise, so perfectly blooming, that one realizes this more than Mary. Apparently unfettered by the fetters that beset other artists, Mary still feels curiously fettered.

"But you love pictures and will go on making them for, well, another ten years," I suggested.

I DON'T know. Perhaps not so long as that. I think I have found my province for the present in this fine, young, middle-class working girl type. It would be a pity for me to retire from pictures altogether, with my long experience. I suppose I shall always want to make pictures. But I am coming to hate staring pictures. I want pictures that give every actor a chance. 'My Best Girl' does that—it really isn't just Mary Pickford. Several other members of the cast have excellent roles. Perhaps, in some ten years hence you talk about, I shall be developing new actors and not be caring so very much what happens for Mary Pickford," she said.

"You could go back to the legitimate stage," I suggested. "Your training be-

"Oh, one should never try to go back. That would be a serious mistake. No, one must always go forward, don't you think? If not in one's old sphere, then in another. It isn't good to try to go back to anything, not even to the old home town, or one's old loves."

And I recalled hearing Mary say—oh, years ago—that the moment she felt that the public no longer wanted her she would retire. She was talking about another actress's heartaches at that time, and

earnestly feeling the poignancy of the position of the then once famous woman who did not realize her day was done.

And there she is going to be psyching herself with ruthless criticism. I could almost see the promise of this torture forming in her mind—and it seemed so incongruous in this dainty, trim, fairylike little person with the glowing gold curls.

If only this Mary's mind had not matured, if only she were incapable of this ruthless self-analysis, she might have gone on being the same buoyant child-like Mary Pickford for another generation of picture fans to adore. But as it is, the harshest critic that Mary will ever have will be Mary.

BUT always she is wrestling with Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, who has made four mind-illuminating, intelligence-whetting tours through Europe—the travelled, cul-
tured Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who has come to know, enjoy, appreciate the fas-
cinating sophistications of a very different world from the one Mary Pickford por-
trays. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who is at home at royal courts and entertains great celebrities of all sorts. The home, seems to have so little in common with the spindle-legged Mary Pickford of the screen, romping in hodyenish delight through her simple little heart-touching tragi-comedies.

Mary said she had created a false situation in Fauntleroy by playing both the mother and the son and trying to win public sympathy at being distressed at being separated from herself. Yet that is just what has happened to Mary in real life—wealth, success, power, a developed intelligence has separated Mary from herself. When she said those old hard poverty days were more real to her than any life that has been hers since, she meant it.

And when we were talking about little Mary, the eleven-year-old, who is only to picture her if she really loves it, Mary also added that it was very difficult for anyone to make good in anything when the financial urge was missing. Wealth and place weaken endeavor, weaken the will to sacrifice, weaken passionate enthusiasm. Mary's little Mary will never know poverty, so that she will be denied those essential urges.

AND our Mary, too, has wealth and place. They haven't managed to kill her deep love for her work, but they have unsettled her, made her restless—actually, they have often enticed her into being more confident in herself. It seemed so foolish, sitting there gazing at the triumphant, successful, affluent and free Mary, knowing her for having gained the arch-desire of screenland, and yet want to take her in one's arms and comfort her, pet her, urge her affectionately that 'Every-thing's all right, dear. You are still the beloved Mary.'

Besides, Mary was smiling . . . or was it the cultured, charming Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks who was smiling—and keeping my uncalled-for emotions in their place? I am afraid I should have received a cul-
tured little snub from Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, had I dared to express any absurd sympathy for Mary Pickford.
Just A Song At Midnight

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

All at once Ann—being a poet—was dramatizing herself. As women will do—even, sometimes, when they are not poets. She was seeing herself a Columbine—gay, spangled, mad with youth. Dancing off to the city. And to a Harlequin who was the essence of cities and of those things—success and money and position—for which the city stands. While Pierrot, in his eternal clown suit, with his violin clasped to his breast and his grotesquely whitened face lifted to the sky—faithful Pierrot who had known her lips—waited. Waited in the shadow of the trysting tree.

QUITE suddenly Ann had hurried to her feet. She was crossing to the crowded desk on which she wrote her copy—and her poems. Which, with the years, were becoming more and more popular. Seating herself at the desk she selected a wide, white sheet of paper and a stubby pen. And began to write. To write the picture that her imagination had painted.

And when she had finished writing it, she rose, just a shade wearily, and began to undress.

A warm bath and a night gown of peach colored crepe rather renewed her confidence in herself. She didn’t read over the poem—not at all. Until the next morning. And then she found it was surprisingly good—a lyric bit of verse, with a shade of really deep feeling between the lines of it. And so—the mood of drama quite gone, and Jeremy again a dim figure from the dim past, she typed the poem. And put it into a long manila envelope, and sent it to the office of a certain popular magazine that was published once a week. And three days later the magazine sent her a check for it.

Quite a nice check, with which she purchased cuff links for Richard.

It was two months later that Richard—buying a copy of the certain popular magazine, while they loitered along the avenue—let his gaze run down the length of the poem. He paused, on the street, to read it—as he was wont sometimes to pause, and scrutinize the columns of the financial page. And he saw:

"It’s a pretty thing," he told Ann, as he read it—"Columbine’s Song." Sort of fanciful—what? I wonder, darling, where your ideas come from? You?—even on the avenue his hand could find her hand—"You don’t know how proud I am, when I see your name in print!"

Ann returned the pressure of his fingers. Her eyes did not follow along the column of type. Ann was workman enough to lose active interest in her verse—once it was out of hand. But, even though she did not read it over—even though she had forgotten, partly, the swing of the lines (for much had run out of her stubby pen since the evening of the poem’s birth—and she had covered many wide sheets of paper)—she spoke just a shade anxiously.
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"Richard," she questioned—"would it matter to you that I'd kissed any other man before we—we became engaged?"

She spoke almost shyly.

Richard was laughing.

"Good Lord," he ejaculated—"why should it matter? You're not a child—of course. I'm not the first chap you've ever kissed! I'd feel there was something wrong with you if I were. I've—" reminiscently he smiled—"I've kissed other women, myself. But—all at once his voice was serious—"I won't ever—again. And neither will you!" Ann looked up at him with eyes suddenly misty.

"I reckon," she whispered—"still rather shyly—"that you're right! Dear."

AND the poem, innocently appearing enough, found its way into a good many homes—for the popular magazine had an amazing circulation. And a young girl pasted it in the frame of her mirror, and a man tucked an old man tucked it into his wallet.

And a woman with grey hair sighed, and another woman with auburn hair left her husband at his Canfield, and went into the next room to write an indiscreet letter.

And a certain man, in a certain small, but growing town, packed a prosperous, looking pigskin traveling bag, and started—with a look on his face that was half puzzled and half self-conscious—toward the city.

And on the sleeper, before he tumbled into the lower berth that the porter had made up for him, the man took the poem—already a shade frizzled about the edges—from his pocket. And read it over. It went like this—

"Harlequin, Harlequin, you have my lips, You may know the pressure of my dainty finger tips; You may always dance with me, when haunting waltz tunes start, You may hold me close, so close—but Pierrot has my heart!

"Often we may speak of love, often we may play At the vivid game of youth—we may have life's day. We may wander hand in hand, when the moon is bright, But I hear a little song calling through the night.

"I may listen as you talk, I may laugh with you, I may wear my gayest gowns—rose and mauve and blue— I may give you much of joy, pay you rapture's toll, You may have my lips, always... But Pierrot has my soul!

"Harlequin, Harlequin, we may journey far, To that paradise of dreams, where no returnings are! We may cross the highest peak, the seventh silver sea, But still I know that Pierrot waits, beneath the trysting tree..."

So, on a slim note of wistfulness, the poem ended.

IT was in the late afternoon that the telephone operator at the small hotel rang to tell Ann that there was a gentle-

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man waiting. It was rather a little joke between them—Ann and the telephone operator. For it was always the same gentleman who waited, although the girl at the switchboard liked to clothe it in mystery!

"Oh, send him up!" Ann said blithely—for she had not been expecting Richard until a whole hour later. And then she put Richard's roses in front of his picture on the table in her small living room. Not that she was emotionally dishonest—it was her dramatic sense again. The position of the roses did not make her love either them—or Richard's photograph—more greatly!

It always took so long for the elevator to carry Richard from the hotel's foyer to the door of her apartment. Ann had admired it by timing the process—and discovering that the actual space involved was a little less than two minutes. From the way her heart thumped, while waiting, she had fancied it to be much longer! After putting the flowers in their place, she ran to the door and stood—childishly expectant. It was a tiny joke of theirs that her opening of the door occurred so soon after Richard's knock upon it that there wasn't even time for an echo!

One minute. One minute and a half. Ann read off the ticking of the second from her busy little wrist watch. And then a knock. A trifle louder than Richard's usual knock. She swung the door sharply inward, reached forward with white, expectant hands. Hands that fell suddenly to her sides. For the man, revealed by the opening door, was not Richard! The man was decidedly not Richard!

For a moment she thought he was, indeed, a stranger. And then came the sound of a voice—a voice that brought with it a throb of memory.

"Well, Ann," said the voice. "I'd—I'd scarcely know you, girl! You've changed—filled out, some, I guess!" (What woman can stand the expression, "filled out"—especially when she is close to thirty—without wincing?)

And Ann, answering, tried to make her voice sound normal, as she stood aside to let her visitor enter.

"So have you changed," she said—slowly—and why wouldn't you? After—ten years."

It was Jeremy. Jeremy who had played Schubert's silver song in the moonlight. Jeremy whose kisses had taught her lips the meaning of romance. Jeremy whose arms had been like bands of steel, holding her close. Jeremy—and she would never have recognized him save for his voice!

For Jeremy showed, plainly, each of the ten years that had gone by. They might—thought Ann, gazing at him, have been measured in pounds. Jeremy, who had been so youthful slenderness, so lithe—was stout. No—fat. He, indeed, had filled out. Ann's eyes—travelling upward, from his broad, sensibly shod feet to his uncovered head—noticed, with a sense of complete unreality, that he was beginning to get bald. There was a pink spot that showed, ever so plainly, through the thinning brown hair. Jeremy—quickly she calculated his years—was in his early thirties. And yet he was
strangely middle-aged. Strangely settled.
Together, and silently, they walked across the small room. Together, like awkward children—left alone in a parlor, and not too sure that the grown-ups weren't watching them, they reached for themselves a Vanilla. On the way to the divan Jeremy had, quite in the manner of one who plans to stay awhile, placed his hat upon the table. It seemed strange, to Ann, that another man's hat should be set upon the table in front of Richard's phonograph and his flowers. She almost said something of the sort and caught herself just in time. For when he spoke, at last, it was with a jerk of one thumb in the direction of Richard's likeness.

"And I suppose," he said abruptly, "that's your Harlequin?"
Ann gulped. Her wide eyes blinked with a frightened kitten expression. And then—
"You mean?" she queried.

JEREMY had fished into his pocket with a hand that, all at once, was slightly nervous. He brought to light the beginning-to-be frayed page of a popular magazine.

"That's why I came," he said slowly, handing Ann the fragment of printing. "I read this. I knew, at once, that you meant—me. And I came to save you from making—a mistake . . .

Ann's fingers were curiously numb as she reached for the ill advised child of her brain. Yes—it was "Columbine's Song" right enough. What evil fate had prompted her to write such a thing? Her wonderings were interrupted by Jeremy's voice.

"I wouldn't have known you meant me," he was saying, "if you hadn't mentioned the old trysting tree. That made me sure—Oh, Ann—" all at once he was reaching toward her, and Ann realized at the moment that jokes about fat men in love had no foundation of fact. This fat man in love was not amusing. Angerily she put the width of the room between them.

"Jeremy—" she said, "don't! It's all so silly!"
The man had risen from the divan.

"What's silly?" he asked, and there was an aggressive tilt to his square chin.
Ann tried to explain.

"ALL this," she said at last, and vaguely, "You coming here, for instance. And me, writing a sentimental poem. And being engaged—a third man!"
Jeremy laughed. Was there a note of triumph in his laughter?

"Oh," he said, almost airy, "I expected you to be engaged. At least. Why, for all I knew, you might have been married—" lightly his fingers tapped the poem.

"And—" Ann's eyes were even wider than they had been—if I were married?"
The man's own eyes were wide. As if he, himself, were astonished at his daring.

"I'd rescue you!" he said, quite simply. And even the idea of him as a chubby knight errant was not laughable. Not, at least, to Ann.

"Oh, Jeremy!" she breathed in plaintive accents. How on earth would she explain to him that the poem was just a throwback—that it meant nothing at all? "Oh, Jeremy!" she half sobbed. And realized, as her voice caught in her throat, that she was sobbing from nervously. It was bad enough, quite, to have an old lover return—and unexpectedly. It was worse to have him come romantically, with high flung phrases and knightly gestures. Insistent upon rescuing one from a situation that was happily beyond need of rescue.

WHEN Richard called upon the telephone, some twenty minutes later, to tell of an unexpected business matter, that would keep him late at the office, he had no way of knowing the relief that swept—at the sound of his apostrophe voice—over Ann's face. It had been a keen problem in her mind—how to get Jeremy away before Richard's arrival.

"Oh, that'll be all right," she answered, almost too sweetly. "I'll see you tomorrow."
And then she hung up the receiver and turned to Jeremy—who had loomed upon the sofa. Jeremy who had never stirred from his place at the tinkling of the telephone bell. It was his very solidity, his—his selness—that forced him into hysterical speech.

"Oh, for goodness sake," she cried, "let's get away from here! Let's—" inspiration touched her, "let's go out to dinner."

Jeremy rose with something like alacrity.

"That's a good girl," he answered approvingly—"hurry into your hat, and we'll go. Believe me—I can eat right now!" One knew, looking at him, that he could usually eat.

And so it happened that in the space of ten minutes, they were walking together down the wide avenue. The avenue which belonged to Richard, not Jeremy. In the direction of the famous old restaurant of which Jeremy had once spoken, a book, and did not rest upon Jeremy's stout arm. In fact, both of her hands were clenched tight in the pockets of her coat.
They were a trifle early for dinner. And, as Jeremy ordered from the suave French waiter, Ann was glad of the hour. Many of her friends dropped in to his same restaurant when the later evening came. It would be—nicer—if she and Jeremy had left before there was a question of any embarrassing introduction.

They ate their soup—a soup rich and pungent—in silence. They waited, still holding hands, for their courses. Jeremy, who was sitting next to the lady. And, when the orchestra came on to the little balcony from which they dispensed music, and began to tune up. And—a shade idly, his tuning done, the violinist began to play. Softly, half to himself, for the dining room was sparsely settled.
At the first note of his song, Ann felt her heart sinking, sinking. This chain of coincidence was growing too strong. In her heart of hearts she heard a strangely familiar voice, repeating a line she had written.

"But I hear a little song, calling through the night." was the line.

She glanced at Jeremy under heavy lashes, and saw with relief that he was not listening—that he was watching the appearance of the waiter.

"It is good food they serve here," he
said. And did not notice that the song was over.

Ann did not want to say it. It was something she didn't want to bring up. But—

"You used to play the violin rather well," she told him, and her voice was soft.

Jeremy laughed and cut into the meat that lay upon his plate—

"So I did," he answered, "but I haven't touched my fiddle for years. I have a radio—now—best one in town. I've gotten three thousand miles on it. Say!" His mind was not one to stay too long upon any subject, "how about a side order of some mushrooms under glass?"

It was when they were beginning dessert that the thing Ann had been fearing happened. A friend came into the restaurant. Not one of the friends that she especially shared with Richard—no, it wasn't as bad as that! A thin little wisp of a girl who always looked starved—and who claimed to admire greatly the quality of Ann's verse. A girl who lived upon the fringe of Bohemia—who, rather, existed there. She hurried to their table—did the thin little girl—and seated herself wearily in the chair that Jeremy drew forward.

"I'm only going to have a salad for supper," she said—raising her large eyes to Jeremy's face. "Do you mind if I stay here, with you? It's—it's so lonely eating by one's self!"—her voice was wistful.

Ann, though glad of the interruption, stifled an unwelcome word. She knew this girl so well. The salad would become, miraculously, a steak and potatoes au gratin. And it would appear on their bill. Not—she stole a glance at her companion—not that that would bother Jeremy. He looked prosperous enough.

She stole a glance at Jeremy! And saw—with amusement—that his eyes were smiling as they rested upon the face of the thin little girl. And then, all at once, she was remembering Jeremy's first word of greeting, to her. A word that might have expressed a vague disappointment.

"You've filled out—" he had said. Just that.

But he was speaking again. This time to the girl who was an interloper.

"You're darn right it's lonely, eating without a dinner partner," he said. "I know. And say, a salad's not enough for you. You don't look strong enough to get along on such light fare."

The girl sighed.

"Perhaps you're right," she agreed, gently, and drew the waiter's attention to the special steak—"but most men aren't so—so thoughtful. What a—" she sighed again—"what a wonderful husband you'd make! I—I take it you're not married?"

Jeremy was flushing. And Ann, watching the thin little girl, credited her with a real cleverness. The child, she knew, was usually without financial resource. Perhaps the solidity of Jeremy had an appeal for her. Perhaps—

"No, he's not married," she answered almost maliciously—"not—yet!"

Jeremy shot a glance at her. For one who had travelled miles because of a shred of poetry, his expression bore a strange chill. Or—was it—fear—apprehension?
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But the thin girl was not noticing the exchange of words—or glances. Artlessly she bubbled on.

"We're all so happy for Ann," she murmured. "She's going to marry soon, you know. And I hear that the man she's going to marry is—ah a dear. Do you know him?"

Under cover of the table cloth Ann's hands were clasped together. It had come—a direct question. If Jeremy answered it, as directly, it would mean an exciting story to find its way back to Richard. But Jeremy—this day—was doing the unexpected.

"No," he said, very slowly, with his eyes on his now empty plate. "No. I haven't met the lucky man. But I've known Ann for years. She's from the little town I live in—"

"Oh," the thin girl's face was almost aslant as she cut into the steak that the waiter placed in front of her—and suddenly Ann knew that the girl had been actually hungry. Hungry in more ways than one.

"Oh," she said—"I'd love to live in a little town! I'm so—" was there a real sob in her voice? "I'm so tired of cities—"

Jeremy was leaning forward. And, on his eager face, Ann saw the reflection of the slim youth she had known ten years before.

"Would you really?" he questioned. And then, very boyishly—"I have a house and a garden—"

It was the beginning of the end.

They sat at the table after dinner, talking. Talking happily and naturally. The banjo bands that had held Ann's soul in check had been swept away. And Jeremy—quite plainly Jeremy had found another Columbine! One who, if she captured him, would never desert the jesting string or the slightly changed song that he was able to sing! It took Ann's sense of responsibility away. Her feel curiously free, this thought. When at last they left the hotel, she knew, by the prodigious size of the tip he gave the waiter—that the man was really interested.

They delivered the girl at the doorway of the shabby rooming house in which she lived—after driving in a taxi for many costly hours, through a city park. And as they went on in the taxi, toward her hotel, Ann found that she was laughing. Her chuckle was utterly delicious in its kindliness. She didn't ask a question. She didn't have to—Jeremy answered the chuckle.

"After all, Ann," he said ponderously—"we've both changed in ten years . . . ."

Ann swept the mirth from her voice before she answered him.

"What?" she said, at last.

"And," Jeremy's tone was suddenly less ponderous, "and—after all, you don't need me. And hang it, a fellow likes to be needed! Now—that kid we just left. Take her, for instance. She—she's so frail. She don't even know how to order a meal. A chap could make her happy in ways that wouldn't begin to satisfy you—"

Ann remembering the look on the girl's face as she viewed the steak, nodded her
head slowly. There in the darkness her voice was all sympathy when she spoke.

"A chap could—" she said. And then—

"Why don't you try it, Jeremy, yourself?"

Anxiously the man turned toward her, in the darkness of the swiftly moving cab. His tone was actually shy when at last he spoke.

"I'd like to—" he told her—"if you're sure you understand."

Suddenly, swiftly, Ann leaned forward. And kissed the astonished Jeremy upon one plump cheek. It was a kiss that a sister—a mother—might have bestowed.

"You darling!" she said.

Jeremy's answering kiss was brotherly in the extreme.

It was well after eleven when she entered her room. But Ann was not considering the hour. She tossed her hat and coat aside. Her gloves hung upon the table. She kissed Richard's photograph (once she had kissed another photograph) and touched one of his flowers with a slim forefinger. And then she went to the telephone and called his number.

It took quite awhile to get the number. But central rang persistently. And then, when Ann had about given up hope, there was a click.

And Richard's voice asked a sleepy question.

"It's—" Ann's answering words held a joyous note—"it's—" even she was ungrammatical—"me. I was afraid you'd thought I was abrupt, this afternoon, but I had a guest."

As one struggling back from another world, Richard answered.

"I didn't think any such thing, " he told her—"I was in the deuce of a hurry myself. Say—" was there an aggrieved note in his voice—"I've been asleep since ten."

Ann's tone had lost some of its exuberance. Yet she persisted.

"But I just wanted you to know—" she told him softly—"that I love you."

That I reckon I've always loved you. That I'll never love anyone else! You must believe me!"

Richard's voice came in an almost business-like way over the telephone.

"Of course, I believe you!" he told her. "And I love you, too—" Nobly he stifled a yawn—"but Ann, I heard the faint hint of it across the wire. "And—" he didn't mean to be unkind in changing the subject, "And now, darling, you must get your beauty sleep. And I think you're the sweetest—" it was another yawn that Ann heard as she put the receiver softly in its place.

Of course—oh! of course! Men aren't Don Juan's when they've been awakened from a sound sleep by the loud ringing of a bell. Most men aren't even polite. But it was with a sense of disappointment, of let down, that Ann turned from the telephone. The tears were not far from her eyelids as she seated herself carelessly—want of something better to do—at her broad desk.

There was white paper on the desk.

A pen. All at once Ann was drawing the pen toward her—dipping the pen into the ink bottle. Dramatizing herself again? But—certainly. There are times when all women dramatize themselves—even when they aren't poets! In the morning?

Well, there were also long manila envelopes upon the desk!

"All day long I waited—" she wrote, and she was being very sorry for herself as she formed the words—"with soul ahame did I wait."

And then, through the still of the evening,

I heard your voice at the gate!

And your voice—it was like the shadows—sombre and dim and gray,

And the flame died out of my waiting heart, with the words that I could not say!"

Sighing meditatively—and feeling ever so much better—Ann started upon the second verse.

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**Whip Woman, the**—First National—From the story by Forrest Halsey and Leland Hayward. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: Sari, Estelle Taylor; Count Michal Ferenz; Antonio Moreno; The Baron, Lowell Sherman; Countess Ferenz, Hedda Hopper; Miss Halldane, Julanne Johnston; The Girl, Loretta Young.


**Rose-Marie**—M.G.M.—From the play by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein. Scenario by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Lucien Hubbard. The cast: Rose Marie, Joan Crawford; Jim Kenyon, James Murray; Sergeant Malone, House Peters; Etienne Hoyle, Creighton Hale; Black Bastin, Gibson Gowland; Lady Jane, Polly Moran; Henri, Lionel Belmere; Emma, William Orlanord; Wanda, Gertrude Astor; Joan, Ralph Repsley; Hudson, Sven Hugo Borg; Gray, Harry Griibbin.

**Gateway of the Moon**—Fox—From the story by Clifford Bax. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by John Griffith Wray. The cast: Toni, Dolores Del Rio; Arthur Wyatt, Walter Pidgeon; George Gillette, Anders Randolf; Henry Hooker, Ted McNamara; Rudolf Gottman, Adolf Millar; Jim Martlacke, Leslie Fenton; Soriano, Noble Johnson; Indiana child, Virginia LaFonde.

**Sporting Goods**—Paramount—From the play by James Forbes. Adapted by Tom Crizer and Ray Harris. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: Richard Shaw, Robert Elliott, Gertrude Olmsted; Jordan, Ford Sterling; Henry Thorpe, Phillip Strange; Mrs. Elliot, Myrtle Stedman; Royan, Wallace Beery; Timothy Stafefeld, Claude King; Mrs. Stafefeld, Maude Turner Gordon; Reggie, Lige Conley; Cyril, Tom Maguire; Hotel Manager, E. H. Calvert.

**Latest from Paris, the**—M.G.M.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by A. P. Younger. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: Agnes Dolan, Norma Shearer; Mrs. Elliott, George Sidney; Joe Adams, Ralph Forbes; Mr. Blog, Tenen Holtz; Bud Dolan, William Bakewell; Bert Bleins, Bert Roach; Louise Morgan, Margaret Landis.

**Love and Learn**—Paramount—From the story by Doris Anderson. Adapted by Florence Ryerson. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Nancy Blair, Esther Ralston; Johnny Center, Lane Chandler; Mrs. Ann Blair, Hedda Hopper; Robert Blair, Claude King; Hansen, Jack Clark; Jim Riley, John Trent; Sergeant Flynn, Hal Craggs; Rose, Helen Lynch; Matron, Catherine Parrish; Martha, Martha Franklin; Gardener, Jerry Mandy;
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My only son, a handsome, blond American, volunteered in the World War when he was just eighteen and still at school.

Like thousands of others, he came home so changed.

He was so restless and craved an exciting life at night.

Very soon my heart was torn apart; my only child was slowly losing his mind.

I gave up all of my time to him.

We motored to Yellowstone and the beautiful Puget Sound country. He was fairly happy while on the go.

But my strength soon began to go, and I had to put him in one of the U. S. Veterans' Hospitals.

We were in Seattle when Rudolph Valentino died. Two of his plays were being shown. My son chose "The Son of the Sheik" and we went to see it.

Seated upon my right was an Italian woman, young, animated and evidently very tender-hearted. She had sobbed so long, and touched her arm gently and remarked: "Do you see this handsome young man on my left?"

She dried her eyes, looked at him and said, "Yes, Ma'am, isn't he grand?"

I then asked, "Why weep for the dead?" We all loved Rudy, but he is at peace. My poor boy faces being shut up behind iron bars where he will fret his broken heart away, because he loves home, the great outdoors.

She threw her arms about me and sobbed, "I will stop crying and pray for your boy."

May I ask the fans if it would not do more real good to send some cheer to the poor fellows in the U. S. Veterans' Hospitals and help keep the living, and let our dear Valentino rest in peace?

Mrs. B. L. B.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A fine story of the most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance by James Murray and an exceptional "felt" by Wesley Barry.

IRRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE—Universal.—What happens when a hard-boiled bachelor meets a pretty young thing. Just the kind of nonsense slapped up by Norman Kerry and Lois Moran. (January.)

JAWS OF STEEL—Warners.—Rin-Tin-Tin draws a bad line. (September.)

JAZZ JINGER, THE—Warner.—Neither a Broadway reputation nor "Mammy" songs on the lips can conceal the painful fact that Al Jolson is no movie actor. (December.)

*JESSE JAMES—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in the role of the executioner of the exploits of the distinguished train robber. Don't let the blue-noses interfere with your enjoyment of a corking melodrama. (September.)

JOY GIRL, THE—Fox.—Oliver Borden's eyes and legs at Palm Beach. (November.)

LADIES AT EASE—Chadwick.—A ban imitation of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December.)

LADIES MUST DRESS—Fox.—A comedy that starts off like a whiskwind and then collapses. (January.)

LAST MOMENT, THE—Fine Arts.—An independent film, built around the theory of a drowning man on his last - also, review-in-a-few-seconds. Terribly overacted. (November.)

LAST WALTZ, THE—UFA-Paramount.—German cartoon of this year's most popular "revelation"—to put it over. Willy Fritsch wears uniform, horsewhip, crown and the blue trouser stripe. (November.)

LESION OF THE CONDEMNED, THE—Paramount.—More heart-gripping than "Wings." It's the story of the exploits of a French Flying Squadron. (February.)

LEGIONNAIRES IN PARIS—FBO.—A burlesque of what happened to the American Legion in France last summer. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh. (February.)

LES MISERABLES—Universal.—The Victor Herbert operettas as adapted. Objecting photographers and the setting proving that fifty million Frenchmen can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

LIFE OF RILEY, THE—First National.—George Sidney and Charlie Murray in—you'll never guess—another Irish-Jewish comedy. "Not as bad as most." (October.)

LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, A—Ravart.—Simple far with some sincere acting by Henry B. Walthall. (February.)

LIGHTER THAT FAILED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Hal Roach builds a comedy on a flinty theme. No one is last. (September.)

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney in a grand murder mystery. (October.)

LONE EAGLE, THE—Universal.—Another picture inspired by Lindbergh. Fair, thanks to young Raymond Walburn. (November.)

LONESOME LADIES—First Nation.—Lewis Stone and Anna Q. Nilsson in a rather amusing comedy of domestic revolts. (October.)

*LOVE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Anna Karina? Not so's you could notice it. But John Gilbert and Greta Garbo doit the Russian snow with their lips. Will it be popular? Don't be silly! (November.)

LOVELORN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The tale of two sisters who could have avoided a lot of tragedy by leading the wisdom of Bertrice Fairfax. Not a success. (December.)

LOVE MART, THE—First National.—Pictorially fine romantic of old Louisiana, with Billie Dove and Gene Raymond. (October.)

*LOVES OF CARMEN—Fox.—Very rough version of the Merimee-Bretat classic with a half-baked performance by Dolores Del Rio and some heavy coaching by the directors. McEachin. Lock up the children. (September.)

MADAME FOMPADO—Paramount.—Dorothy Mackaill and Antoinette Bower in English production, lavishly set but not particularly dramatic. A slight history of history that is not for the little Bowers. (October.)

* MAGIC FLAME, THE—Goldwyn-United Artists.—A story of romance, rather above all Vilma Benteke and Ronald Colman. Step right this way, girls. (September.)

MAIN EVENT, THE—Pathé-De Mille.—Price-fight stuff. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That's all. (January.)

MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill and Joel McCrea. A comedy about a couple of Down East high-laws who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

MAN'S Past, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy production with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. (October.)

*MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Kornbluth in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some con we can't reveal. (September.)

*MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—Universal.—Regis denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the picture. (November.)

MCKROY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney, as a Russian peasant with a harelip, gets all mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a new Western hero—Bibbe Steele. He's a good kid with a pleasant personality. (October.)

MOON OF ISRAEL—FBO.—A foreign version of the "Ten Commandments." It should not have been let by Elvis Jennings. (September.)

MUM'S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reel comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phillips that deserves your patronage. (December.)

*MY BEST GIRL—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played by "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary's greatest. The children, of course (December.)

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

NAUGHTY BUT NICE—First National.—The ugly duckling goes to boarding school and gets a course in IT. Colden Moore makes it entertaining. (September.)

NEST, THE—Fox.—Excellent. Pauline Frederick brings her great skill to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (November.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A de luxe Western, with George O. Brophy. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and plenty of tangles. (November.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff has been spliced to the top of "Vichy," and Alice Allen and Lady Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a South Sea isle, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Walter Beery and Ray Milland show signs of weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)

OLD SAN FRANCISCO—Warner.—The earth- quakes shake the Bay Area. Have Donald Crisp and Greta Garbo out of the Fate that is Worse than Death. Lots of action, that is set by Dohrn. (September.)

ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warner.—Wherein love saves the championship for a pugilist. With Monte Blue and Leila Lyman. Not so bad. (December.)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It is a love story which will not hit all, but charmingly told and ingeniously acted by Lawrence Vidor and Victor von Eltz. (November.)

ON TO RENO—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but with a twist by James Crain, should do better than this. (December.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Reginald Denny as a man who will not or may not be a teacher of aesthetic dancing. We had to laugh! (January.)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount.—Lane Chandler and his horse in Roy Seatorium Westerns now leaping across our screens. (October.)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity in a maclnsc-le made scene. (October.)

PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A slickly, charmingly directed comedy which kids the old hokum of the mythical kindgom of romance. (October.)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breathtaking incidents in the frantic career of Monsieur Hoot Gibson. (October.)

PAINTING THE TOWN—Universal.—Glen Tryon, a new comedian, just up among the Big Boys. Story of a small-town—matty but refreshing. (September.)

PAJAMAS—Fox.—Oliver Borden as one of those terrible movie society girls that ought to be slapped to sleep. (February.)

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Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your home-study course in ENGLISH.
*SHE'S A SHEIK*—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is great as a wild Arabian gal whom her man captures and tames. A swell evening. (January.)

*TIGRESS, THE*—Columbia.—How much Doeschy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)

*TIME TO LOVE*—Paramount.—Raymond Griffith tries to prove that now he can be as good and proving it, too. Of course, if you have lots of time to waste. (September.)

*TIP TOES*—British.—Dorothy Gil in another English picture that is just a filler. A brief moment of Will Rogers makes it worth your money. (October.)

*TOPSIS AND EVA*—United Artists.—Buckaroo story by the old-time pair Rosetta Duncan and Bert Roach. Funny in a way and slightly vulgar. (September.)

*TUMBLING RIVER*—Fox.—It's a Tom Mix picture and one his best. That's all you need to know. (October.)

*TWELVE MILES OUT*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A rather tawdry story of the old-time tom thumb story of a modern working girl. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (November.)

*UNCLE TOM'S CABIN*—Universal.—Harry Beecher Stowe's story re-written to include the Civil War and Sherman. It is just a nigger story to the Sen. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

*UNDERWORLD*—Paramount.—Great story, great photography, and the funniest scene depicting the seamy side of life. George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent and C. Henry Renew are killed with this. Not for the children. (September.)

*VANITY*—Producers Dist. Corp.—A society girl goes into crime. Sydney Seagull revives the fallen one. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (September.)

*VALLEY OF THE GIANTS*—First National.—The first real, big-screen Big Tree Country, stirringly acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (November.)

*VICTORY*—Starr.—Rod La Rocque joins the French Army and goes on a bomb-dust hunt. Once more Lupo Velez registers a hit. (February.)

*STANDARD*—Fox.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. . . . It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

*STUDENT PRINCE, THE*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of his best love stories, beautifully shot and colorised. He has nothing to write home about in his new ministry and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

*SUNRISE*—Fox.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do wonders in this story of a father's love for his son. Superbly played by H. H. Water and a fine cast. (January.)

*SUNRISE*—Fox.—The little girl-sale girl in all the sentiment of her story promises the high hat. All right, if you like this sort of thing. With Leatrice Joy. (September.)

*WANTED, A COWARD*—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your theater, tell your manager what you think of it. (January.)

*WE'RE ALL GAMBLERS*—Paramount.—In spite of Thomas Meighan and the direction of James Cruze, this is a lulu. Miss O'Neil is excellent. (December.)

*WEST POINT*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines in a gay and amusing comedy of the U. S. Military Academy. Joan Crawford is the girl. (February.)

*WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHIR*—Warner Oland's first starring vehicle and a picture quite unworthy that gentleman's talents. (September.)

*WHITE PANTS WILLIE*—First National.—Some amusing celluloid devoted to the Art of Johnny Hines. (October.)

*WILD CEASE*—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Martha Osgood's story of a life with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

*WIND, THE*—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gil in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Repeatedly told by Laura Hanon and Montagu Love. (November.)

*WINGS*—Paramount.—The War in the Air—a thrilling spot picture of aviation that should interest your interest in aviation. (September.)

*WISE WIFE, THE*—Pathe De Mille.—One of these stories that could be made into a Household Will of the Righteous. (January.)

*WIZARD, THE*—Fox.—One of Montour Lorne's most thrilling stories, with John少, Ed Williams and Love and other capable performers. (February.)

*WIZARD OF THE SADDLE, THE*—Fox.—Western bucko, made enjoyable by the horseplay of the boys. Best Bert Huchton, the feckless kid. (February.)

*WOLF FANGS*—Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from her brutal step-father. Elementalement amusing.

*WOMAN WISE*—Fox.—Showing the downfall of a hard-boiled bachelor. With Walter Pidgeon and John Collier. (February.)

*WOMEN'S WARES*—Fox.—Evelyn Brent as a beautiful model who is being constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

*WRECK OF THE HELICRUS, THE*—Pathe De Mille.—Elmer Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea scenes and plenty of stunt stuff. Loretta Young is just the girl to ride, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)

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Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue

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Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.
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IT is reported that John Barrymore may return to the speaking stage in New York. It seems that John is tired of the films.

EMIL JANNINGS has taken over the home of Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge on Hollywood Boulevard. Emil needs a bigger place for his growing household.

WALLACE BEERY is deserting the comic films. He returns to a dramatic role in the screen version of Jim Tully’s “Beggars of Life.”

TED McNAMARA died suddenly in Los Angeles, breaking up William Fox’s comedy team of McNamara and Sammy Cohen. McNamara is survived by a widow and a four-year-old daughter.

WILLIAM BOYD and Elia Faire have been receiving hundreds of letters mentioning the impending arrival of the stork. But they both have entered strenuous denials. How do reports like this ever start?

HELENE COSTELLO is suing Jack Regan for divorce. She charges him with non-support. Jack and Helene were childhood friends, but their married life lasted less than a year after their secret wedding.

AILEEN PRINGLE gets a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at $1,000 per week.

MAX REINHARDT finally succumbs to movie offer. The noted German stage director will direct Lilian Gish in “The Miracle Woman.”

JANET GAYNOR, Charles Farrell and Frank Borzage will make a trip to Europe to film exteriors for “Blossom Time.”

PHYLLIS HAVER will be starred in “Tenth Avenue,” a film version of the stage play.

ARCH SELWYN buys the American rights to “Dawn,” the film story of the Nurse Cavell case that has raised so much controversy in England and Germany.

BEBE DANIELS is recovering from injuries sustained while at work on a new picture, “Hold Everything.” She was seated in a reproduction of a Pullman compartment, which was mounted on a truck. The limb of a tree swept the setting from the truck, pinioning Miss Daniels under the wreckage. At the same time James Hall, her leading man, and Clarence Badger, her director, were slightly hurt.

IRVING THALBERG and his wife, Norma Shearer, sailed for Europe Feb. 21st for a flying vacation trip.

NOW that Samuel Goldwyn has decided not to co-star Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky, he is looking for a blonde leading woman for Mr. Colman. Ambitious blondes can apply immediately to Mr. Goldwyn.

NEWS of Lottie Pickford’s secret Paris divorce from Allan Forrest has just leaked out. The divorce was obtained seven months ago. This was Lottie Pickford’s second marriage.

CLARA BOW is recuperating from an operation for appendicitis. Miss Bow’s operation held up the start of work on the star’s new picture, “Ladies of the Mob.”

JACQUELINE LOGAN has filed a divorce suit against her husband, Ralph J. Gillespie, Los Angeles real estate man. The couple had been married for three years. Miss Logan charges him with cruelty.

BESSIE LOVE is playing on the coast speaking stage, in a San Francisco production of the Broadway hit, “Burlesque.”

 Were you shocked at the news that Betty Compson had discovered her mother at a county poor farm? Well, hold everything. The story wasn’t true. It was all the mistake of a Philadelphia reporter. The woman who found her mother, Mrs. Anna Fisher, in the poor-house at Pottsville, Pa., was Betty Thompson. The reporter caught the name as Betty Compson and the story was wired to newspapers all over the country. The “fans” were surprised but not half so surprised as Miss Compson herself. Miss Compson’s mother has been living in peace, plenty and prosperity in Hollywood for years. Betty has always been devoted to her mother and has taken excellent care of her. Here you see Betty and her mother, very far removed from even a hint of the poor-house. Anyway, all the newspapers are busy apologizing to Miss Compson. It was a beautiful sob story, a tale to wring your heart, but fortunately it wasn’t true.
The First
"Commandment"
About Feet

is that they must not be abused. If you abuse your feet in ordinary shoes that allow them to sag and be pinched, then you must pay a heavy penalty. Your feet ache, annoy you, dissipate your energy and youth. When the famous stars, such as Esther Ralston, find it worth while to turn to

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

then all women should recognize the need of this shoe. For every woman, to appear at her best, must retain youth, vivacity and verve.

There is real help in the Arch Preserver Shoe, because it keeps the feet healthy and comfortable. Exclusive, patented features—a concealed arch bridge to prevent sagging and a flat inner sole to prevent pinching—explain the wonderful satisfaction this shoe gives. And it is as charming as it is comfortable, because it is designed in the smartest of New York and Paris styles.

THE SELBY SHOE COMPANY
951 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio

Mail this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Co., 951 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new free booklet No. T-51. "Feet—the New Source of Youth and Smartness" and name of dealer.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners.—A war and aeroplane story that furnishes routine entertainment. (February.)

AFTER MIDNIGHT—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of its modern veneer, just the story of the good girl who never slips from the straight and narrow path. Not worthy of Norman Sathyer. (Gumby.)

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago. A crock story, well told, agreeably acted and safely presented for the family. (January.)

AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National.—Billie Dove has her fling at playing a modern Cinderella. Pretty but trivial. (November.)

ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE.—Pathe—De Mille.—In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to go on the stage. She finds in you'll like Leatrice Joy and Victor Varconi. (November.)

BABY MINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Charlotte Greenwood in an old time tale. (January.)

BACK STAGE.—Sociable research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (November.)

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—More than three thousand pies were used in one sequence of this two reel comedy. A burlesque on the festive doings in Chicago. (January.)

BEAU SABREUR—Paramount.—Not another "Beau Geste," but a thrilling and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gaye Cooper, William Powell and Noah Berry. (March.)

BECKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A place on the poor working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy brightened by the antics of two Irishers—Sally Neil and Owen Moore. (February.)

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

BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia.—Priscilla Dean goes in for a little ladylike banditry. The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

BLONDES BY CHOICE—Gotham.—The adventures of Claire Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no spirit." Not bad, Mortimer! (December.)


BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Should a surpize kill his wife's boy friend? Even the acting of Albon Pingle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry can't enliven this cherry little picture. (December.)

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

BOY RIDER, THE—FBO.—The exploits of one Buzz Barton, a freckled-faced kid who can ride a hose. For the less critical of the younger generation. (November.)

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

BRASS KNUCKLES—Warners.—More crocks reform, thanks to the sweet presence of Betty Bronson, Wilt Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (January.)

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Dully played by Constance Talmadge. The children will like Tom Morel. (December.)

BROADWAY KID, THE—Warners.—A George Jessel comedy that looks like a convention of old gags. A good performance by Andrey Ferris, a newcomer. (October.)

BROADWAY MADNESS—Excellent.—Proving that people who go to the dance on Broadway always reform at the first whiff of country air. (December.)

BUCK PRIVATES—Universal.—Laughing off the War. Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Gibbon, Lyda de Putti and ZaSu Pitts are the members of an excellent cast. (January.)

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia.—Those dopey jewels are missing again. The result is the usual gag-a-gag crook stuff. (March.)

CABARET KID, THE—Peerless.—Made in England, this film is also Betty Bardon, the Belle of Britain, as its star. Some good scenes but a disconnected story. (January.)

CASEY JONES—Rayart.—"Come all yourounders if you want to hear." Simple melodrama with Ralph Lewis as the brave engineer. (February.)

CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox.—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (November.)

CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (February.)

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

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO.—Ralph lace in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of another one of those innocent crooks. (March.)

CHINESE PARROT, THE—Universal.—Who swiped the pearl necklace? The mystery is well sustained and the Oriental background is interesting. And Sojin does a real Lon Chaney. (January.)

CIRCUS, THE—United Artists.—The triumphal return of Charles Chaplin. Must we waste space advancing to see him? (March.)

CITY GONE WILD, THE—Paramount.—Thieves as Mrigian in a lively meller of the Chicago Under-world. Good stuff. (October.)

CLANCY'S KOSHER WEDDING—FBO.—This Irish-Jewish nonsense has gone far enough. All in favor say "Aye"! (October.)

COLLEGE—United Artists.—Buster Keaton as a wet snack who would be an athlete. No over-whelmingly funny. (November.)

COLLEGE WIDOW, THE—Warners.—Dolores Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the game for poor old Woohoo. Just another one of those things. (January.)

COMBAT—Pathé.—Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Walsh eliminates this as entertainment. (December.)

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox.—Olive Borden and Antonio Moreno brounder around in a lot of leisued doings. (February.)

COMRADES—First Division.—Again comes the Woman Pearl. The story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helene Costello, Gareth Hughes and Donald Keith. (March.)

COWARD, THE—FBO.—Warner Baxter as a wealthy boy who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (November.)

CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warners.—Drama between a couple of victims of bad luck in Singapore. Lots of action—and you'll like Myrna Loy. (March.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12
Tearing the Mask from the Kings of Crookdom

Dressed to Kill

with EDMUND LOWE — MARY ASTOR

If you have weak nerves, stay away from "Dressed to Kill"! But if you like a picture with a punch to it—a picture that will keep you right on the edge of your seat for forty-five minutes, with your heart so far up in your throat most of the time that you wouldn't dare cough for fear of losing it—then go see this one!

Go with Edmund Lowe, Mary Astor and Ben Bard behind the scenes of the underworld! See real newspaper headline stuff in the making! Get the thrill of your lifetime breathlessly watching the outcome of the heart-stopping gun battle in the dark between the "brains" of the gang and his chief henchman—with Mary Astor the prize at stake!

In this story of super crooks and their cold-blooded methods, Edmund Lowe and Ben Bard give the best characterizations of their careers, and Mary Astor reveals a wealth of emotional expression that will arouse the enthusiasm of even her warmest admirers. In story, casting and direction, "Dressed to Kill" is the perfect picture.

You'll remember it for a long time!
Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM PHOTOPLAY READERS

Three prizes are given every month for the best letters—

$25, $10 and $5

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

A GREAT razzing for Clifton Chase who had the effrontery to try to blame the Hickman case in Los Angeles on the movies.

Loud handclaps for Clara Bow's Life Story, as written by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Clara's frankness about her early life and her bravery have won her a lot of new friends. Big bouquets, too, for Janet Gaynor, Charles Rogers and Charles Farrell, the most admired among the newcomers. And the "fans" want to see more of Betty Bronson.

Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are still the leaders in the toird zone. "Seventh Heaven" has climbed to an easy first place in popularity among the newer pictures, while "The Big Parade" and "Beau Geste" still prove to be two of the greatest pictures ever released.

Also PHOTOPLAY notices a slight tendency among its readers to be bored with inferior "Westerns" and an almost unanimously unfavorable reaction to the practice of cutting worth-while pictures for vaudeville and jazz bands on programs.

What have you to say? Make your letters brief, frank and to the point.

$25.00 Letter

El Paso, Tex.

Two years ago I had for a little daughter, a dainty, fragile piece of Dresden china and you, PHOTOPLAY, have stolen her from me; for it was through you that she saw her first "Our Gang" comedy.

The next afternoon two strong wills clashed, and she was the victor. I could have annihilated both publisher and producer, for she donned a pair of ragged overalls and a shirt discarded by her brother and organized a gang of her own. Now she lives in the sunshine which has burned her soft blond curls until they resemble parched prairie grass. All day, her gang dig caves or ride old mangy burros over the sand hills. At first I nearly died, but the doctor said I had been literally washing my child away. So now when I look at the sturdy brown legs, bunched knees, and radiant smile, I could throw my arms about you all and kiss you.

Mrs. E. M. Clarke.

$10.00 Letter

Uniontown, Pa.

Once, in films, the present scribe craved the sad, the fatalistic;

At the Blissful Clinic would jibe . . .
Death for All seemed more Artistic!

But one rainy day I sat
Through the woes of August Schilling;

Cried upon my new green hat . . .

Soon the aisles my tears were filling!

"Underworld" next brought to me
Crooks and gits and bullets binging;

As I wept, I prayed to see
Bull Weed, Killer, saved from swinging.

Carmen's passing finished me!

Carmen, made for love and laughter!

Little feet, from shoes set free,

Walking into the Hereafter!

Gosh, what grief the fan endures,

This new type of film attending!

Down with Sorrow!

I am yours,

Henceforth, for the Happy Ending!

Clara Phillipi Johnson.

$5.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

It certainly is pitiful. Peer H. L. Mencken! A mighty intellect developed to a degree that finds this world of mere humans so largely morons. When I read his comments upon the movies, I waver between a suspicion that he is attempting vitriolic and the impression that he suffers from some psychosis.

Why do some people expect each movie to be a flawless jewel, and rant when disappointed? Who goes to a stage play expecting each line, each gesture to be a masterpiece? Everybody feels that if the majority of episodes or phases in a stage play are good that the play is a success. But if some can find the merest fault in a movie . . . ha! ha! the director is rotten. Should they recognize one of the only thirty-two plots extant, lo! this puerility is for morons!

Do you suppose Mencken is merely seeking the attention of the movie fans who otherwise have not noticed his existence?

Buelah Barker.

The Movies a Liberal Education

Pueblo, Colo.

I am an architect, and a better one than I would have been had it not been for the movies. I have not had the advantages of learning and travel that the majority of men of my profession have. However, I am not a failure by any means.

In my business you have to keep up with the latest ideas. In order to do this most architects do a great deal of reading or travelling. I don't do much of either. But I keep up with new ideas pertaining to my business by attending the movies, where I can see, with my mind as well as my eye, all kinds of building, engineering, decorating, landscaping and everything else pertaining to my business. And it is up-to-date.

[Continued on Page 82]
THE ENEMY is the picturization of the famous stage success by Channing Pollock. It is one of the most important pictures in years. Directed by Fred Niblo, director of Ben-Hur, it has merited unstinted public appreciation as a $2.00-a-seat attraction at New York's Astor Theatre, where "The Big Parade" played.
LAURA LA PLANTE
A beautiful girl in odd atmosphere
Can you imagine the sweet face and figure of LAURA LA PLANTE clothed in a tin hat and a soldier’s uniform?

She wears these “implements of war” in Universal’s successful production, “Finders Keepers,” adapted from Mary Roberts Rinehart’s humorous and clever story of the same name, that ran in the Saturday Evening Post.

The story concerns the experiences of a Colonel’s daughter who falls in love with a private in her father’s training camp. JOHNNY HARRON, who played opposite MISS LA PLANTE in “Silk Stockings” is again the opposite in this play.

Washington papers praise the picture enthusiastically. The Post says: “An intensely amusing comedy.” The Star: “Laura La Plante delights the eye with her beauty and throws the audience into hysterical laughter.”


MISS LA PLANTE’S new comedy, “Thanks for the Buggy Ride,” will appear before long. She is supported by a company of stars—GLENN FRYON, Universal’s great find; RICHARD TUCKER, LEE MORAN, KATE PRICE, TRIXIE FRIGANZA, DAVID ROLLINS and JACK RAYMOND.

I don’t suppose any picture ever made has such an irresistible appeal for every member of the family as Universal’s production of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Carl Laemmle
President

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave. . . New York City
**An Impression of “BIG BOY”**

**BY JAMES R. QUIRK**

Most infant prodigies are mere inflated promises forced in the hothouse of parental ambition. Because of their youth, their slightest aptitude toward art spotlights them. Put them up against a regular program of talent testers, however, and they generally go out as their second teeth come in.

Now “Big Boy” is an infant prodigy, a baby who got a break, a miniature Atlas supporting a world of good fun. He is a juvenile Jannings. But though he’s known enough success to upset a strong bank balance, he remains an unspoiled, comic little kid. He is under contract to make eight two-reel starring comedies for Educational this year, and that schedule clinches all argument as to his consistent cleverness.

His father is a traveling salesman and his mother just a charming young matron. No theatrical background there; yet “Big Boy” is another proof that actors are born and not made.

**EDITOR OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**

“Big Boy,” whose real name is Malcolm Sabiston, was born good and has become better. At one month, he was in “Three Weeks;” and, at four, he was in electric lights. Before he could walk, he could act; and the year he could travel on his own foot-power he reached stardom. Now he has a comedy technique that must make the long-haired boys who talk with sonorous solemnity about the art of acting want to go out and shoot themselves and a couple of other fellows.

Incidentally, “Big Boy” got into the movies through answering an advertisement. You can prove for yourself how such action pays by letting this little child lead you straight to the box-office the next time you see one of his Educational comedies advertised. And take the children. One sight of “Big Boy’s” infectious happy grin will do them more good than a quart of sulphur and molasses.

Educational is the world’s greatest producer and distributor of Short Features—exclusively. That’s why Educational Pictures always make a good show better.

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today... Find out when
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LILAC TIME will soon be here... What a
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For "LILAC TIME" will be the most elaborate and
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from COLEEN MOORE.
Colleen as a perky, pranky maid of France. Piquant...picturesque. A Stranger to Love—until she falls in Love with a Stranger from overseas. How she loses him, how she wins him back when her last hope seems lost, is a story that will make you remember the supreme moments of your life!...

John McCormick presents

MOORE
DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

How can I learn to apply make-up correctly? I am considered as pretty as the average girl of nineteen, but I don't improve my appearance, as movie stars do, when I make-up. Something goes all wrong. I've medium brown hair, a round, full face, hazel eyes and a pale, clear skin. I want to be distinctive, but no matter how much rouge I put on, half an hour later I'm pale and when I use lipstick and eyebrow pencil I look hard. Does this mean I shouldn't use make-up or that I'm just using it ignorantly?

FRANCES K.

EVERY girl should use make-up, Frances, at least to the extent of powder and lipstick. A good make-up is a marvelous thing. It brightens the eyes and lightens the spirit. It hides a shining nose and an inferiority complex. It adds to the general beauty of the whole world and I'm very much for it.

I have studied cosmetics and their use in a great deal and I approve of them highly. I've watched stage stars on Broadway and screen stars in Hollywood creating their calcium complexions. I've taken personal lessons from Senn, the make-up master of New York. And here is what I've learned:

No make-up is a good make-up unless it individualizes the face. Movie stars, for instance, are loved for their startling distinctiveness and no "second Clara Bow," no "second Valentino" has ever succeeded. Remember this when making-up. You want to make your own face more charming, not make your face into somebody else's face.

I emphasize this because it is the commonest cosmetic fault. It is the attempt to give oneself eyebrows where they aren't and Cupid's bow lips on a thin mouth that create the hard, artificial look that Frances protests.

Frances has the necessary basis for a good make-up, a fine skin which every girl can have in exchange for a little care.

Frances must now study her face until she knows its every line, fault and value and the color of her skin, eyes and lips. The color study is most important for there should be no color in a make-up not originally in one's complexion. Hence it is generally wise to avoid "flesh colored" powder and green or lavender "eyeshadow." Most eyes are blue, brown or a combination of these two colors. Most skins vary between white and brown.

Powder must match the skin. Frances should buy several different shades of her favorite brand and mix them to obtain the correct tone. If she will test the colors on the inner side of her arm just below the elbow, where the skin retains its truest tint, she will get the right color. She must do the same thing with rouge, blending to get a shade one tone brighter than the natural tint of her lips. A heavy red rouge should never touch pale lips and cheeks. A pale rouge should never come near the beautiful dark red glow shown in the cheeks of a healthy brunette. Frances had best buy pastel rouge for this purpose. Rouge in powder form can not be as carefully applied as paste and it blows off, where the paste tint lasts all day.

The mascara for Frances' brows and lashes should be the brown of her hair. Then she needs a large powder puff, good cold cream, cleansing tissues and a baby hair brush.

Working before a light similar to that under which her make-up will be judged—daylight for street, bright electric lights for evening, Frances begins. Her face is perfectly clean, her hair securely tucked back behind a towel.

If Frances' skin is dry, she uses a light coating of cold cream, or for evening, a very light coating of grease paint, spread thinly and evenly over her entire face. (The grease paint should be one tone darker than the powder.) But if her skin is oily, Frances needs no other grease base than that.

Comes the cheek rouge, never put on in one round spot of color. Since Frances' face is a full one, she should carefully downward from a line parallel to the top of her ear to a point directly under the center of each eye and parallel to the broadest part of the nose, where the color should be brightest. From here she lets it fade outward and downward to the angle of her jawbone, a triangle of color, blended into the skin so that no harsh lines show.

Lip rouge—paste, too, and not an unwieldy lipstick—follows. Start on the upper lip. With the tips of the little fingers, left finger for the left side, right for the right, draw the rouge down and back inside the lip, then out to the end of the lip. Use only a thin coating of rouge, never a heavy coat. The lower lip is stretched tightly over the teeth and its depth rouged equal to the height of the upper lip's Cupid's bow. The mouth make-up is very difficult and must be practiced repeatedly to gain perfection.

For evening Frances may put the merest dash of grease paint the color of her eyes on her eyelids and then her face is ready for powdering.

Powder should never be rubbed on but slapped on. Slap, slap, slap, goes the powder puff. Ten minutes isn't too long for this beauty task. Slap, slap, over the whole face, eyelids, mouth, cheeks, ears, neck. A face so powdered requires no retouching for hours.

When her face resembles a snow scene, Frances uses the baby brush to smooth the excess powder off, brushing carefully around the base of the nose, the nostrils, the lashes, the brows. Her skin will emerge, tinted and smooth and very lovely.

There remains only the mascara. Frances scorns a brush already thick with mascara but makes hers very clear to start.

She rubs the brush once over the mascara cake, then once over her eyelashes, the upper ones down, the lower ones up. Then putting more mascara on the brush, she brushes the upper lashes several times, the lower down, until all are evenly darkened. She touches her eyebrows lightly enough to take off every bit of powder but not enough to leave a definite dyed line.

Now Frances takes the towel from about her head, combs her pretty hair, shaves the harsh light and really sees herself. She has worked for thirty to forty-five minutes, but [CONTINUED ON PAGE 86]
BEAUTY CREATIONS

COTY

GLORIFY YOUR OWN TYPE

Make the most of your own beauty. Smartness itself dictates that Face Powder must match the complexion, and COTY Face Powders give you the one correct shade for your type. Then with the exquisite complementary shades of COTY Rouges and Lipstick you create the perfect artistic harmony which reveals your greatest loveliness.

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In the new East Indian box. Bright No. 64, Light No. 77, Medium No. 68, Dark No. 76 and Invisible No. 80. REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.

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The Delightful New Double Size in Light, Medium, Dark, Cerise, Invisible. REFILLS—Obtainable everywhere.

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“ROUGE”
A booklet illustrated by CHARLES DANA GIBSON mailed upon request
COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York,
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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Hot and cold water -- Gentle stimulation -- the clean sure method of science

ACNE (blemishes) even in its mildest form, is a skin defect that no woman can endure with philosophy.

But desperate remedies are of no avail in removing blemishes. A blemish is a tiny abscess in one of the pores of your skin, caused by infection.

The best—the only way to deal with this trouble is to trust to the clean, sure methods of science.

Hot and cold water, gentle stimulation, careful cleansing, with a soap especially made for a sensitive skin—this is the method, worked out by a famous skin specialist and approved by the best skin authorities, for dealing with blemishes.

Just before you go to bed, wash your face vigorously with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes; then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

After the last blemish has disappeared continue to give your face, every night, a thorough cleansing with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap.

A clear, fresh, rosy skin will be the result—a skin that will confront you from your mirror without shame, without reproach.

Thousands of beautiful women are making these treatments a regular part of their toilet.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. On sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Now—the large-size trial set!

Is one of these conditions keeping your skin from being attractive?

- Blackheads
- Blemishes (acne)
- Excessive oiliness
- Dryness, scaliness
- Sallowness
- Large pores

Treatments for each of these troubles, together with the famous Woodbury ice treatment for normal skin are given in the free booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

To free your skin from blemishes—follow the famous Woodbury treatment shown in this picture. Clear directions are given below. Thousands of beautiful women are keeping their skin clear and smooth by this method.

Who can resist it?—the charm of a beautiful skin.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2207 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
For the enclosed 20 cents—please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."
In Canada, address Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2201 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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Enclosed 20c.
JOHN GILBERT—in person and not a “ghost” writer—is working on his life story for PHOTOPLAY. John's literary style has all the brilliance and warmth of his acting. His story will appear in an early issue.
CECIL De MILLE decided Jacqueline Logan's future when he cast her as Mary Magdalene in "The King of Kings." Since then, Jacqueline has been giving a series of engaging portraits of Bad Girls with Good Intentions.
As plain Joe Page, he came to Hollywood to teach dancing. The movies re-christened him Don Alvarado, as more fitting his type and his Latin ancestry. Now he is one of the most fatal of the recent discoveries.
JUNE COLLYER’S father is a New York lawyer and she was educated for a social career.
Her grand-dad was Dan Collyer, comedian with Harrigan and Hart. June’s theatrical heredity triumphed over her social environment.
AFTER one brief fling at independence, Corinne Griffith has returned to the old homestead at the First National Studios, where the truant daughter was welcomed with a couple of good stories and a raise in salary.
PROVING that an ounce of sincerity outweighs a ton of reputation. Barry Norton, an unknown, played the rôle of Mother's Boy in "What Price Glory" so beautifully, that Fox rewarded him by casting him in Murnau's "The Four Devils."
EVERYTHING that the Modern requires of a foundation garment is illustrated in this Step-in and bandeau by Gossard. Fourteen inches of openwork elastic and satin, lightly boned, ease the figure into lines of supreme smartness. One-side lacing permits adjustment to the individual waistline. Even the bandeau achieves new lines and new easiness by shaping to a 3-inch elastic. Ask your corsetiere for Gossard Step-in 1063, at $10, and uplift bandeau 914, in satin tricot.
"Like a Million on $20 a week"

WHEN I was living at home," writes Miss Dorothy Ranson, 99 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, "I discovered that stockings soon lost their lustre and looked faded, unless washed in pure Lux suds.

"Shortly after that, I came to the city to work. My whole wardrobe was on a very meager scale. For instance, I rarely had more than three pairs of stockings at a time.

"Yet several times I heard comments on my wonderful-looking stockings, and one day the girls asked me how I managed to look 'like a million dollars' on $20 a week!

"The chief reason was that I never took chances when washing my clothes. I knew from experience that dresses, even the $9.45 kind, as well as stockings, stay nice twice as long washed in Lux."

"HER 'SURPRISE' SPOILED MY DRESS"

MANY mothers have had experiences somewhat like that of Mrs. Anna Wakefield, 907 Bryn Mawr Road, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Mrs. Wakefield writes to us as follows:

"A year ago I bought a pink cotton print for dresses for six-year-old Julia and myself. I wore mine all winter and it stayed so fresh, washed in Lux, that I took it with me this summer on a visit.

"To surprise me the friend I was visiting washed it with the soap chips she uses.

"And I was surprised! My dress came out so faded looking! Little Julia's dress is still fresh and bright . . . thanks to Lux! I realize now how much I save in using Lux for colored things."

These are just two of the 491,000 letters received during the past year by Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.
PHOTOPLAY

April, 1928

Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

YOU must give Corinne Griffith credit for one thing. Unlike many of our stars and producers, she does not make the same mistake twice in the same place. This, it would seem, should prove that the lady has her share of brains in addition to more than her share of pulchritude, an unusual combination.

Having had her fling at being an independent producer like Mary, Doug, Harold, and Charlie, in the face of adverse conditions, she quickly accepted the offer of First National to return to their studios at half a million dollars a year.

The year she played truant from that studio her income dropped off over three hundred thousand dollars.

And just to show how happy they were to have their Corinne back the First National studio barons gave her one of the very choicest stories of the year, "The Divine Lady," as her first vehicle.

That is not exactly true. California has a distinct advantage in climate and the proximity of all sorts of exteriors. But the California climate can be very tricky. Because of bad weather, one company, sent into the big redwood forests, ran up a cost of three hundred thousand dollars before the picture was finished.

At that rate, the company could have afforded a gold plated forest right in the studio back yard.

THAT recalls another one, the famous dictum of Julius Stern, comedy maker for his uncle, Carl Laemmle, when a director was ambitious and wanted to spend several hundred dollars to take a company to Catalina Island for a few days.

"Rocks and trees you want," said Stern. "A tree's a tree, a rock's a rock. Shoot the scenes up in the park."

STRANGE as it may seem, Charlie Chaplin's picture, "The Circus," was admitted to England as a British production under the recent law designed to check the invasion of American pictures.

The law provides that the star, the author, the director, and the promoter, must be British. Charlie, a British subject, is all of them in one.

IT is understood that one president of the United States urged Charlie to become an American citizen, but he is true to the land of
his birth. It certainly did not help any when those eternal revenue chaps soaked him recently for over a million and a half dollars for delinquent income taxes.

That was quite a little joke on poor Charlie, but for once he conformed to the legendary idea of an English sense of humor and could not see anything funny in it. And how in the name of human nature could you expect him to jump up and sing “Yankee Doodle” after a sock like that?

THE most vicious example of censorship I have ever seen is the manhandling of the Russian picture, “Czar Ivan the Terrible,” by the New York state board. Here is one of the most artistically made pictures that has ever reached the screen from any country. The New York board ordered the elimination of scenes because they were “sacrilegious” and other reasons that were absolutely ridiculous. No wonder foreign nations feel that there is a concerted movement in this country to bar their pictures regardless of their merit.

Sending an art work to such a board is as absurd as giving an expensive watch to a baby to take apart and put together again.

A READER, an instructor of English in one of our large universities, intensely interested in motion pictures, and an incurable movie addict, writes to inquire as to the significance of mergers of producing and distributing companies that are contemplated and of the consolidation of large groups of theaters under the control of a few concerns.

“Does not this,” he asks, “spell monopoly, with the ultimate destiny of the industry in the hands of a few individuals in whose power will rest the domination of this great medium of expression?”

No, professor, it does not. With a thousand times a billion dollars, Henry Ford could never make us all ride in his car, and he would not attempt it. Because he makes a good car, and is wise enough to sell millions of them, does not mean that he is a monopolist. No one ever made that charge against the greatest mechanic that ever lived. With all the money in the world Standard Oil could not stop independent companies.

In justice to the big motion picture companies, it must be said that none of them dreams of monopoly. If one group acquired all the motion picture theaters in the country today, thousands of others would open and operate so economically that the ornate palaces of the trust would lose money so fast that they would be turned quickly into office buildings, garages, and warehouses.

TOO many pictures are being produced, many cities are “overseated,” which is the trade way of saying there are too many theaters. The little theater owners are bowing murder, and asking the government to step in with federal supervision of distribution. But that problem is not peculiar to motion pictures, and other industries have gone through the same travail. But, being in the picture business, the fight is more spectacular, that’s all.

The finest and most powerful government that ever existed, buttressed by billions of wealth, the whole machinery of courts, army, navy, police, customs, and prohibition services, spies, stool pigeons, religious fanaticism, personal regard for health, and educational efforts cannot enforce prohibition. What chance would a film monopoly have with a wilful public like that?

T"O hand comes a little brochure entitled “Standard of Christian Living” and is presented by M. E. Kern, general secretary of the Missionary volunteer department of some general church conference held in Tennessee recently.

“Recreation is necessary,” it reads, “amusement is not. The theater is no place for the Christian. The moving picture house has popularized the theater and millions are daily in attendance at this school of iniquity. We appeal to parents, children, and youth to shun these places of amusement.”

WHEN the police go chasing criminals these days, they don’t search the crowds that spend riotous evenings at those awful movies. No, the wise sleuths trail the sanctimonious brothers who attend prayer meetings.

Two of the vilest of the recent criminals were led off to jail shortly after they had taken part in religious meetings. Adolph Hotelling, the Michigan fiend who murdered a little girl, was nabbed soon after he had been made a deacon of his church and had officiated at services. Cecil Clyde Campbell, who mashed in his wife’s head with a hammer in a New York hotel, was caught after he had been joining in the halleluahs at a revival meeting in Philadelphia.

The Rev. Mr. Priddy, ex-clergyman and vice reformer, wiped out his whole family with an axe and the details were so dreadful that even the New York newspapers balked at printing them.

Don’t let the fear of getting into bad company keep you from going to church. But if your minister starts preaching about the evils of Hollywood and the movies, ask him to give a little sermon on Deacon Hotelling, the Rev. Mr. Priddy, and the religious Mr. Campbell.

UNDER the positive title of “Why German Films Are Better,” a young writer in one of our new critical journals bellows out a lusty underline hoch, hoch for everything Teutonic and with one full swoop disposes of all American pictures as a sad mess.

Listen to these ravings:

“It does not appear that in order to enter the films in Germany one has to be of a low order of mind or a failure at some other profession, which is almost always the case in this country.”

A few months before his drool appeared in type, this young cookoo, who modestly allied himself with the “Hated Cognoscenti,” was trying in vain to get a job in a Hollywood studio. I helped him get a job as a reader in a scenario department, but he was fired after a few weeks.

A genius hasn’t got a chance—
WHAT becomes of child actresses when they grow up? Some of them reach the awkward age and never outgrow it. Others, like Virginia Lee Corbin, develop a mature beauty that overshadows their baby prettiness. When she was a child, Virginia was starred in a series of fairy tales. Now that she has grown up, she has to work to recapture her early position. And, if she gets the "breaks," she ought to do it.
The Story of

First Chapter in the Life of the Screen's Most Popular Star

I t was Saturday evening, New Year's eve, 1927.

Greta Garbo sat at a tiny table in a tiny tea room in Santa Monica, California. She had just thrown from her shoulders a gray woolly coat "such as we wear in Sweden," and was looking wistfully out of the window as though to penetrate the dark secrets beyond them.

"Let's not talk of me!" she pleaded. "It is New Year's eve. In Sweden that means so much, so very much. There we go to church and eat and drink and see everybody we know. I have been so blue all day. At home, in Stockholm, they are skiing and skating and throwing snowballs at one another. The cheeks are red—oh, please, let's not talk of me.

"I was born; I grew up; I have lived like every other person. Why must people talk about me? We all do the same things in ways that are just a little different. We go to school, we learn; we are bad at times; we are good at others. But we grow up, the one the same as the other. We find our life work and we do it. That's all there is to anyone's life story, isn't it?

"I have been reading other life stories. Some people were born in red brick houses, others in plain white board ones. What is the difference? We were all born in houses. I will not have it printed that I was born in this house or that; that my mother was this or my father that. They were my mother and my father, just as yours were your mother and your father. To me that is what counts. Why should the world talk about them? I don't want the world to talk about my mother and father.

"Nor my brother, nor my sister. My sister—she has died since I came to this country—I cannot believe it until I return to my home and find—she is not there to greet me.

"My brother—he wants to come to America. I do not know. Pictures? He is so timid. But, then, I, too, was timid.

"Why should I tell the world about them? They are mine! No, I am the youngest, but they have always treated me as the oldest. I can't remember being young, really young, like other children. I always had my opinions, but I never told my mind. No one ever seemed to think I was young.

"Then my test came. And I was frightened. I trembled all over. All hear was whispering. I almost fainted afterwards!" Thus Greta Royal Theater in Stockholm, the cli-

“Then my test came. And I was frightened. I trembled all over. All hear was whispering. I almost fainted afterwards!” Thus Greta Royal Theater in Stockholm, the cli-

“My father died when I was fourteen. God, what a feeling. Someone you love is there, then he is not there. Gone where you can't see him, can't talk with him. You go to the studio, work all day, come home to the hotel, lie down, turn out the lights, and think about him.

“The same flesh, the same blood—yet he is gone, never to return. Gone—my God, what a feeling.

“I have always been moody. When I was just a little child, as early as I can remember, I have wanted to be alone. I detest crowds, don't like many people. I used
“No, none of my people were on the stage. It was just born in me, I guess. Why, when I was just a little thing, I had some water colors. Just as other children have water colors. Only, I drew pictures on myself, rather than on paper. I used to paint my lips, my cheeks, paint pictures on me. I thought that was the way actresses painted.

“Long before I had been in a theater, I did this. I don’t know where I got it; from pictures, from others talking—or just from me, the inside of me. I didn’t play much. Except skating and skiing and throwing snowballs. I did most of my playing by thinking. I played a little with my brother and sister, pretending we were in shows. Like other children. But usually I did my own pretending. I was up and down. Very happy one moment, the next moment—there was nothing left for me.

“Then I found a theater. I must have been six or seven. Two theaters. Really. One was a cabaret; one a regular theater,—across from one another. And there was a back porch to both of them. A long plank on which the actors and actresses walked to get in the back door. I used to go there at seven o’clock in the evening, when they would be coming in, and wait until eight-thirty. Watch them come in; listen to them getting ready. The big back door was always open even in the coldest weather.

“LISTEN to their voices doing their parts in the productions. Smell the grease paint! There is no smell in the world like the smell of the backyard of a theater. No smell that will mean as much to me—ever.

“Why, last night, for the first time since I came to this city, I went to a theater. Went down to the Biltmore in Los Angeles. Went behind and talked with the girls; watched them make up; smelled the backyard of the theater just as I used to when I was little.

“Night after night, I sat there dreaming. Dreaming when I would be inside—getting ready. I was alone. I don’t like to be with people—and I can never stand any kind of fighting.

“One night when I was going home, I saw two men fighting. They were drunk. I can’t stand people who are drunk! One was big and the other little. The big man was hurting the little one. I went up and pulled on the big man’s sleeve. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]
Correct These Nutty

How much do you know about the movie stars? Read how your knowledge of simple screen facts can earn money for you. It's a fascinating game.

Do you know your movie stars? Here is a contest that will test your film information.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are visiting relatives in Hollywood. They are trying to get the real, true information about the stars. Either somebody is kidding them or else the old folks are getting their facts mixed, because they have been making some weird reports about the stars.

You can make money on their blunders. On the opposite page you will find two of Aunt Hezekiah’s Nutty Biographies. Auntie is trying to tell you some real facts about Douglas Fairbanks and Clara Bow. Correct her errors and send your corrections to Photoplay Magazine, observing the simple rules set forth at the bottom of this page.

There are no mistakes in spelling or punctuation in these Nutty Biographies. There are no concealed meanings.

And—watch your step—Aunt Hezekiah has managed to glean a little true information jumbled up with her mistakes. Don’t be overzealous and contradict all the poor old lady has to tell you.

Correct the mistakes in the captions under the photographs, too. They are part of the game.

In order to make the contest absolutely fair, the Answer Man is going to be hard-hearted and refuse to answer questions concerning the heroes and heroines of the Nutty Biographies.

But there’s nothing to prevent you from looking elsewhere in this magazine for any information.

The complete list of winners in the April Photoplay contest will be announced in the June issue of Photoplay, which is just as fast as is physically possible. The correct answers will also be given in the same issue. No solutions will be returned.

Right at this moment, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are sluthing around the studios, picking up a lot of hot facts about more players. Next month they are going to give you the real inside information about these two other favorites.

But in the meantime, you can win a nice prize by correcting the mistakes in the Nutty Biographies just across the page. Good luck!

Accuracy, of course, will be the principal help in winning a prize. But neatness, originality and cleverness will also count in your favor. All of the Nutty Biographies will concern stars so prominent that most of the principal facts of their careers are well-known to every little girl or boy.

If you have been saving your back copies of Photoplay, you will find that they will be a big help to you in this contest.

Rules of Contest

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here Is an Amusing New Contest—Put
Biographies—$500 in Prizes

Clara Bow

Uncle Jim wrote to Clara Bow for her photograph and this is what he got. His heart gave a leap when he opened it and recognized the girl who captured his heart in "Get Your Man"

Douglas Fairbanks

Aunt Hezekiah says that this is a fine picture of Douglas Fairbanks as Paul in Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks." The chariot race in this film was staged in Rome, so Auntie informs us.

While we were eating dinner in a cafeteria last night, we got into a conversation with a girl who went to school with Clara Bow up in Toronto, Canada, where Clara was born.

My dear, did you know that she was part Esquimau? However, Clara Bow is her real name, strange as that may seem.

Because I liked Clara so much in "Children of Divorce," I listened to every word this girl said. Clara left school to go on the stage and David Belasco starred her in "The Good Little Devil." Because she has had so much stage training, she is John Barrymore's favorite leading woman.

I was glad to hear that, off the screen, Clara is very demure and married to Conrad Nagel, the famous director. It was Conrad who selected her as the "IT" girl of Hollywood. Wasn't that a sweet thing for a husband to do?

This friend of Clara has promised to take us around to the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio where Clara works and Pa is all excited about meeting her. Pa, like the other gentlemen, certainly prefers blondes and so Clara is one of his favorites. He has been raving about her ever since he saw her in "Down to the Sea in Ships."

Clara certainly should be glad to have such a loyal school friend.

This girl told us that Clara was very unhappy in her first marriage and that she has sworn never to marry another multi-millionaire.

Anyway, we all knew at the time, didn't we, that "Daddy" Browning wouldn't make her a good husband? I am glad to know that she has finally settled down to domesticity.

Of all the lucky things! Cousin Henry managed to get us in the studio where Douglas Fairbanks was working on his new picture, "The Circus." We picked up all sorts of fascinating gossip about Doug while standing on the set. Doug knows all about circus life because his father was a famous English clown. But he left the circus at an early age and enlisted to fight in the French Revolution.

Mack Sennett met him in Paris while they were fighting in the same mob scene and signed him up to play in the movies. His first picture was "The Lamb." Do you remember it? But, of course, you can't forget his great performance of Richard the Lion Hearted in "Robin Hood."

These movie stars are the oddest persons. In spite of all his wealth, Doug lives in a two-family bungalow in a suburb of Los Angeles called Pasadena. He is married to Mary Pickford and, as you know, she is the leading woman in all his pictures. Also she does all his housework, as Doug does not believe in keeping servants. Mary is a French woman and she and Doug were married in the stirring days of the Revolution.

Around the studio, Doug is known as "the man of a thousand faces" because he delights in playing the rôle of cripples or monstrosities. Do you remember him as Ahab in "The Sea Beast?" However, he is a fine athlete and fond of all out-door sports. Last year, he played in the Davis Cup Tennis matches.

We certainly did enjoy our glimpse of studio life and it is wonderful to learn the real truth about the stars, after all the wild gossip you hear. I shall always boast that I once looked into the steel blue eyes of the great Douglas Fairbanks.

Your Brains to Work and Win a Prize
OlymPus Moves

By Ruth Waterbury

The startling discovery that measurement movie gods and goddesses ancient ones

Hollywood is the world's new Olympus.
Hollywood is bringing back the glory that was Greece.
Hollywood, scorned by the so-called aesthetes, is restoring the finest ideal for health and beauty the world has ever known.
Hollywood, criticized by the self-elected intelligencia as glorifying the moron, is glorifying the American girl and boy as ancient Greece, the most intellectual of all ancient nations, glorified its younger generation.

The girl model that the Greeks upheld, the bare-armed, bare-legged, slender, short-haired girl of beauty and ambition, Hollywood has re-created.

The male of brain and brawn, bronzed, energetic and handsome, that the Greeks idolized, is the Hollywood male of today.

Their very gods are there—the Apollo and the Aphrodite—in the figure of a star of either sex, meeting measurement for measurement the marble proportions of the Apollo Belvedere and the Venus di Milo—Venus being merely Aphrodite masquerading under her Roman name.

We will prove it to you with figures, beautiful figures, amazing figures in which Joan Crawford's and Richard Arlen's lead all the rest.

For centuries the Greek ideal has been dead.

The gods of Olympus ordained beauty of human face and figure the highest

### Apollo Measurements

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greek</th>
<th>Modern Hollywood</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ht. 5'11 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>5'10 3/4&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wt. 173 lbs.</td>
<td>168 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chest 41&quot;</td>
<td>39 1/2&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hips 39 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>39 1/4&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calf 14 1/2&quot;</td>
<td>14&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ankle 9&quot;</td>
<td>9 1/4&quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Richard Arlen outclasses all other male stars, coming within one-half inch of meeting the perfect proportions of the Greek Apollo.
urement for meas-
are beautiful as the of Greece

attribute. Birthdays went uncounted in Greece. They believed only in youth.

Clothes were mere draperies. They believed in beauty unadorned. No matron ever tried to get away with being a stylish stout. Beauty was her creed and she lived up to it. Gymnasiums were crowded. The populace was happy, and healthy. Art was created, literature, music, drama, sculpture; and its artists, actors and playwrights were superior to any since.

But Greece fell before the barbarians. Over the ages its ideals were lost while the human body was stuffed with food and covered by canton flannel. Beauty was dethroned and Prudery put in its place. A sight of an ankle was considered a peep at the Devil. The glorious, free, joyous world of Olympus was forgotten. All that remained were a few Greek marbles, chief among them the Venus and Apollo, pale portraits of a vivid life.

Then the movies came with their demand for beauty, for youth, for health, for artistic productiveness. They happened to settle in a village near the sea. The Greeks had lived near the sea. The cinematropolis rose in a country where the climate made heavy clothing a joke, as it would have been in Greece. A community grew, made by beauty, urged by beauty, producing beauty. All over the world rose temples of the motion picture where the people went to worship the gods of Hollywood. And the standard rose higher and higher until these modern living gods who reached the heights had to be flawless indeed. To maintain their beauty movie stars had to live sanely, eat wisely, exercise daily, as the Greeks had. In other words, Olympus moved to Hollywood.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE started gathering

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Venus Measurements</th>
<th>Early Greek</th>
<th>Modern Hollywood</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ht. . . . . 5'4&quot;</td>
<td>5'3\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td>112 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wt. . . .135 lbs.</td>
<td>32\frac{3}{4}&quot;</td>
<td>35\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chest . . .34\frac{3}{4}&quot;</td>
<td>12\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td>7\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hip . . . .37\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td>7\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calf . . .13\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td>7\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ankle . . .8&quot;</td>
<td>7\frac{1}{2}&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Venus rising from the movies. Just a modern American girl, but Joan Crawford, to a quarter inch, approximated the figure of the ancient goddess of love and beauty.
statistics. From every studio we got the measurements of all the men and women under contract to them, their height, weight, chest measurement, hip measurement, calf, ankle, shoe size and glove size. We expected some of the men to meet the Apollo standard but I fancied the girls would be too small and slim for Venus’ proportions.

But this is what we really discovered.

Estimated on seventy-two girls in pictures—stars and leading women—their standard of physical beauty is less than two inches at variance with that of Venus!

Compare for yourself the two sets of measurements in the box beside the exquisite portrait of Joan Crawford. There are the so-slightly different measurements of the ancient goddess of Athens as compared with the composite modern goddess of Hollywood.

From the 72 girls there are twenty-three taller than Venus, forty-one smaller and nine her exact height. The tallest girl in pictures is Gertrude Astor, five feet seven and a half inches. Next come Anna Q. Nilsson, Gwen Lee and Eleanor Boardman, five feet seven, and Constance Talmadge, Natalie Kingston, Greta Garbo and Doris Kenyon, all five feet six. A half inch too tall are Lillian Gish, Sally Blaine and Florence Vidor, while Jacqueline Logan, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels and Ivy Harris are half an inch too short. The shortest girl is Barbara Kent, a mere four feet eleven, with Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, May McAvoy and Helen Foster nearly as brief as Barbara—they being each just five feet.

Incidentally, while this has nothing to do with Venus, the average girl star wears a size 6 shoe and a size 6 glove.

The nine who are exactly Venus’ height are Billie Dove, Yola D’Avril, Colleen Moore, Pola Negri, Thelma Todd, Leatrice Joy, Elinor Fair, Aileen Pringle and the aforementioned Joan Crawford.

Venus’ chest measured thirty-four inches. That’s one of the points where the film girls vary most. Renee Adoree, Aileen Pringle, Molly O’Day, Doris Kenyon and Phyllis Haver are 36 bust, while Janet Gaynor, Fay Wray, Ruth Taylor, Doris Hill, Marceline Day, Virginia Lee Corbin are only 31. The biggest feet of all—shades of Helen of Troy—are Maria Corda’s size eights. The smallest are Helen Foster’s one and a half B’s. But the chief difference from the goddess is that every actress is proportionately under weight.

The heaviest of all is Gwen Lee, who weighs only 135 pounds. Greta Garbo and Natalie Kingston—remember their five feet six—show 125 pounds, but outside of these three every girl [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
Box-Office Love
A true story of a studio conference
By Agnes Smith

The Master Minds of the Yeses Studio were gathered together in important conference. In spite of the fact that they had just seen the grandest and most expensive picture that their company ever had made, the Master Minds were nervous wrecks and fit to be tied. They were in such a state that they didn't know whether to call in a psycho-analyst or a golf-professional or both.

One of their best directors, working with their most popular star, had just made a great picture out of "Macbeth." (Please remember that this is an imaginary occurrence.) It was a great box-office knockout, full of tears, laughter and sex appeal, but the Master Minds were faced with the horrid problem of finding a new title for it.

Of course, no member of the Yeses Studio was dumb enough to suggest that the picture be released under its original title. An assistant cameraman hinted at such a possibility, but he was rushed off to an asylum and put under observation.

"I've got an idea," said one of the Lesser Master Minds. "Call it 'Scotch Passions.'"

"Not so good," answered The Chief, "there's no such thing."

"Then how about 'Passionate Princes'?

"Sounds like a costume picture."

"Or 'Murder at Midnight?"

"Might be a crook story."

"A Highland Fling?"

"This ain't a Beery-Hatton comedy."

"Or 'Night-life in Scotland?"

"Be yourself. Who do you think we are, Burton Holmes?"

"I have it!" shouted the head subtitle writer. "Call it 'Murderous Wives."

"My boy," sobbed The Chief, "you're worth at least half your salary. You've saved the picture for us. Go and buy yourself a new hat and charge it to the Overhead."

This, of course, is an imaginary occurrence. But, as a D. W. Griffith subtitle would say, it is based on Actual Fact. There is, as you probably have noticed, an Art in selecting main titles for pictures. Maybe it is an Art; maybe it is a superstition. Anyway, whatever it is, motion picture magnates piously believe that by observing the following rules in the main title, almost any picture will lure the public to the box-office:

1. All box-office titles should hint at a situation, a sex struggle, or a sex indiscretion.
2. The word "love" in a title is guaranteed to make men, women and children part with their quarters.
3. If the name of a town must be suggested, use Paris or Broadway. "Paris Love" has a greater appeal than "London Love." "A Broadway Romance" is infinitely more potent than "A Main Street Romance."
4. If an hour of the day must be suggested, by all means, pick midnight. Thus "A Midnight Kiss," the film title of the stage play "Figs," is far hotter than would be "An Afternoon Kiss."
5. If you are picking colors, choose crimson, scarlet or red.
6. Never select a title that is too long, hard to pronounce, contains a foreign name or hints at an historical event.

Under the sway of this superstition, "Aren't We All?" became "A Kiss in the Dark." "The Undying Past" went up in electric lights as "Flesh and the Devil." You went to see "When a Man Loves," whereas you might have passed up "Manon Lescaut." "Ladies of Hell" was substituted for "Annie Laurie." Balzac's "Pere Goriot" emerged as "Paris at Midnight." "Hail and Farewell" was changed to "Heart of a Siren." "Anna Karenina" blossomed out as "Love."

It's all very easy. I—and you, too—could go on quoting examples indefinitely.

And the screen magnates are very smart to work out these little rules for sure-fire box-office titles. It's a great system.

The only trouble with it is that nearly every great, [continued on page 84]
They’ll Never PLAY

The girl who would a-luring go. Bored with being the sweet influence in a screen hero’s life, Mary Brian hoped to slink around in velvet and earrings. But her producers refused. They know the movie bad die young.

No Little Eva for Louise Brooks. She can get blonde curls from the wigmaker’s and a gaga dress from the wardrobe but Nature decreed that chic Louise will always look beautiful but never dumb enough to be an angel child.

Roles

A triumph of bathing suit over beefsteak. In her early movie days Esther Ralston clad herself in khaki and spent her dramatic time making cows contented. But never again. For the moment Esther got into better and briefer things, particularly one-piece things, she revealed herself a real star with a chiffon complex.
Portrait of Richard Arlen's suppressed desire. From Poverty Row to Paramount stardom, from rags to Jobyna Ralston and marriage. All this Richard has won. But he won't be happy until he's a comedy cop, upholding a bathing beauty.

Now this little star will not be permitted to play Mr. Barrie's favorite brain baby. Above all, proper Peter Pans have been chosen for a lack of IT and legs invisible to the naked eye. And Clara Bow's is not a Pan like that.

George Bancroft, terror of "Underworld," roar of "The Rough Riders," a new star in the film firmament, triumphant but sad. For cruel casting keeps him playing these rough boys even as he yearns to Sahara around, a sheik, with that mysterious something that melts an iron woman.

Not always has William Powell been the city slicker. Once he was just a clear-eyed college boy like this and Bill longs to turn this spiritual side to the camera! Harsh fate! His art keeps him screening sin after sin.
Love Pictures

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

I AM acquainted with a maiden lady of seventy who is as ardent a movie fan as one could wish to see. She lives in a neighborhood in New York where there is a picture house on almost every block. Nothing disconcerts her so much as when two or three of these local theaters play the same film the same week.

You might wonder what a woman of that age and experience—perhaps one might better say lack of experience—could want with love. But this is her story.

"Doctor," she said, "you take such an interest in motion pictures, can't you persuade the producers to give us more love?"

I had to confess that it seemed to me the producers were shoveling on love pretty thick.

"Well, maybe you are right," she replied. "Maybe I crave love so much because somehow life did not give me my share. I don't mind confessing that before the movies came along I often suffered terribly for lack of it. Now, at any rate, I am gratified when I see love on the screen. It unloads something inside, within myself, that has been trying to express itself for years."

Finally she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "Love is what keeps me so young, you know!"

This old lady is not the only one who continues to crave love.

The young hunger for it as much as the old.

Having loved, or still being in love, makes no difference either.

Love is an irresistible and irradicable longing that even love itself never completely satisfies.

The more you love, the more you want it.

And you don't have to get used to it to like it—like olives and kumquats. You just naturally cannot live without it.

Have you ever tried to arrive at an accurate evaluation of your own love life?

Have you ever sat down to a quiet, honest, heart-to-heart talk with yourself, actually checking up instead of wishing and hoping?

Ask yourself these questions:

How much do you repress and deny to yourself the promptings of your heart?

How often do you dream about expressing your love for someone instead of taking steps that would lead you actually to express it?

How often do you feel the need of petting and affection but are unable to make your desires a reality?

How many times have you thought that the man or woman you have chosen as your beloved object could be more loving?

How many times have you wondered why you do not feel love in him as loving as you used to?

How often have you felt jealous?

How often have you resolved to be resigned and to forget?

I KNOW you have wrestled with thoughts such as these because everybody does.

And that is why it is such a relief to go to a picture show, see love free, untrammelled and adventure-bent, and feel like the lovers the picture story depicts.

To be sure, there are other varieties of love besides romantic love.

There is mother love, for instance, and that never fails to grip.

Do you recall how during the war those in authority in the army and navy were continually reminding the men to write home to mother?

Everybody has a mother and his or her mother becomes the individual's first sweetheart. Mother love becomes a "fixation," psychologists say, an emotional attachment the individual cannot shake even if he tries.

Five or six years ago, William Fox made a picture called "Over the Hill." It was a story of mother love, a simple tale of a mother who had worked and sacrificed for years to take care of her children. One by one, they left her and neglected her until, alone and destitute, she was sent to an Old Folks Home.
The doctor explains how we react to them and how motion pictures satisfy our incurable and insatiable longing for romance

In an address made at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, Mr. Fox told of the remarkable effects of that picture. Two years after the picture was put in circulation, he said, he made an investigation of institutions for the old and infirm throughout the United States and he found that, during the two years that the picture was in circulation, approximately thirty-five per cent of the total inmates had been reclaimed and reestablished in homes by their relations as a direct result of that particular photoplay.

Then there is love of country—patriotism—and that always ennobles and elevates.

“The Big Parade” is a case in point. Also “What Price Glory” and “Seventh Heaven.” Whenever a screen production features humanity in an individual character study, sacrificed on the altar of that individual’s country, there is bound to be an instant response. One is roused by such stories even if the hero in question be a foreigner, suffering for his own cause that appears to him as an ideal.

"BEAU GESTE" took the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE prize as being the finest picture in 1927. This dealt with brother love.

There is “Wings,” likewise depicting a non-sexual love of one buddy for another. Again success!

Even the love of a dog for his master carries sympathy. Witness the popularity of the productions in which Rin-Tin-Tin appeared and the late Peter The Great.

Love of one kind or another must be brought into every picture if it would succeed.

A loveless screen story is like soup without seasoning. Every medal-winning picture stressed particularly the universal element of love.

Nevertheless, in the last analysis, the most appealing and most exciting form of love continues to remain the love between the sexes.

Romantic love is the most colorful and varied. It is the most stimulating. It is the most appealing.

The imagination works like a house afore when the picture is about love.

We don’t have to stretch it or strain it.

When love is on the screen we readily imagine anything, accept anything, believe anything.

A love story doesn’t even have to square with reality to be convincing.

It can take place in the Garden of Eden or on the planet Mars. So long as it is about love we drink it in with the eagerness of a fever-racked patient.

Because we are curious about love, because we are always seeking for the perfect love affair, the screen romances of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman have a constant fascination for us.

Nor does it matter whether love is thwarted or love is triumphant. So long as it is love. That is what counts.

Romantic love we all must have.

We live by love!

And why?

Why always love?

What is love anyway?

SINCE my work as a neuropsychiatrist deals so largely with emotional mechanisms—with the origin, development, successes and failures of love—I am often asked these questions.

And to answer them is not so easy.

It would be much simpler to explain an irresistible compulsion to steal or murder than to explain this besetting obsession to love.

Love, that unquenchable urge, that cardinal desire, that supreme compelling and impelling motive that never dies, is the most elusive, involved and subtle human factor that psychology has to deal with.

Psychoanalysis claims that love starts with the Oedipus Complex.

It claims also that the Oedipus Complex is responsible for the way you love.  [CONTINUED ON PAGE 143]
Aileen Pringle: Black hair, green eyes. Aileen selects a tailored suit of gray serge with white pin stripes. The hat is gray felt with a crown trimmed in silver mesh. She wears a jade pin.

Marion Davies: Blonde hair, blue eyes. She chooses a Russian coat of white hand-woven linen crash. The pocket ornament is appliqued in silks—lavender, green, yellow and pale blue. The belt is of white kid. With it, Marion wears a white aviator hat, white shoes trimmed in green and nude silk chiffon hose.

Ruth Taylor: Blonde hair, blue eyes. Ruth's coat is of wood nymph beige kasha with shawl collar and deep cuffs of golden beige fox. The skirt is brown kasha and the blouse is peach beige. She wears tan and brown oxfords and a beige felt hat.

Colleen Moore: Dark auburn hair, one brown eye and one blue eye. Probably because of her mixed eyes, Colleen sticks to one tone in her street dress — sand color. The coat is quilted velvet and the one piece frock is of heavy silk crepe. The tan felt hat has a butterfly ornament of cocoa yarn. The hand-bag is cocoa antelope skin.
Street Costumes

The stars choose these outfits for personal wear. To which type do you belong?

Bebe Daniels: Black hair, dark brown eyes. All in dark brown velvet. The sable-trimmed coat may be used for informal evening wear. The only ornament on the hat is a dull gold buckle. The shoes are satin.

Norma Shearer: Medium brown hair, blue eyes. Neither blonde nor brunette, she wears a dark green skirt with lighter blouse. The coat is robin's egg blue. The hat—blue with a dark green design.

WHAT color shall I wear?

Here is an answer to the question, given by seven stars of all different types and colorings. The costumes were selected by the actresses themselves from their own wardrobes and reflect the tastes of the wearers and not the ideas of studio designers.

Any of these costumes may be adapted by any woman to suit her own purse. If you cannot, like Bebe Daniels, afford sable trimming, you can remember that soft dark brown furs look well with soft dark brown eyes.

For more formal wear, Marion Davies prefers French blue. Clara Bow is happiest in peacock blue. Clara wears what makes her happy whether it is correct or not. Aileen Pringle advises brunettes with white skin to wear lacquer red. And Ruth Taylor finds that blondes prefer peach color.

Clara Bow: Red hair, brown eyes. The coat—rose cocoa velvet. The skirt—pleated beige crepe. The hat—dark brown velour. The shoes—parchment kid. There you are, flappers!
Editor Rogers of Olathe, Kansas, "viewed with alarm" his boy's ambitions to become one of those movie actors. And now that "Buddy" has established himself as one of the best young leading men, Editor Rogers "points with pride."

**Gossip The**

If the meeting will please come to order, we will consider the first, but not necessarily the most important, question of the month. What's become of Constance Talmadge? A few months ago, Constance signed a contract with United Artists but, oddly enough, the powers in charge seem to be singularly indifferent to the lady's future. She hasn't worked for months and there seems to be no mad rush to put her back on the screen. And there's no denying that other younger and fresher comediennees have cut into Connie's position.

As sister of Norma and sister-in-law of Joseph Schenck, overlord of the United Artists, Connie had her own way for a long time. Her divorces, her engagements and her diamond bracelets were always good for publicity. Lately a strange silence has enveloped Connie's doings. There have been no reports of either a new husband or a new picture. At the rate Connie is heading for screen obscurity, I hope she still clings to the diamond bracelets.

They tell this story on Samuel Untermeyer, the rich New York lawyer. Untermeyer has a beautiful estate in Yonkers which he has often graciously loaned as a background for motion pictures.

Once, however, in Mr. Untermeyer's absence, a small film company invaded the place and stole some shots of "Greystone" without getting the owner's permission.

One night Mr. and Mrs. Untermeyer went to see a movie in Yonkers and what was their distress to see a view of "Greystone" prefaced by the title, "The home where no happiness dwells."

Sue Carol has denied her engagement to Nick Stuart. A statement which interests practically every male being in the Cinema City.

Ben Lyon is saving a lot of money in long distance telephone calls to New York. He is taking Marion Nixon to all the Hollywood festivities and Marilyn Miller's dressing room in New York is decorated with photographs of Jack Warburton. And Marilyn gives it out to the press that the affair with Ben never was serious. Why, Marilyn, you little madcap!

Now comes wind of another romance. Myrna Kennedy, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, and James Hall are going around Hollywood's "places to go" together. Oh, yes, also Virginia Bradford and Frank Marion, who are rising to fame together on the De Mille lot in Culver City. Interesting, how these youngsters hang together.

Are we going to have no unattached girls left in the Cinema City? Marceline Day has been one whom engagement rumors have passed by until Richard Dix made his bow. Now they are being seen everywhere together and even Richard's closest friends admit he is "different"—more quiet, more settled down, they tell me. Ah, love! It does make a difference. And no one in Hollywood would deny that they both have the symptoms.

Speaking of Marceline, she went out and bought herself a lovely new home in Beverly Hills the other day. Which may or may not have something to do with the case, tra la.

Ran into William Powell the other day.

"What you doing now, Bill?"

"Oh, I'm playing the comedy relief for Beery and Hatton."

Powell is modest. There isn't a better actor or a finer guy on the screen.
ELEANOR BOARDMAN and King Vidor moved from their hilltop home to allow John Barrymore, the new owner, to enter.

Moved to an elaborate new apartment house in Beverly Hills.

Stayed one night and moved to another.

They didn't like the bows painted on the breakfast room chairs.

“JUST why don't you name that child?” someone demanded of King Vidor.

“Why should we?” King retorted. "There’s only one. No need, whatever, to distinguish.”

Perhaps that is the secret of the nameless infant of the film metropolis.

Eleanor Boardman and King are waiting until necessity demands a cognomen.

Lina Basquette celebrates her debut as a star by acquiring a motor that has a make-up box, a chauffeur telephone and all those other ritzy contraptions that make motoring more comfortable than staying at home.

CHARMING candor on the part of Mae Murray’s husband, David Mdivani was arrested for speeding recently in Santa Monica.

When the judge asked him his occupation, Mdivani answered simply, “husband.”

IRVING THALBERG and Norma Shearer are making a quickie trip through Europe. Not on business, just by way of a honeymoon. Furthermore, Norma announces that after one more year in pictures, she is going to retire and become merely Mrs. Thalberg.

Believe it or not, but that is what she says.

HELP! Jackie Coogan may go to England and make one picture this summer. That’s nothing new, but the kick to the story lies in the fact that Jackie may remain over there and finish off his education at Oxford. What a wind-up for the wistful, ragged baby of “The Kid”!

AND now the favorite snappy come-back is, “Take your hand off my knee. I don't want to go into the movies.”

LET'S go slumming. Let's consider the doings of some of our playmates who are skating so gracefully on thin ice. There is, for instance, the famous lady who has taken for her motto, "all for love and the world well lost." She is rich, popular and her whole reputation is at stake. Nevertheless, she is enamored of a young Latin who has nothing to lose, and much to gain, by the romantic attachment.

For months, Hollywood's favorite topic of conversation has been the story that the husband hired a gang of thugs to mess up the face of the handsome rival. True or not, the tale has become one of the legends of the movies.

Undisturbed by all the gossip, the lady is having a great time making faces at the conventions.

CONSIDER, too, the frantic domestic affairs of Dolores Del Rio. And shed a few tears for Jaime Del Rio, who is only her husband. Before Edwin Carewe coaxed the rich Mexican beauty to Hollywood, all was sweetness and light in the Del Rio household.

When the couple moved to Hollywood and Dolores became a star, Jaime (it's pronounced Heim) felt that he was being slowly shoved into the background.

Jaime refused to play second saxophone and moved to New York, where he is writing a play in order to establish his own claim to fame. He's a gentleman and he won't talk. And he's still in love with his wife.
Don't you think you are going to like this young fellow? He is Rex King, former rodeo performer, who has been signed by Fox to perform in horse operas.

Well, Henri de la Falaise is off on another one of his semi-annual trips to Paris. Every time Henri goes abroad the wise boys begin to bet he'll never return.

Walter Winchell tells this one and it is worth passing on. A film company was considering making Emil Ludwig's story of Napoleon. At a conference of master minds, various actors were suggested for the role of Bonaparte.

Finally an exasperated magnate squawked, "But these are all little fellers dot you are suggesting. Dis is a beeg story so we got to haf a beeg ctor for Napoleon."

The 1928 baby Wampas stars were asked to sell boxes for the ball in their honor, prices ranging from eighty to two hundred and fifty dollars.

Lina Basquatte and Sue Carol, two of the lucky babies, met at a social function.

"I see Ruth Taylor has sold the most," Lina whispered. Sue nodded. "Have you sold any, Lina?" Sue returned the whisper.

"Yes. One. Two hundred fifty."

"Who to?"

"Cecil De Mille—my director. Have you?"

"Yes. One. Two hundred fifty."

"Who to?"

"Mrs. Sam Lederer. My mother."

Greta Garbo was having her pictures taken by Ruth Harriet Louise. During one of the close-up shots, her eyes blinked.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Miss Louise," Greta apologized. "But I twinkled."

What a hard, hard life these movie producers do lead! Take poor Harry Rapf, for instance. Harry is one of the producers for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Recently Mr. Rapf had to search for talent. What a painful duty! Mr. Rapf had to come East and for two weeks he watched the finest dramas, the choicest musical comedies, the slickest night club shows along Broadway. Talk about work!

I asked Mr. Rapf why, with Hollywood over-run with beautiful extra girls, he didn't search there for undiscovered stars.

"Hollywood girls all get to looking alike," he said. "New York girls retain their individuality."

Which, certainly, should be a hint to the ambitious.

Fay Wray was thrilling over memories of a golf game played in the light of a full moon.

"Who were you with, Fay?" we quiered.

A pronounced blush was the only answer.

"Who are you playing around with?"

"Oh, not any one person."

"Well, we might print a list."

"Oh, no! It would be too long," Fay modestly answered.

The way these cruel-hearted directors get their heroines to cry is outrageous!

Marceline Day was just getting ready to weep in the picture, when the villain called out, "Bring on the glycerine." Marceline burst into a flood of tears, she felt so insulted!

Herbert Brenon had been waiting for Loretta Young's flood gates to open, when he spied her sister and said in a stage whisper, "There's her sister. I wish we'd put her in the part instead."

Loretta went into real tears in a second.

John Robertson, who has directed some of the most noteworthy American pictures, has gone to England to head his own company. Being a Canadian by birth, Mr. Robertson gets in under the new English quota law which required that British films be made, for the most part, by English citizens.

Mr. Robertson's chief problem will be to develop British talent.

And he's the director to do it, as he has discovered an unusual number of young American stars.

With Mr. Robertson goes Albert Parker, another excellent director and Hollywood's best raconteur. (Look it up in a French dictionary.)

And so Hollywood loses two of its limited supply of really interesting gentlemen.
P. Heggie, the actor played in the stage revival of "Trelawney of the Wells," was rushed from New York to Hollywood to appear in Norma Shearer's interpretation of the play under the name of "The Actress."

Production was delayed while he crossed the continent; special cars met him at the station and rushed him to the studio without even stopping to deliver his luggage.

When he arrived, it was discovered that he would work for two days with his face beneath a newspaper covering. Any "prop" boy could have sat in the position and no one knows the difference.

"It could only have happened in Hollywood" might well title this true story.

A famous producer was to be married. Another producer issued invitations to a big formal dinner in his honor on the eve of his marriage.

The elite of the male-notables attended.

The dinner was strictly formal. A huge plaque of honor was awarded the groom.

State speeches were offered eulogizing his accomplishments for the "beesness."

Finally a director slipped out to go home and tell his wife he was so bored he just couldn't stay another moment.

The next day he received a bill for $106 for his participation in the "invited" dinner.

Rose-Marie," the film version of the operetta, has finally reached the screen. It's a Northwest story and it is merely just another pretty, good picture. The public that sees the picture will not realize all the money and heart-breaks it caused. The film was made three times, with various casts and various directors. It cost $700,000 and a lot of valuable time and effort.

Yet it is no better than a lot of other pictures made for one-fifth the sum. And that, boys and girls, is why the business men connected with pictures go into nervous breakdowns.

Perhaps you have read the story of how Phyllis Haver went to the Ten Cent store before Christmas to get some tree ornaments and was so struck by the girl who waited upon her that she obtained a part for her in Cecil De Mille's "The Godless Girl."

But I doubt if you have heard Dorothy Ward's side of this story. When one of her customers interrupted the mad rush to ask "Say, little girl, have you ever been in pictures?" Dorothy was annoyed at the question. She didn't recognize Phyllis, and was disgusted at the attempt to make her talk against Mr. Woolworth's regulations. Nor would she give her name or address.

Lucky for Dorothy that Phyllis was persistent and sent her to Woolworth's bookkeeping department to get the necessary information.

I have a hunch Phyllis Haver will never be out of a job. If she ever wants to give up acting she will be all ready to take up the promotion of others for acting.

After discovering Dorothy Ward in a Ten Cent store and placing her with the De Mille organization, she turned her attention to Ray Cook, a twelve year old youngster.

"He has such an interesting face," she told me. "A pug nose and real freckles. Eyes that laugh all the time. He can't help but register."

Oh, yes, she placed him. With the same organization.

As you have probably heard, Universal spent $2,000,000 and two years in making "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In spite of all the efforts to make a smashing hit of the film, the picture has been no more successful than other less expensive productions. The failure of the picture to knock the world cold has been a source of constant aggravation to Carl Laemmle.

And so, in the Universal offices, the film has been retitled "Uncle Carl's Crabbin'."

Larry Semon, the comic who used more custard pies than all the other fimmies put together, has gone into bankruptcy for a couple of million. Semon has been directng recently while his wife, Dorothy Dwan, has been doing all the acting for the family.

The year 1927 marked one great improvement in Hollywood.

The number of extra girls requiring assistance from charitable organizations was [continued on page 88]
$15,000 in Prizes

Over 40,000 Ideas Submitted in Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE Contest for Stories—Fifty Prize Winners Named

First Prize
Rena Vale
Los Angeles, Cal.

OVER 40,000 readers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE submitted ideas in the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation—PHOTOPLAY $15,000 contest. This avalanche of ideas presented a herculean task to the staff of PHOTOPLAY and to the board of contest judges.

In order to arrive at an absolutely fair decision regarding the submitted ideas, a careful reading was given each idea. The idea then received a rating from a committee of examiners. In this way the thousands of ideas finally were sifted down to a few hundred. From these few hundred, after repeated consideration by the judges, a set of fifty winning ideas was selected.

These ideas were then submitted to the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation for a final opinion as to their exact screen possibilities. After a reading by Jesse L. Lasky, First Vice-President, and other executives of Paramount Famous-Lasky, the fifty ideas were returned to the board of judges and a final rating given the winners.

This effort to insure absolute fairness to every contestant required time and care. The contest was inaugurated in the April, 1927, issue of PHOTOPLAY and closed at midnight on August 15, 1927. The final decision upon the winners was reached on February 1, 1928, six and one-half months being required to examine and pass upon the 40,000 submitted ideas.

An amazing quantity of excellent ideas was received. The submitted ideas revealed a surprising level of originality and ingenuity, as well as a tremendous interest in the photoplay. If the 40,000 ideas did nothing else, they showed a genuine and sweeping love of motion pictures throughout America, and, indeed, the whole world.

Naturally, there was duplication of idea. Biography was one of the favorite fields of suggested idea. Practically everybody in the world's history, from Eve to Calvin Coolidge, was suggested. The favorite characters suggested were, oddly enough, Christopher Columbus and Mary, Queen of Scots.

Probably the Mississippi flood was suggested by more contestants than any other one subject. The

![Image of a check]

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

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Chicago, Ill.

MARCH 15, 1928

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SECRETARY & ASST. TREASURER

Nathaniel D. Lasky
Awarded for Ideas

Second Prize
Mrs. M. Caroli
New York City

Third Prize
Yvonne Corriveau
Pawtucket, R. I.

Fourth Prize
Marvel Kingsley
Madison, Wis.

Fifth Prize
Lute Johnson
Denver, Col.

Says Jesse L. Lasky,
First Vice-President of Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation:

The $15,000 Idea Contest conducted by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and Paramount Famous-Lasky has given me a great personal gratification and will, I trust, be most profitable to the successful participants.

To me personally the contest has brought a wealth of suggestions direct from the motion picture public and supporters, together with ideas of what they desire and expect from producers, which, otherwise, I should never have obtained at first hand.

The contest as no other medium has put the audience and producer in close touch. The sincerity of the contestants is appreciatively acknowledged, and the freshness and brilliancy of some of the subjects is an interesting revelation.

Eighth Prize
Hilda M. Riehl
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Ninth Prize
Rose Cour
Chicago, Ill.

fact that the flood was raging during part of the contest period made this a favorite theme. The Lindbergh flight was another popular idea. Scores of contestants suggested ideas developed upon the possibility of life on Mars or the moon and life as it may be about 2,000 years from today. Job led all the Biblical characters in popularity. The favorite general theme was probably the separated-and-lost twin idea, with one living in poverty and the other in wealth. The lost parent idea followed right behind.

In announcing the contest winners, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE can not tell the winning ideas themselves. Since the prizes are awarded by the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation, the ideas, upon being accepted as winners, become the property of that organization. To tell these winning ideas now would be to lay the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation open to the theft or appropriation of these winning stories by unscrupulous people and to

their possibly unconscious appropriation and adaptation by scenarists and fiction writers generally. Later, where it is possible, PHOTOPLAY will point out the winning ideas when and if they are produced by the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation.

Upon the final decision by the board of judges, the Paramount Famous-Lasky Corporation turned over to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE a check for $15,000, covering the fifty prizes. Checks are now being mailed to the fifty winners by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The winner of the first prize of $5,000 is Miss Rena Vale, whose address is Box 994, Los Angeles, Cal. Here is how Miss Vale describes herself:

"I was born about the time the neighbors began leaving to join the Rough Riders. My birthplace was a three-room adobe house on the famous 'Diamond-S' Ranch, where the jolly old Pancho Villa used to spend his week-ends, [continued on page 114]
The comic cream puff all over his face terrified the actors who ran through the studio screaming "Mad Dog."

JUST another example of the demoralizing effects of Hollywood! Once Beasley had been a simple soul—inocent—young—carefree—unschooled.

Of course, Sylvia should never have let him devil her into taking him to the movies that fatal afternoon. She should have known that home, a beautiful walled-in garden, an occasional game of ball, with just enough stray cats to give life a little fillip, was all that is necessary to any dog. Especially to a dog like Beasley, whose breed could only be designated as inconsistent. For though he started out at the nose, as one of those adorable, wistful-eyed Irish terriers, he reverted at the neckline to a half long, half short-haired body that suggested a mixture of Collie and Boston Bull and continued to a tail that waved in impudent defiance of every law of heredity.

It all began when Rajah, the big police dog, came to live in the Spanish villa across the street. Rajah brought his master along, the two of them driving up in a big sport roadster, one afternoon, when Sylvia and Beasley were playing ball on the front lawn. Sylvia saw them coming and gurgled with excitement.

"It's Jack Claiborne—the movie star, who plays in pictures, with his police dog! And, oh, they're going to live across the street from us, Beasley!"

Beasley, with the usual superior aloof attitude he took to any dog in which Sylvia showed an interest, pretended to be completely indifferent, and went on snarling and growling at the ball. But he took a rapid glance over his shoulder that Sylvia didn't notice and mentally catalogued Rajah as "nothing much."

Beasley became more tolerant, when he saw that Sylvia did not pay any attention to the big police dog, but confined her remarks to the subject of Claiborne. Beasley even felt obligated to take a neighborly interest in the newcomer. After all he owed it to the canine community to give a stranger a chance. Rajah was reticent at first and that was perfectly all right. Beasley had no use for the "pushy" kind who got too friendly, too quickly. But when he observed that Rajah never went out except in the company of his servant or master and then was led on a leash or driven in a high powered motor car; when the more virile members of the canine neighborhood gossiped contemptuously about the police dog's baths, oil rubs and dog dentists, Beasley lost all interest. Rajah must certainly be more or less of a "wet smack," not a he-dog at any rate.

THEN suddenly everything changed. Sylvia was the reason. Sylvia was a goddess to Beasley. He considered her perfect from head to toe. Her graceful little figure that could rough-house so gloriously at moments, or rise to dignified heights when it came to discipline! Her little blonde bobbed head, that, every morning, nodded at him in such a friendly fashion from the bedclothes, when on being admitted by the cook, he tore up to wake his mistress with joyful barkings! Her childish, long-nailed fingers that caressed him or laid a restraining hand on his collar or fed him forbidden sweetmeats at the table. She was the Divine Adored Ruler of Beasley's destiny.

But she had one habit Beasley never quite approved of. Several days a week, she cruelly barricaded him in the back garden, jumped into her sporty little roadster and drove off alone. Beasley wondered what she did on those mysterious journeys. How could she have a good time without him?

Then one day, Sylvia carelessly let the hook slip on the garden gate and it swung open, allowing Beasley to escape. He followed her craftily, keeping right behind her and walking on the soft grass so she would not hear the pad of his feet. When she stepped into her car, he jumped into the rumble seat and crouched there, all the way downtown. He was puzzled when she parked half a block below a large glittering building decorated in bright colors with pictures on sign boards all around the outside. There Sylvia turned and discovered Beasley, who leaped out to lick her face, with waggy enthusiasm.

"Oh, Beasley, you had dog to sneak along! Now I've got to take you home and I'll miss half of the picture!" she pouted.

Beasley whined and pretended to be very repentant. He wasn't. He was jubilant. For she wasn't taking him home at all. She was walking up to read the bulletin board in front of the theater.

"The feature's on now and I just can't miss any of it. I'll just have to take a chance," she said and picking Beasley up in her arms, she flung his sports coat over
him, slipped smillingly past a man in uniform at the door and walked into a large dark room filled with people. That was how Beany saw his first movie—the movie that changed his life. That was how he discovered what it meant to have a career.

At first, he thought it really was Rajah, who bounded before him, suddenly grown three times his own size. Excitedly starting up from Sylvia's lap, Beany began to bark. Quickly Sylvia pulled him down and threw her coat over him. Then she looked up at the suspicious usher with such a sweet smile that this mere man apologized and went on up the aisle. After a while, she allowed Beany to nose a little way out from under the coat and watch some more.

At first, he tried to be scornful, tried to say to himself that Rajah was only a sissy, making himself ridiculous. But as he watched, he soon forgot these petty emotions. The things Rajah did! Why they were thrilling! His life as the companion of a cowboy on the Western plains was full of excitement. He chased wild cattle, corralled stampeding horses, fought wicked villains and rescued a lady—almost as fair as Sylvia—in a last desperate race with death. And then what attention and adulation he received, not only from the people on the screen, but from the whole audience! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]
CONTINUING the adventures of those Babes in the Wood—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. Thanks again to the sympathetic direction of Frank Borzage, here is a picture that is as human and as appealing as "Seventh Heaven." Miss Gaynor plays a little Italian circus performer, whose innocence and poverty force her to attempt the last resources of desperate girls. How a tramp artist, played by Farrell, rescues her; how they are separated and reunited, forms the basis of a tear-wringing romance.

You'll like the simple, sincere playing of these two youngsters, the picturesque backgrounds and the fantasy-like treatment of the story. These two kids strike a fresh, new note on the screen. Natalie Kingston and Henry Armetta give good performances. Don't miss this one.

HOW Gloria Swanson beat the censors is being demonstrated in her newest and raciest picture. For "Rain" has come to the screen almost intact. Those portions objectionable to the purity leagues have been glossed over, but all the implications of the story are the same. And it is a great story. All normal people should be able to work up at least a mild frenzy over the battle between Sadie and the fanatical reformer of the South Seas. Raoul Walsh directs with speed and vigor, and acts very capably as Handsome, the marine. And Lionel Barrymore is almost perfect. But Gloria Swanson dominates the picture, with a flashing performance.

You will like "Sadie Thompson." It's stirring and ironic and funny. You couldn't ask more.

This is the picture that lifted Clarence Brown into the position of highest paid director in Hollywood. As the result of "The Trail of '98" Brown will get $300,000 a year whether or not he works.

Probably Brown is worth it. He has not made a boxoffice flop in his whole career. This, in particular, is a mighty panorama of the Alaskan gold rush. You will find everything here: greed, love, pathos, humor, famine and wealth.

In a way "The Trail of '98" has the sweep of "The Covered Wagon." You follow Brown's fortune seekers with breathless interest from the moment their steamboat plows its way out of the Golden Gate, laden with gold maddened humans from every corner of the globe, until the last fade-out after the burning of Dawson City.

The whole gold rush trail is here—over the snowy perils of Chilkoot Pass and through the river rapids. The big menace is always Old Man Mercury, hovering at forty or so below zero.

"The Trail of '98" is that dream of all megaphone wielders: a purely director's picture. Still, the story of the six principal protagonists—played by Dolores Del Rio, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Harry Carey, Tully Marshall and George Cooper—is never lost. Basically, it is the romance of two adventurers in the Yukon, one a young Scot, the other the granddaughter of an old Jew making a last quest for a fortune.

It has tremendous interest as Brown pictures it, this last stand of roystering, hard-listed pioneer America.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

THE TRAIL OF '98  ABIE'S IRISH ROSE
STREET ANGEL  SADIE THOMPSON
DOOMSDAY  CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE

The Best Performances of the Month

L. M. Leonidoff in "Czar Ivan the Terrible"
Janet Gaynor in "Street Angel"
Charles Farrell in "Street Angel"
Lionel Barrymore in "Sadie Thompson"
Louise Dresser in "His Country"
Jean Hersholt in "Abie's Irish Rose"
Gloria Swanson in "Sadie Thompson"
Florence Vidor in "Doomsday"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 146.

DOOMSDAY—Paramount

At last Florence Vidor shakes off the great lady manner, the coy sophistication, the tea-and-toast comedy tricks. Miss Vidor emerges as an artist and proves that she has something real to give to the screen. In this fine, intelligent story, she plays a household drudge. Although she loves Arnold Furze, played by Gary Cooper, she can only offer her the further drudgery of a farmer's wife. So she marries a rich neighbor. And then comes the drama.

Rowland V. Lee has made an absorbing picture. Women, especially, will like it because they will see in it their own problems, their own mistakes. And admirers of Miss Vidor, who have seen her fading into a genteel feminine version of Adolphe Menjou, will be glad to know that being a star hasn't made her forget how to act.

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount

Anne Nichols' famous play, "Abie's Irish Rose," was no mere success. It ran four years in New York. It had remarkable runs everywhere else. The natives of Abyssinia and points East have gone wild over it.

In brief, "Abie's Irish Rose" was not just a play. It was not just a hit. It was an epidemic. They had to burn down theaters to get it out. It wore out a score or so playhouses during its long runs. In New York the wisecrackers said that the original cast had to have a vacation in order to get its collective face lifted.

If you liked "Abie's Irish Rose" as a spoken play, you will surely like it as a shadow drama. It has all the tears and laughter of the original, plus the usual Hollywood elaboration.

"Abie's Irish Rose" concerns the serio-comic marital problems of a Jewish boy and an Irish girl, with the inevitable racial clashes of the young people's families. Hollywood had embezzled the war into an elaborate sequence. The sub-titles are snappy. What more could you ask?

True, we have had a lot of Irish-Hebrew comedies during the past year or so but NOT "Abie's Irish Rose."

Charles Rogers is a likeable Abie and Nancy Carroll is an appealing Rose. Bernard Gorcey and Ida Kramer, who played Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cohen 2,327 times behind the footlights, have almost perfected their roles. J. Farrell MacDonald is excellent, but the outstanding performance is that of Jean Hersholt as the Jewish father. If the film version doesn't amuse you, you are in the minority.

CZAR IVAN THE TERRIBLE—Sovkino

Made in and about the medieval palaces of the czars, this picture has never been surpassed in technical excellence, direction, and superb performances. A gruesome tale of life in Russia of the sixteenth century, it would perhaps fail in popular appeal to American audiences, but it has received unstinted praise and financial success in Russia, Germany and France. Ivan, as portrayed by L. M. Leonidoff, is one of the outstanding characterizations of screen history. The direction of Tarisch is flawless. It is one of the few excuses for the existence of little "art" film theaters. The vicious and ignorant and unexcusable butchering it received at the hands of the New York State Board of Censorship is an indictment of all official censoring bodies. You should walk a mile to see it.
Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

**SIMBA—Martin Johnson Corp.**

The Martin Johnsons, with their flair for getting intimate with wild animals, have made another jungle picture. Really just a travelogue, but far more entertaining than the average movie. Ferocious beasts allow themselves to be photographed in the most disarming poses. The climax is an exciting battle on the open veldt between a handful of natives and a lion. Be sure to see this. It’s amusing, and beautiful.

**THE SMART SET—M.-G.-M.**

William Haines is a brash youth again. This time he plays a lad born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Polo and flappers are his chief interests. He is kicked off the polo team for being too fresh. Then father decides to make a man of the boy. There is an exciting polo game. Probably you will like Haines. He is amusing. And Alice Day, Hobart Bosworth and Jack Holt lend good support.

**SKYSCRAPER—Pathe-De Mille**

This story is a natural. It concerns the feud between two rival riveters in the raw skeleton of a metropolitan skyscraper. The noisy boys are William Boyd and Alan Hale and they both love Sue Carol. Laughs, some hackneyed plot development—but, on the whole, a novel comedy melodrama. A bit breathless part of the time, when you consider the ozone that is below our rival lovers. It’s a novelty.

**HIS COUNTRY—Pathe-De Mille**

From the time that Peter Plecanik and his little family run the gamut at Ellis Island, their problems become yours. As the kindly, trusting Peter, the work of Rudolph Schildkraut is flawless. Through all his sorrows, even to the death of his only son, he displays a sublime patriotism nothing can destroy. Louise Dresser, as Ma Plecanik, has her best opportunity since “The Goose Woman.” Her characterization is deeply moving.

**THE FOREIGN LEGION—Universal**

You may be tired of Legionnaire pictures but you will like this one. After all, “Beau Geste” said it all. But Director Edward Sloman has devised some new angles from Miss I. A. R. Wylie’s story. Once again a heroic young man takes over the burden of another’s guilt. He enlists in the Foreign Legion. Norman Kerry is the brave hero, Lewis Stone is good as a legion colonel and there’s an effective sandstorm.

**THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN PARIS—Universal**

This is an attempt to cash in on the great popularity of “The Cohens and the Kellys.” But it was funnier the first time. The rival families now disport themselves in a movie director’s grotesque dream of Paris, ending up with the inevitable aeroplane and some wisecracks about Levine and Lindy. Al Cohn wrote a good comedy story and a few glimpses of Sue Carol help. Universal should not let this sort of thing become a habit.
of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**DRUMS OF LOVE**
United Artists

**A BLONDE FOR A NIGHT**
Pathe-De Mille

**BURNING DAYLIGHT**
First National

**SOFT LIVING**
Fox

**FEEL MY PULSE**
Paramount

**LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE**
Universal

This is D. W. Griffith's long awaited retelling of the Paolo and Francesca legend. Now it's laid in the South America of a century ago for some strange reason. Very turgid, with too much pageantry. Mary Philbin flashes a lot of new IT and Don Alvarado's performance will add to his fan mail. Too bad. This isn't the sort of picture we had hoped Griffith would give us. The old master can do better by miles.

Do you remember "Up in Mabel's Room"? Again we have a domestic comedy, starring Marie Prevost and Harrison Ford, directed by E. Mason Hopper. Added to this, we have T. Roy Barnes (delightful as ever) and Franklin Pangborn, doing all the mischief possible, with some of their antics verging on to slapstick. Lucien Littlefield enjoys "Learning about marriage through a keyhole" and you will like Marie.

An interesting tale of a virile he-man who refuses to have the millions he made in the Yukon gold rush snatched away by San Francisco gentleman crooks. Milton Sills digs his gold, manhandles his enemies and holds a gun as Jack London, the author, would have had him do it. Doris Kenyon is adorable as the faithful sweetheart. Jane Winton makes a stunning vamp. Splendid everyday entertainment. Worth seeing.

Madge Bellamy, stenographer, gets $35 per week for making good while her much-alimonied friend, Mary Duncan, gets thousands per week for failing. Why not try alimony? Madge marries Johnny Mack Brown with only this in view, and discovers she doesn't want alimony at all. Henry Kolker, Thomas Jefferson and others help in this venture. You'll like the way Madge and Johnny work out their problems.

rum runners seize Barbara Banning's sanitarium. A wise young newspaper man is assigned to the story. Naturally, Richard Arlen, as the reporter, falls in love with Barbara, who is Bebe Daniels. William Powell makes it exciting as the head of the rum gang. There are dull moments as it switches suddenly from slapstick to sentiment and back again. Not as good as some of Bebe's recent ones, but quite entertaining at that.

A STORY of war-time Vienna, conspicuously lacking in the gayety and romance it advertises, and with practically no plot. It's mostly a sort of Daddy Browning affair between Mary Philbin and Henry Walthall. The general effect is dowdy, old-fashioned, and tiresome, in spite of a few spirited scenes with Betty Compson. This was done by the director of "Variety," but don't let that fool you into going. [Additional review on page 147]
In the previous installments of this engrossing story, Clara Bow told of her early life in Brooklyn; of her love for her father; of her devotion to her pathetic mother. Clara was the tomboy of the neighborhood—a strange, vivid but far from pretty child.

She entered a motion picture contest and won a prize. But when she tried to find work in the studios, she was snubbed and ignored. Her mother, desperately ill, fought against Clara's career. One night, in a fit of insanity, she tried to kill Clara. After getting her first chance in "Down to the Sea in Ships," Clara decided to give up pictures, for her mother's sake. Then, one night, she is called home from a party by an urgent message from her father.

Now go on with the concluding installment.

That night, after my father called me on the telephone at the party and told me to come home, we went through the dark streets in silence. All the laughter and gaiety had fled. We were just scared kids. I remember thinking then that fun didn't seem to last very long, that something terrible always happened, and maybe it was best to get all you could out of it when you could.

Mother was on a couch in the living room. She was white and still. She did not know me. She never knew me again, though I used to try so hard to make her. For days she lay like that and I cared for her, trying to ease the paroxysms of pain when they came.

And just then, with the peculiar way fate has of always bringing extremes into my life, my first chance in pictures came. They sent for me to play a little dancing girl in "Enemies of Women." At first I didn't want to do it. I didn't think I could, my heart was so heavy. But there was nothing I could do for mother and Dad insisted that I go ahead. He saw that I was breaking down under those days of silent grief, of being shut up all the time in one room with mother like she was.

It was only a bit in the picture. I danced on a table. All the time I had to be laughing, romping wildly, displaying nothing for the camera but pleasure and the joy of life. As I say, it was only a bit, but no matter what parts I have been called upon to play as a star, or ever will be, not one of them could compare in difficulty to that rôle. I'd go home at night and help take care of mother; I'd cry my eyes out when I left her in the morning—and then go and dance on a table. I think I used to be half-hysterical, but the director thought it was wonderful.

One day when I was on the set working, in some sort of a little scanty costume, I looked up and saw father standing there. One look at his face told me that the end had come. I walked over to him and just stood staring. I was paralyzed. I don't think I had realized until that moment that mother was really going to die.
And I don’t think I had ever realized how much I loved her.

Looking back on it now, it seems to me that the day of my mother’s funeral was the beginning of a new life for me. Perhaps it was the birthday of the Clara Bow that you know. The end of my kid life had come. Sorrow and disappointment had been my lot so much that I didn’t believe in anything but trying to get what you could out of life. I’ve come to a saner philosophy now, but then I was just hard and bitter.

On that day, we went across to Staten Island on the ferry, and I sat absolutely motionless all the way, my hand cold and frozen in my dad’s. All feeling had left me. Loneliness engulfed me. Even during the services, in the church and at the grave, I didn’t cry. Dad said my face was like a piece of marble. Poor dear, he was weeping enough for two of us, but I couldn’t cry. When they started to lower the coffin into the ground, my heart began to beat again. Then the clergyman turned and told me to throw the first pieces of earth down upon her I had so greatly loved.

At that, I came to life and went crazy. I tried to jump into the open grave after her. I screamed and cried out that they were all hypocrites, they hadn’t loved her when she was alive, or cared for her, or done anything to make life easier. I raved and fought like a little wildcat. The thought of leaving her there in that hard, cold ground tortured my imagination beyond bearing.

And then I was overcome with remorse. Just think, when she felt the way she did about pictures, I’d actually been working, dancing on a table with just a few clothes on, when she left me for good. A deep knowledge, perhaps the deepest emotion I had ever had in my life, came to me then of how much she had loved me. I’d been the only thing she’d ever had to love, she’d poured all the frustration of her soul out upon me. And I’d disappointed her, gone against her wishes.

I felt that I never wanted to see another motion picture. I was very ill again after that. And for a while I stuck to my resolution about motion pictures. But Dad—who is so very sensible, who knows the world well and understands so much—talked it all over with me. I remember he came in and sat on the end of my bed one night and looked down at me.

“Little daughter,” he said, “you’re making a big mistake. You’re very young and I know you think your heart is broken. But it isn’t. You mustn’t allow it to be. You have a long life ahead of you, and your mother—as she was before her illness changed her—would want you to go on and live it to the fullest. She was a very wonderful woman and she expected a great deal of you. It would make her so unhappy to know that your grief is ruining your life. And at the time when she was herself, she would have understood your ambition, your desire to be in pictures. She loved beauty and all expressions of it. So you must, for her sake and your own and mine—because after all, Clara darling, I’m still here and I need you, too—you must pull yourself together and do your work.”

That woke me up. I hate a quitter and I saw that I was quitting. And I knew he was right, that if mother had been herself she would have understood my picture work. So I started in again looking for work. I don’t believe anybody ever had a harder time getting started in pictures than I did.

You see, I had to make a niche for myself. If I am different, if I’m the “super-flapper” and “jazz-baby” of pictures, it’s because I had [continued on page 108]
THERE are always plenty of pretty stories to be picked up in southern Tennessee, that magic land of wild honeysuckle, roses and magnolia where even in winter the sky hangs, fragrant, balmy, above purple-topped mountains and pale green valleys. And now since visiting the little mountain town of South Pittsburg, not more than forty miles from the Georgia line in Tennessee, I shall never see white roses without thinking of a little girl reared in that place. The little girl grew up in a rose garden, so to speak, which formed the side yard of the old fashioned red frame house with galleries running along one side both upstairs and down. The house stands on the main business street and stores have grown up all around it. But the garden with its great bushes of white, fragrant roses remained intact through the years and came to play an important part in this little girl's life.

The little girl is Jobyna Ralston, a favorite with thousands of film fans, a fact which Jobyna appreciates very much, but no more, I believe, than the fact that all her life she was a favorite in her old home town.

Jobyna's mother was the town's only photographer and a good one. There were two children, Jobyna and her younger brother who is with her in Hollywood.

When there was spare time she was making pretty dresses for Jobyna, curling her long curls over her finger about the little girl's face and often posing her for hours before her best camera.

"Not that you are so pretty at all, Jobyna. But all this will help you later," the practical-minded mother said.

And all the time Mrs. Kemp-Ralston had plans for her daughter in the back of her alert mind. From the first she ever heard of motion pictures she was interested. The magic photography of the cameras thrilled her. She bought every movie magazine available, learned of the stars and the directors, kept up with producers and their latest releases.

Jobyna photographed well; Mrs. Ralston decided she would screen well. She had always had some dramatic talent. If she could teach her poise before the camera, how to lose that self-consciousness that was so fatal to some screen players, she knew that she would have started Jobyna in the right direction when the time came to seek the opportunity to get into films.

Jobyna was sixteen when she had her first serious love affair. Then as she sat in the rose garden it was always in company with a hand—[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]
Have you ever noticed that most of the alluring screen beauties are small-town girls? Jeanette Loff comes from Wadena, Canada. Try to find it on the map. But you'll have no trouble finding Jeanette in "Hold 'Em, Yale."
ANNOUNCING two new screen duos now singing love’s old sweet song. Here are John Barrymore and Camilla Horn in a scene from “The Tempest.” The success of Gilbert and Garbo and of Colman and Banky has sent all the men stars on a search for congenial ladies to share their close-ups. Fraulein Horn was imported from Germany, after a succession of local beauties had failed to supply that certain something to the romantic scenes of the film. Do you like the team?
OR do you prefer the strictly American team of Fay Wray and Gary Cooper? In "The Legion of the Condemned," Fay and Gary worked together so sympathetically that Paramount has decided to co-star them in a series of light romances of the younger generation.
WHAT has happened to D. W. Griffith? Has he lost interest in the Elsie Dinsmore heroine whose only playmate was her canary bird? Anyway, he has chosen Lupe Velez, Mexico's IT girl, for the leading rôle in "The Battle of the Sexes."
More Luck O' the Irish

Little Hoosier with long hair selected as Harold Lloyd's next leading woman because she's a typical Irish girl of New York's East Side

By Frances Denton

Girls, girls, maybe, after all, you may have been too swift with the shears.

Maybe, when that bob, bob, bobbin' came bob, bob, bobbin' along, you should have ignored the new fashion, kept your heads—and on your heads kept all your hair.

Ann Christy did.

And now she's Harold Lloyd's leading woman, the fourth leading woman he's had since he's been making pictures for himself.

And she's his fourth leading woman with long hair.

His first was Bebe Daniels. She was fifteen when she got the job, and her hair was hanging down her back in braids. His second was Mildred Davis, then seventeen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His third was Jobyna Ralston, then eighteen, and her hair was hanging down her back.

His fourth is Ann Christy, once of Logansport, Ind. She's nineteen—and just look at her hair.

It's worth looking at, because there aren't many other woman's crowning glory like it in Hollywood.

There, as elsewhere, everybody's bobbing it.

Ann Christy—she's exactly five feet tall—went to Hollywood four years ago without the slightest intention of going into pictures.

Born in Logansport, she'd lived in Indianapolis, and came to Hollywood to enter the business world. In Hollywood she studied bookkeeping. In Hollywood she got a job as bookkeeper in the office of a finance company, and she's held that job for over two years.

But, although she was keeping books, she also was keeping her blue eyes open. Seeing a chance to pick up more money in pictures, she took it. But hair or no hair, she set no studios on fire.

Luckily for Ann, she was not the only person in the picture business whose eyes were open.

One other was Harold Lloyd, who, even when he's not wearing his spectacles, can see pretty well.

He was looking for a new leading woman. He needed her for his new picture upon which he's already spent more than $100,000 for sets in California and upon which he'll spend several months in New York—the picture having a New York background.

What he was particularly looking for was an Irish girl typical of the East Side.

And here's where Ann Christy got her share of the luck of the Irish—and got it by right of birth, her real name being Cronin, and if Cronin isn't Irish, what is it?

Her picture happened to appear in a Los Angeles newspaper as illustrative of a new way of wearing clothes—not, mind you, a new way of wearing hair.

Lloyd, sitting at breakfast with his wife, Mildred Davis, was reading—[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
What happens when a Bill Hart film plays the South Seas

By Robert Dean Frisbie

Mr. Frisbie, the author of "Williamu Cowboy," will not know until May that his story has been accepted and published by Photoplay. He submitted the story from Penrhyn in the South Seas with this explanation: "This is a true story of how a Polynesian village goes to see William S. Hart in the movies. I think it is the best thing I have done as far as truthfully depicting native psychology goes.

"I will stop here in Penrhyn for the next six months to buy pearls and copra, and then will probably return to my trading station at Danger Island. No mail will come my way until next May and you will not hear from me again until July or even August."

—THE EDITOR.

ACKED to the big mango tree, where the trail leading from my house on the beach joins the main Tahiti road, was a glaring yellow poster, proclaiming:

BIG TIME IN VAHINE

To the children of Tahiti, every last mother's son of them, listen well to this very new news. Never have you seen a picture as thrilling as the one which will be exhibited tonight in Abraham's Cinema Palace and Dance Hall. If you wish to cry, if you wish to laugh, come tonight and see the spectacular, blood-curdling, ferocious heroic

Williamu Cowboy!

the great hero of America! A hero he is, wild-eyed and terrible. He can carry more fei down from the mountains than any three sons of Tahiti, and can throw a spear three times as far as the redoubtable chief of Papara!

He's a horse-breaking, Indian-killing, card-shuffling, woman-winning, son of a gun of a hero!

Laugh with Williamu Cowboy as he single-handed kills eighteen sheep herders!

Weep with Williamu Cowboy over the trouble he has with his sweetheart!
The ticket window was open. Tarva, the schoolteacher, was the seller. "Well, well, Ropati," he said. "How glad I am to see you again!" He politely declined to hurry. "What is the news from your end of the district?"

Nui: "Yes. Where are you going?"
Terii: "Nowhere. Where are you going?"
Nui: "I am just going. Where are you from?"
Terii: "From windward. Where are you from?"
Nui: "From nowhere. What is the news from your section?"
Terii: "Nothing. What is the news from your section?"
Nui: "Nothing."

Now that they have agreed that there is a dearth of news, Nui-woman immediately begins telling the news: "There will be a cinema tonight!"
Terii-woman: "Ah, is that so? Are you going?"
Nui: "I don't know. Are you going?"
Terii: "How should I know?"

With that they hobbled off to exchange the same enlightening conversation with some other neighbors, — or perhaps to deliberate on whether they should wear their green silk frock tonight, or the yellow and purple one with its trimmings of Japanese lace.

"Ahh, a cinema tonight!" Old Tuahu, my native foster-father, spoke reflectively, yet there was an unusual tremor in his tone as though even he, the district's most dignified old man, could be affected by the general excitement. I was having breakfast there that morning for I had arranged to stay there while a new roof was being put on my house.

"My son," he went on, "you have never seen a Vaite cinema, so tonight I am going to take you, and you can explain many things which have long been a puzzle to me."

Tuahu's words were decisive, for when my old foster-father made up his mind to a thing there was no gainsaying him.

I don't relish these island shows. I saw one in the more pretentious theater in Papeete, and remember that it was photographed when the industry was in its infancy. It was entitled "The American Rose," and I had vaguely remembered seeing it some twelve or fifteen years before while attending a Connecticut boarding school. Upon realizing that this vestige of a nascent industry had been shown in Papeete, I wondered what they would throw on the
She Makes Good at 59
Margaret Mann waited eleven long years for the rôle of Grandma Bernle

By
Frederic H. Schader

"Mother" Mann has Scotch thrift and Scotch determination, which explains how she lived for so long on her meagre earnings from "extra" parts.

"It was the waitin', the waitin', the waitin'. Just think of eleven long years of just atmosphere before a chance finally came along. Once I thought I almost had my chance within my grasp—that was when I played the mother in 'Hearts of Humanity' for Alan Holubat at Universal—then came the finish of the war and that killed the vogue of white-haired mother.

"I really don't know what it was that made me want to work in pictures, except possibly the fact that all of my friends told me that I should. Whenever there was a snap-shot picture taken of any of us I always photographed very well. They finally had their way, for eleven years ago I came from San Diego to Hollywood and tried to get a job in pictures and three days after I got here they put me to work at Universal. Only atmosphere to be sure, but I was in the pictures and I was working. That in itself was something of an accomplishment, as I have since learned.

"Today, I understand from those that have seen me in 'Four Sons' that I am standing on the edge of stardom. I don't want to be a star, but I do want to play nice parts in nice pictures, parts in which the public will like me, parts in which I can be a mother to a lot of children—children that I might have had, had they lived to grow up. Unfortunately those that I bore all died at birth. And I was the fourth of a family of ten, and to me, as a little girl, fell the major part of the task of bringing up the six that came after I did."

There, in a few words, you have the story of Margaret Mann, who after being an extra for eleven years finally has taken her place in the front ranks of the screen mothers because of her playing in "Four Sons," which was reviewed by PhotoPlay under its original title of "Grandma Bernle Learns Her Letters."

It is a rôle which will take you by the throat and force a sob from you no matter how hard boiled you are, a rôle that is going to cause more wet handkerchiefs than did that of Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas," a rôle that is going down into screen history topping that of Mary Carr's in "Over the Hill."

All Hollywood knows that Margaret Mann has arrived. Those who played in the picture with her have spread her fame. She, herself, doesn't realize it and she probably won't, until the picture is released. But even now they are negotiating a contract with her for the next year at the Fox Studios. She is another of those "finds" that have come along under the production regime of Winfield R. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
SALLY

Surname Phipps. Eyes the golden brown color of the real old stuff. Bobbed hair like a red-gold autumn leaf. Height, five feet two and a half. Weight perfect. Age nothing to speak about. Ambitions plenty.

Really a narrowly averted tragedy because of once almost going highbrow. This induced by an overdose of study at the San Francisco High School. Actually believed for a while she wanted to become a lawyer or a doctor or something very professional. Fortunately before the diplomas came visited Los Angeles and went swimming at one of the leading beach clubs. After that, only a matter of form. Fox Film scouts who unearthed such jewels as Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden and June Collyer induced our heroine to take a film test. Cast her for a row of flappers. After "The High School Hero," Winfield Sheehan gave her a five-year contract.

Has now torn up sheepskin degrees for pigskin make-up case. Heartwhole but very provocative. Baby star of Nineteen Twenty-eight. Drives her own roadster and looks all set to take stardom climb in high.

Sally Phipps, Fox's fairest and newest gift to the fans. A sure cure for that sluggish box-office statement and the right answer to the public’s demand for youth, personality and ability among the leading rôles.

Sally had aspired to a sign tacked up on the old homestead bearing her name followed by M. D. or Attorney-at-Law. But a visit to Hollywood persuaded her that beauty is more valuable than brains and that a shingle on the head is worth two on the front door.
Tom tries to throw the bull in "Quo Vadis," but the bull sees him first and throws the whole company.
Our hero loses his youthful faith in history and dumb animals.

AFTER I had been paid $500 by a movin' picture concern for bulldoggin' a buffalo which really bulldogged himself an' which I wrote about in the last chapter, the million dollars I was a seekin' didn't seem so far away.

As a young feller I used to hear cattlemen in Texas an' Oklahoma talk in what seemed to me like big figures, but they were a bunch of handshakers compared to the conversation of the movin' picture folks I was now a stringin' along with. An', it's the same way yet—time hasn't improved 'em or cut down the verbal overhead.

George Walwrath, business manager of the concern, would mention $75,000 or $100,000 in the same tones a couple'a cowhands would discuss a couple'a stray steers. I used to wonder, an' I still wonder, where the movin' picture folks went to school to be able to count up as high as they can.

I got to thinkin' along this line an' wondered what I'd do if someone would come along an' pay me my million—who'd count it so I'd know it was all there? I just reckoned I'd better keep close to the movie people, for if anybody could count it they could.

One day I got to estimatin' how much a million dollars in gold would weigh. Without slate or pencil, Walwrath studied a moment an' told me it would be about 4000 pounds.

"If," says I, "a good pack horse can carry 250 pounds without discomfort or gettin' a sore back, how many horses will it take to carry a million dollars?"

Walwrath slanted his eye at a big white cloud and figured. "Tom," says he, "are you a aimin' to freight your million back to Texas when you get it?" "Sure," I told him, "that'll be the only safe way." "Well," he says, "you got to go out an' buy sixteen horses besides the one you're ridin'. Each horse can carry about $60,000." "That's fine," I told him, "then I'd only lose $60,000 if one of 'em got away or twice that if they stampeded."

The movie man advised that I let the bank transport the million. That sounded like foolish talk to me, because if they sent it to Texas, they'd have to have guards an' I felt that if there was any better guard for a million dollars belongin' to me than me, I didn't know his name.

I might say at this point that freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland, wouldn't be any more dangerous or hazardous than tryin' to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it. I know, because I plead guilty to havin' one an' also workin' in Hollywood.

A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the worst hold-up men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew. I've been offered investments on more ground floors than there are acres in Texas. I always remembered that the other feller had
"As Ursus I got him by the horns an' the wrasslin' commenced. About this time the old black bull came bustin' out of his pen with the spotted bull behind"

the bargain first, an' that's why I still got my million—mebbe a little more.

In the meantime "Dad" Turner, the director, the leadin' woman, leadin' man and others in the buffalo picture had gone to Chicago. I sure hated to see Miss Stedman go. She promised to write, although now I come to think of it, she never did. I never saw the buffalo picture, but I heard the bulldoggin' scene saved it.

The company which was to make "Quo Vadis" an' for which I was hired to play Ursus, an' rescue the maiden from the wild bull's horns, would arrive in a few days, so Walwrath, the business manager, said. Meantime me an' him rode over to Ponca City an' picked up four bulls. He said we must have fierce ones.

If I had had more sense an' remembered it was me who was a goin' to wrassle with 'em, I'd a picked a different lot, especially a big black one I bought, yet I rode 50 miles out of my way just to buy that old black bull because of his mean reputation.

We drove the four bulls over to Mike Cunyan's place, where we had made the buffalo picture, havin' rented it for the new film. About this time the new director arrived. He gave me his [continued on page 117]

Wisdom Tom Mix Learned in Making His Million

"Freightin' a million dollars in gold to Texas overland wouldn't be any more dangerous than trying to hang on to a million in Hollywood, once you got it."

"A man today with a million has a lot of so-called friends who are worse than the toughest holdup men that Texas or Oklahoma ever knew."

"This director didn't know much, which rule, I might stick in about here, still holds good with most of the moving picture directors at the present time—there are a few exceptions, but few. If you doubt this, talk to a couple of 'em."

"There ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls any more. I decided that I would have to have elephants, hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses to get in the Big Money."

69
What One Shopper Says

I wish to thank Photoplay Shopping Service for their very excellent service in sending my recent order to California. I was extremely satisfied with all the articles, which were really better than I expected. Sincerely yours,

(MRS.) ETHEL DELRAI,
Loam Rica Ranch,
Grass Valley, Calif.

Save Your Shoes and Disposition and Shop Through Photoplay

The tunic, at right, answers the demand for a simple all-occasion frock. Of crepe de chine, modestly embroidered, with hand-kerchiefed Vionnet neckline. Inverted plait at sides add width to skirt. Sizes 16 to 42. In Mothergoose-tan, white, almond-green or Lucerne-blue. $10.95

Below—The greatest of necessities, the “make-up box.” This Terri compact is a tiny book shape and will fit in the smallest purse. In red, black, green, yellow, or black and gold mottled enamel finish. Powder—rochet, natural or white. Rouge—medium, raspberry or coral. $2.50

The tunic, at right, answers the demand for a simple all-occasion frock. Of crepe de chine, modestly embroidered, with hand-kerchiefed Vionnet neckline. Inverted plait at sides add width to skirt. Sizes 16 to 42. In Mothergoose-tan, white, almond-green or Lucerne-blue. $10.95

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Novelty is given to this sportswear frock of flat crepe, at left, by the printed handkerchief trimming the blouse. The skirt—pleated in front—contributes to the well groomed appearance. The colors are—copenhagen, maize, wile green, arched or navy. Sizes 16 to 42. $8.95

With the return of the normal waist-line, belts are added to the list of accessories. On figure, at left, is one of suede, 2½ inches wide, in copenhagen, red, tan, nile or olive green, brown and black. $1.75. Necklace and bracelet, at left, of plated gold coil, with jade green or red stones, may be ordered as a set, or separately. $1.25 each.
Another Shopper Writes

I want to thank you for your good service. My dress arrived and it is perfect in size and color. You may be sure I will use your service again. Yours truly,

RUTH FAY STEVENS,
Maryland T. Sanatorium,
Sanatorium, Maryland.

Only articles shown on these pages are available through this service. No catalogues are issued.
Amateur Movies
By Frederick James Smith
Judges Considering Contest Films—Special Showing for New York Critics—Amateur Club Activities

PHOTOPLAY hopes to be able to present the winners of its $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest in the May issue. The contest films are now being studied and a special showing is being arranged for the leading New York motion picture critics and amateur enthusiasts.

This showing will reveal, for the first time, a comprehensive view of the amateur film movement. All the better films of the contest will be presented and it is hoped that the showing will be a pioneer landmark in the progress of amateur cinematography.

The contest films have disclosed a surprising amount of amateur interest and study. There are crudities—largely those brought about by equipment limitations—but the spirit behind the films is little short of startling.

The amateurs reveal a surprising appreciation of tempo. In the main they have told their stories with freshness and directness, devoid of conventional movie tricks. One 16 mm. study of a South Sea burial ceremony is as well done, in choice of shots and in editing, as any professional travel film.

A Canadian entry presents “The Dream of Eugene Aram,” based upon Hood’s poem. This is superbly photographed without special lights and without special lenses. The choice of background, the graceful handling of the principal player and the grouping and photography of the naturally lighted interiors will give this entry a high rating.

Still another amateur tells the simple melodramatic story of the chase and capture of an escaped convict without a single title and with [CONTINUED ON PAGE 137]
Mrs. Richard Porter Davidson—granddaughter of Mark Hanna, the famous "Senator from Ohio"—is young and beautiful.

With chestnut-tinted hair and great brown eyes, she is a glowing figure in the more exclusive salons of the Capital and the brilliant international assemblies for which Washington is famed.

A strictly modern young woman with that urge toward achievement which is characteristic of women today, Mrs. Davidson has accepted the challenge of business and has proven her ability in this field.

But in spite of varied interests and days crowded with action, Mrs. Davidson's beauty is as fresh and undimmed as the day she came out: For she learned long since the value of Pond's Two Creams for the care and protection of her lovely skin.

"Of course Pond's Creams aren't new to me"—she declares—"I've adored them for years—their matchless snowy texture, their intriguing fragrance, the prompt magic of their effect upon the skin!

"Delightful, too, are the new Pond's Skin Freshener and Tissues—to complete the perfect method of keeping the skin young!"

To guard the skin of youth, or to restore its fragile beauty, use these four enchanting preparations:

**FIRST**—as always, cleanse your skin with Pond's light and fragrant Cold Cream.

**THEN**—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, softer than fine old linen, wipe away gently and completely every trace of oil and dust.

**NEXT**—tone and firm the skin with Pond's Skin Freshener. It closes the pores, leaves your skin refreshed and fine, without a trace of oiliness.

**LAST**—for a final touch of loveliness apply the merest breath of Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Do this during the day. And always before retiring use again the Cold Cream and Freshener.

**New 10c Offer:** Mail this coupon and 10c for trial tube of Pond's Two Creams and enough of Pond's Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues to last a week.

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. D
114 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

Name _____________________________

Street _____________________________

City __________________________ State
ALTHOUGH the title of the picture Norma Talmadge is now making is "The Woman Disputed," there's no dispute about it. Norma Talmadge has settled all arguments by deciding that Gilbert Roland is just the type to be leading man in all her pictures. You will notice that Mr. Roland has removed those sideburns and adopted the hair-cut first made popular by John Gilbert.
Women who care to do things in a way that establishes them as part of the 'great' world...assured, cosmopolitan, 'chic'...turn to COMMUNITY PLATE, with its wide assortment of 'correct service pieces' to help them serve, impeccably, every course, every dish, every sauce, every savory, of every meal...

You will find all the exquisite special pieces that are to a table what jewels are to a gown, in COMMUNITY PLATE's five luminous patterns...Salad forks are $7.50 for six, for instance...Tiny, charming spoons for 'demi-tasses' are $4.00 for six...Pierced servers are only $3.50 each...At your jeweler's.

COMMUNITY PLATE

Also makers of TUDOR PLATE

THE BIRD OF PARADISE DESIGN

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
The 13 Wampas' Baby Stars for their
36 Hollywood Directors say smooth skin is girl's most compelling charm!

Lupe Velez — Pathé DeMille. "The lights of the close-up mean you must have smooth skin—Lux Toilet Soap certainly keeps mine like velvet."

Molly O'Day — First National. "Lux Toilet Soap is the perfect soap to keep my skin always at its best!"

Sue Carol — Independent. "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin gloriously smooth."

Lina Basquardt — Pathé DeMille. "Lux Toilet Soap has all the charm of an imported French soap, it's so fine—and leaves my skin beautifully smooth."

Sally Ellers — Sennett Pathé de Mille. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin velvety smoothness."

Audrey Ferris — Warner Bros. "I love the Parisian smoothness Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin!"

Lux Toilet SOAP
THE 13 Baby Wampas Stars are of widely different types, blonde, brunette, piquant, demure, but one thing they all have in common—their exquisitely smooth skin! Wise, talented, ambitious, they knew that first of all they had to have smooth, flawless skin to meet successfully the merciless glare of the great lights in the close-up. They have carefully guarded their smooth skin as their most priceless possession.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap! It cares for their skin the true French way. For this lovely, white soap is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film studios, following their stars' example, have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in their dressing rooms. So important is beauty in Hollywood!

Order some today. Enjoy the instant fragrant lather that even hard water can't quell. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Massachusetts.

*The Wampas, an organization of Hollywood press agents, annually selects the girls to be singled out for special honors in the coming year.

Gwen Lee—M. G. M. “Smooth as dew-washed lotus blossoms—that's how my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap.”

Alice Day—Independent. “Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for my skin!”

Flora Bramley—Independent. “I find Lux Toilet Soap a lovely soap—it leaves my skin so very smooth!”

June Collyer—Fox. “Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin wonderful smoothness!”


Ruth Taylor—Paramount. “I guard my skin—Lux Toilet Soap treats it gently.”

Dorothy Gulliver—Universal. “Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous!”

Luxury hitherto found only in French soaps at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake
it was right after noon. I was just seventeen. And I was frightened. My knees shook.

"I trembled all over. Oh, I almost fainted afterwards!

"I couldn't see a person. They were

As the story of Greta Garbo continued from page 31, she asked him why he was doing it. He looked down on me. I was eight years old.

"That's all right. You can go home now. Here's your little daughter." Then I ran away. I wasn't his little daughter.

"It's just the same today. If I see an accident or hear two people quarreling. I am just sick all over. I never fight myself and I won't do any fighting in pictures.

"I hated school. I hated the books they put on me. There were so many things outside. I liked history best. But I was afraid of the map—geography you call it. But I had to go to school like other children. The public school, just as you have in this country.

"And I went to the movies, just like other children. I didn't see a regular theater—inside—until I was twelve. But I went to the movies often. I usually paid for my tickets, but sometimes, just sometimes, the man at the door could be persuaded to be kind, and money wasn't necessary.

"AND that's all I knew of the stage until I was sixteen. Then I met an actor. And I told him, just like millions tell actors, that I wanted to go on the stage. Asked him, just like all the others, how I could do it. He called upon another actor, better known, and sent me to him.

"It was Franz Ennall. He is dead now, but he has a daughter on the stage in Sweden. He said he would ask if they would let me try to get into the Dramatic School of the Royal Theater in Stockholm.

"The School is a part of the Royal Theater of the King and Queen of Sweden. No, it doesn't cost anything to go there, but you are not paid for your work either.

"You take a test to get in. There is a jury of about 20 people. Newspapermen—critics; theatrical people, actors, the heads of the churches, and...

"I studied for six months. They gave me a Swedish play by Selma Lagerlov, and 'Madam Sans Gene,' a French one.

"My test came on a beautiful day in August. It wasn't cold, but it wasn't hot either, as it is in this country. I remember

The first photograph taken of Greta Garbo upon her arrival in this country. She was shy, lonely and strange. Notice, please, the simplicity of her clothes, her unstudied pose.

down in front. All I could see was that black pit—that black open space. All I could hear was whispering. I was so shy! I had never tried to act. The one-year pupils were on the stage. They read the lines of the parts which were not mine. I said my speech, all right. Then I just ran off. I forgot to say good-bye. And I was so frightened. I thought they would think I had not been polite because I had forgotten. In a couple of days, they telephoned that I had been admitted.

Greta Garbo stopped talking, drew in three deep breaths, flung her arms out—above her. Then went on:

"Oh, God, I was happy! I almost died. Oh, now, even now, I can hardly breathe when I remember. For now, pretty soon, I knew I was to be a real actress.

"But," her voice became wisful, perhaps, a little regretful. Then she laughed and her eyes twinkled. People do not often see Greta Garbo's eyes twinkle.

"But I was a very bad child. I upset the whole school. I liked to go out at night. We lived right in Stockholm and distances are not as far there, you know. You can take a taxi and be almost anywhere in five minutes. Any theater in the city. I liked to go to the theater in the evening.

"So I was late almost every morning! Exercises came first—and almost always missed them. The other pupils were charming, lovely girls who were always on time. Then, in would come Garbo, late as usual.

"I'd come in the door and say, 'There's a rumor about that this school is still here. But I'm so tired! Garbo's so tired—'"

"And nobody would say a word to me!

"Then it became serious. I started being late. If one had the privilege, you know. No, they didn't scold me. If I had been scolded, I'd have been there. I cannot stand to be scolded. Usually, we'd go out and drink coffee, all together, when I finally got there. Yes, they taught us dancing. But I can't dance. I was ashamed to dance. I was so big. Oh, yes, I was big. I was just the same size I am now when I was twelve years old. Haven't grown a bit since then. Isn't that lucky?

"Everywhere I went as a child, I was pointed at because I was so big—so very big.

"The school was wonderful. We had the very best teachers. We were given plays to study. Two pupils and a teacher would study together.

[continued on page 102]
Swish Sandals of 1928

With that look in her eye, it is obvious that the Blonde Preferred intends to wheedle out of her next victim a whole wardrobe of SWISH Sandals in colors to match every frock. For girls who buy their own it is some consolation to learn that these Heirs-Apparent to last season's Deauville sandals cost only $8.50 a pair. The reason SWISH Sandals are preferred by Ruth Taylor, and many other blondes in and out of Hollywood, is that they fit—as only Body Balanced shoes fit.

SWISH follows the natural curves of your foot. Its heel is hand-moulded to the human heel, tapers to the top. Its sole is invisibly strengthened to preserve the graceful lines of the arch for the lifetime of the sandal.
One of life's great pleasures is smoking

Camels give you all of the enjoyment of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment good for you? You just bet it is.
Vaitie screen—surely one of first experimental one-readers.

"Lordy! It will be as bad as old Wilkinson's moving picture up in Whycocomagh," I thought. That took me back to childhood days when my mother and brother had lugged me north to this picturesque Breton Island village. While there we attended a magic lantern entertainment at the local school house, where old Wilkinson for the 7th time projected scenes of Iceland's greeny mountains and Greenland's icy shores. After he had exhausted the usual views of the leaning tower of where-ser-it-is, etc., and slipped on the flowers-in-water-colorslide with Good-night painted thereon in six colors, he made us a little speech, explaining that moving pictures had lately been invented and that tonight he would demonstrate them for the first time in Whycocomagh.

Needless to say, the audience buzzed with excitement. Coughing ominously, Wilkinson slipped in a slide of a letter of marque brig that we had seen a few moments before. A cackling laugh came from him as he picked up his magic lantern and turned it slowly round so the brig appeared to be sailing around the walls of the school room without regard for maps, blackboards and a picture of the King and Queen.

Some of the audience laughed, but I was greatly disappointed. I whispered to my mother: "Gee, if that's all movin' pictures is I don't think much of 'em."

Later, when riding the Sierra ranges, moving picture acting became my supreme ambition; to ride with William S. Hart was the only thing worth living for. So one day, with a saddle over my shoulder, chaps flung with studied carelessness across my left arm, and long-shanked spurs jingling on my boots, I walked the long four miles from Santa Monica to Ineville and went to ride for the great cowboy.

I remembered those former days when Tuahu said that I must accompany him to the cinema, for the ferocious hero, Williamu Cowboy, is no less than William S. Hart, the Vaitean's conception of the most illustrious American. Presidents, millionaires, scientists, artists, all take a mango tree he is called an aivo tachae, which, as you know, is a fierce warrior. It says he will have much trouble with his sweetheart, which means that there will be much fighting. No, Ropati, not with his wife. You speak foolishness. There will be much fighting with the men who try to steal her from him. There will be horses and guns, and a bad man with long drooping mustaches. There will be another bad man who is fat-faced, has bulging eyes, and a short coat with silver buttons. He will sit at a table playing with marbles in a big bowl, and take people's money away from them for no reason at all so far as I have been able to make out. He always does this and the people never learn to beware of him. And, ah, Ropati, there will be a beautiful white woman who will make you weep when you see all the trouble she has with the bad man with drooping mustaches. But Williamu Cowboy will save her and marry her in the end, and everything will be fine with the bad man killed, and buried and flowers put on his grave."

We children of Tahiti believe this was wrong. Even a bad man should be buried. That was indeed a poor picture. They should have put the bad man in a coffin and buried him while the preacher said prayers. Then, some little children should have brought flowers, the relatives wept, and everything would have ended fine. But instead of this they just left the bad man lying there at the base of the cliff. Aue, that was a bad picture indeed.

"Another thing. At the end the hero and his sweetheart met and their mammas and papas told them they could get married. They kissed each other in the moonlight glade by the lagoon, and there the picture ended. Now, Ropati, I ask you, after the hero had risked his life for the girl, killing highway robbers and Indians and sheep herders, and after the girl had stayed true to him in spite of the handsome Easterner with flash clothes who tried to win her, should not they have married, instead of just kissing and leaving?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 132
Prejudiced in Favor of Greta

Rainelle, W. Va.

Here I come with a load of brickbats for Jeanne Eagels. I have just seen "The Man, Woman and Sin," and by all the shades of Will Hays, I think I've seen better two-reel Westerns! John Gilbert has never done anything to deserve a punk co-star, has he? Let well enough alone. John Gilbert and Greta Garbo will suit anyone.

GILBERT FAN.

A Boy's Perfect Mother

New York, N. Y.

A friend said to me not long ago, "I'm surprised that you encourage your son to go to the movies so much. It seems such a waste of time and money that he could be using to his advantage."

Well, it's all in the point of view, I guess. I would as soon try to keep my son from church as from the movies. I would rather have my boy find his amusement in the movies than most any other place, other than his outdoor sports.

ELLA M. GRIFFIN.

There Were Plenty Like This

Peoria, Ill.

I have never written before to your magazine, but the caption written beneath the picture of Betty Bronson in the February issue is the cause of this outburst.

"Say you believe in her!"

I do believe in her, just as I believed in "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and the little girl in "Are Parents People?"

H. J. SHEA.

A Trouper Advises Betty

St. Cloud, Minn.

I notice that Betty Bronson's contract was not renewed because she refused to play a scene she considered suggestive. And being the sole support of a family of four, I am asked to believe in her! I believe that she is very silly. To the pure all things are pure. I am a stock company actress and I have to play many parts. I am not in sympathy with, but I must eat

Sal Hepatica

When your mirror says "Coated Tongue"

...there's trouble ahead!

YOU remember the physician's first words when you call him in—"Let me see your tongue."

He knows that almost invariably the furry tongue, and the unpleasant breath that goes with it, warn of intestinal stoppage, the real cause of many, many ills.

People who want to keep fit know this, too. So there's a fine health habit growing up among them—each morning they look at the tell-tale tongue. When it is coated they take a refreshing, sparkling draft of Sal Hepatica, the approved ettensive salve.

Sal Hepatica promptly and gently rid the intestines of the products of waste the natural way—by releasing the secretions of waste in the intestines.

When you take Sal Hepatica, gone are the headaches—the feeling of fatigue—and all the other etering symptoms of intestinal sluggishness.

Sal Hepatica not only corrects intestinal stoppage—it is beneficial, too, in the treatment of rheumatism, hyper-acidity, colds, b一定的usness, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same healing-giving salines as the waters of the famous European spas where so many people yearly go to "take the cure."

And just as you drink the waters at the spas, you take Sal Hepatica half an hour before your meals. Simply dissolve it in a glass of water—you will like its bubbling, sparkling qualities—its bracing tang.

Take Sal Hepatica when you need it. It is helping to keep millions of people internally clean and free of the poisons of waste.

Send for our free booklet that explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other common ills.

Sal Hepatica

© 1925

Miss Terry Blumenkoff.

The Prince Agreed With Us


I am greatly pleased to find Charlie Chaplin's "The Circus" among Photoplay's Best Pictures of the Month. The Prince of Wales witnessed this picture recently and expressed himself as having greatly enjoyed it.

CECIL A. KITSON.

Be Fair to the Students

Madison, Wis.

I often wonder if parents who see college pictures hesitate to send their children to college. If they could only really know that at a real university there is little time for play when the students are seriously preparing themselves for life careers. "Play boys" who come to school with a cash background to act out ideas they may have gathered in college pictures rarely last a year. Wouldn't a serious, honest-to-goodness college picture have any box-office value?

Conrad Jaeger.

Clara as a Golden Example

Chase City, Va.

Being a special Clara Bow "fan" I read with avidity the first installment of her life story. Who can doubt or hesitate to say that Clara is indeed pure gold, and a more worthy example to be copied than is found in many of our best church audiences?

E. P. SHELDON.

How Many Agree?

New York, N. Y.

I have recently read the article, "Dodging the Wedding Ring." I agree with Greta Garbo. She is absolutely right. What business is it of the public whether or not an actress is in love or wants to marry? Actors are human beings. Their personal affairs should not be made public.

Miss Terry Blumenkoff.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
Sore throat’s easiest victims—reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone—doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and “canary bird” diets.

For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

If rapid improvement is not apparent, consult your physician.

Time and time again, however, Listerine has checked colds and sore throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, “flu,” and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.
Your Beauty In the Morning

LOOK at your skin first thing in the morning. See it, as it really is, without "makeup" or powder to hide the defects. Perhaps you may notice the soft, smooth skin you once knew is giving place to a dull, ordinary appearance with signs of wrinkles and flabbiness creeping in. Or, your complexion may be slowly acquiring that listless, parched look that tells of neglect or ill-advised attention.

Now is the time to realize that you must give serious thought to your appearance. We wish you could read the thousands of letters we receive from grateful women telling us how much Gouraud's Oriental Cream means to their skin and complexion. How the pure, soft alluring beauty it renders instantly has added years of youth to their appearance.

A Gouraud's Oriental Cream complexion remains unaltered throughout the day without rubbing off, streaking or spotting and still with an effect that is of far greater beauty than you could obtain through face powders. Start its use to day. It will beautify, preserve and protect your appearance over the years to come. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD'S
ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

Send 10c. for Trial Size

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON
430 Lafayette Street
New York City

Check shade desired: White I Flesh II Rachel III

Name ____________________________
Street ___________________________
City ____________________________

Box Office Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

money-making picture ever released has violated one or more of the sure-fire rules. Just to prove the fallacy of the "love and kisses" system of selecting main titles, we will take the seven winners of PHOTOPLAY Gold Medals. Each of these pictures was voted the most popular production of its year of release.

And yet, according to the Master Mind system, these films should have died the death of a dog.

1. "Humoresque," the 1920 winner, had an unpronounceable title, without the slightest sex implication. Furthermore, it suggests comedy, not tragedy, and, moreover, few people have any idea what it means.

2. "Tellable David," the 1921 winner, contains no reference to sex. It is a lazy, colloquial, slow sort of title without the faintest hint of dramatic suspense.

3. "Robin Hood" was the Gold Medal picture of 1922. This title, being historical, should have been absolutely poisonous.

4. "The Covered Wagon," the winner of 1923, means nothing at all as a main title, by all the rules. It has no sex, no color, no dramatic implication. It might mean a horse and buggy or it might mean a furniture van.

5. "Abraham Lincoln" was voted the best picture of 1924. Not only does this suggest history, but it also suggests biography, school lessons, high ideals and all sorts of other things fatal to success.

6. "The Big Parade," the Gold Medal feature of 1925, might be about a circus or it might be about anything. According to the superstitious, "French Passion" would have made this one a bigger attraction at the box-office.

7. Last, consider "Bean Geste," the 1926 winner. Here is a foreign title, an unpronounceable one, a title without any sex and one that doesn't mean a thing to the so-called average movie fan.

The sure-fire rule for picking box-office titles is a great one. The only trouble is that it doesn't work.

Proving that all girls named Phyllis are pretty. The Phyllis to the left is Phyllis Gibbs—"Miss Australasia"—voted the prettiest girl in the Antipodes. And, of course, you recognize the other Phyllis as our own Phyllis Haver.
Kotex Reduces Prices

A few months ago, as a means of quickly relieving shelves of the old-style Kotex so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These 2 exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1. **A new, skilfully devised cut, with corners scientifically rounded...** worn under the most clinging gowns, the Improved Kotex remains non-detectable.

2. **Softer gauze, fluffer filler end the discomforts of chafing and binding.**

**RETAINING ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN.**

*What the new features mean*

By a unique process, developed only after months of experiment, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered so that the pad fits snugly, comfortably, securely. Closest-fitting gowns retain slim, smooth lines. This brings a composition heretofore impossible.

Now, exclusive methods have been found for making the absorbent filler still softer. Chafing and binding are eliminated.

**27 women doctors, 83 nurses cooperated enthusiastically**

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 83 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas. They know your problems not only professionally but also from a woman’s point of view.

*Kotex features are exclusive*

Added to these two exclusive new features, the remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cel-lucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any water-proofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay... in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman’s hygienic comfort. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

*Ask for them by name*

**KOTEX**

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES
Girl's Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

her skin is luminous, her eyes are bright. She has a make-up on that will last for hours, yet it doesn’t show at all.

Time and tints are the secrets of a perfect make-up, and perfect make-up is an art that every girl should know.

Suzanne B., England:
Welcome to the family, little British girl. Of course, I’m glad to answer your questions. Your reply is really in the above editorial. I do not think seventeen too young to powder, though I realize your country has a slightly different attitude toward make-up than that of the United States. Write again.

Mildred G., Minn.:
In the March Photoplay I wrote an editorial concerning the choice of a career. I hope you read it. You’ve talent for acting and you like to write, you tell me, and nothing more. I know nothing of your age, your environment, your true ambitions. You must assemble your talents, my dear, grow up a bit and get a real viewpoint. Knowing so little about you makes it difficult for me to advise you. Won’t you write me more about yourself?

Unhappy F.:
Poor child! You are very, very shy and your stuttering is an expression of that shyness. But cheer up! It isn’t hopeless. It can be cured. Can you afford to take singing lessons? This is the most helpful thing for stammering. If that is impossible to you, try very hard to get over feeling so timid. Do take the singing lessons if you possibly can. They will give you poise, an outside interest, happiness and they go right to the root of your trouble. As far as the expression class in your school, isn’t it possible to go to the principal and explain your position in this matter? Try it, at least. I think he’ll let you off.

Peggy, Neb.:
It isn’t color advice you need but diet and exercise advice. You don’t need to spend money on your face and figure but you must expend some care. If you will send me a stamped, addressed envelope and ten cents, I will post you instructions for clearing your skin and improving your figure.

Bitter Bess:
“Shy, sensitive, indifferent and unsophisticated” you call yourself. Mercy, what a list. You are going through that hard period all girls experience, growing away from your family, feeling lonely, growing up. I wish I could reach over the distance and give you comfort and assurance. You need them. This isn’t anything more, Bess, than a growing period. You are changing from a girl into a woman. Don’t make it hard for yourself. It’s glorious. Don’t stay by yourself too much, or brood. Older girls, books, exercise will all help you.

Glee Louise:
The boy has just outgrown his love for you, I’m afraid, but you are a lucky girl to find this out before you two became engaged or, worse still, married. I see nothing for you to do but forget him. That is hard, I know, and the whole affair is unfortunate. But you attract boys easily, you have parents who indulge you, you’ve your own car. Surely you can be happy again.

J. M.:
Several good preparations are advertised in Photoplay. And the directions for their use come with each package. If neither of the boys writes an answer to your letter telling them of your bereavement, I do not think I would bother to write again. I think that a failure to answer your letters showed extreme unkindness and thoughtlessness in this case.

Puzzled:
The only thing for you to do is to mark time in this strange romance that began in so unconventional a way. I doubt if you really love “Jack”—probably his present inaccessibility is the thing that interests and fascinates you. At any rate—do not be the aggressor. Let him make all of the advances.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]
MARY ASTOR favors the modish
Allen-A Picot Edge . . . filmy sheer from top to toe*

Famous movie stars and directors now fully recognize the important part hosiery plays in accentuating shapeliness of ankle and leg.

For they found that hosiery of exactly the same weight often created a vastly different effect when worn. One pair causing the ankle and leg to appear slightly thicker; another giving youthful slenderness. That is why such stars as Mary Astor now wear a certain type of hosiery.*

Her favorite is this lovely Allen-A Picot Edge style. It is all-silk, of filmiest, sheerest weave. Full-fashioned to cling tightly to the ankle and mold softly to the knee in a most engaging manner. Around the top is an adorable Picot Edge in contrasting color.

The *Allen* foot has an extra narrow sole (invisible even when worn with “cut-out” slippers). The heel reinforcement and the new Allen-A side and top toe guards cushion and strengthen the foot at all points of wear. Thus service and beauty are ideally combined.

You will find this lovely Allen-A hose at your dealer’s in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3710. $2.50 the pair. If you prefer a slightly heavier weight chiffon, ask for style number—3712. $1.95 the pair. Both with the Picot Edge. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles simply send us his name—a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A Hosiery
practically negligible. In other years girls have mobbed Hollywood, most of them without any qualities for screen success and many of them without any means of support. But in the last few years national publicity has been given to the situation—in which Photoplay played its part—and the result has been that the fame seekers now reaching the cinematropolis usually have sufficient funds for food. According to the Hollywood Studio Club, where many of these fledgling filmsters stay, about five per cent of the girls get work in studios in one capacity or another. The other ninety-five per cent go back home.

MARION DAVIES had a birthday recently. Of course there was a party. Enter: The cake covered with candles. Not a smile from Marion as it was placed before her. Slowly she counted each one then broke into joyful laughter. There were sixteen tapers burning.

VILMA BANKEY went east on the first lap of her European trip on the same train as William Sistrom, general manager of the C. B. De Mille studio.

As the train pulled out of the Los Angeles station, Sistrom thought the little bride would be lonesome so went to her drawing room to offer greetings. He pushed open the door and found Rod La Rocque sitting with his wife.

"My God—" Sistrom was dumfounded. He pictured "Hold 'Em Yale" standing still on the lot, until Rod should return from Europe.

When Rod got off the train at Pasadena, Sistrom was relieved.

SPEAKING of Rod, one of the most wistful bits of news in the Cinema City is the fact that Rod is spending his evenings, having Vilma's films flashed before him in his home, where he had a special screen installed the day after her departure.

AND three days after her departure, a radio announcer of a movie program in Los Angeles stated that Rod La Rocque, now known as Mr. Vilma Bankey, was to be seen in his latest picture at a well known local theater.

RAMON NOVARRO has learned the new "Five Step." Between scenes of his new picture, "China Bound," he entertains by dancing to his own singing.

During lulls in his Biblical movies, Cecil De Mille keeps up the good work by posing tableaux for "The Godless Girl." This is "The Spirit of Religion." It might also be "The Spirit of Tiffany's." The girls are Seena Owen, Sally Rand and Jeanette Loff.
The call for Fatima comes from those smokers who are glad to pay for "the difference"—who are glad that there is a difference to pay for. And what a whale of a difference it is!

**FATIMA**

Outstanding favorite among higher priced cigarettes
Here's the cereal thousands are enthusiastic about!

JUST imagine a dish of crisp, crackly flakes. Full of the wonderful flavor of PEP plus the added healthfulness of BRAN. That's Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES.

You'll say you never knew a cereal could be so good! And healthful. All the valuable food elements of whole wheat. With enough bran to be mildly laxative.

Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES add bulk and health to any meal. Especially fine for children. With milk or cream—practically a perfect food! Delicious with fruits or honey added.

Look for the red-and-green package. At your grocer's.

IMPORTANT—Kellogg's PEP BRAN FLAKES contain enough bran to be mildly laxative. . . . ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company, world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers also of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, Corn Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit, and Kedoo Hag——"the coffee that lets you sleep." Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.
Food with a Foreign Accent

The luncheons and dinner parties of Hollywood, as well as its movies, are acquiring that international flavor.

When the foreign stars come to Hollywood, they bring their own “home cooking” with them. And sometimes they bring their own home cooks.

In Hollywood, there are French dinners, Italian dinners, German dinners, Spanish dinners, Swedish dinners and even Chinese dinners to vary the routine of social life. From Hollywood’s little colony of foreign stars and foreign cooks, Photoplay’s Cook Book has collected a wide variety of recipes from different lands which you, too, may use to give a distinctive touch to your menu.

Here, for instance, is the favorite recipe of Emil Jannings—Kartoffel Kloese. In plain English, this means potato dumplings and you serve them with any sort of stew, fricassee or pot roast.

To make them, take six potatoes, three eggs, one cup of flour and one teaspoon of salt. Boil the potatoes, peel and grate them. Add to this the three eggs slightly beaten. Stir in flour and salt. Then mix thoroughly, just as you see Mr. Jannings doing in the picture at the top of the page.

Mold into small balls and boil for fifteen minutes in left-over meat or chicken gravy or in water. Or cook them in with the stew.

But if you love your Art and your health, keep the cover on the kettle while they are boiling. If you don’t the dumplings will fall and the whole meal will come to a morbidly unhappy ending.

Photoplay’s Cook Book contains many other foreign recipes that are probably new to you and to your friends. Some of them are more elaborate but none of them contain ingredients that aren’t in your own kitchen or that cannot be purchased at your corner grocery.

If you will print your name and address plainly in the little coupon to your left and enclose a quarter, Photoplay will send you its Cook Book. It is especially valuable to the woman who wants to make her luncheons and dinner parties distinctive and fascinatingly different.

These recipes represent the tastes of the men and women who have the best cooks in the world at their command and one hundred of the very best dishes have been compiled for your enjoyment in your own home.

Carolyn Van Wyck.

Photoplay Magazine
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a copy of Photoplay’s Cook Book, containing 100 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly. You may send either stamps or coin.
More Luck o’ the Irish

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

And upon that page was the picture of Ann Christy; “Eureka!” exclaimed Harold, meaning, of course, not the California town of that name, but the Greek equivalent for “I’ve found it.”

So he had. Because, after Ann Christy had been located, interviewed, and filmed, it was discovered she was the typical East Side Irish girl of whom he was in search.

And this in spite of the fact that the little Hoosier has never even visited New York. Yet, if Ann Christy’s hair had been bobbed, Harold Lloyd would not have wasted upon her his Greek vocabulary.

What price scissors now?

Olympus Moves to Hollywood

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

ing the paper. His eyes, traveling from the theatrical pages where they had rested on the names of two other leading women, Bebe Daniels and Jolynna Kelston, fell upon a news page.

in cameraland is less than 120 pounds, with Mary Philbin, five and one-half inches tall, the lightweight champion with her ninety-nine pounds.

Now here are the figures of the nine in the Venus’ height class, revealing Joan Crawford’s supremacy. Joan varies from Venus by a one-quarter inch loss around the chest, an inch loss through the hips, a half-inch loss in both ankle and calf.

But remember this. The camera has a trick of making everyone look ten pounds heavier than they really are.

Thus it does not permit Joan to weigh the 125 to 135 pounds correct for her height. If she did weigh that instead of the 110 pounds she maintains for screen beauty she would undoubtedly be exactly the size of the lady from Melos.

THE other eight vary much more than Joan. Leatrice Joy’s ankles and legs are out of proportion to her very slender chest and hips—32 chest and 36 hips. Elnor Fair has the same chest measurement as Leatrice but her hips are 37 inches. Billie Dove is both too heavy in the bust and too slender in the calf. Yola D’Avril is humpy—39 inches. Colleen Moore is altogether too thin. Pola Negri’s lower body, hips, calves and ankles are too heavy. Thelma Todd’s chest is too narrow, her hips just right, her calves too small, her ankles right, which is not so good.

Aileen Pringle would delight the cloak and suiters if not the Greeks. Aileen is a perfect thirty-six, bust and hips.

Compare the figures in the box beside Richard Arlen’s photograph and you find that the men are as close to Apollo’s standard as the girls to Venus’. Sixty-nine male stars made that composite star. Of them thirty-one are taller than Apollo, thirty-five shorter, and three his exact height.

The tallest is John Philip Kolb, six feet seven, yet he is not the only stellar skyscraper. Rod La Rocque, Monte Blue, Victor McLaglen, and Karl Dane are six feet three; Lane Chandler and Gary Cooper, six feet two. There’s a mob of six-footers including Lloyd Hughes, Ben Lyon, Lucian Prival, Charlie Murray, Donald Reed, William Boyd, Tom Tyler, Wallace Beery, Richard Dix, Charles Rogers, Fred Thomson, Conrad Nagel and H. B. Warner.

Ken Maynard, Clive Brook, William Haines, John Mack Brown, James Murray, Owen Moore and Ralph Forbes lack only a half inch of Apollo’s height. They are five feet eleven. The very shorts are three and all of them funny—Chester Conklin, George Sydney and Raymond Hatton, these cut-ups being five feet five. The three true to Apollo’s height are Richard Arlen, Paul Vincent, and Jack Mulhall.

But Jack Mulhall is otherwise under the standard; too slender through chest, hips, calf and ankle, and Paul Vincent’s proportions are too varying. Dick Arlen outclasses the other two quite thoroughly. He has a 38 1/2-inch chest, 39 3/4-inch hips, 14-inch calf, 8 1/4-inch ankle and weighs one-hundred and fifty-five.

The boys have the same need to be slim as the girls. There are five very husky boys prominent in the casting office but weight in their cases is an asset. Among them are: Kirk Taylor 243, Fred Kohler 209, Vic McLaglen 215, Emil Jennings 212.

Tyler Brook is the flyweight—one hundred and twenty-five.

McLaglen outclasses all. His chest is 46 inches, that of his nearest competitor, Fred Thomson, 45 inches—and that above a 32-inch waist. Lucian Prival scores oppositely—30 inches. There are no particularly large feet among the boys, the average is 8 1/2, while the average above is an 8, but Tyler Brook has particularly small ones, two sizes smaller than Madame Corda’s—size six.

Thus do the gods of the new Olympus compare with those of the old. Centuries ago the Greeks knew how to be healthy, wealthy and wise. Then the world forgot so thoroughly that thirty years ago Oscar Wilde got by with the remark that all art was unhealthy. The senseless censors still think so.

The Greeks knew better. Hollywood knows better. Its artists with their work, its figures with their beauty, glowing with the vitality of sun, sea and sports, prove it. Art often lies but figures don’t.
My Most Precious Beauty Secret

by Estelle Taylor

A FASCINATING revelation by one of the screen's most talented and beautiful actresses—a frank disclosure of the methods she uses for achieving loveliness—methods which you, too, in the privacy of your home, may use with surprising results.

Let Miss Taylor tell you of the short-cuts to beauty and skin loveliness she has found. Tricks of make-up that enable you to apply cosmetics with the skill of an artist—that enable you to emphasize the attractiveness of your features—and almost instantly seem to change the very contour of your face!

Yet this is but a part of a unique and priceless volume written by 20 of the most noted, most beautiful women of the screen—and a book which you may have for practically NOTHING.

Here is advice you know is invaluable. One star talks to you on the care of the skin; another discusses perfumes, their mystery, personalities and effectiveness. Another explains the development and care of gloriously beautiful hair; still another discloses her marvelously effective massage methods, new ways to relax, to banish "nerves"; how to enhance the beauty of your eyes, hands, arms, etc.

If sold in the usual manner, this book, profusely illustrated, attractively bound, would cost a dollar or more. Cheramy, parfumeur, offers it to you together with a generous container of April Showers Talc, the finest, most fragrant, most refreshing of all talcs, for 25c (to cover the more cost of mailing, etc.).

April Showers, as you know, gayest and most youthful of all fragrances, favorite of Paris, smartest of continental odours, is the perfume motif of a group of exquisite toilettries known by the same name. To know them is to adopt them as your own, which is frankly why the talc is sent to you.

But... mail the coupon now, for this attractive offer is limited. You must act quickly—write today.

CHERAMY, INC. PARIS - NEW YORK

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Are Your Eyes as Beautiful?

A quick flick...and wonderful Winx weaves its magic spell. With a naturalness that is supremely individual, this modish liquid lash dressing bestows on the eyes divine loveliness. It makes them seem larger and more expressive, by framing them in a shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes.

Nowarouse the beauty that slumbers in your eyes. Apply Winx, the original liquid lash dressing which is an indispensable part of the smart toilette.

Neither fragile nor transient, the loveliness Winx gives to the lashes remains undimmed. A tear...a stray cinder...a day in the surf, nothing can harm it or cause it to run. Winx is steadfast. Just apply it in the morning, and remove it before retiring.

To be absolutely sure that your lashes are fashionable and fair insist upon Winx. And to insure the loveliest effect apply and remove Winx according to the directions in the booklet that comes in the dainty package. Your choice of black or brown...75c complete. At all toilet goods counters. At all drug stores.

ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street, New York City

WINX

Lavishes beauty without a hint of Artificiality

Also you can now obtain Cake Winx and Cream Winx, in light or dark shades wherever waterproof Winx is sold!

Girl's Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56]

BARBARA K.:
A famous theatrical producer has said that a girl should weigh two pounds to the inch. This is a good rule to follow on determining weight. Do not change your style of hairdressing—and do not cut your hair. It suits your type very well, just as it is. Wear bright colors—red, orange, brown, flame, coral. Any of these vivid shades will suit you. But have your dresses cut along straight lines. If the men and girls in your town do not appeal to you, you are silly to feel that you must spend a great deal of time with them. Time spent with people who do not stimulate you mentally—who, in other words, bore you—is wasted time.

J. M.:
Exercise is the best positive reducing agency when combined with a sane diet. While osteopathy will be beneficial, you can reduce any part of your figure by yourself if you will exercise regularly. For the ankles, try this: Stand erect with feet close together and parallel. Rest hands on hips. Rise to tip toe, then squat, bending knees sharply outward and supporting entire weight of the body on the balls of both feet. Be sure to keep upper body erect. From squatting position rise back to tip toes, then lower heels to floor. Repeat entire exercise at least twelve times daily. For the chin, do these exercises. Stand with chest high, abdomen flat, head nigh and chin in. Without moving the body turn head sharply to the left five times, then to the right five times. Next, relax head and neck muscles completely and roll head around in a circle, going forward and back as far as possible. For the abdomen, stand erect with hands on back of head. Bend from side to side as deep down as possible without moving lower body. Next, rise on toes and stretch arms overhead, bend body at trunk and try to touch fingertips to the floor. Return to correct standing position and plant the feet about twenty-four inches from each other. Stretch arms to their fullest length and then try to touch the fingers tips of the right hand to the toe of left foot, keeping abdomen flat and knees stiff. Reverse with left hand and right foot. Repeat twelve times.

CHARMAINE:
Thank you for writing me again. You are very much overweight. You should lose at least fifteen pounds, and twenty would be better. If you will send for my reducing booklet you will find in it both the diet and exercises you need. For colors you can wear white, when trimmed with other colors, golden brown, blue, bright blue, pale pink, soft rose and bronze. Wear your hair very simply dressed and, if possible, brushed back from the face. Your hats should be small but have some type of rim. In summer you can wear large, shade hats. "Off-the-face" models are not your type.
"Hoot, Mon, Luckies dinna hurt my wind or throat," says Sir Harry Lauder, celebrated star

"I've smoked Luckies for years and all this time I've been active in my work which demands a clear voice for singing and good wind for dancing. And so I say to Sandy McGregor, 'It's always a bra bricht moon-lict nicht with Luckies—Hoot, Mon, they dinna hurt my wind or throat.'"

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"In my business, I have noticed that in this Southland where tobacco grows, The American Tobacco Company buys 'The Cream of the Crop' for their LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes. I am glad to testify as to their quality."

Tobacco Warehouseman

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Photoplay

She Makes Good at 59

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Sheehan, who is responsible for both Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. On asking who she was, where she had been, what she had done prior to this picture, John Ford furnished the information that "She was just an extra woman who had been trying for years. We gave her a bit in 'Mother Machree' and she looked good enough in that for us to give her a chance in this!"

"MOTHER" MANN lives in a little house of her own architectural designing. It stands in the rear of the one that she first built and which she now rents out. It was this little foresight that made it possible for her to maintain a rugged front in the face of adversity for the eleven years that she has struggled for her place in pictures. She is white haired and she speaks with a delightful Scottish burr. Her story is one that proves that nothing less than fortitude and determination will carry one along in this field where the competition is so great and the supply so far in excess of the demand when it comes to players for minor roles or "atmosphere."

"Mother" Mann originally came to Southern California from the State of Washington. That was almost twenty years ago. She did not come to Los Angeles or Hollywood, but settled in San Diego. When the Fair came along "Mother" Mann went to the State of Washington Building on the grounds prior to the official opening. She met the Governor of her former home state. He suggested that she represent Martha Washington in a tableau which was to form part of the opening day exercises at the fair. "Mother" Mann consented, and a few months later made a second appearance at the Fair on Washington's Birthday.

Naturally she was photographed in the "Martha Washington" costume. Friends insisted that her place was before the motion picture camera. Finally, the constant reiteration of the motion picture suggestion had its effect, and "Mother" Mann came north to Los Angeles. She made a round of the studio casting offices with her Martha Washington photographs and when she reached Universal, she finally was asked to leave a photograph of herself. She went home and three days later was "called" to the studio.

From then on her troubles really began. It was a day here and a day there. Sometimes the wage was $5 and at others $7.50, but there was no regularity to the work. She would work a day and then skip a week before there was another call. Then late in 1917 along came what she believed was her chance. It was the mother rôle in "Hearts of Humanity" which Alan Holubar directed for Universal. She was placed under contract for the picture. Her salary was $60 weekly and she managed to get about six weeks out of the production. But her elation was soon dispelled when she learned that the picture would not be released for months afterward. With the ending of the war the Vogue of the white haired mother waned.

"Mother" Mann went back to atmospheres. There were no parts and even an old lady must live. Today she is fifty-nine. She started looking for her chance for screen fame at forty-eight, and it took her eleven years to achieve her goal.

Think of that before you go to Hollywood!

Margaret Mann, as Grandma Berne of "Four Sons," with the four sons: Joseph, played by James Hall; Franz, Francis X. Bushman, Jr.; Andres, George Meeker; and Johann, Charles Morton

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
A remarkable beauty aid!

The modern vogue for natural color has brought forward a new kind of lipstick with an astonishing property. In an amazing way it changes color, as you put it on, from its original orange to blush-rose — Nature's own shade — and blends with each individual type of beauty.

More remarkable still, this wonderful lipstick is matched in a color magic for the cheeks. A rouge which changes color to blend with your complexion and — like the lipstick — stays on all day without fading or rubbing off!

The name of this color magic? Tangee Lipstick and Tangee Rouge.

Be sure you see the name on the box and gunmetal case.

PRICES — Tangee Lipstick $1, Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢, Tangee Crème Rouge $1, (and for complete beauty treatment: Tangee Day Cream, Tangee Night Cream, and Tangee Face Powder $1 each). 25¢ higher in Canada.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios

[ continued from page 88 ]

If you think these falls taken at the risk of your neck in the movies are trick shots, I wish you had been with me on the set of "The Godless Girl" the other day. Mary Jane Irving, a plucky little stunt girl, was on the third story stair landing. The railing was to be knocked over.

Standing out of the camera range was a youth on crutches. He was her fiance, another stunt girl, who will walk on crutches indefinitely because of his last daredevil stunt to the realism of pictures. "Remember, Mary, if you feel you may be hurt, don't move!" he gave the unwritten law of all doubles as the last minute warning.

Changing your name to change your luck is becoming a Hollywood habit. Gretel Yoltz—erstwhile Eileen Sedgwick—is the latest.

Eileen went to interview Howard Hawkes concerning a part in a picture. "I want a girl like Eileen Sedgwick, only not so heavy," he stated. "What's your name?"

"Gretel Yoltz," Eileen answered. She thought Howard was kidding and gave the first name that flashed before her, that of a former maid.

"Gretel" got the part.

Still thinking he was joking, Eileen kidded him about not seeming to know her. Hawkes was amused, but seriously advised her to keep the new name. She kept it.

Director Rupert Julian had missed seeing William Hale for two weeks. He met him accidentally.

"Where in thunder have you been? Hale?" Julian inquired.

"Oh, I've been out of sight for a couple of weeks. I've been previewing Von Stroheim's latest picture," Hale retorted.

Map this out. Emily Chichester, playing in Italian films made in New York, is an Englishwoman out of the Follies that glorify the American girl. Her latest film is called "A Man from Manhattan." When the studios went West, Emily became one of the few movie players in the East and so fine has her work been in the domestic-made foreign-released Riviera films, they've bobbed her name to Chester in Mussolini's land and regard her as a star.

Two more final fadeouts in the film colony, two more deaths as strangely tragic as many film deaths seem to be. Both were army officers who had been decorated for bravery in battle.

There was Earl Metcalfe. He had been generally forgotten though he was one of the movies' pioneers. He worked steadily from 1912 when he started with the old Lubin company until 1924. But the last three years found even Poverty Row practically closed to him. There was no real reason for it. Earl was a good actor. Once he was a star.

He was passenger in an airplane just before the end came. The plane swerved and Earl, seated in the rear pit, slipped out, fell 2,000 feet and died instantly. The plane and pilot were unhurt.

Ironically enough, his death occurred at Burbank, Calif., not far from the First National Studios, the last place Earl ever worked, doing a bit in a Ken Maynard picture.

The other death was that of Wally McCutcheon. It was suicide. He left a note beside a half-finished bottle of gin.

[ continued on page 112 ]
What will the jury of girlhood say?

THIS RING that so delights her heart of hearts will it also deserve and win the admiration of girlhood’s jury? Surely they will thrill to the beauty of any Traub creation sensing the faultless good taste which links modish ring design with the age-old symbolism of the Orange Blossom. Or judging, humanly, by other than sentimental standards, they will recognize the Traub trade-mark displayed at all the better jewelers’ as a guarantee of genuineness, vogue and value.

Our delightful booklet, “Wedding Ring Sentiment”, free on request.

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TRAUB Genuine Orange Blossom
Engagement and Wedding Rings

TRAUB
"To follow the stars" is wise in selecting a smart, new coat. For these two famous stars will lead you straight to a slim, youthful Printzess model. A leading merchant in your town is showing the chic Printzess Coats and Suits worn by America's best dressed women. Also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter figure — "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sports wear. Ask for Printzess by name. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland, New York.

Printzess garments cost less than you expect.

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Many leading merchants are featuring Printzess Week this season.
C. C. C., WACO, TEX.—Just to settle the argument and “do the whole school a favor”, I’ll announce here and now that Gloria Swanson is not dead. That rumor crops up about once a year and it is pretty tough on Gloria, who is still very much alive. So go back to your studies and don’t worry any more about it.

W. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.—June Collyer’s real name is Dorothea Heeannan. She was born in New York—Aug. 19, 1907. Come again.

CORRECTION.—A few months ago, I said that Katherine McDonald was once the wife of the late Malcolm Strauss. A thousand apologies to Mr. Strauss for calling him “late.” Mr. Strauss is very much alive and this poor old man is so ashamed that he is blushing to the roots of his whiskers.

M. R. L., FERNDALE, MD.—Valentino was thirty-one years old when he died. Lois Moran has blonde hair and blue-gray eyes. She was born March 11, 1909, and she isn’t married. Write to her at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Not a bit of trouble!

MISS SHIH-LIN-IN, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—That is a pretty name. What does it mean? Lillian Gish was born Oct. 14, 1896. Anna May Wong is not under contract to any company. She is a freelance player, which means she is employed by any producer who needs her services. Certainly, Vilma Banky is going to continue her career. Don’t apologize for your English. There wasn’t a single mistake in your letter.

F. D. OF IOWA.—Thelma Todd played opposite Richard Dix in “The Gay Defenders.” Richard has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. Yes, Ramon Novarro is going to make more pictures; his present contract still has some time to run. Carry a Bowl’s next picture is “Ladies of the Mob.”

D. N., ILLINOIS, N. Y.—Betty Bronson played the Madonna in “Ben-Hur” and Francis X. Bushman was Messala.

A. K., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Thanks for the Leap Year advice. I am a pretty wise old man and I’ve managed to escape a lot of Leap Years. Bobby Doyle was the boy you liked in “Johnny Get Your Hair Cut.” Sorry to break up your illusions, but it’s my duty to tell you that Don Alvarado is married.

TO VIRGINIA OF SAN DIEGO AND OTHERS.—Write to Gilbert Roland at the United Artists Studio, 7200 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. That’s that.

M. B., HAYWARD, CALIF.—I don’t say “drat the women.” I like their “everlasting questions.” It’s only the married men who object to their questions. Yes, Thomas Meighan has signed up with Caddo Pictures. I don’t know where he’s going to work. And, so far as I know, his brother has no intention of going into the movies.

EVELYN, KENOSHA, WIS.—Hugh Allan was born Nov. 5, 1903. Write to him at the Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, Calif. He’s six feet tall. John Harron is another six footer and William Boyd is one inch over six feet. Don Alvarado misses the six-foot mark by just one inch. Alvarado was born in 1903 and Charles Rogers in 1905.

WHO started the rumor that Richard Dix married a girl named Rolls? Letters inquiring about Richard’s marriage came from all parts of the country. The answer is that Richard Dix is still single. And here are the answers to the six other most persistent questions of the month:

Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, Pa. She is twenty-one years old and that is her real name.

Esther Rolston is married to George Webb. She was born on September 17, 1902.

Richard Arlen is twenty-eight years old. Married to Jobyna Ralston.

JOAN CRAWFORD is not married.

Charles Farrell is twenty-five years old and was born at Onset Bay, Mass.

And—to repeat an answer of a previous month—John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

C. P., DENVER, COLO.—You have a sympathetic nature, a good imagination and plenty of force of character. Do all those niceties compliments make up for my neglect of you? Richard Dix was born in St. Paul. He’s six feet tall and weighs 184 pounds.

P. S., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Right you are; Lon Chaney played Fagin with Jackie Coogan in “Oliver Twist.”

A. LOIS WILLSI FAN, YAKIMA, WASH.—Lois was born June 28, 1896, in Pittsburgh, Pa. She is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. Brown hair and hazel eyes.

M. C. S., NORWOOD, PA.—Ronald Colman enlisted in a London Scottish Regiment at the beginning of the War and was wounded in the first battle of Ypres. But he’s a modest fellow and doesn’t talk much about it. Write to Charles Farrell at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif. It’s spelled Bartholmew and Richard may be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Don’t forget that promise of “eternal gratitude.”

E. O’.B., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Since I am so smart I can tell you that John Mack Brown is six feet tall, has black hair and brown eyes and may be addressed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. How’s that for being clever?

W. L. F., DUNCAN, OKLA.—Bebe is pronounced Bee-bee. Olive Hart is out of pictures, temporarily I hope. He lives in Hollywood. Lewis Stone was born Nov. 15, 1879, and Clive Brook, June 1, 1891. Mr. Brook is married to Mildred Evelyn. Clive is pronounced Cl-eye-ve, with a long “i.” Clara Bow has brown eyes and she is five feet, three and one-half inches tall. She weighs one hundred and seven pounds. Just seventeen when she first went into pictures. And that’s her real name. Can that be all?


MISS L. D., SEATTLE, WASH.—Colleen Moore was starred in “So Big” and other important roles were played by John Bowers, Ben Lyon, Wallace Beery and Rosemary Theby.

PAULINE G., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Jetta Goudal has green eyes and she was born in 1898. Alice Joyce’s hair is brown and her eyes are hazel. Joan Crawford has red hair and Jacqueline Logan has Auburn hair and grey eyes. Don’t ask me the difference between auburn and red hair. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]
The Story of Greta Garbo

"No, we were never on the stage. Oh, we were on the background of the Royal Theater.

"We never said anything.

"Just went on to learn what you call stage presence.

"THE usual course was two years. But I was just beginning the third, when one of the teachers came to me and said Mauritz Stiller wanted a girl to play in a picture for him. I said, 'Ya? I will go and see him!' I didn't think much about it. I never get thrilled about anything until it happens. It hurts too much to be disappointed.

"That day, after school, I went up to his house to see him. I had never seen Mr. Stiller. To me he was just a very big man.

"He is very big in Europe, you know; one of the biggest.

"He was not at home. So I sat down and waited. Pretty soon he came in with his big dog.

"I started trembling all over.

"He seemed such a funny person. He looked at me, looked me up and down, looked me all over.

"He has told me since, exactly what I had on, even to my shoes and stockings. I had on black, low-heeled low shoes, with black stockings. He just said a few words about the weather and things in general.

"At times it seemed as though he looked away, but I know he was really looking at me every moment. After quite a few moments, he said,

"'Well, can't you take off your coat and hat?'—just as though he had asked me a dozen times before, when he had said nothing about it.

"THEN he just looked at me some more and said, 'What's your telephone number?'

"Then I knew it was all over. 'He isn't interested,' I thought. 'When they're not interested they always ask your telephone number.' So I put on my hat and coat and went out. No, I wasn't worried. I just didn't think any more about it—""

But was it over? Miss Garbo, said by thousands to be the most interesting figure in the movies, and certainly the most mysterious, will continue the story of her career in the next issue of Photoplay.

Three great sportsmen get together in Los Angeles. Tom Mix and Jack Dempsey initiate Sir Thomas Lipton, British yachtsman, into a Hollywood club. The horse that you see was part of the initiation ceremonies.
RE-JUR'S NEW ODEUR

The name of Tre-Jur's new odeur. Promptly preferred by smart women who assume the leadership in perfumes as in gowns. And no wonder! For there never was so thrilling a fragrance—subtle as a fleeting mood—mentioned and admired with such alacrity. The new "TJEJMEMOIRE," a carefully developed product, is prepared to blend with every costume.

WORRY

"Have You Stopped Worrying Now That You’ve Arrived?"

was asked of these six stars:

BEBE DANIELS
RICHARD DIX
CLARA BOW
DICK ARLEN
COLEEN MOORE
ADOLPHE MENJOU

—And Here Are Their Answers.

BEBE DANIELS
Stopped worrying? Heavens, no! The worrying I did before I “landed” wouldn’t hold a candle to that which I’ve done since. Every picture is a gamble with me. I do my level best while I’m working on it, and then worry, worry, worry until I find out it has been received.

We should just begin to worry when we’ve arrived. Otherwise we might let down, and if one does that it is sure to show in one’s work.

RICHARD DIX
I never could stop worrying. When a picture of mine is shown for the first time, I go with the idea of enjoying it, but before it has gone two reels, I’m all ready for the nut house.

I watch the faces in the audience and tremble till the thing’s finished and I’m on my way home.

Anybody will tell you that it’s silly to worry, but then anybody will tell you anything if you’ll only listen.

CLARA BOW
Worry? Boy, if I were on my way to heaven I’d worry about whether or not my wings would stand the strain. There’s only one time when I can remember I didn’t worry, and I guess I’ve forgotten when that was.

Worry’s in my blood. I guess it’s because my mother worried so long over whether or not I would ever amount to anything.

I could have saved her all that long ago, but I guess I’d rather keep on living—and worrying.

DICK ARLEN
Unfortunately, I am of the temperament that can’t take things lightly. Little things worry me as much as do the big. I can’t justify this attitude. I can’t even explain it, but the fact remains I am probably the world’s most consistent worrier.

I worried before I got on my feet, and I continue to worry now that things are going smoothly. Ridiculous, probably, and yet what is one to do about it?

COLEEN MOORE
No, I certainly have not. I worry every bit as much now as I did before—if not more. I simply can’t imagine anyone in this work being free from worry.

I wish I knew just why we do worry so much. I’ve tried to figure it out, but it certainly isn’t an easy job.

It seems to me that doctors should consider worry more when they are searching for what ails us.

ADOLPHE MENJOU
Let’s see—I once heard of a man that didn’t worry, but then he later went crazy. The truth is, I think the question a little silly, because everyone worries in this business.

Possibly one should know better, but then as I see it, worry is just one of those things. If you show me a player that doesn’t worry, I’ll show you one whose work can be improved.
Names you should know

YOU like to know names that everybody knows—name of the man who tied lightning to a kite; name of the man who watched a tea kettle and went out and made an engine. Just knowing such names gives you pleasure.

Yet there are names that thousands of people know that can give you much more pleasure in a much more personal way. Names that stand for the best things to eat, to wear, to sleep on, you can buy. Names that if connected with the salad dressing, hat, mattress you select—or any other desirable thing you select—means it is most desirable. Names written large in advertisements. Advertisements tell why those are wise names for you to know. Why such names greet you in the best grocerries, department and hardware stores. Why those names are in the buying vocabulary of thousands . . . are believed in by thousands . . . justify belief!

Read the advertisements. Don't ask vaguely in a store for "cold cream," "a skillet," "a vacuum cleaner." Ask for So-and-So's Cold Cream, So-and-So's Skillet, So-and-So's Vacuum Cleaner. Use the names, you have learned through advertisements, that stand for the product that means most to you and most to most everybody.

Read the advertisements to know
no more “YELLOW MASK!”

Photoplay Magazine — Advertising Section

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 101]

W. J. S., London, England.—Photoplay is on sale at the principal newsstands in your city. But if you want to be sure to get it, send your subscription direct to Photoplay Publishing Company, 730 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

PEGGY, Rome, N. Y.—Mae Murray is in vaudeville. Maybe she'll come your way. Sue Carol may be addressed at the De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif., Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix get their start at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studio in Hollywood, Calif. Write to Conrad Nagel at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., and to Lois Moran at the William Fox Studios, Hollywood.

ELIZABETH L., Seneca, S. C.—The "Q" in Anna Q. Nilsson's name stands for Queenie, and the "X" in Bushman means Xavier. Jackie Coogan was born Oct. 26, 1914, Lloyd Hughes, Oct. 21, 1897, and Colleen Moore, Aug. 19, 1902. Mary Brian is just twenty years old. Oh, yes, Lloyd Hughes is married, but Clara Bow is still single. Those are their real names.

V. B., White Plains, N. Y.—Economical girl! "Please use my initials only: it will save space." Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1892. He's just one-quarter inch under six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. Black hair, grey eyes and married. You have simple tastes and an optimistic nature. Am I right?

CAROLEA, Oxenning, N. Y.—Let's get this straight: Ronald Colman never was married to Vilma Banky, nor were they ever engaged, in spite of all those lovely romantic pictures. Just a business partnership. Ronald has a wife in England—Thelma Raye. No children. He was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891, and has black hair and brown eyes. Also five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. So there, my dear, you know about all there is to know about Ronald.

The Red Headed Kid, York, Pa.—I rush to tell you, Red Head, that Charles Rogers and Buddy Rogers are one and the same person. Charles was born in Olathie, Kansas, in 1905, and he was a member of the Paramount School. That means that he has been in pictures since 1925, unless my poor old memory is failing me. Black hair, brown eyes and not married.

V. L. B., Toledo, Ohio.—I'll have to cut down on some of your questions. You've exceeded the limit. Sorry I can't place the handsome unknown. There are so many handsome Irishmen with dark curly hair, blue eyes and dimples. Mary Pickford is thirty-four years old and five feet tall. "Buddy" Rogers has brown eyes. Francis X. Bushman, Jr., is six feet, two inches tall and twenty-five years old. He's married. Ronald Colman and Gilbert Roland are both five feet, eleven inches tall. One glimpse of your hand-writing shows me that you have a logical mind and great tenacity of purpose. Also you are extremely curious.

W. A. B., Lincoln, Me.—If I were you, I'd persuade your son to go to college and forget about going into the movies for four years. If he has a college education, he'll have a better opportunity because the movies are coming to prefer boys with a college education. I couldn't conscientiously advise you to send your boy to Hollywood because the chances would be all against him.

Ye Towne Gossip

COPYRIGHT, 1927, BY LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

SOMEBODY TOLD me,
OF a splendid picture.
THAT I should see.
AND I looked through the ad.
AND FOUND the place.
AND AFTER dinner.
WE HURRIED away.
AND BOUGHT our tickets.
AND WENT in.
AND FOUND that the picture was
JUST as shown.
AND THAT the prologue was
ABOUT to begin.
AND THE orchestra came.
ON a marvelous stage.
AND A spotlight was turned
ON one of the songs.
AND THE leader came out,
HOPPING and skipping.
LIKE a little elf child.
AND HE had a joke.
HE just had to tell
AND THE whiskers on it.
WERE white as snow,
AND a white-trimmed,
OR perhaps she screamed.

AND TWO steps back.
AND THEY kept it up.
UNTIL OUR boy said,
"YOU WAS the one."
"THAT MADE this show."
AND I didn't answer.
AND AFTER that.
CAME THE weekly news.
CUT AWAY down.
SO IT just flashed through.
LIKE a cat and a dog.
ON their way somewhere.
AND FINALLY.
THEY made a picture.
AND THERE came the picture.
WE WANTED to see.
AND I guess it was good.
BUT ON the way home.
IN DISCUSSING the evening.
THE BOY expressed.
THE VIEWS of all.
WHEN he remarked.
IN the classic language.
OF MORGAN and Mack.
"I WOULDN'T of liked it."
"EVEN IF it was good."
I THANK you.

Every advertisement in Photoplay Magazine is guaranteed.
FLAWLESS almond nails, silver half moons give the hands patrician slenderness.

Are your nails oval as you would have them, with well defined half moons? Is the cuticle beautifully shaped? Or has it been allowed to grow right to the nail, with shreds of dead cuticle disfiguring the rim?

Is the cuticle perfectly smooth? Frequent washing dries out the natural oils and tends to make it rough and dry. Proper care of the cuticle will make your nails oval shaped, and will reveal the lovely half moons. It is almost unbelievable, the beauty these three easy steps will bring to your whole hand.

First—Twist a bit of cotton around an orange stick and wet with Cutex Cuticle Remover. Work around the nail base and wipe under each nail tip. Now every shred of dead cuticle will just wipe away and the nail tips are bleached and cleansed.

Second—With cotton and Cutex Polish Remover wipe away every bit of old Polish. This leaves the nail clean and dry, and makes the Polish go on more smoothly, last longer. Now apply the lovely new Cutex Liquid Polish.

Third—As a final step, smooth the new Cuticle Cream or Oil into the cuticle. This nourishes it and keeps it beautifully smooth and soft between manicures.

Women everywhere adore this simple way, so smooth and shapely does it leave the nails, so graceful the whole hand! Cutex Manicure Preparations at all toilet goods counters. Each single item, 35¢. Liquid Polish Kit, 50c.

Send coupon and 14¢ for Six New Manicures

Both here and abroad the smartest women send their nails in this new way. First, removing the dead cuticle and bleaching the nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover, then polishing and last, finishing with the marvelous new Cuticle Cream or Oil.
Finally I did get a lead with Glenn Hunter. The girl was a little rough-neck, and somehow they thought I fitted into it. I guess I did. I’d always been a tomboy, and at heart I still was. I worked in a few pictures around New York and by that time “Down to the Sea in Ships,” which had been held up for such a long time, was released and that helped me.

About this time, I met a woman in New York who was sort of a casting agent. I am not going to mention her name in this story because I am trying to be truthful all the way through and I cannot say anything kind about her. Perhaps she did try to help me, but she did so many things that didn’t help and while I try not to hold any hard feelings against anyone, I cannot help feeling unhappy whenever I think of her.

Anyway, about that time Mr. Bachmann saw me in “Down to the Sea in Ships,” and he liked my work. He came to talk to me. At that time, he was B. P. Shulberg’s partner and he wired Mr. Shulberg, who was in Hollywood, that he thought I was a “bet.” He suggested that Mr. Shulberg give me a three months’ contract and my fare to Hollywood, at a salary of fifty dollars a week, and give me a chance.

“It don’t do no harm,” he said.

So this agent—I’ll call her Mrs. Smith, because that wasn’t her name—and I came to Hollywood.

We left my Dad in New York, because we didn’t have the money for railroad fares and besides he’d gotten a job down at Coney Island, managing a little restaurant, and he liked it. So we thought we would wait and see how I made out.

Mrs. Smith and I took a little apartment in Hollywood and I started to work. I did nothing but work. I worked in two and even three pictures at once. I played all sorts of parts in all sorts of pictures. In a very short time I had acquired the experience that it often takes years and years to get. It was very hard work, the time and I used to be worn out and sometimes I couldn’t even get myself to sleep from sheer fatigue after eighteen hours a day on different sets, but now I am glad I had it.

The story of my career from there on isn’t very different from the story of all other motion picture careers. I’ll wind it up later, but right here I’d like to stop and tell you something of my personal life in Hollywood and the three love affairs—or engagements—that have happened to me since I came and that have been so much in the newspapers.

You know enough about me to realize that I'd never "had things." I'm not going to pretend that I had. Everything was new and wonderful to me. It was wonderful to have the things I wanted to eat, not to have to scrimp on dessert and be able to order the best cuts of meat. It was wonderful to have silk stockings, and not cry if they happened to get a run in them. It was wonderful to have a few dollars to spend, just as I liked, without having to worry about the fact that they should be used to pay the gas bill.

Maybe other people don't realize that, don't get the kick out of those things that I do. Of course I still can't exactly understand the money that is coming and is going to make my Dad and me comfortable and happy all the rest of our lives. When I bought my first home, the one I still live in, a little bungalow in Beverly Hills, when I signed the check, I couldn't possibly appreciate what the figures meant. I knew I had that much in the bank—me, little Clara Bow—and that the home was mine and I'd actually earned it. But the figures were just too big for my comprehension.

But I do know what a hundred dollars is. That used to be a dream to me—to have a hundred dollars. I never thought I would, not at once—have a hundred dollars, and certainly not to do something I really wanted to do. So now I get more thrill out of a hundred dollars that I can make and buy a present for a friend with, or do something for Dad, or get myself something awfully feminine and pretty with, than I do out of my salary check.

I guess I'm still just Clara Bow at heart.

And now getting away from the run of my story, but a life story ought to tell you a little about how a person feels, and that's how I feel about the success that has come to me.

Well, a short time after I'd come to Hollywood and Mrs. Smith and I were living in a little apartment and I was working in three pictures at once I met Gilbert Roland.

I'd never been in love in all my life. Funny, because I suppose people think I was born being in love with somebody. But Gilbert was the first man I ever cared about. There isn't any reason why I shouldn't tell it, because we were both kids, and we were engaged, and we were very happy. Not a bit in the modern, flapper fashion, but rather like two youngsters that didn't know what it was all about and were scared to death of it.

We used to sit and just look at each other, hardly breathing, not really knowing each other at all. He called me "Clara"—he still spoke with a good deal of Spanish accent in those days, and I used to love to hear him say my name, it was so soft and sweet. Neither of us had much money, and we used to do all sorts of silly little things to have a good time, and we used to think it was wonderful when we could go out to dinner and to a theater.

I think we might have been happy together if outside things hadn't interfered so dreadfully. We were happy, for a year and a half, and used to talk about getting married, and the time when we'd both be stars.

Well, we're both stars now, but the rest of the dream has vanished, and like every girl, I look back on my first love with tender memories and maybe a tear, though I know it can never come again.

I don't know just what separated us, but Gilbert was working hard on one lot and I on another, and everyone came between us, and we were both very jealous. And at last we had a violent quarrel. I don't think either of us meant it, or dreamed it would be final. But it was very hard, and we were both too proud to make the first move, so the breach finally grew so wide and we were so far apart that we never made it up.

Mrs. Smith had been doing a lot of odd things about my business affairs. She knew people, and she wasn't making good and that they were going to send me back to New York very soon. I worried about that all the time.
Who's Your Favorite Screen Star?

Jack Mulhall, Lew Cody, Renee Adoree—among today's galaxy of stars, it's hard to pick a favorite. So Blatz offers you an impressive group of 20 autographed photogravure reproductions—20 prominent screen stars—with an attractive album for preserving them. All for 20 Blatz gum wrappers and 20 cents.

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20 photogravure prints, 3½ x 5½ inches—and beautiful 20-page album, attractively ornamented throughout—sent for 20 Blatz Gum Wrappers and 20 cents.

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Sophisticated women have always depended on Odorono. The more brilliant the pace, the more cultivated the social standard, the more absolute the insistence, on complete protection against even the most fleeting possibility of reproach.

That protection, that certainty of personal irreproachableness, the entire social world identifies with Odorono. It is a regular part of its toilette.

Now, a new Odorono takes its place beside the slender bottle of ruby-colored liquid that stands in every toilet cabinet.

Odorono No. 5 is exactly the same as the Odorono you have always known—but milder, especially prepared for very sensitive skins.

It dries quickly enough to be used in the morning when you get up, or in the evening before dressing to go out. Applied 3 or 4 times a week, it gives the same protection as the ruby-colored Odorono. Odorono No. 5 does not replace the regular Odorono. You use it between times, when you have missed your regular Odorono application—or when you need extra security for an unexpected evening’s gayety, or if you use it in the morning instead of at night.

Both kinds of Odorono check perspiration in any small area. It is safe and healthy to use, as its action is what doctors call “occlusive” and merely temporary, leaving the skin dry, smooth and comfortable for a few days.

Odorono was first made by a physician. Soon members of his own family were using it for protection against perspiration offense. Now its regular use by fastidious women is commonly advised by their physicians.

Regular Odorono (ruby-colored) keeps the underarm dry with one or two applications a week used the last thing at night.

Regular Odorono (ruby-colored) and Odorono No. 5, at toilet goods counters 35¢, 60¢, 81.—The Odorono Company, 214 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Just a Small Town Girl

[continued from page 58]

some youth. Johnny Campbell’s people, who had a farm several miles from South Pittsburg, were well thought of. They and the Ralstons were friendly but neither family approved of the match. The "kids" were entirely too young.

"Jobyna and Johnny steal a march on friends," the town paper announced and the countryside gave them an ovation. They were leaders at all the parties, picnics and dances. An easy, lazy, dreamy life but gradually as the weeks passed it irked upon the spirited Jobyna, ambitious for her young husband.

Then one day Jobyna said, "Another month of this, Johnny, and I go to work. If I do, remember, it's all over with us."

The romance that had flourished in the rose garden along with the beautiful white blossoms withered and died. Jobyna got a divorce. The memory of those dream days left a sadness in Jobyna's eyes that has not passed with the years.

A week later she was off to New York determined to go on the stage or movies and make good. She had displeased her mother by marrying so young. She would make good now.

Some in South Pittsburg say that Mrs. Ralston engineered Jobyna's entrance into pictures. That she went to New York, hunted up certain producers and helped Jobyna obtain her first minor rôle. Eventually, she went to Hollywood where she struggled along from one minor rôle to another until good luck brought her one day to the Lloyd studio and Harold Lloyd recognized in her his type ideal for The Girl in a series of pictures which kept her engaged for several years.

Then not so long ago Paramount took Jobyna away from Lloyd and she is to have still greater opportunity.

Tennessee didn't see Jobyna for several years and then one day a year ago last summer she came for a long visit and to gather comfort, if possible, among her flower friends as well as her real friends.

Jobyna Ralston, as a baby, posed with her aunt. This picture, too, was taken by her mother. Jobyna is wearing a sprig of honeysuckle and her aunt has a rose in her hair, two typical flowers of the fragrant South.

Jobyna's father, mother and brother had been with her several years in California previous to that time and they had been so happy in a bungalow, with Jobyna helping her mother with the cooking and house work when she was not at the studio. Then two years ago happiness fled suddenly when a doctor called to see Mrs. Ralston and found her seriously ill with no hope of recovery.

Jobyna was inconsolable at first over this parting with her mother. Then with her usual fortitude she gathered strength to go back to a picture Lloyd was making and in which she was needed. After completing it she went back home.

That first evening Jobyna strolled down to the old house to view her roses growing in profuse but rather unkempt fashion. She gathered a handful, sat a full hour in the old swing but she could not bring herself to go inside the house. When she returned to the hotel her eyes were red.

Jobyna never lacks for courage long, however. A day or so later she turned the key into the front door of the house and went into those nine silent rooms so full of their memories and began her packing up. The dozens and dozens of photographic plates which Mrs. Ralston had made were packed with special care.

South Pittsburgians scented another romance but Jobyna had already given her heart to another. In Hollywood, the handsome Richard Arlen, also a Southerner, was counting the days until she returned.

And that is what Jobyna has made promise to her old friends to do; to come back once in awhile to South Pittsburg to see them and not make it too long between times.

"And," she wrote to one friend not long ago, "next time I'm bringing South Pittsburg the handsomest man in the world to see. My husband, if you please!"

By Popular Demand: a new Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

$5,000 in Cash Prizes

starts in the June PHOTOPLAY On all newsstands May 15
He:
"Please, pretty lady, tell me true; what magic you employ? To what most wondrous Art is due the beauty you enjoy? Your skin’s as smooth as any peach; its perfume is divine. Tell me, dear lady, I beseech; what alchemy is thine?"

She:
"No secret, nor a magic wash, gives me my beauty rare; I simply powder with LABLACHE. On sale just everywhere."

LABLACHE Face Powder
is on sale in both the 50 cent and dollar sizes (the odor of the dollar size is slightly more pronounced) at drug and department stores.

Or send ten cents to us for a liberal trial box. Mention shade desired.

BEN LEVY CO.
Dept. 57
125 Kingston St.
PARIS
BOSTON

Gossip of All the Studios
[continued from page 98]

saying "Have a drink" and put a bullet through his brain. Wally had charm, he had personality, he had friends.

Early in the World War he enlisted under the English colors as a private. When the war ended he was a Major and had received all promotions for valor on the field. Besides his decorations, Wally carried many permanent war mementos—a silver plate in his head and several other plates on his body that covered wounds.

The police found his body in an obscure Los Angeles hotel. There were two pennies and nine clippings about Pearl White in his pockets.

LINA BASQUETTE was describing her role in "The Godless Girl."

"It’s a regular female John Barrymore part," she stated.

"Oh, no," Dorothy Herzsog, erstwhile newspaper columnist and now full-fledged scenario writer, exclaimed. "You don’t wear tights and you haven’t changed your leading man once since you started the production."

TOM MIX is going to the Argentine. It is not definitely settled whether he will make pictures that far away from home or not. But it is definitely known that he will fill a ten weeks’ vaudeville engagement before he sails.

Intimate friends of Tom report that when he was approached by the vaudeville representatives he made just one price stipulation; one thousand more a week than paid any previous performer. The same friends tell in strict confidence that the figure will be $8,500 a week, or one thousand more than the price paid Sarah Bernhardt for her vaudeville engagement.

And now the Fox Film company has signed Rex King, a real cowboy from the wilds of Arizona, as their new Western hero. His only appearances before the public have been riding, lassoing, and bulldogging steers in local rodeos.

His first day on the Fox lot, a publicity man thought he would have some fun with the newcomer.

"Going to work soon?" he queried.

"I reckon I'll get under way as soon as they find a good story."

"A good story? What do you mean, a good story?"

"Well, I reckon the story don’t mean so much after all. It’s the stunts that put over a guy’s pictures."

"You’re right, Rex. Are you going to use a double?"

"I don’t reckon. I been following Tom Mix all my life and he don’t use no double."

And they claim it’s merely coincidence that Rex enters the front door of this company at the same time that Tom makes his exit.
But that doesn't end the story!
The next day Rex encountered the publicity man on the lot. Rex stopped him and asked in a worried manner, "Where does this here Winfield Sheehan guy camp out?"
"Why, Rex?"
"Well, I reckon I just got to locate him."
"What's the idea, boy? Can't I help you?"
"No. I just heard that this here story's got some love business in it. If there's love I just got to tell him he's got to give me a double."

Lefty Hough and Ed O'Fearns (Jack Ford's brother) are going to direct Rex's first picture. They decided they had to have their share of fun with the new fellow. So they called him before them.

"Now, here's the idea, Rex. A girl is tied on a railroad track. A train comes rumbling between you and your horse. You got to save the girl. A pole is lying by handy. You grab the pole, vault right over the box cars, land on the saddle of your horse, beat the train and save the girl. Think you can do it?"
"That's all right, boys," Rex answered in a most serious manner. "But what about not using the pole. Don't you think it would go better to just jump over?"
"He may be green, but—" is how these two directors describe him.

There's no keeping the facts about this Jeanne Williams, who hoaxed all Hollywood by calling herself Sonya Karlof, straight.

In February's Photoplay, writing of this smart girl who got a contract with De Mille by acquiring an accent, this family paper stated in the best of faith that Jeanne was a New York girl.

Now comes the city of Syracuse, New York, protesting that Jeanne hails from that thriving metropolis and was in 1924 Miss Syracuse at the Atlantic City beauty parade.

The facts prove that it was the Syracuse Herald that helped Jeanne's career considerably. Give the girl credit. She's always been good. When only fifteen she nearly won the Herald's local beauty contest. The only thing that withheld the prize from her was her youth. She got it next year at sixteen and at the Herald's expense went to the Atlantic City Pageant. There a Ziegfeld scout saw her who in turn got her glorified on Broadway. In New York she met an ex-press agent for the late Barbara La Marr, who whispered to her of Hollywood. Also she met a man she married. Jeanne went to Hollywood. Also she got divorced. She spent a year in Hollywood getting nowhere. Then she created "Sonya Karlof" and fooled even Cecil De Mille with the story of her Russian ancestry.

Give the little girl a hand. She's going to get ahead.

Before every picture that he directs himself, Cecil B. De Mille goes into the mountains to freshen up for the task. He had just returned from his lonely sojourn to start "The Godless Girl"
and was holding his first story conference with the writers and players.

Came an animated discussion on a certain part. Was it too daring, too different?

When the decision was made to leave it intact in the picture, brother William de Mille summed up the situation with this sentence:

"Anyhow, Cecil, it's better to be cursed than yawned at in this business."

LON CHANEY was worried. He was running around the set in a balloon suit blown to capacity.

Everyone was secretly laughing at his great precautions to keep it from bursting.

Director Herbert Brenon thought to have a little fun with him. He shot off a blank pistol.

Lon gave one horrible cry and dropped to the floor. Yes,—the suit busted.

RASOUVL WALSH was forced to hold up the production of "The Red Dancer From Moscow" nearly thirty minutes on a day when he had hundreds of extras working.

He had lost the script out of his vest pocket.

SWEET are the uses of publicity when a picture is poor. When it's good, nothing else matters.

Emil Jannings' "The Last Command" illustrates. It came into New York without any preliminary ballyhoo and quietly set at work breaking the box-office record of the Rialto Theater. In one week it took in $51,000. The most successful picture this theater had ever had previously, "We're in the Navy Now," only did $49,600 a week.

A few blocks away, another foreigner was upsetting statistics. Greta Garbo, going it alone as a star for the first time, took in $77,700 in a week at the Capitol for her "Divine Woman."

THOSE of you who cried over Emil Jannings in "The Last Command" may squeeze a few tears from the fact that the story of the picture was based on an actual occurrence. The real hero of the story was not, of course, the Czar's cousin, but he was a general high in command in the Imperial Russian Army. The ex-Russian general went to Hollywood and tried to get work as a movie extra. When he failed, just as any other poor old man might have failed, he committed suicide.

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**$15,000 in Prizes Awarded for Ideas**

[Continued from Page 49]

When he was able to sneak across the border into Arizona. Miss Vale grew up on the range. It was much easier to ride as well as any cowboy; at twelve she was proficient at lassoing and shooting. At sixteen she became a student of the Northern Arizona Normal School. After graduation in 1918, she taught school in Holbrook, Arizona.

WAS utterly unfit for the life of a quiet schoolma'am," writes Miss Vale. "I craved freedom and adventure. I bought an old Buick and drove a stage line until the Buick followed the example of the one horse shay. Then I went to the army post at Fort Apache. There I taught vocational school and at the same time operated the canteen restaurant.

"Always I was seeking the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. My next jump was to San Francisco, where I worked and studied onography. From San Francisco to Los Angeles and Long Beach, where I taught ball room dancing to sailors. I spent a year in Texas where I tasted a little of the honey of success, but I couldn't remain on account of that old adventurous spirit. Los Angeles again; working at stenography and then selling hosiery. Shortly after New Year's I gave up the hosiery route on account of illness and am not, at the present time, occupied at anything. I am investigating new lines of endeavor, trying to find something interesting and remunerative."

However, Miss Vale need not worry now. She has found her pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Incidentally, it should be added that Miss Vale has not written professionally for pictures. She says she tried many times but gathered only a mass of refutation slips. She sold just one story, to the old Lubin company years ago, receiving a small check. Her professional writing is limited to a few published sketches and a series of impressions presented by a Texas newspaper, The Independent Oil and Financial Reporter.

MRS. M. CAROLI, of 227 Audubon Avenue, New York City, is the winner of the second prize ($39). Mrs. Caroli was born thirty-nine years ago in Corfu, Greece, of Italian parents. Her mother was a singer and her father conductor of an opera company orchestra. She was brought to America at the age of six, her parents being attached to an opera company touring the Southern states.

Mrs. Caroli is a High School graduate, finances preventing a college education. Before her marriage she was employed as a French, Italian and Spanish stenographer. Mrs. Caroli has two children, one a daughter of nine and the other a boy of eighteen. Mrs. Caroli explains that she is the silent partner in an embroidery firm.

Third prize, of $1,000, goes to Yvonne Corriveau, of 833 Main Street, Pawtucket, R. I. Miss Corriveau is sixteen, a student of the Central Falls Faculty High School. The fourth prize, also of $1,000, was awarded to Marvel Kingsley, of 512 East Main Street, Madison, Wisconsin. Miss Kingsley is also a High School student, in her senior year.

Fifth prize, of $500, was captured by Lute Johnson, of Denver, Colo., but at present of 201 Masonic Temple, New Orleans, La. Mr. Johnson writes: "1

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have been making a living writing for newspapers since I was fourteen years old. Am now half a century beyond that. Have been out of the game for the past year, although The Denver Post rather counts me one of them and treats me as 'on vacation.' On the side, like most newspapermen, I have all my life been doing creative work—stories, plays, songs, verse. Have had three plays produced, but without success. Have a trunkful on hand, but nothing doing. Had thought after quitting newspaper work to make some effort to get on with the plays, but lacked encouragement. If I am really a winner in the contest it will help a lot in that way.

"School experience has been sketchy. Left common school as a boy to go to work. Picked up some education at the printer's case, from much reading, newspaper work and late in life took a course with Prof. Baker in his English 47 at Harvard in the hope of finding what was wrong with that trunkful of plays."

The sixth prize, of $500, was submitted by Fred L. Freitas, who failed to give a complete address. If Mr. Freitas will get in touch with PHOTOPLAY immediately, identifying himself by giving a copy of the submitted idea or an outline of it, together with the street address which was attached, a check will be forwarded to him.

Seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth prizes, of $250 each, go to May L. Brown, 1237 East 46th Street, Chicago, Ill., Hilda M. Riehl, 21 Greenbush Street, Mt. Washington, Pittsburg, Pa., Roselle Cour, of 5728 Blackstone Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Miss Lucile Hayum, La Neptune Apt., Redondo Beach, Calif.

Miss Brown is twenty-two years old and a high school graduate. She was born in Iowa and she submitted her idea from South Sioux, Neb., although she is now a resident of Chicago.

Miss Riehl is twenty-seven years old and at present employed as a bookkeeper. She has a public school and business college education.

Mrs. Cour is thirty-two years old and the mother of a small daughter. She describes herself as "the cook and general manager of a three room trick apartment." She has a high school education and has some newspaper experience.

Miss Hayum is thirty-five years old. She has had thirty magazine stories published and several one act sketches produced by the Hollywood Drama Club and others. Miss Hayum claims two homes: one in Boston and the other at Redondo Beach, Calif., with her sister, Mrs. A. Charles Burns.

The forty winners of $100 each follow: Dorothy Carneal Love, 1312 Fernside Blvd., Alameda, Calif.

Annie Martin Woodworth, Main St., Palestine, Ill.

Solon S. Bloom, 3503 Morris Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Louis Henry Buckner, Box 221, Frum, West Virginia.

Madge O'Farrell, 1804 Exchange Ave., Oklahoma City, Okla.

Raymond Golforth, P. O. Box 97, Lancaster, Texas.

Thomas J. Mannix, 207 North Annex, City Hall, Los Angeles, Calif.

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The Linit Bath is an outstanding beauty secret—because not only is it amazingly economical, but the soothing, luxurious results are immediate.

Merely dissolve half a package of Linit (the remarkable starch sold by grocers) in a half tubful of warm water—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin—soft and satiny smooth!

This soft, velvety "finish" comes from a thin coating of Linit left on the skin which is invisible to the naked eye.

You will notice that Linit adheres well—never comes off on the clothing—eliminates "shine" and absorbs perspiration.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit—and being a pure vegetable product, is absolutely harmless to even the most sensitive skin. In fact, doctors recommend starch from corn to soothe the tender skin of young babies.

You May Not Believe that a fine laundry starch like Linit also makes a marvelous beauty bath. So we suggest that you make this simple test:

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced INSTANTLY!

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The whole world knows Aspirin as an effective antidote for pain. But it's just as important to know that there is only one genuine Bayer Aspirin. The name Bayer is on every tablet, and on the box. If it says Bayer, it's genuine; and if it doesn't, it is not! Headaches are dispelled by Bayer Aspirin. So are colds, and the pain that goes with them; even neuralgia, neuritis, and rheumatism promptly relieved. Get Bayer—at any drug-store—with proven directions.

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Your favorite fly-snacks for a second on the quiet water...Twice, three times you cast...Then whirl...You've hooked a big one. Quickly and easily your partner brings the "Old Town" around and holds it in position for the battle.

"Old Town" respond instantly to every dip of the blade. Sturdy in construction and light in weight too. When you go out where the big ones strike, be sure that you go in an "Old Town." Prices as low as $61. From dealer or factory.

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Leo Hofeller, 104-106th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
John Craig, 24 E. 8th St., New York, N. Y.
L. V. Spencer, Ascot Ridge, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
Catherine Clara Crews, 509 Berkshire Ave., San Antonio, Texas.
Rafael Fuentes, Jr., c/o Mexican Legion, P. O. Box 220, Panama, R. P.
Ruth Robbins, Box 246, Tempe, Ariz.
Mildred Thompson, 3600 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Anna T. Harding, 100 E. 2nd St., Frederick, Md.
William Lowell Clements, Black Mountain, N. C.
Dana Reed, 1228 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Georgea A. Wiseman, Berkeley Inn, Berkeley, Calif.
Regina Strauss, 12 Pine St., Danville, Illinois.
C. H. Usery, Box 24, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Elizabeth Hamilton Kirkpatrick, Box 171, Indiana, Pa.
Laura Kienlen, 284 W. 15th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Mrs. Jessie Kenyon, 308 Lovell Ave., Mill Valley, Cal.
Alfred McRobbins, Northbrook Ct., Washington, D. C.
Mrs. Henry George, R. F. D. 2, West Union, Iowa.
Esther Erickson Young, Hotel Gayoso, Memphis, Tenn.
Fred C. Race, 135 Wilson St., Hamilton, Ont., Canada.
Miss Lounette Kennedy, Box 209, Corsicana, Texas.
E. Irvine Haines, 452 77th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mrs. Carroll Stein, 343 S. Lorimier, Cape Girardeau, Mo.
M. D. Goodrich, 720 Lexington Ave., New York City.
Fraser P. Macdonald, 8609 111th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.
Jocelyn Paul Yoder, 520 Avenue Altara, Coral Gables, Fla.
Mrs. Fenwick Williams, 624 St. Catherine St., W., Montreal, Canada.
Rose Esther Weid, 1531 B Ave., Cedar Rapids, la.
Mrs. Louise Sparks Flewellyn, Eufaula, Barbour County, Ala.
W. J. Taylor, 607 Washington St., Atlanta, Ga.

To Unsuccessful Idea Contestants

If you have not received the return manuscript of your idea or if you do not receive it within a reasonable time after this notice appears, it is because it was not accompanied by return postage. If you wish it back, send postage before April 15th. After that date no unsuccessful manuscript can be returned.
Making a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, Piccadilly Club, London.

This gent was the Englishiest Englishman I have ever seen, even up to now an' I've been in England. He had words which no one could understand, an' accent that no one could imitate, an' clothes which no one else would wear. He arrived in the first pair of English ridin' breeches any of us had ever seen, flappy an' baggy at the sides.

Whether the public knows it or not, strange as it may seem, there isn't a thing about a cowpuncher's clothes that hasn't some use—everything he wears is there for a purpose. You can tell from his clothes where a cowhand is from, as each cattle section from the bleak ranges of Alberta an' Saskatchewan, the Montanas an' Dakotas, on down into Colorado, Oklahoma an' Texas, has hats, shirts, coats, chaps, boots an' even saddles, particularly adaptable to that section.

The new director's clothes was some-thin' wonderful to behold an' me an' a lot of the other cowboys wasted a lot of time a arguin' about 'em an' why.

Mr. Macaulay, of London, lost no time in tellin' us that he was a nephew of a bird named Macaulay who, he said, was a great essayist an' who had wrote the most used an' most popular guide book about England. He seemed surprised when he found none of us had ever read it which wasn't surprisin' when none of us had any idea of goin' there. I slipped it to him as funny that a grown up man would be a writin' essays, since my sister started to write 'em when she was only eleven years old while attendin' district school in Texas.

One day we went to the depot an' met the members of the company just arrived from Chicago. The new girl was Miss Peggy Blevins, black haired, black eyed, trim figure an' quite nifty lookin'. She got my vote from the start. 'Two days after she got in I quit watchin' the post-office for the letter from Miss Stedman.

The leadin' gent signed F. Frank Frayne on the hotel register an' with him was a nice, fine lookin' middle aged man who wrote down George W. Coul-
dock, an' who, I found, came from a family of great actors.

Frayne was a good lookin' chap but seemed terribly out of place in Oklahoma, while old man Couldock fitted in an' in a week could borrow cigarette papers an' tobacco from anyone.

Miss Peggy Blevins didn't know much about horseback ridin', but in a week I had her a gallopin' around with the best of 'em.

Before I get any further, I'd like to put in an' say that Miss Blevins today is the wife of a prominent lawyer in Twin Falls, Montana.

I still hear from her an' we have always exchanged Christmas cards.

A recent picture shows she's a keepin' her good looks an' nifty style. The movies lost a fine girl when she got mar-

The "Silent Drama"

The cinema is often referred to as the "silent drama."

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I told him that the bull was just as good as dead.

Mr. Couldock said he was to Petronius an young Mr. Frayne the Vinicius of the story—the girl's sweetheart, while I was Ursus, the real bull-doggin an' rescusin' gent of the outfit. There was a lot of action, and a few of the scenes around there got picked for small parts an' lots more of 'em were used in the big scenes as populace.

ONE day up comes Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay an' says, "So you are Ursus?"

"No," says I, "you've got me wrong—I'm Tom Mix." He said I didn't understand. He looked over my arms an' shoulders.

"An' you think you can throw a bull," says he.

I don't think anything about it," I told him, "since I've threw more of 'em than you an' your folks' neighbors over in Loreng." Weigh a ton, that an' a half.

But," he kept on, "you got to break this bull's neck, did any one tell you about that?" That made laugh since in bull-doggin contests it's against the rule to break the animal's neck—it's a heap easier to break the bull's neck than not to—only I don't tell him that.

"Well," he says, "you got a great part in this picture—best in the story. You break this bull's neck an' do it right an' there's millions for you in the movin' picture business." That sounded good, since I was only a needed one.

Macaulay wasn't a bad sort of gent as gents go, only he didn't know much—which rule, I might stick in here, still holds good with most of the movin' picture directors at the present time—there's something to learn.

If you doubt this talk to a couple of 'em sometime. Get 'em off pictures an' see what they know about things in general. Their talk on anything except movin' pictures is just about as valuable as the advice that comes from a gent who has stood the raise and then drew one too many cards.

B ECAUSE of the way it started out, we soon switched Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay's name in "A.B.C.," an' finally it drifted into "Alphabet" an' he didn't know nothin'.

It was about this time that old Couldock gave me a book to read. It was "Oo Vadi," the picture we were to make. The book was written by a gent whose name no one in the outfit could pronounce except Mr. Couldock an' the director. I tried to read the book but it was too tough for me. The names of the people in it were worse than the author's.

I got more'n a hundred pages in it an' when Ursus hadn't shown up yet, I commenced to doubt that he meant much to the picture. But Mr. Couldock turned over the pages an' read me the chapter where Ursus rescues Lysia, who was to be Miss Blevins, from the horns of the wild bull while Nero looked on, an' it sure sounded great.

MR. COULDOCK said that notwithstanding the fact the other bird was the sweetheart, everything depended on me—if I let the bull get the best of it, the play was shot.

"No matter what the rest of us play," my old friend told me, "you're the big show an' don't let anyone kid you that you're not. I don't know what money you're gettin' but nail all you can—it's worth a lot to do what you're a plannin'."

"If I succeed I suppose there's millions in the game for me," I wanted to know.

"Sure," says he, "it's the greatest chance a man ever had in the pictures."

So by this time they had me pretty well steamed up, an' I was buzzin' around like a saw out of a mill. I thought of what Lucille Young had said.

I've always been one of those fellers that tries to think things out in advance, an' so I got an idea. I told Mr. Walworth, the business man, that if he didn't mind I'd like to drive the four bulls over on the other bunch where they'd get better grazin' an' be wilder. When the time came as it wasn't done 'em any good havin' so many folks around. You see we'd bought four bulls to get one good one.

My real idea in gettin' the bulls out of the way was to do a little rehearsin' on my own account an' find out which of 'em was the real mean one—that bein' the one that wasn't goin' to get his neck broke. The bull that was goin' to make up with me was the bull selected for the great honor.

A LPHABET MACAULAY had explained to me they was a goin' to put a dummy on the bull's horns, only a usin' the girl for some close-up shots, so I hunte up some old clothes, stuffed' em with straw an' made me a dummy. Next mornin', before sunup, I roped the old black bull an' after much effort managed to get the dummy strapped on his neck. He got up, lookin' kind of dazed, shook the dummy a little an' then calmly resumed grazin'. Plainly, he didn't propose to be annoyed.

Next mornin', I tried the red an' white spotted bull with the dummy. The way he cut up was somethin' awful an' which, I figured, would earn him a ticket to the stockyards in Kansas City, so far as I was concerned. I watched my chance, however, an' grabbed him by the horns to see how he'd turn out. He was brassed around for a time an' decided if the worst came to the worst, I could throw him, although it would be a tough job. But the lettin' go wasn't so easy, so I decided that in the next rehearsal, I'd better have help.

So that was that. I went around with me Colorado Cotton, one of the best ropers that ever hoolied a steer in any man's cow country. Incidentally, I might say, Cotton is one of the cowhands who is
The white bull didn't make half the fuss we expected. But the red bull was the boy. Him an' the dummy just couldn't get along. He wasn't interested in movin' pictures or the folks who made 'em, had never heard of Nero or Caesar an' didn't want to know 'em. I felt it in my bones—he was goin' to hate Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay. I was the Nineteenth Amendment in cowland with that bull.

"Cotton," says I, "which one of these Oklahoma critters would you pick to bulldog?" He allowed he'd choose the white an' lay off the black an' the spotted one. "That black bull is a actin' simple to throw you off," advised Cotton, "black cattle is always treacherous, an' that there black bull will think up some way to do you a heap of dirt." Anyway, I had a feelin' by this time that when Mr. Ursus, of Rome, got into the ring an' was introduced by the announcer, everything would be okay.

About this time a couple a movin' picture carpenters came in from Chicago an' started to build the sets. They put up long rows of houses with funny columns in front of 'em, which they said were Roman residences an' one the Forum. Then they built a big corral with high tiers of seats which Alphabet told me was the Roman Circus, an' where me an' the bull would have our dispute.

THE day before the shootin' was to commence, my old friend Mike Cunyan rode over from Ponca City, "Tom," says he, "you ain't aimin' to let 'em start this picture in the dark of the moon, are you? You ought to know that it's the worst kind of bad luck." If a man ever uttered a prophecy, it was Mike Cunyan, only none of us knew it. We went over and drewed Alphabet Macanlay's attention to the situation, but he said the dark of the moon talk was foolish an' the picture would start accordin' to schedule.

The first trouble came when the wardrobe boss started to dress up a lot of cowhands who'd been hired at $3 a day, as Roman soldiers an' citizens. He give 'em some funny clothes which he said were togas, loose and roony kind of garments. No one could tell which was front or back. All come out in 'em a wearin' their boots, spurs and Stetson hats. The wardrobe man said that wouldn't do. Buster Gardner, an old time cowhand, put his tin over his chaps an' refused to take off the chaps, even if he lost the job. They put sandals on the men an' women, something like a Injun's mocassin. Around the men's heads, they tied bands, about like the Apaches an' Arapahoe wears. About noon, after much argument an' two fights, they got the clothes question straightened out.

The first scene was where a lot of Roman soldiers was to ride in, a bearin' of bad news—what the bad news was, none of us could find out.

"You gentlemen go down there behind

goin' with me this summer to the Argentine, to make some pictures. Someone told Cotton he couldn't rope a llama, an' he don't believe it. Cotton's part of the wild bull rehearsin' was to step in at any time I needed help an' rope the bull so I could get away.

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those cottonwoods," yelled Alphabet, "an' come in toward the camera, where you meet the Centurian, an' tell him the bad news."

"But I ain't got no bad news to tell him," explained Buster, who was leader of the bunch, "unless you want me to tell him"—Herman. "Well, a man can't always be a Centurian—" that they got out a warrant for him today in Guthrie for disturbing the peace, an' which is a fact, the deputy sheriff a comin' up in the mornin' after him—shall I tell him that? If I do, he'll leg it, pronto!"

"All right, tell him," says Alphabet, "an' be sure when you come in to ride pell mell," only he pronounced it pall mall.

BUSTER, Cotton, Slim Johnson an' Tex rode away for about a hundred yards. Then they stopped an' huddled like a bunch of football players. Leavin' the rest, Buster an' Cotton rode slowly back, an' called Mike Cunyan over.

"Mike," says Buster, "you been a livin' in Oklahoma a long time an' what's this pall mall style of ridin'? I kin ride a cow pony or a buckin' horse; I kin ride any horse an' me an'. Cotton kin ride double, as his horse is broke to it an' mine ain't. If anybody's been a ridin' this pall mall way down here in Oklahoma or in Texas, where I come from, I ain't see him to do it. Us boys is willin' to try it, but some bird's got to show us how it goes, first."

Mike an' me went over to Alphabet, who says, "for one to ride pell mell, one must ride dashingly. "All right," says I, "as long as one must ride thataway, Cotton can do it, but how'll the rest ride?" "The same way," says he.

Mike Cunyan went back an' acted as interpreter. "What the gent wants," says Mike, "is for you boys to come in like you're on your last mile to Curley Mudge's saloon, that bein' the place you're a headin' for. The boys went down back—broke away the cottonwoods an' rode back whoopin' as loud as they could whoop. Alphabet says it won't do as they must come in solemn like, since they're a bearin' bad news."

"How the hell can a man ride the last mile to Curley's place without whoopin'?

Tex Riley wanted to know, "I been down here a long time an' I ain't seen it done yet."

TEX RILEY

THE scene was finally made. Then a row broke out between R. Frank Fryane, the leadin' gent, and E. Burdette Boardman, the deputy assistant villain, as well as the right to wear the biggest wreath. Alphabet went loyal that by whoopin' they both the same size. At this point a cowhand rode up with a telegram for Alphabet Macaulay. It was from the town marshal in Ponca, who said he had just locked up a bird named William Ellis, who said he'd been fetched from Kansas City to play New Year's. The marshal, said drunk an' disorderly, an' was bail a comin' for him? "De- cidedly not," declares Alphabet after talkin' to Walrath. "Ellis g住房和销发 in, get Ellis get himself out. Then they drafted Buster Gardner in to play Mike, but they had to promise him $1.50 a day extra to take off his chaps, wear the purple clothes an' wear an' sit in the grand
stand box. He kept on his boots an' spurs. They started Buster in with a close-up.

"Look out there, Nero," yells Alphabet, "look out there, an' you see a lot of wild beasts a eatin' up Christians—do you see 'em."

"No. I don't see 'em, an' what's more," says Buster a declarin' himself, "they ain't a goin' to be no Christians et up with me a sittin' here. Besides you ain't got no wild beasts an' there ain't no Christians nearer than Ponca City."

Alphabet finally got Buster agreein' to see things an' we was gettin' along great. Day by day we made scenes, hoppin' first to one place an' then another. It was so mixed up I didn't think anyone knew how anything was, but Chuck Hartman, the cameraman, said he did and everything was okay.

The next day we had a scene where a lot of cowboys an' ranch women were in the circus grand stand all dressed up like they was Romans an' Augustans, whoever they were. They was supposed to be a seatin' me a fightin' the bull with Miss Peggy Blevins tied to its horns an' settin' the girl free. That eminent citizen of Great Britain, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, had distributed little type written strips of paper among the folks in the grand stand an' which they was supposed to shout as a protest to Nero Gardner, who it seems wanted the girl killed. The three words they had to shout, as written on the slips were:

Akenobarbus! Matricide! Incendary!

Well, sir, what those cowhands an' ranch folks called those words was just somethin' awful. The nearest anyone knew about what the words meant was when Hank Emrick got arrested for settin' fire to John Porter's hay ricks, south of Ponca, an' he was charged with bein' one of those words. So far as we knew there was nothin' about Nero's settin' fire to hay ricks. Later, I learned that this Nero gent had got on a drunk an' set fire to the town. In view of the way they called those three words, it was a mighty good thing they didn't have no vitaphone in those days to record the scene.

That same day Alphabet made four close-ups of Peggy Blevins an' one of R. Frank Frayne, the leadin' man. That same night Frayne give in his notice an' had himself a leavin' for Chicago in the mornin'. By promisin' Mr. Frayne five close-ups the next day and bu' one for Miss Blevins, the leadin' gent reconsidered an' stayed in the cast. For four days we had to lay off because the war film didn't get in. Later I learned it had come C.O.D., an' Walrath had trouble in raisin' the money. After one day of shootin', it started an' rained steady for seven days. As soon as it dried up a little, me an' Cotton slipped over to rehearse the bulls once more an' finally decided on the white boy for the sacrifice.

Just before the great scene, me an' Cotton give him his last rehearsal. It didn't come out so good. I couldn't find my dummy an' had to make another out of an old suit of red flannel underwear left behind in the bunkhouse by Gus Hender-
son, a cowhand just then a doin’ a three month’s sojourn in the county jail for fightin’ with a squash. The way the white bull acted with the red dummy was something terrible, but I figured as the girl wasn’t supposed to have any clothes at all it would be all right next day.

Early, Cotton an’ me drove the four bulls over to a little pen on one side of the set. I told Alphabt we’d use the white one. Peggy was on hand to see the scene an’ slip me a little encouragement an’ hoped I wouldn’t blow it. I didn’t tell her that bulldoggin’ a stier meant nothin’ more to me than a little exercise, an’ not an awful lot at that. I wanted them to think I had a tough job.

The first shock I got was when they handed me my costume. It was a piece of old red blanket to go over one shoulder. It had been dabbed here an’ there with white paint in spots. Chuck, the cameraman, said it would photograph like a leopard skin. I had a little pair of trunks an’ wrapped about my waist was a wide, red sash. I told A.B.C. that the red sash wasn’t goin’ to help any, but he insisted it go thataway, as red photographed black an’ it was what they wanted.

Up to now me an’ the white bull was on good terms. I’d got him pretty well gentled an’ he discovered gettin’ threw didn’t mean much. Of course, I was afeared to break his neck in the scene an’ thought he didn’t know it, but it seems if he didn’t know it, he at least had suspicions.

Cotton an’ Buster strapped the dummy they brought on the bull. It was a pretty nifty dummy. Alphabet an’ Walworth bought it from the New York Dry Goods Emporium in 1884 and it had been used in the window to put women’s clothes on. The white bull didn’t make much objection to the dummy, bein’ used to one by now, but when he saw me in my clothes—he started an’ what he didn’t try to do.

Everything was set. The big scene was on.

In the middle of the circus arena marched the bull. He stood for a moment an’ pawed the ground. Old man Nero was in his royal box an’ all Rome was a watchin’ as I walked out in my funny clothes. I was probably fifty yards away when the bull gave a snort an’ started for me. Whatever friendship we might have once had, was gone. He made that plain. In a minute I saw what was wrong. From my dress he thought I was an Indian.

Down in Oklahoma, all cattle grow up a knowin’ that if they ain’t careful, some dark night a coupla’ of calf-naive red men is a goin’ to Injun up on him, an’ the next day there’s goin’ to be beef stew in a near-by tepee. Oklahoma cattle keep an eye on Indians, just the same as cats watch dogs. You see, I’d always played around this old bull in cowboy clothes an’ now he didn’t know me—took me for an Indian.

I got him by the horns an’ the wrasslin’ commenced. I was a doin’ good an’ the populace was a yellin’ as ordered by Alphabet. About this time the old black bull in the pen saw my red outfit an’ me. With one bust, he came on through the pine board fence of the pen an’ headed for me. Right behind him followed the red an’ white spotted bull, also a snortin’. Near Gardner’s royal box, stood up an’ yelled, “Tom, the black bull is a comin’—get out of the corral if you can.”

Scein’ my danger, Cotton, who was a wearin’ a toga, chaps, boots an’ spurs an’ a wrench, grabbed a rope an’ jumped into the arena, amin’ to rope the black bull.

“Keep out of there,” yelled Mr. A.B. Chatsworth Macaulay, “you’re spillin’ the scene—get out of there!” But Cotton was my friend, an’ made a throw for the black bull an’ missed. By that time I had the white bull on his knees an’ in a minute more it would have been all over. Cotton yelled. I let go an’ beat it for the fence with the white bull not more’n a foot behind me.

At this moment, Chuck Hartman made the mistake of his young life by a yellin’ at the black bull an’ went away. Well, sir, that Oklahoma bull made two jumps, stuck his horns under Chuck’s camera an’ with the tripod a hangin’
around his neck started for Oklahoma City by the way of Bartlesville and Ponca. Two hundred feet away, he threw that camera a hundred feet in the air. When it came down on the hard sod ground, what happened to it was terrible. Brass parts an' glass lenses were just scattered all over the prairie. Some of the parts we never did find. The camera was a wreck. Miles of film was blowin' around between the arena of the great Roman Circus an' the Salt Fork of the Canadian River.

An' that, ladies an' gentlemen, was the end of "Quo Vadis!"

If it had been ended as planned an' hoped, the name of Tom Mix might have been seen in electric lights eight or nine years before it finally reached that dignity. It was my great chance. A red sash spoiled it. Still, I like red. Almost everything I own is painted red.

Our troupe ended up much like an Uncle Tom's company that went broke in Dewey when I was marshalin' there an' it got attached. Little Eva married the sheriff; Topps got a job in McGurk's restaurant; Marks, the lawyer, worked as a clerk in the town's best hotel an' Uncle Tom, who was a colored man, was porter in the same place. The only man in the troupe who couldn't find something to do was Simon Legree. He got out of the state in a box car an' my assistant shot the bloodhound.

I had a little money left an' helped Miss Blevins get a ticket to Chicago. I'd like to add in here some place that she paid it back; pronto. What I lent to that ambassador of good will from England, Mr. A. B. Chatsworth Macaulay, is still a own'. Old man Cockroft had money of his own to get away with. Chuck Hartman got as far as Oklahoma City where he opened a photograph gallery, got married an' has since become a very rich man in the oil business.

Then came sad news for me. I got sued for two of the bulls I had bought an' for which Mr. Walworth departed without settlin' for, so I had to pay. One of 'em was the black bull an' so far as I know, he's still at large, somewhere in the State of Oklahoma. I never could find him. The red one I sold to a butcher. By the time I got straightened around, my money was all gone an' I owed Mike Cunyan $140.

"Tom, didn't this movie man tell you there was millions in the picture business?" Buster Gardner asked next day.

"He sure did," I replied, "but there ain't no million in pictures with wolves, buffalos or wild bulls in 'em. You got to have elephants, hippopotamuses an' rhinoceroses to get in the big money."

That gave me an idea.

**NEXT MONTH:**

Through joining up with a big animal picture in Florida where he was employed to protect Kathryn Williams from wild jungle beasts, Tom finally reaches Hollywood and at last gets into the "Big Money." He found the human sharks of Hollywood worse than the denizens of the jungle he had been fighting in Florida, and is greatly amazed theret.

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My Life Story

(Continued from Page 108)

and gave her more and more authority and power, because I thought she might keep them from doing that.

Finally, my Dad came West. Mrs. Smith had done a lot of things to make me think that Dad wasn’t what he should be and that he would handicap me in a business way. She said relatives always did and that it would make the bosses score around the studios if my father came interfering. I believed her. I knew so little about things, and what with working the whole time and trying to enjoy myself in spare moments I was—just dumb, I guess.

When Daddy arrived I had quite made up my mind to leave him out of things and to show him at once that he must not interfere with this great “career” that seemed opening up before me. I felt that perhaps he actually wouldn’t be out of the picture and—oh, I am ashamed to tell this, but it came out all right and perhaps will make you understand a little of what I went through—when he arrived I was going to be very cool and aloof with him. I was now a successful motion picture actress and I intended to keep my new position and put him in his place.

When we met I just said, “Hello, Dad,” and looked at him. I had on a new frock and, maybe, a new personality. I had learned so much about popularity in the months I had been in Hollywood; I had been seeing the world and getting my first taste of success and admiration and money. I had begun to stand out a little, to hear people say, “That’s Clara Bow. They say she’s very clever.”

Dad just stood and looked at me. He looked a little tired and worn, as though he had been working very hard. But as he looked I went out of his face, the light and joy and welcome that had been his at seeing his little daughter again.

And suddenly I couldn’t do it. I didn’t care a—n rap, for Mrs. Smith, nor B. P. Shulberg, nor my motion picture career, nor Clara Bow. I just threw myself into his arms and kissed and kissed him, and we both cried like a couple of fool kids. Oh, it was wonderful. I knew then how lonely I had been. I had been lonely for someone of my own, someone who belonged to me and really loved me.

We sat down and had a long talk, and right away Dad started looking into all these things. And soon I knew that Mrs. Smith hadn’t told me the truth at all. She knew that the work I had done was very successful and that they liked me very much. But she wanted to keep a hold on me so she made me think I wasn’t getting over and that nothing but her power management kept me going.

About this time Frank Lloyd, the great director, was looking for a girl to play the flapper in “Black Oxen.” He had looked at everybody almost on the screen and tested them, but he had not found exactly what he wanted and finally some one suggested me to him. I shall never
Days that Would be Gone Forever

How is your youngster going to feel later on when his friends proudly display snapshots of their childhood—will he have to make excuses for you?

As for not owning a Kodak... really, there's no excuse for it. Every day of your life, probably, you pass stores that sell them. The cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

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In addition, Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture.

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HELP
for Fagged Eyes

Murine soothes and refreshes strained, tired eyes—makes them feel strong and look alive. It also cleanses them of irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition. And, by tightening sagging muscles, helps to ward off crow's feet.

Used night and morning, Murine will keep your eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. A month's supply of this harmless lotion costs but 60c.

AND in this crisis I learned to find the advice and companionship of a man like Victor Fleming invaluable. You couldn't deceive him with any false glitter. He steered me straight a lot of times when I was going "haywire."

And gradually our friendship seemed to deepen until it became the great thing in both our lives. I think he cared for me because he knew how much I wanted to get happiness out of life, and yet how frightened, in a way, I was of it,—and still am for that matter. Life has been so good to me. And yet, even now, with all I see before me, I cannot quite trust life. It did too many awful things to me in my youth. I still feel that I must beat it, grab everything quickly, enjoy the moment to the utmost, because to-morrow, life may bludgeon me down, as it did my mother, as it used to do the people I lived with in Brooklyn when I was a kid.

I had had a pretty good education, in spite of lacks in other ways, and while Victor Fleming and I were engaged—we became engaged about that time—I began to read again, and to enjoy music, and to grow calmer about many things.

I was very happy. I was gradually growing more and more successful in my work. I loved it. There is one thing I must say about my work as a picture star. I have worked very hard. I've been at the studio terribly long hours. I've had very little time between pictures. It would probably amaze anyone to see how much of my life the last four years has been spent on a motion picture set. But I've loved it.

Perhaps the difference in age brought about the severing of the tie between Victor Fleming and me, though we are still the best of friends. Perhaps the feeling had grown so gradually and under such circumstances that there wasn't quite enough romance in it. I was young and I needed romance. Perhaps even he found that I didn't give him the sort of companionship he needed.

ANYWAY, our feeling for each other became more and more that of close friendship and less and less that of lovers. Until finally we agreed that it would be best that way, to be friends, nothing more.

The leopard is giving Rupert Julian a hard look. Julian had to direct the animal in Jacqueline Logan's picture, "The Leopard Lady," and the leopard doesn't think his director gave him enough footage. This photograph was taken at the special request of Count Felix von Luckner, German sea raider. The Count is on the extreme left. Captain Louderback, of the U-boat Emden stands directly back of Miss Logan and the Countess von Luckner is standing next to her.
Right after that, while I was making a picture once more with my dear Frank Lloyd, a picture called “Children of Divorce,” I met a young man named Gary Cooper. It was his first big part—he’d been a cowboy up in Nevada or something and played a small part in some Western picture. He was to play the lead. Of course he was new to the screen and didn’t know exactly how to do things, though he was wonderful and photographed marvelously. I always like to help anyone who is new, so I was willing to go over and over scenes with him, in rehearsal, to help him out.

While we were doing that, we fell in love. If I wanted to be the Clara Bow of the screen, I’d say—and how! It was very wonderful and beautiful while it lasted. But—I can’t altogether explain. It’s very difficult to be a motion picture star and be married. So many fall at it. I have made up my mind that I shan’t fail when I do marry. I shall wait until I am sure. Gary was—so jealous. I know he wouldn’t mind my saying that. Anyway, we parted. Is that so many romances for a girl of twenty-two? Haven’t most girls been engaged two or three times, before they’re twenty-two? Yet just because I am Clara Bow and it is always printed, it sounds as though I were a regular flapper vamp. And I’m not at all. It seems to me I’ve said very little about my career, after I became successful. But the story of every success is much the same. You work and suffer and battle and starve, and then you give your nose in a little way and then—you get the break. And if you have it in you, you make good. And then you just go on working, getting more money and loving the fame and the admiration of the public. Somehow, I had managed to make a niche for myself. I’d created a Clara Bow, by being myself largely I guess, who fitted the public desire and the public imagination. I hope they’ll go on loving me a long time. I don’t know.

I live in my little bungalow in Beverly Hills with my father. I work very hard, I like young people and gaiety, and have a lot of both around me whenever I have time. I like to swim and ride and play tennis. I have a few close friends, but not many acquaintances. I don’t have time. I am happy—as happy as anyone can be who believes that life isn’t quite to be trusted. I give everything I can to my pictures and the rest to being young and trying to make my father happy, and filling up the gaps in my education.

I don’t think I’m very different from any other girl—except that I work harder and have suffered more. And I have red hair.

All in all, I guess I’m just Clara Bow. And Clara Bow is just what life made her. That’s what I’ve tried to tell you in this story. I’m terribly grateful and still a little incredulous of my success. It seems like a dream. But—I’m willing to work just as hard as ever to go on having it. Beyond that, I haven’t yet evolved any plans or desires.

After all, I’m still only twenty-two. That isn’t so very old, is it?

---

Glazo has IT

by Rosaline Dunn

In 3 Brief Steps . . . This Marvelous Glazo Method Bestows on Hands The Enchanting Loveliness I Have Sought for 15 Years

The smartest women in New York’s social group have adopted me as their personal manicurist. Naturally I am jealous of this reputation. And to aid me in my work I use only the finest accessories money can buy.

Until recently, my one despair has been nails. I think I can truthfully say I have experimented with every one that has come to my attention. I had even vainly tried to produce the perfect polish that I had looked to others for, so many years.

When Paris ushered in the sensible vogue of liquid polishes, I breathed a sigh of relief. But even the most expensive imported polishes failed to live up to my expectations.

I began to believe I was looking for the impossible, that I had an ideal too high ever to be realized—when I discovered Glazo Manicure.

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Every quality that I have sought, it has in abundance. It is lasting. Its tint is that of beautiful, healthy nails. And from one appointment to the next, it holds its soft patina, its perfect lustre.

Then there is Glazo Cuticle Oil to frame the nails in exquisite pink cuticle ovals which are the perfect setting for dainty, white half-moons. For those who prefer a cream to an oil, Glazo Cuticle Cream is a marvelously healing preparation.

I would like to show you how I keep the nails of my patrons forever smart and correctly manicured.

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Of course you can obtain Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price including the Remover 50c.

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The Movie Hound

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

They watched breathlessly all the way through and at the end, burst into wild applause. It was marvelous! Beansy sat there panting with excitement. Of course, Rajah's master was in the picture too. Sylvia said something about him being the hero, but Beansy paid little attention. Rajah has really the most important cinematographer. To think that Beansy could have considered him a "wet smack!" Here was a he-dog of he-dogs—truly representative of the highest type of canine. Into Beansy's scornful little soul came envy and awe.

When they reached home that night, Beansy jumped out of the roadster, almost before Sylvia put on the brakes. He raced across the street, worried his way under the hedge that surrounded the Spanish villa and trotted across a plot of newly planted lawn that Rajah's gardener had been sheltering with great care. To his delight, Rajah was at home and for the moment, alone, chewing busily on a sterilized bone in the small wire-enclosed yard that was his particular domain. Beansy could not reach him, but he could talk through the fence.

At first, Rajah was inclined to be distant in his reception—to bristle the hair along the top of his neck in a most unnerving manner—and, for a moment, it looked as if he were going to say sniffany, doggy language. "You'll have to see my secretary." Then something in Beansy's big brown hero-worshipping eyes stirred the vanity of the star. In a few minutes, the two dogs were nosing each other through the wire and Beansy was getting an earful about the magic life of the studios.

Beansy was not the only one who "got something" from the meeting. A few minutes later, Rajah suddenly looked puzzled and then awkwardly raised his hind foot and started to scratch himself. In all his well-ordered life, Rajah never before felt the need of scratching. From early puppyhood, his thoroughbred iron gray coat had been daily fine-combed and scrubbed with odorless dog-soap. And it had taken much patient endeavor to train him to scratch on command, so that he could portray with sufficient realism, his clever characterizations of the lower levels of dog life.

Now Rajah's valet observed the police dog's unusual actions from the kitchen window and horried, rushed out swearing to his throng away from the wire-netting with a well placed kick. Beansy gave such a yell that Claibourne himself came out to see what was the matter.

"That ridiculous little mutt's given Rajah a fleabag!" the valet explained.

Rajah's master raised his handsome brow—but only for a moment. "Oh, he's the dog from across the street—belongs to that cute little blonde. I'll take him home. I was just going over that way, anyhow."

He gave Beansy a kindly pat on the head, as he spoke, and Beansy triumphantly waved his tail in the valet's face and trotted off in rare good humor. Could it be possible that Claibourne was so interested because Beansy had that essential ingredient for a dog star, who wishes to be popular with his public—that mysterious something called Personality?

If certainly looked that way, judging from Claibourne's actions afterwards. Not only did he take Beancy home and spend two hours talking about him with Sylvia, but he came again and again. Every day, in fact. He formed the habit of walking past Beansy's house with Rajah each morning on his way to the studio, explaining to Sylvia, who by some strange coincidence always happened to be out pruning the roses at that hour, that the dog star needed a morning walk for exercise. Claibourne took an unusual interest in Beansy to go in with him, while Rajah looked on with tolerant amusement. Beancy had to hand it to him for not being jealous.

The one thing Beansy couldn't understand was, why Claibourne never suggested his coming to the studio for a screen test. Perhaps he thought that Beancy still considered acting beneath him—a ridiculous work which did not properly belong in a real he-dog's life. Beancy made up his mind to show him the error of his ways. Every morning, he practiced standing on his hind feet, leaping up and grabbing things and all the high and broad jumps he had seen Rajah do on the screen.

One day he leaped at the collar of Sylvia's dad, pretending he was attacking the villain. Dad was a stupid man. He didn't get Beancy's idea at all. He wasn't even scared of the dog's fierceness. He playfully tossed him aside and exclaimed, "Gosh, Beancy old boy, you're playing this morning!"

And, when the ambitious young dog tried to drag Sylvia to safety from the path of her brother's tricycle, she scolded him for tearing her dress. Nor did the cook rehiss his attempts to take a running jump into the kitchen window, which he pretended was his only way of entrance into the hut in time to prevent a wicked villain from choking the heroine. Cook had set out a row of custards to cool on the sill and Beancy, missing his foothold, knocked them all over and fell on his side, in a geranium bed, from which he was ignominiously banished with a broom. But there are sacrifices and suffering entailed in every career—Rajah had told him there were, so Beancy suffered, joyfully.

The delay in his becoming a star was really Sylvia's fault. Lovely and sweet as she was, she didn't help him in the least. Many times Mr. Cant criticized that he would like to take Sylvia and Beancy through the studio, but she always refused with an indifference that made the ambitious young dog furious. Perhaps she thought Claibourne might wean Beancy away from her. Foolish
Half the Secret
is you Chew it...

And the other half is—an amazing new laxative principle: tasteless, supremely mild, yet wonderfully effective...

SLIP one of these little white tablets in your mouth.
Enjoy its cool delicious mint flavor while you chew it for a few minutes. Instantly—the clogged, inactive system starts to cleanse and purify itself!
This is Feen-a-mint: apparently just a delicious mint chewing gum—actually an amazing new laxative principle! For when chewed thoroughly, it mixes its tasteless medicinal ingredient with the mouth fluids, which carry it directly into the digestive tract for its stimulating effect upon the intestines.
Results are amazing. A new vitality and a sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know.
You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

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HE went after the cream-puffs, with such vim and gusto, expecting every moment that the villain of the piece would rush into the scene and attempt to choke him, the way Rajah had been choked in his picture. Then for a real fight! But no villain came. At least not an exciting one. Only a large fat man, with a silly baby face, who wore a big store-keeper’s apron and entered with a most undignified waddle.

However, a fat villain is better than none, so as the man advanced, Beasys rushed in a wild fury for his throat. The actor not having been informed of Beasys’s encounter with the cream-puffs and seeing a foamy-mouthed dog coming at him, flung up his hands in horror and screaming “Mad dog!” went tearing wildly around the set.

Beasys didn’t quite reach the man’s throat, but he got a good grip on the back of his pants and clung like a burr, even when they ripped half off as the villain finally rushed to the only clear avenue of escape—the open space where the clicking camera stood.

For a moment, everything was a melee of falling men and tripods and wild curses and screams.

Then the camera man emerged triumphantly with the camera, which he had protected in the fall. As it was unhurt, and they could use the film that registered the scene, the director declared it was all a lucky accident that would be a “wow” on the screen. Beasys received extravagant praise and felt quite a hero. Not half bad—an actor’s life!

He was tired after that and didn’t pay much attention to the other shots they took of him and refused to take a big jump over a couple of chairs, crawling under them, on his stomach instead. But the stupid people even praised him for that!

And once Beasys had thought it hard to be an actor.

O n the way home, Beasys nosed Rajah in a very chummy way, feeling on terms of complete equality with the big police dog now. Rajah received this attention with a faintly superior smile, which Beasys promptly attributed to professional jealousy.

When they reached the Spanish villa, Claibourne was so fearful something might happen to his new star, that he insisted on returning Beasys to Sylvia in person. Beasys was touched to observe traces of tears in his goddess’ eyes. She was so glad to get him back again that she forgot to scold him, but instead received him with open arms, hugging him so tight it hurt. She strangely forgot the quarrel with Claibourne in her gratitude to him for bringing back her pet. Claibourne confessed to “borrowing” Beasys for his picture.

“We’re rushing it through and we’ll preview it Saturday, so if you want to bring Beasys—we might all run down in my car together?” he suggested. Sylvia did want to.

Sadie Thompson is such a good girl in the movies that she drinks tea.

“Sadie Thompson” is reviewed in The Shadow Stage in this issue.

The good-looking Irish lad is Gloria’s director, Raoul Walsh.
Beauty has come of Age

The intelligent woman of today does not look for loveliness through the haphazard use of lotions, creams and powders. She knows that she must give her skin a scientifically balanced treatment, that she must choose special preparations to meet the varied needs of her own complexion.

Each of Dorothy Gray’s preparations answers a specific need of the skin. When they are used in the sequence precisely suited to the requirements of your complexion, Miss Gray’s preparations supply the cleansing, stimulation and lubrication so necessary to its health and beauty.

When the day came for the preview, he submitted to a bath and brushing so eagerly that Sylvia thought he must be sick. They went to the picture with Rajah, and his master and in view of the fact that they were with Claibourne, he did not have to be smuggled into the theater, but walked along boldly with Rajah, tail high in the air.

Beansy watched the first part of the picture with a bored air. He wasn’t in it. But finally, there flashed on the screen, the restaurant where he had his great scene with the cream-puffs. Beansy sat up, eagerly, watching his shadow self as he attacked the cakes. In a moment, would come his struggle with the fat villain and then the audience would burst into applause at his heroism and another dog star would be made.

But what was happening in the theater? That strange rippling sound? It couldn’t be—alas!—it was Giggles! More than that, it was laughter! The audience were actually laughing at his struggles with the cream-puffs! When the fat villain entered and Beansy attacked him, the audience shrieked and roared with hilarity. And to cap the climax, Beansy turned and saw that Sylvia was simply consumed with wild and unrestrained mirth.

It was more than Beansy could bear. They had made of him no hero—only a clown! They had tricked him outrageously. He crept surreptitiously from the theater, his tail between his legs. They would make fun of him, would they? He'd show 'em.

He didn’t go home—not for an hour at least. And then he stalked into the garden, his nose in the air, and a bitter look in his eyes, so Sylvia and Claibourne could make no mistake. They would know instantly, by his attitude, that he was wounded beyond repair. But they didn’t even see him.

They were sitting in the rose arbor, wrapped in each other’s arms, while Rajah stood on guard.

Beansy gave the three of them one long contemptuous look—which they didn’t notice. Then he turned his back and trotted off. Where had he buried that bone? It would be just nice and mellow now.

He dug excitedly in the corner of the garden. Ah, there it was! He growled and snarled over it with complete abandonment.

After all being a dog star entails too many sacrifices.

Why not enjoy life, when it comes as sweet as this?

DOROTHY GRAY

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WILLIAM COWBOY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

Mackarel, mackarel,
Umph, Umph, Umph, Umph,
A nickel a string.
Umph, Umph, Umph,
Napoleon is selling them,
Umph, Umph, Umph.

Enough to make the great French
general turn over in his tomb. But Timi
puts all his young spirit into the song,
which in a way compensates for its
uncomplimentary sense.

Thus we proceeded to the Vaiite cinema
house, a group being augmented at each
time we passed. Soon by daylight,
Theaham's Cinema Palace and Dance
Hall would hardly have done credit
to a cowshed; but a moonlight night and an
excited crowd in their green and purple
dresses and still starched drill lent charm
to the barren unadorned building. It was
a hundred yards or so from the road
between a Chinaman's shop and the school
house.

Across the road lay the Protestant
church, and beyond lay two thatched
houses and the Catholic mission. This
made up the Village of Vaiite.

THERE is a natural lawn around the
cinema house where some great shade
trees join their arms in arches. Beyond,
toward the mountains lie the straight
avenues of Charlie's coconut grove.
Tonight the green arches were shimmering
with the light of a score of lanterns
where some of the older and more thrifty
women were seated crosstressed before
their white napkins upon which were
stacked rubbery pancakes, and strings of island
chestnuts. They were being sold for a
mere trifle, but still I wondered that any
woman would buy them, the cakes, at least.
Being made of flour, water, and suet,
boiled in grease, and without leaven
of any kind, they have the elastic resilience
of chewing gum. Once I foolishly tried to
eat one; it was impossible,—and yet, I
have seen little tots no bigger than Timi
gobble down two or three without the
slightest sign of morbid pangs. The
island chestnuts are better.

After being boiled they are strung on
cocoanut leaf ribs and sold for ten sous a
string.

Feeling that I should patronize home
industry I decided to purchase some of the
nuts. "I will take two strings of
mapes," I said to Faiaipo-woman who
was among the thrifty.

SHE was dressed in a blazing red split
ponytype robe, a blue chinesial hald
gracefully across her shoulders, and a
white flower was stuck coquetilly in her
hair in spite of her fifty summers. She
handed the nuts to me, and thoughtlessly,
I asked the price.

Faiaipo-woman seemed very much
embarrassed at this.

"They are nothing," she said. "I give
them to you, for they are but the food of
Tahiti, and of what value is it?"

Realizing that I had acted with flagrant
indelicacy, I cried: "Then I will give you

---

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instrument checked below.

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Mention any other...

Name...

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6 WEEKS AGO
he clipped
the coupon

Other fellows had left him in the social
background. Girls avoided him. He was missing all
the modern fun. Then, one day, he read an adver-
tisement. It held out a promise of popularity if he
would only learn to play a

BUESCHER
True Tone Saxophone

He thought himself musically dumb. Still, the ad said
he could play a Saxophone for 6 days' trial. Before the end of the
week he was playing easy tunes. That was 6 weeks
today, and today he's "popularity" itself. Always wel-
come everywhere.

You Can Do It Too! If You Try

If you can whistle a tune you can master so easy
fingering Buescher Saxophone. 3 lessons, free on re-
quest with each new instrument, teach scales in an
hour and start you playing popular tunes.

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Try any Buescher Instrument in your own home for six
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cent, pay a little each month. Play as you pay. Mail
the coupon for beautiful literature and details of this
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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
a franc, for it is only the money of France, and of what value is it?"

Faaipo-woman was pleased to accept the money, for, of course, she had expected it, but in her courteous Tahitian fashion had first wished to offer me the nuts as a present.

I walked to a small opening in the side of the cinema palace through which Taroa the six foot four school-master would soon sell tickets. There I watched and listened to my neighbors who were seriously discussing the probable events in the night's picture. The preacher of Vaite and Tuahu stood near me. They are leaders in the district, and the dignity with which they bear themselves is almost incredible. When they speak to one another it is with much the same clear uninterrupted flow as one of Lander's imaginary conversations—impassive though argumentative.

They speak slowly, accenting each syllable, and expressing themselves in perfect Tahitian.

TONIGHT, of course, they are speaking of the cinema. Tuahu said: "Mr. Preacher, these are my thoughts concerning the work of the cinema: some say the cinema is truth and some say it is lies; but I believe it is truth, for no man could make these pictures with paint or pencil. They must be made the same as photographer in Papeete makes our pictures. These latter are truth and therefore the moving pictures must likewise be truth." The preacher straightened, retucked his black pareu, coughed, and replied: "Tuahu-man, you say they are truth, and that all these things we see in the cinema palace are actual happenings. Perhaps they are, for we know little of the works of the white men. But I believe they are lies, for one time I saw a picture in which a man laying dying on a great tract of land which was just like the beach in front of my house, for strange to say there were no trees, no river, nor even any grass, in sight. He rose to his knees and raised his

In the "Close-up"—know that your personal daintiness is above reproach

DANCES, theatres, parties or very private tête-à-têtes—in all the "close-ups" of one's many social contacts—remember, nothing detracts so much from one's attractiveness as the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Yet we are all subject to it. We have to be, for without perspiration we could not live, and perspiration invariably has an odor—heavy, unpleasant, unfeminine. We become all too easily accustomed to it ourselves, but others notice it and have their own private opinions.

The thing to do is to prevent the odor. And the convenient, easy and sure way is to neutralize the odor with "Mum", the true deodorant cream. A little "Mum" to the underarm, and wherever perspiration is closely confined, keeps you free from the faintest suggestion of a body odor, for all day and evening. Never the thought of embarrassment. From bath to bath your bodily daintiness is sweet and fresh, alluringly attractive.

Perspiration odor is too grave a social error to take chances with, especially when the precaution against it is so sure and so easy to use.

Another important use

And in connection with the sanitary pad, "Mum" has proved itself a boon that hardly needs explaining.

"Mum" is 35c and 60c a jar at all stores. Get it today and know that you are free from the hint of any body odor. Or use the Special Offer Coupon.

Special Offer

We are making a Special Offer—to introduce "Ban", the remarkable new cream Hair Remover that is so easy, quick and safe to use. "Ban" is different. You will be delighted.

"Ban" is 50c for a large tube at your store. Or send Special Offer Coupon.

"Mum" prevents all body odors

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Mum Mfg. Co., 1151 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Enclosed is ........................ for offer checked. ........................ Special Offer—50c "Mum", and 50c Ban—the efficient and delightful-scented Cream Hair Remover—were worth for 60c postpaid. ........................ 60c for introductory size of "Mum" postpaid.

Name

Address

April, 1938

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Charming Eyes like these -- are Easy to have!

EYES that ask or command, laugh and dance or tell tales on your heart; they're charming eyes - attractive - and very easy to have.

To obtain this delightful effect all you need do is make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. This is best and easiest done with genuine Maybelline. You'll like Maybelline, because it goes on easily, looks natural and is guaranteed absolutely harmless in every respect.

'Eyes that ask or command, laugh and dance or tell tales on your heart; they're charming eyes - attractive - and very easy to have.'

Hands to God, when suddenly the sandy country faded away and in its place was a beautiful house where people were eating and drinking. Strange to say, the dying man was there, dressed in his Sunday clothes, talking to a beautiful young white woman as he drank wine and ate corned beef. Later that scene faded away and the man was again in the sandy country. Now, Tuahu-man, if he could so easily shift himself from the bad land to the beautiful house, I ask you, why did he return to the bad land?

"For this reason I think that the pictures are a lie, a crazy work of the foreigner, and next Sunday perhaps I will preach against them, that is, if tonight's picture is not a very good one."

After the proper moment's silence to assure himself that the Rev. Mr. Preacher had finished, Tuahu replied: "I, too, have seen strange things in the cinema which I could not account for; but I am only a child of Tahiti, and do not pretend to understand the ways of the foreigner. However, one thing which makes me believe the cinemas are truth is that I once saw a picture in which many spirits of the dead walked through an old forsaken house, just as they do in Tahiti. When I saw this picture I knew the cinemas were truth, because I, too, have seen the spirits of my ancestors on dark nights when the moon is dead."

Tuahu and the preacher both turned to me to settle the argument: "Some pictures depict things that have happened while other pictures depict things which might have happened. Everything you see really occurred, but only for the purpose of photographing them." I, too, straightened up, feeling that I had handled the matter with considerable tact.

Tuahu turned to the preacher a trifle diffidently and said: "There, I told you so; I knew they were the truth." But at the same instant the preacher said to Tuahu: "There, I told you so; I knew they were lies."

Just then a stream of light was thrown over my shoulder. Turning, I found that the ticket window was open, and Taroa, the school-master, was ready to do business.

Taroa stretched out a long bony hand to grasp mine: "Well, well, Ropati, how glad I am to see you again!" he cried. He had seen me and spoken to me but a few hours since, but then, you know, sociability. He went on: "What is the news, Ropati, from your end of the district?"

I assured him that nothing of note had happened and asked for my tickets.

He did not pay the least attention to me, but went on with the inevitable native conversation: "Where are you from?" "Where are you going?" "Are you alive?" "What is the news?" "Have you any tobacco?" "Thank you."

As a long line of natives were waiting I thought it no more than considerate to procure my tickets and make room for the next man.

Again I asked of them.

"Oh, yes, by and by," Taroa answered, continuing: "By the by, have you heard about the trouble Araitogatahu-woman had with her husband in the district of Mahina on the other side of the island? Ah, it was a great scandal. Now that we have plenty of time on our hands I will tell you the whole story in detail."

With that he gave me a long account of the con-

"I was a great scandal. Now that we have plenty of time on our hands I will tell you the whole story in detail."

nuital troubles of Araitogatahu-woman and her swain, ending with an apostrophe on the felicity of celibacy. Then, for an instant, I thought him out of breath, and so was about to repeat my request for
If you really knew about Princess Pat Powder you'd surely try it

Here we shall try to give the facts, read carefully

In the first place, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains Almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So powerful in favor of Princess Pat is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

Almond makes Princess Pat a softer powder than can be produced with any other base. The softer a powder, the better its application.

So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of the ultra fashionable women everywhere.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adorable light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO

Princess Pat Ice Astringent is the one vanishing cream that acts like ice to close and refine the pores. Ideal as the powder base—effective longer—cool, pleasant, refreshing as ice. Prevents and corrects coarse pores. Always use before powder.

Week End Set—

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 delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-64, Chicago

End Set.

Week End Set.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
with a Conn

Every CONN instrument for band or orchestra has exclusive features which make it easy to play. With a Conn and the new simple instruction methods you play tunes in your first lessons!

Get into a band or orchestra. Choose the instrument that appeals to you most. Then a whole new world of pleasure and profit opens to you.

FREE TRIAL; Easy Payments on any CONN—saxophone, cornet, trumpet, trombone, flute, clarinet, etc. Send coupon for free literature.

C. G. CONN, Inc., 428 Conn Bldg., Elkhart, Indiana

Gentlemen: Please send literature and details of free trial offer on

[Instrument]
Name.
Sr. or R.F.D.
City, State.
County.

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Hands

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty hands regardless of the work they have to do. They will find it well worth while to make the best use of the facts that they can.

Many women are not aware how readily they can have soft, pretty hands. The reason is that they are not aware how easily they can make them soft.

This is true of many women, but it is not true of all women. Some women are able to make their hands soft, while others are not.

Many women can make their hands soft by using the proper methods, while others cannot.

Many women are not aware how easy it is to make their hands soft. They are not aware that they can make their hands soft by using the proper methods.

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Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

only a single actor in nine-tenths of the scenes.

These films may or may not be among the winners.

That rests with the judges. But they are examples of the astonishing ingenuity and skill of our amateurs.

JUST now the motion picture business is worried greatly over the fact that the productions of most of the big film makers are available—in 16 mm. film—for home projectors.

Exhibitors seem to view this home movie movement as a blow to the professional theater. This fear appears to be based upon the theory that every film fan goes to his favorite movie house every night.

Thus, any home entertainment keeps one or more customers away from the boxoffice.

Of course, this theory is false. Otherwise exhibitors could stop advertising and they could anticipate a permanent capacity audience.

In point of fact, the home movie builds up interest in motion pictures.

It continually creates new film enthusiasts.

Imagine, for instance, how the Photoplay contest entrants must have studied professional films night after night. Imagine, too, how every amateur film maker goes to the theater to watch and analyse professional effects.

Exhibitors should forget their fears about home screen entertainment. The home movie is a salesman for the professional photoplay.

ADD Richard Rowland, general and production manager of First National Pictures, to your list of amateur movie enthusiasts. Mr. Rowland has obtained some remarkable 16 mm. films with his Cine-Kodak. No longer can Mr. Rowland’s staff of cameramen tell him about trick shots. Mr. Rowland is doing all sorts of angle stuff on his own estate at Rye, N.Y.

Then, too, you can add Jack Dempsey and Rod La Rocque to your list of DeVry users. They’re both enthusiasts.

THE students of the University of Southern California have just produced a comedy, “The Sporting Chance.” The director, Art Brearley, alone of the group, had any film training. Paul Klepe was cameraman and Matt Barr was production manager. The cast included Billie Walker, Josephine Campbell, Lafayette Taylor, Walter Outler and Tom de Graffenreid. The students are all enrolled in the motion picture department of the university.

These students, by the way, used some home made reflectors in the production which will be of interest to amateurs everywhere. The reflectors were made of battened vernier wood, 30 by 40 inches, painted with aluminum paint, coated with varnish and sprinkled, while varnish was wet, with silver metallics.
THE Portland, Ore., Cine Club is conducting a prize contest. George N. Black is president, Fred G. Meyer is vice president, Ray La Fever is secretary and treasurer.

These, with B. H. Davies and Dr. Merle Moore, constitute the board of directors.

The Cinema Club of Rochester, N. Y., has the advantage of the honorary presidency of George Eastman, the film pioneer, while Dr. C. E. K. Mees, the cinematic expert is its active head. Mrs. Helen Probst Abbott is vice-president and George W. McBride is secretary-treasurer.

Recently the club has listened to lectures by experts of the Eastman Kodak Company.

The Philadelphia Amateur Motion Picture Club has been using what is possibly the world’s smallest theater. The place seats just twenty, but every detail of a modern playhouse is present. James E. Richardson, of the Victor Talking Machine Company, was a recent speaker, discussing the correlation of music and pictures.

HERE is a simple method of making trick films with a filmo. Obtain from your dealer two film reels with square holes on both sides. The regular reel has a round hole on one side and a square one on the other. You can square the round hole with a file, if you wish.

Put your film on the magazine spindle as usual. Load your film through the shutter, setting one of the letters of the word STOP at a definite mechanical position.

Use one of the reels with the square holes on the take-up spindle.

Shoot your roll of film. Lift the spool of film out and, turning it over, place it on the magazine spindle. Thread. Put the other reel with the square holes on the take-up spindle.

Run off the film. Lift out the reel of film, turn it over and again place on the magazine spindle. This time use a regular empty reel on the take-up spindle. Thread and set so that the word STOP is at the same definite mechanical position as in the first operation.

Re-shoot for whatever double exposure effects you desire.

You have now double-exposed without the use of a dark room and without handling the delicate film.

In this way you can get ghost effects and you can get animated subtitles. Use blank title cards with white letters. It is best to shoot five-foot scenes for subtitles, under-exposing them to subdue the backgrounds.

TWO interesting new devices for amateurs are just being marketed by the Bell and Howell Company. One, a lens modifier, screws over the regular f 3.5 lens in place of the sunshade. This obtains alternating fat and lean comedy effects after the fashion of trick mirrors used in amusement parks.

The other device, a picture viewer, permits the study of your film while you are cutting and editing. A prism reverses the object and a small electric bulb illuminates it. This picture viewer can be obtained with or without the regular winder and splitter.

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The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang.

By Fontaine Fox.

"Then you come on out here and tell this woman in the booth to quit selling 'em."

---

The Haughty Movie Usher Informs Mr. Bang that there are no seats.

(P. Fontaine Fox, 1927, The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

DOVE, THE—United Artists—Norma Talmadge is starred, but it is Noah Beery’s picture, the maudlin title. An exciting stage play becomes a rather languid movie. (March.)

*DRESS PARADE—Pathe-De Mille. The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Besse Love and Louis Natache. (December.)

DROP KICK, THE—First National.—It is now Richard Barthelmess’ turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who’s next? (November.)

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Fox. A modern Horatio Alger story of New York, with some fine realistic backgrounds, well played by George O’Brien. See it. (January.)

ENNEMY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Andy’s propaganda, told in the terms of a tragedy that befell a Viennese household. Lillian Gish’s most human and appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February.)

FAIR CO-ED, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies at her very funniest in a pretty fair college yarn. The girl is a real comic. (December.)

FIGURES DON’T LIE—Paramount.—A zippy farce-romance of a stenographer and her boss. With Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (November.)

FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton in a comedy adapted to the mentality of those who enjoy the funny papers. (October.)

FLYING—Fox.—Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a home-made flying machine. (December.)

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—The former Miss Marie Register, well played by Jetta Goudal and Victor Varconi and over-seen by Joseph Schildkraut. Worth your money. (December.)

FORTUNE HUNTER, THE—Warner.—Syd Carroll has a good comedy. Why people stay home. (March.)

FOUR PLUNDER, THE—Universal.—Pleasant, young story played in a big business setting. Ornamented by Marion Nixon. (December.)

*FOUR SONS—Fox. Reviewed under title of “Grandma Bernice Learns Her Letters.” The screen pieces to real greatness in this story of a war-stricken German mother. (January.)

FRENCH DRESSING.—First National.—In which the dowdy wife outwits the vamp. Solid trouping by Lois Wilson, Lillian Tashman and Clive Brook. (February.)

GALLAGHER, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Richard Harding Davis’ charming story of the adventures of a young office boy in a newspaper office. Young Junior Coronavirus. (November.)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Rex Ingram’s best picture in several years. A beautiful re-telling of the Robert Louis Stevenson romance, made in the original locations. (November.)

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists.—Just a so-so vehicle for Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith and Charles Hay are hampered by a second-rate chorus girl’s yarn. (February.)

GATEWAY OF THE MOON—Fox.—Dorothy Del Rio gets coy in a South Sea Island picture. This star should keep her clothes on. (March.)


GAY DEFENDER, THE—Paramount.—Richard Dix, in Spanish get-up, strays by accident into Douglas Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (January.)

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox.—Pokesom comedy. (November.)

GENTLEMAN OF PARIS, A.—Paramount.—We thank you, Mr. Menges, for another pleasant evening of smooth entertainment. (December.)

*GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Paramount.—If you don’t want to see this film version of Anita Loos’ story, something is wrong with you. It is all laughs, thanks to Ruth Taylor, Alice White and Pat O’Malley. (November.)

*GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH, THE.—Just a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your eye on Nick Stuart and Sally Fiander. (December.)

ALL-IN-ONE Cigarette and Match Case

ALL-IN-ONE holds a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches, always handy—ready for use. Beautiful grain finish Black or Brown. Do not pretend. Keep and convenient. This is easily a dollar value we are offering you by mail for 50e. All-in-one will come to you prepaid. A dollar bill brings two cases. Agents Write.

ALL-IN-ONE SALES COMPANY

2050 Portland Ave

Chicago, Ill.

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON’S 52 Years of Hits


Y. B. DENISON & CO. 122 E. Balham, Dept. J

CHICAGO

ALL-IN-ONE Cigarette and Match Case

50c

ALL-IN-ONE holds a package of cigarettes and a box of safety matches, always handy—ready for use. Beautiful grain finish Black or Brown. Do not pretend. Keep and convenient. This is easily a dollar value we are offering you by mail for 50e. All-in-one will come to you prepaid. A dollar bill brings two cases. Agents Write.

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CHICAGO

Do Your Ears Protrude?

PRIMSET, a simple and successful method. Primset retards the growth of the ear by a process of hair-massaging. It is effective without discomfort, with no special appliance. Your local dealer will supply Primset, or write for booklet. We keep Primset kits free to those who are known sufferers. Ask our local Primset dealer to furnish a demonstration.

Primset Co., Dept. 11, 1653 Broadway, New York

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photo- school in the diamond. Correspondence photography also pays big money, and quickly. It can be made your money’s worth for entertainment service. Write today for free literature. Mrs. C. C. Smith, Dept. P, 3212 Oppenheimer Bldg., Dallas, Texas

Freckle Soap

washes away Freckles

NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away.

Narola soap not only rids you of freckles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreckled skin—an attractive, lovable, winsome skin.

Narola soap is matched for the complexion of young or old. Special price to readers of Photoplay, three full-size 50 cent cakes for $1.00, Order today, enclosing $1.00; or pay postman plus his fee. We guarantee results or refund your money. NAROLA CO., 316 Archer Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
New Invention Solves Shoulder Strap Problem!

What a boon to women everywhere is this dainty, slender chain that banishes forever the discomfort of slipping shoulder straps! Thousands of women are delighted with this new found freedom from a bothersome problem! The original Lingerie chain holds the straps securely in place. Comfortably! And without the slightest danger of tearing the most delicate fabrics.

And now the Perfumette! This new style permits use of your favorite perfume in the center medallion. It conserves perfume because there is less evaporation, and it combines two practical purposes in the most charming, dainty bit of jewelry you ever owned.

Our White Gold Filled $1.00 or Perfumette $1.35

LINGERIE “V” COMPANY
74 Oak St.
North Windham, Conn.

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MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy Mack- 
ill and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of 
Down East high-bats who go in for adventuring. 
Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

MAN'S PAST, A—Universal.—A solemn, worthy 
protection with Conrad Veidt, a capable actor. 
(October.)

*MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—Metro-Goldwyn- 
Mayer.—Scaanned in a Washington newspaper 
office, with some good capital atmosphere and some 
conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, 
but Jeanne Eagels is no Creta Garbo. (January.)

*MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—Universal.—Regi- 
yeld Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a 
very pretty little actress. Wonderful love story and 
you'll love the picture. (November.)

*MOCKERY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Leon 
Chadwick, as a Russian peasant with a hunch, gets 
a mixed up in the Revolution. (October.)

MOJAVE KID, THE—FBO.—Introducing a 
new Western hero, Bob Steele. He's a good kid with 
a pleasant personality. (October.)

MUM'S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reel 
comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phillips that 
deserves your kind attention. (January.)

*MY BEST GIRL—United Artists.—Some of 
Mary Pickford’s best comedy and a romantic episode, 
played with “Rudy” Rogers, that is Mary at her 
greatest. The children, of course! (December.)

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

NEST, THE—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick 
brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother 
role. (December.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A feat Western, with 
Gary Cooper. Beautiful scenery, fine acting and 
plenty of thrills. (October.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama 
of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff 
as an original twist and Eddie Carbone, Johnnie Harron 
and Alice Hotchkin make some fine acting. (January.)

NOOSE, THE—First National.—Richard Barth- 
elm's again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An 
extraordinary melodrama that will hold you spell-
bound. (March.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a 
South Sea Islet, with Mary Astor and Ladd 
Hughes. (December.)

NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Wall-
ace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of 
weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. 
(December.)

ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warner.—Wherein love 
plays the harmonium for a prizefighter. With 
Monte Blue and Leila Hyams. Not too bad. (Decem-
ber.)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It 
is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told 
and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and 
Theodore von Eltz. (November.)

ON TO RENO—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good 
comedy, but Marie Prevost, aided by James Cruze, 
should do better than this. (December.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Well, there's a 
good prize fight episode. With Reginald Denny, 
(March.)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount.—Lane Chandler 
and his horse, "Flash," in one of the best Westerns 
now leaping across our screens. (January.)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny 
does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made 
farce. (December.)

PAID TO LOVE—Fox.—A neatly, charmingly 
directed comedy that kids the old hokum of the 
mythical kingdom, romance. (October.)

PAINTED PONIES—Universal.—More breath-
taking incidents in the frantic career of Monee 
Hoist Gibson. (October.)

PAJAMAS—Fox.—Oliver Bearden as one of those 
terrific movie society girls that ought to be shipped to 
the Far West. (February.)

PARIS OR BUST—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as 
a boy who knew he was a flyer "because his mother 
gave his father the air." Anyway, you'll laugh at it. 
(December.)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathe—Monte 
Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. 
(November.)

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling.—Morir: Don't 
let a man give you a charge account. (February.)

PRICE OF HONOR, THE—Columbia.—An old-
time, tear-stirring, heart-tugging melodrama, well 
presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more 
widely touted contrivances. (December.)

*PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE— 
First National.—Not the entitled Erskine's novel, but 
a moving burlesque of Homer with wise-cracking titles. 
Mario Corda is a fascinating new type. (January.)

*QUALITY STREET—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer— 
Marion Davies is delightful in Sir James Barrie's 
fragrant romance. A picture you'll be glad to see. 
(October.)

RACING ROMEO, THE—FBO.—"Red" 
Grainge in a motor maniac yarn. A weak one. 
(January.)

RAGTIME—First Division.—Just a lot of alla-
ledo. (January.)

RAMONA—United Artists.—A pictorially 
lovely version of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early 
California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian 
girl. (March.)

RED RAIDERS, THE—First National.—Ken 
Maynard does his version of the Irish-Jewish story, 
Thanks to the star, it isn't too bad. (October.)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff 
about the Great Northwest. Okay. (February.)

REJUVENATION OF AUNT MARY, THE— 
Pathe-De Mille.—Mary Robertson plays the screen 
version of her famous old play. It's still lots of fun. 
(October.)

RENO DIVORCE—Warner.—Ralph Graves wrote 
the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was 
too much for him. A fair film with May McAvoy as 
its ornamental heroine. (November.)

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Chinatown

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**Road to Romance, the**—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.—Joseph Conrad's novel comes out as an even real movie. Not congeneric stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

**Rose-Marie**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the famous musical comedy. Exciting doings and hot romance among the fur traders of Canada. With Jean Crawford and James Murray. (March.)

**Rose of the Golden West—First National.—**Flappers will be more interested in the romantic love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Rosie Etienne. A Treat. (November.)

**Sailor Izzy Murphy—**Warners.—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrills and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (November.)

**Sailor's Sweetheart, A—**Warners.—They have nerve to call this "come comedy." Don't do it again. Louise Fazenda. (December.)

**Satin Woman, The—**Gotham.—One of Mrs. Wallace Reid's little preludes—if you care for them. (November.)

**SECRET HOUR, THE—**Paramount.—A white-washing of that fine play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which proves that you can't make pictures to please the censors and have 'em good. (December.)

**Serenade—**Paramount.—Holding a stethoscope to the fluctuating heart of a musician. One of Adolph Menjou's best, and heightened by the presence of Kathryn Carver. (February.)

**Shanghai Bound—**Paramount.—Adventure, action, romance—all set in the vivid background of rambunctious China. Plus Richard Dix. (October.)

**Shanghai, F.B.O.—**Eat-em-up love story about a sultry, oriental girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

**Shepherd of the Hills—**First National.—Pure Harold Rosson and serene and clean. But just a teeny, weeny bit slack. (March.)

**She's a Sheik—**Paramount.—Bebe Daniels is great as a wild Arab gal who captures her man and取得 his protection. New Army Chief! (October.)

**Shield of Honor—Universal.—**Help yourself, if you like crook stories. (December.)

**Shootin' Irons—**Paramount.—Jack Judson and Sally Blane in a six-shooter story of the great hokum places. (November.)

**Silk Legs—**F.B.O.—Maxine Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings by steam. (March.)

**Silver Slave, The—**Warners.—How mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villain by vampiring him herself. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (February.)

**Silver Valley—**F.B.O.—Tom Mix as a reformed thief. Tom has it. (December.)

**Sins of the Street—**Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

**Smile, Brother, Smile—**First National.—Jack Mathias is a Pennsylvania shipping clerk who would be a salesman. (October.)

**Soft Cushions—**Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway magic in a hilarious comedy story and a real hit by a newcomer—Sue Carol. (November.)

**Sorrell and Son—**United Artists.—Bertram Brom is a touchingly beautiful picture of this story of a father's love for his son. Handsome play by H. B. Warner and a fine cast. (October.)

**Sporting Goods—**Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising lad in one of the very best current light comedies. (March.)

**Spotlight, The—**Paramount.—How the whole little Jinxie became Rosina, the Russian star, and shedding of our coarse foreign names and temperament. With Esther Ralston. (January.)

**Spring Fever—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines plays a chilly funny comedy built about the golliwog man. (October.)

**Stand and Deliver—**Pathe-De Mille.—Rod La Rocque into the French Army and sees a box fight. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (January.)

**Stranded—**Pathe.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. . . . It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

**Student Prince, The—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro is one of the best stories this year. Enchantingly beautiful. Unfortunately Norma Shearer is mist-cast and Lubitsch isn't completely in his element. Very much worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**Sunrise—**F.B.O.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything he can think of on story interest but long on beauty. (December.)

**Swim, Girl, Swim—**Paramount.—Credit Brice Dinsmore. A gay, amusing story with a college tie. "Trude" Ederle is in it, too. Take the whole family. (February.)

**Symphony, The—**Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Man." Redeemed by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

**Tartuffe, The Hypocrute—**U.A.—Proving yet again that there is no end to the device of equal Hollywood's worst. Even Emil Jannings cannot save it. (October.)

**Tea for Three—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second of the Lew Cody-Alexen Pringle comedies, nicely and subtly acted. (November.)

**Tell It to Sweeney—**Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Bancroft in a comedy that is just plain nickelodeon. (November.)

**Tenderloin—**Warners.—This time the dirty crooks play the heroics by Dobbs Costello by giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

**Texas Steer, A—**First National.—Will Rogers, as star and title-writer, plays a joke on our politicians. A picture that papa will enjoy. (January.)

**Thanks for the Buggy Ride—**Universal.—The birth of a popular song, and a comedy of an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Plante's best. (December.)

**Thirteenth Hour, The—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and underwater backgrounds. Nautilus, that crafty canine, outschemes the villains. (February.)

**Tigress, The—**Columbia.—How much Dorotha looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)

**Two Arabian Knights—**United Artists.—Proving that there can be something new in war comedy. A very original entertainment! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

**Two Flaming Youths—**Paramount.—Introduction of a new comedy hero who can make a bad one, they can. (March.)

**Two Girls Want You—**Adapted from John Golden's stage success, it's a nice, amusing story about a modern working girl. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (February.)

**Uncle Tom's Cabin—**Universal.—Harriet Beecher Stowe's story given a new life by Joel McCrea, John War and Sherman's March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don't mind the violence done to the old fable. (January.)

**Under the Black Flag—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Flash, "the wonder dog," shows that the dogs don't do their share in the pictures. (February.)

**Valley of the Giants, The—**First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree Campers, directed by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (February.)

**Very Confidential—**F.B.O.—The little rascal even removes the heart of society's pet. An old story in new clothes with Madge Bellamy as the lucky gal. (February.)

**Wanted, a Coward—**Sterling.—If this happens to you, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

**Washington Square—**Universal.—A modern picture of a modern play; a good performance by ZaSu Pitts. Also with Alice Joyce and Jean Hersholt. Only fair. (March.)

**West Point—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines in a gay and amusing picture for the U. S. Military Academy. Joan Crawford is the girl. (February.)

**Whip Woman, The—**First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through butment of a reviewer, we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

**Wild Geese—**F.B.O.—Sincere presentation of Martha Ostenso's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

**Wind, The—**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lillian Gish in a fine and impressive drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent support by Lars Hanson and Montagu Love. (November.)

**Wife, Pathe-De Mille.—**One of the tragedies about a newly-wed. Hold a husband—if you are interested. (January.)

**Wizard, The—**Fox.—One of Monique LeRoy's most thrilling mystery yarns enacted by Edmund Lowe and William Powell. (October.)

**Wizard of the Saddles, The—**F.B.O.—Western hokum made enjoyable by the horsemanship of the fine little kid. (February.)

**Wolf Fangs—**Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from her brutal stepfather. Emotional amusement. (February.)

**Woman Wise, The—**Fox.—Showdown of a downfall of a highly proper heroine. With Alice Faye, Jack Pickford and Jane Collier. (February.)

**Women's Wares—**F.B.O.—Evelyn Brent as a struggling actress who is constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

**Wreck of the Hesperus, The—**Pathe-De Mille.—Elsie Clifton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Lonesome's ballad has been movie-ized, but you'll like Virginia Bradford. (February.)
Love Pictures  
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

And there can be no doubt that the psychoanalytic hypothesis of love is the most rational and convincing explanation yet made.

Oedipus, you know, was the son of Laius, the king of Thebes. And Laius had been warned by an oracle that he would be slain by his own son. Therefore Laius gave the baby Oedipus to a shepherd with orders that it be put to death.

But the shepherd took compassion on the child, spared his life, and Oedipus grew to man's estate little suspecting his royal parentage.

One day Oedipus met Laius in a narrow mountain pass. They quarreled. Oedipus slew Laius, not knowing that his victim was his father.

Later, Oedipus came to the gates of Thebes where a monster, the Sphinx, guarded the entrance gates and pronounced a riddle to every passer-by. Those who were unable to solve the riddle were devoured by the Sphinx. But Oedipus solved the riddle and killed the Sphinx.

The city of Thebes was, of course, overjoyed to be rid of the monster. In gratitude it made Oedipus king and offered him in marriage Jocasta, the wife of the former monarch.

Thus, unknowingly, Oedipus married his own mother!

This story of Sophocles, also the similar idea in the drama of "Electra," has been used time and again in novels, plays and poems since the Greek poet first wrote it.

The point is that it emphasizes and stresses the overpowering love existing between son and mother (Oedipus complex) and between daughter and father (Electra complex).

On this basis all out future loves are fashioned.

A man tends to fall in love with women who resemble him—generally unconscious—of his mother.

A woman finds herself attracted by men who represent the childhood concept which she had of her father.

This does not mean, to be sure, that you, a woman, will fall in love with a fat man or a tall man if your father happened to be stout and six feet high.

Nor does it mean that you, a man, will fall in love with women who resemble your mother in physical attributes.

WHAT you really try to reduplicate is a sort of composite image of the father or mother.

You fall in love with those of the opposite sex who come nearest to duplicating this fused mental image of the past which has fixed itself in your mind as a child.

For instance, the mental image of her father may declare itself indelibly upon a girl child's mind may not be that of a handsome and strong man, but of a man who is kind, forgiving and understanding.

As the years pass this childhood impression sinks deeper and deeper into her subconscious mind. She may no longer recall that she thought of
We are attracted not only by sex love, but by love in any form. "Beau Geste" had a universal appeal because it presented a study in ideal brother love. Such stories appeal to us because they show a pure and high emotional feeling that is seldom possible to realize in everyday life.

her father in this way. She forgets that these qualities of the father impressed her more than anything else about him.

Nevertheless, kindness, forgiveness, and understanding will motivate her always and most pronouncedly throughout life.

She will fall in love with men who are kind, forgiving and understanding.

She will remain unmoved by men who lack these traits even if they possess other admirable qualities.

We love, in other words, according to the pattern by which we loved the parent of the opposite sex.

And that answers the question, "Why always love?"

Even if we have been lucky in finding a father or a mother duplicate, that duplicate is bound to leave something to be desired.

And so we keep on searching.

So we are always interested in love.

Another important factor must also be considered in analysing love.

This concerns romance.

Romance also starts during childhood days.

Every man and woman is a born romanticist!

Observe children at play. Listen to their chatter. Watch the way they spin yarns and build dream castles.

"Now you must be a man on the trolley," said a five-year-old to her sister of seven. "And I must be a lady and you must move over and give me a seat and I must thank you and we must talk." Then after catching her breath she continued, "When we get home I must invite you in to tea and we must talk about running away and getting married."

There is always romance in a child's play. When it's a little girl it is nearly always tinged with love. Not always romantic love, to be sure. Usually it is mother love in the beginning—embryo maternity going out to her dollies.

When boys play there is the heroism, adventure and bravura that even as adults we like to associate with virile masculinity. Romance again! And romance that soon in the child's mind links these brave heros with some dainty little feminine playmate that has stirred the boy's imagination.

Children think more about each other in love relationships than we realize. And, of course, there is always Daddy and Mummy to love and marry when they grow up!

To be sure, these childish love fancies are perfectly natural. They are instinctive.

Life is a continuous process from birth on. There are no interruptions or hiatuses in emotional development.

Fundamentally the human animal matures in order to reproduce his kind. And in order that opposite sexes may be irresistibly attracted to each other and the kind be reproduced, love is absolutely essential.

Love, especially romantic love, automatically fans itself into a flame in every human heart.

No human can be without it. To be without it would not be human.

We all know individuals who seem to rest content—perhaps are even tolerably happy—without apparent love.

But love is hidden deep down within the inner reaches of their private emotional lives just the same.

They may substitute their natural romantic love. After the outpouring of affection and devotion and sacrifice toward a member of the opposite sex has proved disappointing they may try to deny that love is worthwhile. They may start to love a cat or a canary, a flower garden, an orphan, an aged couple.

Always, nevertheless—first, last and always—love is motivating, guiding and directing them.

A motion picture, therefore, to be sure-
fire and have an unlimited general appeal must deal with some form of love.

The entire story need not necessarily be concerned with love. The story need not be only sex love either. It may deal with any of the varieties of sexual or non-sexual love that life presents—the more idealized it is, the better—but the love element must appear somewhere else the picture is bound to expire from sheer ineradicable inanition.

INDEED, the same holds true regarding other forms of expression. You may write a play that leaves love entirely out of the reckoning. Try to get a production on it, however, and see how far you get. Try to sell a loveless novel to a publisher and hear what he says. Send a short story devoid of love to the various magazines and count the number of times it is mailed back.

I talked over this subject with an editor recently, and this is what he said: "The reason we insist so much upon the love story is because none of us is perfectly adjusted in our love lives. That's my theory. What do you think of it?"

Well, I told him that I agreed one hundred percent. But the theory is not new. Psychologists know that. So do the doctors. Especially are maladjustments of the love life brought home to the psychoanalysts.

Scarcely a person enters the consulting room of the analyst whose love life is completely appeased.

MARRIED folk complain that the husband or wife, as the case may be, has ceased to love or is annoyed at being loved. The unmarrried are groping and battling with the problems of finding the "one and only" upon whom to project their love.

Young and old, all kinds and conditions of mankind, are thinking about love, wondering about it, trying to express it, sighing over a past that in retrospect seems fraught with love, prayerfully longing for a future that will at last appease the deep yearnings of their love hunger. Everybody, you see, is trying to pacify that relentless Oedipus Complex.

And nobody quite succeeds! Is it any wonder, then, that everybody wants love in his entertainment? Is it not understandable that that photoplay is likely to score highest which concerns itself most with love?

It is curious to note also that everybody has a tendency to think the other fellow is better off in love than he is.

HOW often I hear patients say, "I wish I were in So-and-So's shoes. How happy she seems to be. She certainly must have picked a perfect lover."

And men talk that way, too, about the wives and sweethearts of their acquaintance.

Little do we know that the people we envy are as starved as we are for love. It is true to love of as of most other values in life that the "richest apples are always on the other side of the wall."

Curiosity makes us want love on the screen. We harbor an irresistible impulse to compare our own love lives with the idealized portraits we behold. We want to see how others make love and are loved.

The psychological principle of "Identification" is likewise operative here. We obtain a vicarious pleasure in identifying ourselves with the lovers on the screen and we get a "kick" out of their love scenes because we feel ourselves in their place.

I had a married woman confess to me once that attendance at the movies kept her from falling in love with some other man.

"When my husband is cold and indifferent," she said, "I always select the most romantic picture I can find and I spend the afternoon there. It makes me feel better. It soothes the hurt. I let my fancy carry me along on the wings of love. I laugh and cry and my heart beats fast—all by myself—where nobody in the darkness pays any attention to me.

"And then when I get home, after this emotional spree, my husband doesn't appear such a bad fellow after all!"

Each and every single one of us is essentially instinctively polygamous. We may not give way to the impulse, but it can torment just the same.

THE movies are a pretty good and safe way of getting a lot of that philanderer feeling out of one's system. When producers continue to put love into their productions they are following a most sane, sensible, needful and even scientific policy.

Everybody suffers with an over-plus of love. Pictures are wise in attempting to absorb this surplus.

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The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

SCARLET YOUTH—S. S. Millard

SUPPOSED to be a great, moral film ex-
posing the social evils, Purporting to
have high educational value. Advertised as
just the picture to make the wayward boy
and girl turn from the path of evil and rush
back home. Razzle-dazzle! Pictures like this
are the cheapest, shoddiest and lowest des-
vice for coaxing quarters from morbid
morons. If you are foolish enough to be
minded by the "men only" or "women
only": sign and the sensational advertising,
you'd better consult a psycho-analyst.
A few more of these so-called reform films
that purport to cover the decent standards of
the screen and Photoplay is only giving
space to this one, in order to warn you
against being taken in by this sort of
filth. It is a gift to Corliss Palmer and the
other players that they would accept money
for appearing in a mess of this nature.

GRAFT—Universal

GEORGE MELFORD, directing this
Peter B. Kyne story, got some good
work out of his players—particularly Henry
B. Walthall and Lewis Stone—but somehow
the movie is not up to the proportion of a
big feature production. A newspaper man of high
duration loses his life trying to expose the city
graffers. His son carries on but falls in love
with the ward of the man he is exposing.
Young people will like the romance pro-
vided by Marceline Day and Malcolm
McGregor.

"SMART SET, THE"—M.-G.-M.—Directed
by Sam Wood. The cast: Tommy Vee, Arlette,
William Haines; Polly, Alice Day; Nelson,
Jack Holt; Durant, Robert Warshow; Sammy,
Coy Watson, Jr.; Cynthia, Constance
Howard.

"SOFT LIVING"—Fox. From the story by
George M. Searl, produced by Francis
Agnew, directed by James T. Whiting.
The cast: Nancy Wood, Madeleine
Bellamy; Stanley Webb, John Mack
Brown; Lorna Elsbrooks, Mary Duncan;
Billie Watson, Joyce Compton; Paul
Estebrook, Thomas Jefferson; Rodney
S. Bowen, Henry Keller; Mrs. Rodney
S. Bowen, Olive Toller; Office Boy, Malvina
Geary; Hand Man, Tom Dugan; Swede,
Dwight A. Grifflin.

"SQUARE CROOKS"—Fox. Directed by
Lew Seiler. The cast: Eddie Eckman,
Robert Armstrong; Lany Scott, John
Mack Brown; Jane Owen, Dorothy
Dwan; Kay Ellison, Dorothy Appleby; Mike
Ross, Eddie Sturgis; Harry Wells, Clarence
Barton; Philip Carson, Jackie Coombs;
Slaney, Lydia Dickens.

"STREET ANGEL"—Fox. From the story by
Marcella Hill-Hooff, adapted by 
Morton Gerome, directed by Frank
Borzage. The cast: Maria, Janet Gaynor;
Angelo, Charles Farrell; Young Carbone,
Almerto Rabidell; Rito, Guido Toreto;
Massimo, Henry Armita; Beppo, Louis
Liggett; Bimbo, Milton Daniels; Andrea,
Helen Herman; Atina, Natalie Kingston.

"TRAIL OF '88, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From
the story by Robert W. Service. Adapted by
Frances Marion. Directed by Clarence
Brown. The cast: Larry, Ralph Forbes;
Berna, Deanna Del Rio; Rio Lobo,
Harry Carey; Sabatini Jim, Tully Marshall;
Mrs. Bulkey, Emily Fitzroy; Mr. Bulkey,
Tenen Holter; Las Svede, Russell Simpson;
Lola Bulkey, Karl Dane; Berna's Grandfather,
Carlo Gravina; Samuel Post, the worm,
George Cooper; Mother's Boy,
John Marshall; Engineer, E. Allyn Warren.

"UNDER THE TONTI RIM"—Paramount.
From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by
J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Herman
RayMbroke. The cast: Edd Dunmore,
Richard Arlen; Dick Dunmore, Alan
Allen; Louis Watson, Olga Baclanova;
Jack Louden; Sam Spalding, Harry T.
Moe; "One Punch," William Finney;
Bob, Harry Todd; "Killer" Higgins,
Bruce Gordon; Middleton, Jack Byren.

"WALLFLOWERS"—FBO. From the story by
Tommy Bailey. Adapted by Dorothy Yost,
Directed by Leo Meacham. Photography by
Al Siegel. The cast: Royalty, Hugh Trevor;
Mervin, Mervin Julian Scott; Mr. Fish,
Charles Stevenson; Sandra, Jean
Arthur; Mrs. Lewis, Lolo Todd; Mrs. Corliss,
Mary P. Pigott; Maudsy, Crawford Kent;
Markham, Reginald Simpson.

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anted to satisfy. Sold at all toilet
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per pound for reduction. He will gladly do
it, for excess fat affects beauty, health, vitality
and charm.

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you. That is one great reason why excess
of fat, the new health and vitality. This
is done to banish every fear of harm.
Go learn at once how much Marmola
means to you. Watch the delightful effects
it has brought to so many. It may change
your entire life. Order a box before you
forget it, for you cannot afford to stay fat.

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PHANTOM OF THE RANGE—FBO

Despite its tame title, this Western has real attempts toward humor and character-ization, and features that delightful pair, Tom, played by Randolph Scott, and the beautiful and captivating Lupe Velez, who plays the part of the heroine. Miss Velez is a beauty who proves to be a siren in the truest sense. The story is quite simple, but it is pleasantly told, and its message is a wholesome one. This picture is a winner in every way. A good Western, it is

THE RUSH HOUR—Pathe-De Mille

MARIE PREVOST as a poor but marked girl, has to work in a dairymaid's job, doing her usual daily tasks. She's Maggie Dolan who toils in a travel bureau and loves a drug store cowboy who is his own and the plot gets tangled in run rings and legal battles. But some good comedy and a couple of love affairs emerge to enliven the story. Perhaps it is unusually gloomy as the refined lawyer who goes to the dogs and is rescued by a cabaret girl. You'll like Ma Busch.

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham

Good enough entertainment, chiefly because the humor and good nature Mae Busch brings to her pet, the husband of Ruth Harriet Louise, M.-G.-M.'s woman photographer. Ruth and Leigh wanted to try movies but no one would give them a chance. They succeeded in producing this film. There wasn't a re-make, not an unnecessary foot of celluloid. The story gives you a little slice of life and it is originally and cleverly written. Leigh saw this picture and invited Julian to make a feature for them. The Jasons have the right spirit. May all their program features be as good as this one.

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason

It's only a two reeler, but there's a human interest story back of its making. The director is Leigh Jason, husband of Ruth Harriet Louise, M.-G.-M.'s woman photographer. Leigh and Leigh wanted to try movies but no one would give them a chance. They succeeded in producing this film. There wasn't a re-make, not an unnecessary foot of celluloid. The story gives you a little slice of life and it is originally and cleverly written. Leigh saw this picture and invited Julian to make a feature for them. The Jasons have the right spirit. May all their program features be as good as this one.

THE TREE OF LIFE—Zenith

This is not an ordinary moving picture, as it has no actors in it, but it is most unusual and instructive. It was several years in the making. Whether you know biology, geology, or physiology, you will be able to comprehend this picture of the world's creation and subsequent development. No matter whether you are an exponent of the Darwin or Genesis explanation of life, you will be entertained highly by all this scientific data presented by L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of California. It will be an evening profitably spent.

THE NIGHT FLIGHT—Pathe-De Mille

It's a bus to beat up your rival these days, especially if he be a fireman and you engineer, for he might have to fire
your engine. It happens in this picture. William Boyd's nice smile cannot be spoiled by a dirty face nor Jobyna Ralston's charm hidden by a 1924 gown. Philo McCullough, the villain, is on the job, but even with good work by the whole cast, the picture remains mediocre.

MONKEY BUSINESS—M.-G.-M.
A NEW variety of dance is here. You must see Bimbo, the gorilla, teaching this terpsichorean art to George K. Arthur. It affords Karl Dane inexpressible delight and will give you just as much fun. Louise Currie makes an attractive trapeze performer. Scenes are laid in a town that is "a wart on the pickle of progress," but if you miss this slapstick comedy, you may regret it.

BRINGING UP FATHER—M.-G.-M.
JIGGS and Dinty; Maggie and Annie come to the screen. Oh, yes, you'll recognize them, but not from any likeness to their cartoon pictures. They're a blurt, rolling-pin lot, who'll make you laugh once in a while but make you wonder just as often where you got the kick in reading about them. Marie Dressler pulls off some good team work for the women. J. Farrell MacDonald and Jules Cowles act neatly, but they don't look like Jigs and Dinty. Gertrude Olmstead makes an amusing Annie.

HONEYMOON FLATS—Universal
NO marital voyage is without its reefs and shoals, but George Lewis and Dorothy Phillips are merrily afloat. Mother-in-law. No, not what you think at all. She smothered them with kindness. Bryant Washburn and Jane Winton, with cheating proclivities, instilled distrust into the minds of the young people and more trouble ensued. Ward Crane, Philip Smalley, Kathryn Williams, Patricia Caron, Eddie Phillips and Jackie Combs had a finger in the pie. See them and laugh.

UNDER THE TONTO RIM—Paramount
A GOLD rush picture, in which Richard Arlen, Mary Brian and Jack Luden win more laurels. The little town of Tonto Basin was changed overnight into a resort for gamblers, crooks and gold seekers. With rugged mountain scenery for a background, there is a swindle in gold claims, a murder and a romance. Chief interest centers around "the man who shuffles cards with one finger." It's a Zane Grey story and well directed. Enough said.

HER GREAT ADVENTURE—A. G. Steen, Inc.
THE title is justified by the experiences of a stenographer who uses her first one thousand dollars to see life. She travels incognito and gives herself and the boys some fun. Herbert Rawlinson, Grace Darmond, and Vola Vale have the principal roles, but there are few new angles to the story and the entertainment value is below par.

THE CHASER—First National
POSSIBLY Harry Langdon was chasing after a new contract while he was making this picture, but that was his idea he failed miserably. "The Chaser" would certainly spell his doom as a leader in the screen comedy field. The picture is just a series of gags with little or no story. It concerns a henpecked husband with a nagging wife and a shrew of a mother-in-law. Several of the gags are rough, especially the castor oil gag and the "when I kiss 'em they stay kissed" episode. Gladys McConnell as the wife doesn't get much of a chance. If you miss this one you won't miss much.

CUPID'S KNOCKOUT—Hercules
A MOTHER with a rich son-in-law complex, a prospective son-in-law who glitters but is not gold, a governor's son who peddles milk from contented bottles, and a girl who makes a man believe in Santa Claus in spite of himself, are convincing characters deserving of a better story which lucid warm comedy. However, the moral might be valuable; that milk and bootleg can be mixed. Not bad if you've nothing else to do.

WALLFLOWERS—FBO
AN adequate visualization of Temple Bailey's story of the same title, directed by Leo Meehan. Betty (Hugh Trevor) has wed a second time and, at his death, leaves one half of his fortune to the wife and the son, with the proviso that, in the event that the boy marries before he is twenty, his share of the fortune is to revert to the wife. But there are a couple of angles involving a group of Ivory statues, which make it possible for the boy to marry and retain his fortune. Mable Julienne Scott is the menace as the second wife, who, when a widow, would marry the son of her late husband, while Jean Arthur is the sweet young thing with whom he is in love. Light.

THE PEANUTS—Universal
THE title lets you in on the general tone of this farce. It's a goofy story of a struggling cartoonist who changes places with a prince, goes in for selling peanuts and puts over a Foreign Loan in a Big Way. Nutty? Yes, but also funny. Glen Tryon is one of the Gleas of the younger comics and the fact that Marion Nixon is his leading woman is no handicap to the picture.

SQUARE CROOKS—Fox
THREE-year-old Jackie Coombs grabs the laughs in this comedy. His young father, Robert Armstrong, is suspected of lifting pearls when the real thief plants them on the youngster. Imagine Armstrong's surprise when the kid keeps trying to show "poppa" the pretty beads under the detective's nose! John Mack Brown, Dorothy Appleby, Dorothy Dwan, and Clive Burton support the pair. Clever gags and a beautifully dumb detective make this worth anybody's money.

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“STAND AND DELIVER”—Rod La Rocque. A young veteran of the Great War tires of peace and seeks romance and adventure in the mountains of Greece. He finds it,—in chunks. See Lupe Velez in this stirring drama. You’ll not be surprised that the young officer finally fell for her. How could he help it? A Donald Crisp Production. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“SKYSCRAPER”—William Boyd, the fastest rising young male star in pictures today. You saw him as the spruce, debonair young cadet in "Dress Parade." See him now as a hero in overalls. Alan Hale, Sue Carol and Alberta Vaughan in the cast. Howard Higgin, Director. Ralph Block, Associate Producer.

“HOLD 'EM YALE”—Rod La Rocque. A drama of youth, fizzy, frothy, yet sound at heart. As up to date as tomorrow. E. H. Griffith, Director. Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

“THE NIGHT FLYER”—William Boyd. No matter how blase you are, you’re going to get a big kick out of this rarely entertaining railroad story. Jobyna Ralston is the girl. Walter Lang, Director. James Cruze, Supervisor.

“MIDNIGHT MADNESS”—Jacqueline Logan, with Clive Brook and Walter McGrail. If you like mystery,—and who doesn’t? you’re going to like this one sure. Harmon Weight, Director, Hector Turnbull, Associate Producer.

“THE LEOPARD LADY”—Jacqueline Logan, Alan Hale and Robert Armstrong. One of the most thoroughly satisfying mystery melodramas of the year, from Edward Childs Carpenter’s stage success. Rupert Julian, Director, Bertram Millhauser, Associate Producer.
An Invitation
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Look at the photograph of Miss Hopper—taken this year. At a grandmother’s age, she still looks like a flapper. That’s what the right beauty aids can do; what ordinary tallow creams and crude clays and starchy powders can never accomplish. Try these seven aids, in generous quantities; enough powder for six weeks, all in decorative box suitable for travel or home use, for coupon and only 50c.

Full-sized packages would cost you over four dollars!

FREE: Certificate for full fifty-cent tube of exquisite Quindent toothpaste will be included, so this week-end beauty case really costs you nothing!

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Appreciating smooth skin as their most precious asset, the leading screen stars guard it by using this lovely soap. Following their stars’ example the great film companies have made Lux Toilet Soap the “official” soap in their studio dressing rooms.

"It keeps my skin exquisitely smooth... the close-up never bothers me."

says MAY McAVoy

Lux Toilet SOAP
THE DOLLAR-A-CAKE LUXURY OF FRENCH SOAP NOW
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Greta Garbo’s
Life Story

In This Issue
Your expressive hands

Keep them lovely to say pleasant things

A gracious hand outstretched gives a welcome more cordial than words . . . a little half-finished gesture can agree or protest or wonder. These sensitive hands of yours act in a thousand little dramas for all your world to see.

Naturally you want them to look smooth and white and gently-cared for! You want them to say nice things about you!

Has it occurred to you, as to so many other women, that, with all the tasks they have to do, home-keeping hands can stay soft and smooth? That their loveliness need not be squandered upon harsh, drying soap which parches away their satiny whiteness?

Ivory Soap, which cares so gently for lovely complexions and bathes so kindly such multitudes of tiny new babies—which is always ready to guard all sensitive and delicate and beautiful things—protects millions of busy hands a dozen times a day.

When they tub downy baby woolens, or wash aristocratic Wedgwood cups, or mahogany or porcelain—whenever they use soap—hands are safeguarded if they use Ivory.

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With Ivory to protect them all day long, your hands can say nice things about you always!

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IVORY SOAP

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99½% Pure • It Floats
GOOD as it is to the taste, the food we eat today is doing untold damage to our teeth and to our gums. As any dentist will tell you, this modern diet of ours is too soft, too creamy, too easily masticated, to give the gums the daily stimulation they need to remain in health.

Lacking coarse fibre, our food deprives our gums of exercise. Lacking exercise, the blood courses but slowly within the gum walls. Softness of the tissues ensues—the gums become dormant. "Pink toothbrush" appears. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea can follow in its train.

What to do to keep your gums in health

In this day and age, you cannot revert to the primitive provender that would give your gums the stimulation they need.

Nowadays you can't very well chew fibre. You can't change the menus of the restaurants. You can't become eccentric in the food you serve at home. But you can provide the same effects—you can accomplish all good to your gums through the use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. In this way you avoid "pink toothbrush." In this way you firm the walls of your gums. In this way you improve the beauty and the health of your entire mouth.

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The method proposed by dentists is simplicity itself. It is a gentle massage of the gums—with the brush or with the fingers—performed faithfully, twice a day.

Even if your gums bother you seldom or never, the twice-daily use of Ipana and massage is a wise preventive measure.

at the time you brush your teeth. Thousands of dentists order their patients to use Ipana for massage as well as for the usual cleaning with the brush. For Ipana is a tooth paste specifically compounded to tone and stimulate the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a preparation well-known to dentists for its hemostatic and antiseptic properties. The profession has steadily supported Ipana since first it was placed upon the market.

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So make a test of this modern tooth paste. Send the coupon for the ten-day sample if you wish. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and its cleaning power.

But a better way to try Ipana is to get a full-size tube and use it faithfully, twice a day, for one full month. Then, when you see how your gums have improved—in color, in texture and in health—you will know that Ipana deserves a permanent place on your bathroom shelf.

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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 12.
RUTH ELDER, the almost-across-the-Atlantic aviator, has been signed by Paramount to play the lead in "Glorifying the American Girl."

BILL HART'S new ranch home at Newhall, Calif., escaped in the big dam disaster, being on the very edge of the flood. His ranch home has been used as a center for relief work.

UNIVERSAL has selected Barbara Kent and Reginald Denny to play the leads in Edna Ferber's "Show Boat." Harry Pollard will direct. The news that Miss Kent is getting the leading rôle will disappoint the Mary Philbin fans. Mary had been promised the part.

LATEST reports indicate that Cecil De Mille will join United Artists.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH has gone abroad with his bride. Upon his return to Hollywood he will be starred by Caddo Productions.

BETTY BRONSON has returned from London. She says she is not engaged. In fact, she doesn't recall meeting the London newspaper man to whom she was reported engaged in press dispatches.

BELLE BENNETT has just been signed by Tiffany-Stahl to star in four mother stories. The first will be called "America's Sweetheart," and Mary Pickford won't be moved.

RODA ROQUE and Vilma Banky have returned from their brief vacation abroad. They're still denying the many separation stories.

HERBERT BRENON announces that he will film Fannie Hurst's novel, "Lummoz." Everybody is helping him cast the leading rôle, with Louise Fazenda prominently mentioned. Remember how everybody helped him cast "Sorrell and Son"?

JAMES HALL may be a Paramount star soon. Jesse Lasky is quoted as saying that "he is the most swiftly climbing screen actor of the present day."

DOUG FAIRBANKS may do a sequel to "The Three Musketeers." It will not be Dumas' own sequel but a specially constructed one manufactured in Hollywood.

REPORTS have it that Pola Negri may sign with William Fox after her Paramount contract expires. Pola herself says she will take a two-months' vacation abroad with her husband.

RUTH TAYLOR is the preferred of story writers. Anita Loos chose her for the Blonde and now Eliner Glyn has selected her for her next story, "Three Weeks on a Week-end."

NOBODY knows what Charlie Chaplin will do next. He says his forthcoming comedy will be "The Suicide Club." Anyway, Merna Kennedy will have the feminine lead.

MRS. CHARLOTTE PICKFORD, mother of Mary Pickford, died at Pickfair on March twenty-second. Mrs. Pickford had been ill for three years. Recently Mary had suspended all production plans to take care of her mother. Mrs. Pickford's movie family, Mary, Lottie and Jack, was at her Beverly Hills home when the end came.

CLARENCE BROWN has purchased the film rights to "The Shannons of Broadway." The plans for Brown to direct Greta Garbo in "Java" have been shelved and he will now direct both John Gilbert and Miss Garbo in "The Sun of St. Moritz." After this production Gil bert will do "Four Walls."

FIRST National will revive that old Drury Lane thriller, "The Whip," Dorothy Mackaill has been selected to head the cast.

ANNA Q. NILSON has signed a contract with FBO.

ART ACORD, the cowboy star, was badly burned in an accident at his home, when a gas heater exploded.

HUGO RIESENFELD has been appointed director general of the entire United Artists' chain of theaters.

M-G-M has just taken up its options on the contracts of John Gilbert, William Haines and Dorothy Sebastian.

HAROLD LLOYD is contemplating doing another college story as his next comedy.
**KING VIDOR,**  
Director of Feature Photoplays,  

Writes:

"While directing 'The Big Parade' I had to shout my directions to hundreds of film players through the din and noise all about us. And through the entire taking of the picture, I smoked 'Lucky Strikes' which seemed to rest and ease my throat. It is wonderful to find a cigarette that relaxes your nerves and at the same time insures you against throat irritation—a condition from which film directors are bound to suffer."

The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Buying tobacco is like buying clothing, shoes, or a hat. If you buy the best, you are always satisfied. Judging from the vogue of Lucky Strikes, and the nice things said about them by discriminating smokers, they know as well as I do, that we buy the Cream of the Crop for Lucky Strikes."

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

©1928, The American Tobacco Co., Inc.
**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

**ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount.**—The great and eternal Irish comedy, played by a likable cast headed by Charles Rogers, Nancy Carroll, Bernard Gorcey and Sid Krierner. If it doesn't amuse you, it's agreeable to the intimate. (Apr.)

**ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warner.**—A war and aeronautic story that furnishes routine entertainment. (Dec.)

**ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.**—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago. A cracker story, well told, agreeably acted and safely preserved for the family. (Jan.)

**AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National.**—Billie Dove has her first chance in a modern Cinderella. Frothy but nice. (Dec.)

**ANGEL OF BROADWAY, THE—Pathe De Mille.—**In which a Night Club hostess joins the Salvation Army to look for drama. She finds it. You'll like Lorette Joy and Victor Varconi. (Nov.)

**BABY MINE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Karl Dane, George K. Arthur and Charlotte Greenwood in an old forced, dressed up in new gags. (Feb.)

**BACK STAGE—Tiffany.**—Social research into the lives of dancing girls. It will excite only the very naive. (Nov.)

**BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—More than three thousand pats were used in one sequence of this two reel comedy. A burlesque on the fistic doings in Chicago. (Jan.)

**BEAU SABREUR—Paramount.**—Not another "Beau Geste," but a thrilling and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Nora Bayes. (Mar.)

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

**BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia.**—Priscilla Dean goes in for a little baby-like banditry. The results aren't thrilling. (Dec.)

**BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathe De Mille.**—A light domestic farce more soireeable by the cherishing presence of Marion Davies, Harry Cranstoun, Harrison Ford and Roy Barnes. (Apr.)

**BLONDES BY CHOICE—Gotham.**—The advantages of a blonde, and a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no appeal." Not bad. (Dec.)

**BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Should a surgeon kill his wife's boy friend? Even the acting of Alphonso Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry can't enliven this cheery little problem. (Dec.)

**BOY OF THE STREET, A—Rayart.**—Wherein a little broom drive reformers by the cherishing presence of Betty Bronson, With Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (Jan.)

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

**BRAZIL-NICKELERS—Warner.**—Mote crooks reform. Thanks to the sweet presence of Betty Bronson. With Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (Jan.)

**BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National.**—It's only likely people to know about there marriages. Defintly played by Constance Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (Dec.)

**BRINGING UP FATHER—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Mordaunt Hall's new book "Madame's Groom" is the subject of Mr. Geste's story. (Apr.)

**BROADWAY MADNESS—Excellent.**—Proving that people won't go accurate on Broadway always reform at the first whiff of country air. (Dec.)

**BUCK PRIVATES—Universal.**—Laughing off the War. Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Griffin, Lena de Zerbi and Oliver Hardy are the members of an excellent cast. (Jan.)

**BUTTONS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—A seastory, with Jackie Coogan as a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with gallant work by Jackie, For the whole family. (Dec.)

**BY WHOSE HAND—Columbia.**—Those degenerate kid stuff. The result is the usual gag-a-crock stuff. (Mar.)

**CABARET KID, THE—Peerless.**—Made in England and France, with Betty Balfour, the Belle of Britain, as its star. Some good recce but a disconnected story. (Jan.)

**CASEY JONES—Rayart.**—"Come all you rounders if you want to hear. Simple melodrama with Ralph Lewis as the brave engineer. (Feb.)

**CHAIN LIGHTNING—Fox.**—If you like to watch Buck Jones chasing horse thieves, here is a picture in which Buck Jones chases horse thieves. (Nov.)

**CHASER, THE—First National.**—Harry Langdon and a lot of gags—some of them too rough to be in good taste. Don't cry if you miss it. (Apr.)

**CHEATING CHEATERS—Universal.**—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (Feb.)

**CHEER LEADER, THE—Gotham.**—The time the cheer leader rushes in and wins the game for dear old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for college pictures. (Mar.)

**CHICAGO—Pathe De Mille.**—A shrewd entry on the lady murderess, beloved of the newspapers. And Phyllis Haver. Grown-up entertainment. See it. (Feb.)

**CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBQ.**—Ralph Ince in a vigorous melodrama built around the suffering of a Chester one of those innocent crooks. (Mar.)

**CHINESE PARROT, THE—Universal.**—Who swiped the pearl necklace? The mystery is well sustained and the Oriental backgrounds are fascinating. And Sojin does a real Leo Chaney. (Jan.)

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

**CIRCUS, THE—United Artists.**—The triumphal return of Charles Chaplin. Must we waste space ad- vising you to see it? (Jan.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN PARIS, THE—Universal.**—It was funny the first time, but not so good in reversion. Time to call a halt. (Apr.)

**COLLEGE—United Artists.**—Russet Keaton as a wet smack who would be an athletic hero. Not over- whelmingly funny. (Nov.)

**COLLEGE WIDOW, THE—Warner.**—Delores Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the game for dear old Whoozis. Just another one of those things. (Jan.)

**COMBAT—Pathe.**—Bad direction and heavy musty. George Walsh eliminate this as entertain- ment. (Dec.)

**COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox.**—Olive Berden and Antonio Moreno found round in a lot of triflaid doings. (Feb.)

**COMRADES—First Division.**—Again comes the World War! The story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helen Costello, Gareth Hughes and Donald Keith. (Mar.)

*Indicates that photo play was named as one of the six best upon its month of review.

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**Pictures You Should Not Miss**

"The Big Parade"
"The King of Kings"
"Beau Geste"
"Sorrell and Son"
"The Circus"
"The Last Command"
"Love"
"Abie's Irish Rose"
"The Trail of '98"
"The Patent Leather Kid"
"The Noose"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photo plays of the trick plays 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.

**BURNTING DAYLIGHT—First National.**—An exciting tale of gold rush days that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Ellis and Doris Kenyon. (Apr.)

**BUSH LEAGUER, THE—Warner.**—Monte Blue makes the big team and wins the love of the couple's daughter. Need we say more? (Nov.)
Two black sheep trying to turn white

Square Crooks

Can a bad man live down his past—or does the underworld inevitably "get" its own when a crook tries to turn straight?

"SQUARE CROOKS" plays the spotlight on the seamy side of crookdom from an entirely new angle—and shows you a few episodes in the private life of a reformed gangster who is trying to "come back" that will make your skin creep!

Thrills, mystery, humor, romance and tragedy move side by side from start to finish of this super-study of the shady side of human nature! There are enough situations in it to make a dozen good stories! And a master story teller makes every one of them count in a feat of skilled directing that will stand as a model for a long time to come!

Watch for the announcement of "SQUARE CROOKS" at your favorite playhouse. You'll be missing one of the year's best pictures if you fail to see it!

With Johnny Mack Brown—Dorothy Dwan

Dorothy Appleby—Robert Armstrong

ANOTHER GREAT FOX PRODUCTION
Brickbats and Bouquets

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

"SEVENTH Heaven" is still in its seventh heaven of popularity. And Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell have been fairly smothered with flowers. Next in popularity among the current pictures is "The Last Command" and Emil Jannings has jumped up among the favorites.

"The Big Parade," "Beau Geste," and "Son and the Sun" are still inspiring many letters, with John Gilbert, Lon Chaney and Charles Rogers leading the male stars. Greta Garbo and Clara Bow are easily the feminine favorites.

PHOTOPLAY received last month letters from every state in the Union, as well as from readers in England, Germany, Italy, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, China, Japan and Sumatra.

Strangely enough, the pictures most praised are those with an unhappy ending, while the farce comedies are most vigorously panned.

How come?

This is your department. Your likes and dislikes influence the trend of the movies. And these pages offer you the opportunity of expressing your opinion where it will do the most good.

$25.00 Letter

Canton, Pa.

We read so many bouquets about screen personalities, and some of us try to observe our type and imitate it. I should like to give a bouquet to those who plan the settings for the pictures, because these trained decorators are helping us to develop our own personalities and are influencing us in giving our homes personality and charm.

Few of us can afford to have an interior decorator, but we do gain valuable help along this line from moving pictures. We learn where to place certain kinds of tables to make them useful as well as ornamental; how to distribute the larger pieces of furniture in order to give a room balance and harmony; when and how to hang pictures to the best advantage; different ways of arranging the little things, ash trays, lamps, flowers and all the details which make a house truly a home.

Surely, if we are subconscious in cultivating a taste for beauty, thus enriching our own personalities and creating homes with personality, we should be thankful to those who are responsible for this part of the work in producing moving pictures.

KATHRYN M. BEAN.

$10.00 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

Inasmuch as college life stories are being constantly exploited before the public, we students at the University of California thought it might interest readers of PHOTOPLAY to know of an episode that is a regular occurrence at our Sorority house.

One of the duties of our pledges is to supply the house with three magazines, one of which is PHOTOPLAY. The day that PHOTOPLAY appears on the newsstands, the pledges buy a copy and turn it over immediately to a committee which we call our Movie Committee. This committee reads all the reviews carefully and a discussion ensues. A chart is then mapped out, which contains a list of pictures to be seen that month, one for each week, which, as far as possible we attend conscientiously.

In addition, a list of other possibilities is passed for the benefit of those who might want an extra indulgence or for those able to grab a "date." When the committee is finished, the magazine is placed carefully on the library table. It takes about a tenth of a second for someone to see it there, and then war is declared! We only fight once a month, and that is when PHOTOPLAY arrives.

MARGARETHA ERNEST.
Secretary, Alpha Gamma.

$5.00 Letter

Toronto, Canada.

I first saw "Seventh Heaven" in a little Canadian town. It was an early Sunday evening in July, and, with my little grandson, a boy of ten years, I was on my way to church. We sat down to rest on a bench in the town park. It faced the "Theatre Royale" in whose entrance the sign "Seventh Heaven Today" brazenly proclaimed that we were in Quebec.

The boy followed my wandering eye from the gay little theater to the distant spire of the English church. Evidently scenting weakness in my perfectly good church-going habit, he said, "Oh, Gran, wouldn't it be lovely to be a French-Canadian on Sunday night and go to the movies?" Suddenly the desire came to me to experiment.

It was hot and close outside, cool and dark and full of mystery within, where we sat hand in hand and watched this marvellous Lesson in Hope. No sermon ever has affected me as did that picture, and I have listened to them in some of the most beautiful cathedrals in the world.

When we got outside, I said, "Well, is that better than church?" And he answered, "I think it teaches you more." To my question "How?" he answered, "Well, always to look up."

Could you find a better lesson in the whole world to teach a boy of ten?

ELIZABETH ATKINS.

Every Woman a Heroine

Kansas City, Mo.

Many a tired housewife would let her appearance go, were it not for a vision she has carried with her from a movie. So she sucks the juice of a lemon, wipes the ugly stains from her fingers with the rind, brushes her hair till it shines, and puts on her most seducing dress. As she admires her efforts, she decides that she, too, can still be a heroine — of love.

MRS. MYRTLE E. MILLER.
[continued on page 90]
READING BETWEEN THE LINES

THE BIG PARADE

ONCE AGAIN METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

BEN-HUR
WEST POINT

HAS CLOSED THE SEASON, 1927-28

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT

WITH THE MOST OUTSTANDING LIST

BABY MINE
THE DIVINE WOMAN

OF SuccESSES OF ANY PRODUCER

THE STUDENT PRINCE
LOVE

OF PICTURES IN THE INDUSTRY

THE LATEST FROM PARIS

M-G-M HAS HAD MORE BIG HITS,

THE ENEMY
THE SMART SET

BIGGER STORIES, BIGGER STARS,

THE FAIR CO-ED
THE CROWD

THAN ANY MOTION PICTURE COMPANY

THE BIG CITY

THE PATSY

M-G-M GIVES YOU THIS PROMISE

JOHN GILBERT
GRETA GARBO

FOR THE COMING SEASON, 1928-1929

NORMA SHEARER
DANE AND ARTHUR

YOU WILL AGAIN GET THE BEST

MARION DAVIES
RAMON NOVARRO

IN MOTION PICTURE ENTERTAINMENT

LON CHANEY
WILLIAM HAINES

FROM METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN

How Much Can You Remember
—for $50?

YOUR memory is as good as you make it. Test it. See what it can really do. Here, for example, is a chance to test it and to win $50 in cash for the test. Read over the five questions below. Think back over the M-G-M pictures you have seen or heard about recently and then see how well you can answer the questions. If you see, and remember, you have a good chance to win.

For the man who enters the best answers there is the $50 cash prize and the cigarette case I carried while I was playing in "The Enemy". For the lady who sends in the best answers there is also a $50 prize. In addition, Miss Eleanor Boardman, who stars in "The Crowd" offers the handsome handbag she wears in the early part of the picture.

Miss Boardman will also give a personally autographed photograph of herself to each of the fifty ladies or men who send in the next best sets of answers.

Your memory counts, not only in this contest but in everything you do. Read over the questions if the answers do not occur to you immediately think them over and then send in as many answers as you can. Here's luck, and may the best memory win.

Ralph Forbes'
Memory Test

1 Name the directors of six of the pictures listed in this advertisement.

2 What popular comedy team, famous since "The Big Parade", has since been starred in its own pictures?

3 Name the part which, in your opinion is best acted in any M-G-M picture listed at the left (aside from the star parts). Give your reasons in 75 words or less.

4 In what M-G-M picture is a honeymoon night pictured and under what circumstances?

5 Name two recent M-G-M successes based on popular Broadway musical hits.

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 tie, each winning contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for.

Winners of the Norma Shearer Contest of January will be awarded:

ALICE MALPRATT
Riverdale, Maryland

WILLIAM T. TRIGNDR
Neillsville, Wisconsin

Autographed photographs have been sent to the next 50 prize winners

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
ALI HAFED, a Persian, sold his farm and went away to seek his fortune. The man who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth. This old story illustrates a great truth.

Do you like to draw? If you do, you may have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don’t follow Ali Hafed’s example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent—your fortune lies in your own hand!

Many Earn $200 to $500 a Month

Present opportunities in the field of illustrating were never excelled. Publishers buy millions of dollars’ worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is fascinating as well as profitable.

The Federal Course includes illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc.

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Mail in the coupon below today and we will send you our FREE illustrated booklet, “A Road to Bigger Things.”

Federal School of Illustrating

Federal School of Illustrating, 5108 Federal School Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Name ___________________ Age ________

Occupation ___________________

Address ___________________

[Continued on page 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

COWARD, THE—FBO—Warner Baxter as a wealthy scamp who turns out to be a hero. Old stuff but always good. (November.)

CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warners—Drama between a couple of victims of both luck in Singapore. Lots of action—and you’ll like Myrna Loy. (March.)

*CROWD, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—The story of a white-collar man and his wife and their problems in a big city. Secretly and beautifully told by King Vidor and sympathetically acted by James Murray and Eleanor Boardman. A high-spot in movie making. (December.)

CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE—Rayart—in which a bad girl is reformed by an energetic priest. It’s good stuff. With Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

CUPID’S KNOCKOUT—Hercules.—Just a fair-to-middling comedy for evenings when you have nothing better to do. (April.)

*Czar Ivan The Terrible—Sovkino.—A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and technical excellence, never has been surpassed. A marvellous performance by L. M. Leonidoff. If this comes your way, don’t miss it. (April.)

DEAD MAN’S CURVE—FBO—An automobile yarn that is a flat turc. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., heads the cast, in case you care. (February.)

DEATH VALLEY—Chadwick.—Just a lot of hor-rors. Stay home and catch up with the dawn. (December.)

DESIRED WOMAN, THE—Warners—Irene Rich in a drama that proves that English women sometimes have a rotten First in Indiana. (February)

DEVIL DANCER, THE—United Artists—Gilda Gray among the ladies of Thibet. The lady can act, and her dancing would insure the success of a far less interesting picture. A good show for the grown-ups. (January.)

DISCORD—Pathe—Lil Dagover and Geosta Eckman in a foreign-made production. (February.)

*DIVERNE WOMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—How an uptight duck becomes a great actress. Goody, goody—Greta Garbo, and Lars Hanson is a great help. Naturally, you’ll go and see it. (March.)

DOG OF THE REGIMENT, THE—Warners—Rin-Tin-Tin has some smart acting. In other words, a good picture. (December.)

DOOMSDAY—Paramount—Florence Vidor’s sympathetic and intelligent portrayal of a farm girl’s struggle to escape drudgery merits your attention. (April.)

DOVE, THE—United Artists—Norma Talmadge is starred, but it is Norma Beryl’s picture, the naughtiest child ever to go to a Reform School. An exciting stage play becomes a rather languid movie. (March.)

DRESS PARADE—Pathe—De Mille—The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Betsy Love and Louis Natheux. (December.)

DROP KICK, THE—First National—It is now Richard Barthelmess turn to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. Who’s next? (November.)

DRUMS OF LOVE—United Artists—D. W. Griffith tells the Paolo and Francesca legend, but spoils it by changing the locale and by overloading it with paganism. Mary Philbin branches out with lots of success and Don Alvarez gives a good performance. (April.)

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE—Fox—A modern Horstie Alger story of New York, with some fine realistic background. The story and acting played by George O’Brien, Seeit. (January.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

*Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening’s entertainment. Make this your reference list.

Page 113

Alex The Great—FBO

Hold ‘Em Yale—Pathe—De Mille

A Night of Mystery—Paramount

Hot Heels—Universal

Apache Raider, The—Pathe

Lady Be Good—First National

A Trick of Hearts—Universal

Law of Fear—FBO

Bare Knuckle—Universal

Sassy Mickey—FBO

Baron of California

Mad Hour—First National

Battles of Colonial and Falkland Islands—

Man Who Laughs, The—Universal

The Arliss—Universal

Mother Machree—Fox

Big Nothing—Universal

Namadic Men—Tiffany-Stahl

Black Feather, The—William Pizer

Painted Trail, The—Rayart

Body Punch, The—Universal

Partners in Crime—Paramount

Bride of the Colorado, The—Pathe—De

Patsy, The—M.-G.-M.

Mille

Pioneer Scout, The—Paramount

Bronco Stomper, The—Pathe

Play Girl, The—Fox

Came the Dawn—Hal Roach—M.-G.-M.

Powder My Back—Warners

Chinatown Charlie—First National

Red Hair—Paramount

Count of Ten, The—Universal

Riders of the Dark—M.-G.-M.

Cry of the Earth—Universal

Road to Ruin, The—Cliff Broughton

Desert Pirate, The—FBO

Saddle Mates—Pathe

Devil’s Skipper, The—Tiffany-Stahl

Sailors’ Wives—First National

Dressed to Kill—Fox

Southtown, The—Paramount

Escape, The—Fox

Skinner’s Big Idea—FBO

Faithless Lover, The—Kreblar

Something Always Happens—

Fallen Angel, The—Universal

Paramount

Fangs of Justice—Bicha

Troll of the Wild, The—Paramount

Finders Keepers—Universal

Vampire of the East—Paramount

Five-and-Ten Cent Annie—Warners

Winds of Willamette—Paramount

Frenzied Flames—Elbee

Speedy—Lloyd—Paramount

Good Bye, Kiss, The—Mack Sennett

Streets of Shanghai—Tiffany-Stahl

Harold Teen—First National

Thoroughbreds—Universal

Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly—

Tillie’s Punctured Romance—Christie

Universal

Universal

Heart of a Follies Girl, The—

Paramount

Heart of Broadway, The—Rayart

First National

Rayart

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112
He hadn't come to her, so she went to him. He was rough, almost brutal. Pluckily she tried to keep back the tears. Then she saw before him, half hidden, her little photo. He saw her face light up and knew the reason why. He dropped the ashes from his cigarette upon her picture. "All right, Big Boy," she said, with a catch in her throat, "it's O. K. with me," and walked away. Why did he act that way with the girl he loved? Thus harshly he gave her up. Did he get her back?

Pathos, yet with it, roar on roar of laughter!

If you were to tell in detail your idea of your ideal picture you'd be describing something very close to "Skyscraper."

Remembering William Boyd in "The Volga Boatman," "Dress Parade" and "The Night Flyer" you'll want to see him in this.

He and Alan Hale, the bang-'em and slam-'em rough neck riveters, flirting with death far above the street, always fighting with one another yet inseparable, you'll love them; Sue Carol, who just can't understand why her riveter should pour his heart out to her one minute, then "throw her down" the next; Alberta Vaughn as the girl who didn't much care who the man was so long as she had a man; what a cast it is and how they fit their roles!

You'll love "Skyscraper." Ask at your local theatre when it will be playing.

Adapted by Elliott Clawson and Tay Garnett from the story by Dudley Murphy.

Directed by HOWARD HIGGIN

Pathé Distributors

DE MILLE Studio Production
The New Shorthand
Easier to learn than stenography...and faster

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

*ENEMY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Anti-war propaganda film in the form of a true
story of a German officer who, rebelling against the draft, flees to a Venetian household. Lilian Gish's most human and
appealing performance makes it worth seeing. (February)

college yarn. The girl is a real comic. (April)

FEEL MY PULSE—Paramount. Bebe Daniels is terrific against William Powell and his
running gag. But Bebe comes across excellent. Fairly good, but not up to Bebe's standard. (April)

FIGURES DON'T LIE—Paramount. A zippy face-romance between Richard Arlen and the lovely Esther Ralston. (Novem-
ber)

FLYING LUCK—Pathé—Monty Banks gets some laughs in the adventures of an amateur aviator in a
home-made flying machine. (December)

FORBIDDEN WOMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille. Dramatic doing in Morocco, well played by Jutta
Goldsil and Victor Varconi and over-acted by Joseph
Schulberg. Worth your money. (December)

FOREIGN LEGION, THE—Universal. A fol-
low-up on the popularity of "Beau Geste." If you are not too quick in your reactions, you'll
enjoy this. With Norman Kerr. (April)

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

FOURFLUSHER, THE—Universal. A pleasant,
youthful comedy about a smart-aleck in big business,
ornamented with beautiful locations. (December)

*FOUR SONS—Fox. Reviewed under title of
"Grandma Berne Learns Her Letters." The screen
rises to real greatness in this beautiful story of a war-stricken
German mother. (January)

FRENCH DRESSING—First National. In
which a weak-willed wife outwits the vamp, Swell
troubling by Lillian Lashon, Lydia Titman and Cliff
Bower. (February)

GALLAGHER—Pathe-De Mille. Richard Har-
ding Davis' novel, "The Story of an Office Boy" comes to
the screen as a comedy of office life in a newspaper office. Young Junior
Cochlan makes a fine copy. (December)

GARDEN OF ALLAH, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer. Rex Ingram's best picture in several years. A
beautiful retelling of the Robert Hichens romance, made
in the orient for once. (December)

GARDEN OF EDEN—United Artists. Just a
so-so vehicle for Corinne Griffith. Miss Griffith and
Charley Ruggers are hampered by a second-rate chorus girl
yarn. (February)

GATEWAY OF THE MOON—Fox. Dolores
Del Rio gets cow in a South Sea Island story. The
story and the star are perfect. (March)

*GACIOU, THE—United Artists. Love, life
and religion under the sun of the Indies, excitingly
and gallantly presented by Claire Fair-
banks. Keep your eye on Lupe Velez, his new leading
woman. Fine pictures. (February)

GAY DEFENDER, THE—Paramount. Richard
Dix, in Spanish get-up, stumbles by accident into a
Dolores Del Rio-Fairbanks plot. A pleasant evening. (February)

GAY RETREAT, THE—Fox. Polonious com-
dy. (November)

*GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES—Par-
amount. If you don't want to see this film version of
"Arrest Loos" story, something is wrong with you. It is
ever dull, thanks to Jean Harlow, Alice White and
Ford Sterling. (February)

GENTLEMEN PREFER SCOTCH—Fox. Just
a short comedy but better than most features. Keep your
eye on Dickie Downtown, Sally Fielder and
Richard Arlen. (March)

*GET YOUR MAN, KENTUCKY—Paramount. Clara Bow
and Charlie Rogers in a lively comedy, made especi-
ely for Young America. (February)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE—Warner's—Life
and love behind the scenes of Hollywood, with Jack
Cox, Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (Decem-
ber)

GIRL FROM RIO, THE—Gotham. An inde-
pendent production, colorful and above the average. In
starring roles, Myrna Loy and Warner Oland. (March)

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

GIRL IN THE PULLMAN, THE—Pathe-De Mille. —One of those larynx honeymoon adventures that aren't for the
very innocent, but are very sophisticated. With Marie Prevost. (February)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warners. The sad
story of a Gold Digger who never gets the feeling by
Warner Oland that you forget its sentimental
quality. (January)

*GORILLA, THE—First National. Charlie Mur-
ray and Fred Kelsey, as a couple of dumb Sherlocks,
swearing a marriage to Miss Universal. It's a darn
too, but they'll like it. (January)

GRAFT—Universal. A newspaper ren-
ter. He has little heart, tries to clean up the big
city slums, falls in love with Miss Universal. It's a
darn too, but they'll like it. (January)

HARVESTER, THE—Fox. Came the yaww.
If you like Gene Stratton Porter's stories, help your-
self. (November)

HILLBILLY FIDDLER, THE—Paramount. What a stenographer does with one thousand dollars.
(December)

HIS/HERS—Universal. A small comedy
with a big meaning. (April)

HIS OLD WAT—First National. Colleen
Moore as a humming-bird of a circus girl, goes borsokk in a fashionshow, but... (April)

HONEYMOON FLATS—Universal. A clever
lyhandled mystery of young people, with George Lewis
and Dorothy Granger. (April)

HONEYMOON HATE—Paramount. Florence
Vidor and Tully Marshall enact a most realistic fac-
twist between an American heiress and her Italian
husband. For those who like 'em subtle. (January)

HOODED Helpmate, THE—Meet the new
Western star, Jack Donovan. He knows her heart. (Jan-
uary)

HOOK AND LADDER No. 8—Fox. Some good
muffled shots of a zoo. A feeble excuse for a story. (February)

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners. Owen
Moore's latest comedy, based on a play which fans
will get by with only the less bright members of the com-
pany. (March)

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason. This picture is
only a too-refer—cost merely one thousand dollars, but.
Mr. Jason promises that its producer won an
contract for himself on the strength of a preview show-
ing. (April)

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

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
A story of the Kentucky Derby that is better than
most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance
by Myrna Loy and an exceptional "hit" by Wesley
Barry. (January)

IRRESISTIBLE LOVER, THE—Universal. When
lives happen a hard-boiled bachelor meets a sweet young thing. Just a lot of nonsense, snapped up
by Norman Kerr and Lois Moran. (January)

JAWS OF STEEL—Warners. Rrin-Tin-Tin draws
a bad one in this picture of domestic life. Conrad
Nagel proves that he can play comedy. (January)

JAZZ SINGER, THE—Warners. Neither a
Broadway reputation nor "Mammy" songs on the
Venus: this is a good story. But can conceal the painful
advice that Mr. Al Jolson is no movie star. (March)

JESSE JAMES—Paramount. Fred Thomson in
an exciting, sure-fire presentation of the exploits of
the dread bandit, Jesse James. The story is vigor-
ous and will be of great interest to those who interfered with your enjoyment of a corking melod-
bosta. (December)

JOY GIRL, THE—Fox. Olive Borden's eyes and
does at Palm Beach. (November)

JUDGMENT OF THE HILLS—Fox—An inter-
teresting and uncommon story of life in the
Kentucky mountains. Our hats off to Frankie Darro, a fine boy.
(February)

LADIES AT BASE—Chadwick. A ham imitation
of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." (December)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
What would you give to see another picture like "TOMABLE DAVID"—with the same thrilling kind of story—in the same setting—with the same lovable sort of lad as the hero—and with RICHARD BARTHELMESS, of course, in the leading role?

You’d give plenty! But you won’t have to. For there’ll be no advance in prices when your theatre shows "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME"!

A dead ringer for one of the most famous hits in picture history. Mountain madness . . . Blood feuds . . . Blue grass beauty . . . Amazing customs of the hidden people of the Kentucky Hills.—And a nameless kid’s game fight to make a name for himself, and his surprising choice between two great loves.

Millions have praised the famous novel. You’ll be one of other millions who’ll see it on the screen!

See the lovers you loved in "The Patent Leather Kid"—RICHARD BARTHELMESS & MOLLY O’DAY—in their first picture together since that history-making Special.

RICHARD A. ROWLAND presents RICHARD BARTHELMESS in ALFRED SANTELL's production of the Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

Story by John Fox Jr.; Adaptation & Continuity by Bess Meredyth.

First National Pictures
Take the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOLEY MAGAZINE.

3 sensational hits in quick succession—"The Patent Leather Kid," "The Drop Kick" and "The Noose"—have made Dick Barthelmess the romance hero of the hour!
DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK,

I'm in my first year in college, nearly nineteen, called pretty by my friends, have nice clothes and my own car. But I'm very unhappy because I am not popular. Do what I will, I can't seem to become a "party girl." While the Bow and girls this is a co-ed college—get together I'm always left out unless some girl friends get me a "blind date." Even then I don't score. The mere presence of a boy makes me tongue-tied and silly. I guess I'm just impossible. Is there any help for me?

VIRGINIA B.

THIS is such a common letter. Virginia, poor dear, is feeling the pangs of an inferiority complex, making herself miserable thinking that because she was not born with the kind of charm which automatically makes her the pet of the party she can never acquire it.

It's not true, Virginia. You, or any other girl, can gain charm and personality and popularity. It's only a matter of realizing what you want and having the will to get it.

An Easter display of flowers in a florist's window is beautiful and scented and glowing. But it doesn't just happen. Behind it lies thought and care. Charm and personality are much like that. They must be carefully cultivated and artfully put on display before they become apparent to the passer-by.

Naturally Virginia wants "dates" and hopes that one of those "dates" will find her the girl of girls. But just because Virginia wasn't born one of those darlings of destiny with the gift of inspiring love and admiration—and so few of us are—she mustn't mollycoddle by it.

If I were Virginia, only nineteen, at college, with youth and education, and life lying open before me—I'd determine to make myself and my life a glorious thing. I'd begin by being humble and kind to myself and trying to improve. I'd practice five-finger exercises until I'm a great artist.

That's the physical side. Once I'd conquered that, I'd go after the spiritual—not in the churchly sense entirely—but in the sense of developing one's own consciousness.

I'd imagine Virginia I'd keep the fires of my imagination burning. A few sentences from a great book—a few lines of poetry—some measures of fine music—or a new cold cream, or a dance step, a parlor trick or a perfume. The gift I'd bring to myself each day need not be serious or "highbrow" so long as daily I gave my mind something to keep it alive. For the mind is so generous that whatever you give it, it in turn gives out to the world. And girls like Virginia need to cast off their shyness and realize that there is no fascination so great as the spectacle of a personality that is vivid and changing.

Then with half an hour of my day thus turned into a good habit—fifteen minutes for physical exercise and fifteen minutes for mental exercise—I'd fight a battle for my own popularity. I'd dress as frequently as possible in gay colors and learn to laugh. Wherever I went, I'd act as though I were enjoying myself. No matter how bored I might actually be and I wouldn't sit in a corner and let people forget my very existence.

For myself, I'd rather do the wrong thing at a party than do nothing at all. The girl who stumbles into the pot of palm or tumbles the music off the piano—she is laughed at, certainly, but she is also remembered. People will forgive your being incorrect but they will never forgive your being dull.

The truth is that it doesn't matter whether a girl's beauty or brains or blunders provide the best good time. All three or any one can make you popular. Beauty has been extolled, brains have been feted and fools have been laughed at and loved for ages. But nobody ever heard of a monument to a girl who was a silent, reproachful wallflower.

WHEN we are afraid of people, we only make them afraid of us. Everyone wants to escape from shyness, but the road to self-confidence is narrow. I'm convinced, is an idealist hoping somehow to meet that glamorous delightful person who will persuade us anew that life is a lovely thing. Virginia can be that person, if she will. We all are and all can be so many personalities. Turn self-consciousness into a consciousness of self. Lift up your heart and mind and chin and say to yourself, "My dear, you are going to make yourself into a very distinguished girl" and you'll find from that moment that more than half the battle is over and more than half your dates to parties are already won.

EVELYN B., MASS.

Comb your long curls out and roll them into a soft, flat, line across the entire back of your head, pinning the "bun" close to your head line. This line is not as dignified as that of the hair dressed in a low knot on the neck and you are too young to yearn for dignity. Keep the sides soft about your face. Don't wear fancy combs or pins. Such a coiffure will carry you safely from the "little girl" look you dislike into a sub-deb mode.

H. T., OHIO.

Your "chameleon" eyes, changing color with the dresses you wear, showing light and shade according to the hour, are the loveliest in the world, but I don't like your "sandy" eyelashes. Use a little cosmetic on your lashes and brows. Brown mascara is the best shade for you. Put

(continued on page 102)
DOUBLE COMPACTE
COTY

NEW—and exquisitely smart

Doubling the beauty of every lovely face
with the glorifying shades of COTY Rouge and Powder. Gracing every charming purse with its chic slim box of platinum tone, with mirrors and dainty puffs—and as lasting as a watch, with Refills for both Powder and Rouge.

In Two Odors—
L'ORIGAN AND 'PARIS,

Shade Combinations
BLANC (Compacte Powder) with LIGHT (Rouge)
NATUREL—* with LIGHT, BRIGHT.
RACHEL—* MEDIUM OR DARK (Rouge)

Refills
BOTH ROUGE AND Poudre Compacte obtainable everywhere.

“ROUGE”
how to use it for greatest beauty
—a booklet illustrated by
CHARLES DANA GIBSON
COTY INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York.
CANADA—55 M.G.M. College Ave., Montreal.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
That wonderful thing, your skin...

So sensitive, so quick to change... that even the glance of a person you like can affect it—

Don’t treat it as if it were something inanimate—a bit of porcelain, to be washed and put on the shelf; a piece of fabric, to be stretched and pulled and worked on and experimented with.

Trust it to none but the clean, sure methods of science! Care for it in the way the best skin specialists recommend—with warm or hot water, ice, and Woodbury’s Facial Soap, the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Thousands of women today are building up a lovely, clear complexion with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and the famous Woodbury skin treatments.

College girls—debutantes—women guests at America’s most splendid hotels, most exclusive resorts, are telling in their own words how Woodbury’s has helped them to overcome skin troubles and to give their skin a beautiful, clear, smooth texture.

“My doctor advised Woodbury’s because my skin is oily.” “My doctor recommended Woodbury’s to me for acne.” “Woodbury’s has done wonders for my skin.” “Woodbury’s makes my skin clearer, my color brighter”—these are characteristic comments—taken from among thousands.

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

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

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury’s lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury’s today—begin, tonight, to give your skin the benefit of this wonderful soap!

Your Woodbury Treatment for Ten Days

NOW THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
229 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, 2229 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.
Street.
City.
State.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
FORESHADOWING the return from flapperdom to femininity, or the art of wearing a high hat. Florence Vidor remained immune from the most furious attacks of flapper-mania. Just as Miss Vidor was beginning to think about leaving the screen and all its ways, Emil Jannings selected her to play opposite him in "The Patriot," thus bringing her back to the sympathetic direction of Ernst Lubitsch.
WHEN Cecil B. De Mille set about immortalizing another river in celluloid—you remember, of course, what he did for the Volga—he chose Leatrice Joy as the ideal girl to waltz to the strains of "The Blue Danube." This special picture was in answer to Leatrice's plea for a change from trivial comedies whose only claim to your attention was Leatrice's beauty. She has been promised other films worthy of her position as one of our best comedienes.
POSSSESSOR of the most beautiful and the most eloquent shoulders on the screen—Greta Nissen. And there is no argument about it. This Greta could no more play a dramatic scene in long sleeves than could the other Scandinavian Greta with a mask over her face. Greta's newest picture is "Hell's Angel." And although she has been in pictures for three years and also played in the "Follies," the hard-hearted girl is still unmarried.
BEBE DANIELS' career is devoted to the adventures of the tomboy. Her comedies are dedicated to the glorification of the current sport thrill—be it channel swimming or aviation. Sometimes, the game little Bebe risks serious injury. And reducing, for her, is no problem. Bebe's studio life is so strenuous that her chief worry is about getting too thin. Neither married nor engaged; in fact, still Mother's Girl.
EXPLAIN it, if you can: Billie Dove has been intermittently a star for several years. But the producers were shy of her; she was too beautiful to be popular. First National had faith in Billie’s acting ability and decided to star her in a series of pictures designed especially for her. And the results have been surprising. The little girl has made good. And the moral is that you cannot be too beautiful to be popular.
AMES HALL is the boy who has the difficult task of keeping up with Bebe Daniels in her strenuous comedies. He is what all producers are looking for—an ideal leading man. His presence in a picture assures the girls that the romantic interest will never lag. To steal the Answer Man's thunder: He was born in Dallas, Texas, of Irish-American ancestry; he is twenty-seven years old and married to a non-professional.
THIS is what the slender Modern wears for grace and chic. It is just a twelve-inch bit of double crepe and fine elastic, soft as the skin it caresses. . . . but designed by Gossard! Ask for Gossard Step-in 994 at $8.50. Uplift Bandeau 1594.

Ask to see these lovely garments.

Fashion Experts
who buy for 112 Leading Stores

insist on Lux for their own things

Millions of dollars a year are entrusted to these clever women—the department store buyers of frocks and blouses, hosiery, underthings, gloves, the wardrobe of American women!

In the fashion centers of the world—New York, Paris, London—they buy tomorrow’s styles—the latest thing in colors, in fabrics.

More than any other women—because they buy for all women—they must know how lustrous silks and the new sheer woolens, and lovely cotton prints, will wear—how proper washing will guard texture and color, keep them looking like new.

America’s greatest stores

In 112 of the most important stores in America*—doing over three-fourths of all the large department store business—women buyers told us just how they took care of their own things.

These fashion authorities, knowing that the choice of soap is all-important to the life of fabrics, will take no chances.

And we discovered that for washing their own silks and woolens—

92% of these experts use Lux!

They insist upon Lux for stockings and gloves and lingerie, negligees, sweaters, their sheerest and sturdiest wash frocks.

And they buy it in the familiar blue package found, investigations show, in 8 out of 10 representative homes in cities from coast to coast.

Department stores send their buyers to Paris to choose from the great French couturiers the models and the materials that will please the women of America, the exquisite imported things women love

"America’s leading department stores do a business of $2 1/2 billion dollars annually: and three-quarters of this business is done in the great stores of 26 cities— Boston, Providence, New York, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Cleveland, Akron, Detroit, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, St. Louis, New Orleans, Kansas City, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle.

LUX KEEPS FABRICS NEW TWICE AS LONG
MARK this in your mental notebook. When Cecil B. De Mille releases his next big special picture, "The Godless Girl," it will start more discussion and controversy than his own "King of Kings."

Faint rumblings have already been heard in the premature objections of the organized atheists. The title of the picture indicated to them that the creator of the wonderful film version of the life of Christ was on their trail. They entered their protest with Will Hays, declaring that the screen was moving outside its province when it attacked the theories of those who deny the existence of a God, and insisted that the so-called czar of the movies order its discontinuance.

VERY sensitive, these folks. They take their beliefs or rather their lack of belief too seriously. They protest too much.

C. B. is after something much more immediately important than atheism. "The Godless Girl" is a film based upon reformatories for erring boys and girls. It will be based upon existing conditions in some of these institutions, and will direct the attention of millions of people, hundreds of newspapers and many state legislatures to the care and treatment of these unfortunates who have been segregated in juvenile prisons.

RARELY do we give them a thought. Newspapers seldom refer to them. Legislative committees make annual but casual inspec-

tions. Yet many celebrated criminologists declare that corrective measures in the young may be the solution of the great crime problem. Thousands of young lives and souls are at stake and it is notorious that in some instances brutality, ignorance, politics, incompetence, and utter lack of human understanding and sympathy turn loose hardened criminals, filled with hate and desire for revenge on the society that incarcerated and ruined them mentally and physically.

Most of these state reformatories are well conducted, but a few of them are so intolerable that they are a disgrace to modern civilization.

"THE GODLESS GIRL" will focus the attention of the world on methods of correction of juvenile delinquency and on the plight of those unfortunates who, through baleful environment or defective mentalities, pass through our courts to institutions which often cripple for life through mistaken methods of re-establishment of manhood and womanhood.

This is just another indication that we are on the verge of a great discovery of vastly greater significance than Edison's invention of the motion picture.

THE influence of the screen on styles, manners, architectural vagues, interior decorations, foreign trade, and even speech is today recognized in only a desultory way. As yet we have noted merely the surface indications, the outcropping of gold in the rocks.
WE have been so concerned with the function of the screen as a medium of entertainment that we have not attempted to probe its field of possible usefulness. We hear of the attempts of foreign governments to restrict the importation of American films into their countries and colonies, but we have not yet heard of the underlying reason for these embargoes.

It goes far beyond industrial competition. The real reason is that these governments feel that pictures are Americanizing their people and their colonies, and that pictures made in Hollywood are influencing in a subtle but positive manner, through the eye and in a universal mode of expression, the adoption of American styles, manners, modes of living, and standards of moral behavior, the inhabitants of all climes.

THE British government is keenly aware of the commercial effects of American films and the other countries of Europe are very conscious of the influence on their young people. Girls in Berlin and Paris and Rome carry photographs of their cinema favorites, clipped from magazines and newspapers, into barber shops as style guides for the bobbing of their hair.

There are thousands of little Glorias, Colleens, and Polas to be seen on the streets of all European cities. The young men of the middle classes of the Balkan countries take Harold Lloyd as their model. The effect when they take Harold seriously as a clothes model is ridiculous, but this is nevertheless the case.

It is also a fact borne out by reports of our commercial attaches and trade commissioners that people of all Oriental countries are dressing more and more after the manner of American film stars.

FEW of our films are shown in Russia, and only ones that do not visualize joyfully our national prosperity, happiness, and comparatively luxurious manner of living. The Soviet government worries more about American films than any other agency that might cause unrest among the peasants.

Witness this cable dispatch to American newspapers dated only a few days ago: "Moving pictures are putting high toned ideas into the heads of Russia's one hundred and twenty million peasants. The peasants want to dress like the heroes they see upon the screen. They are grumbling about their sheepskin jackets, sandals made of bark and cloth leggings wrapped about with heavy twine. They want shoes like Fairbanks'. The demand for leather has so increased that the Soviet leather factories are unable to supply it without disrupting the entire industrial budget. British distributors of tanning extract have just received a record order of three quarters of a million dollars from the Soviets."

CAN you imagine what is going to happen if twenty million Ogas make life miserable for twenty million Ians because they cannot bob their hair, wear comfortable high skirts, and good looking leather shoes? Why, within a few years the Ogas would be demanding bathrooms and if the Soviet government, which has charge of all the factories, could not provide them with modern plumbing and automobiles there would be another Russian revolution.

And as yet we have made no search for the main lode of this amazing influence. Perhaps we shall soon realize that, if the motion picture can be used to promote national unity in enthusiasm for dress, as was the case in the country mentioned, it may be possible to bring about international peace and consolidate the whole world in spiritual harmony.

A N English lady of consequence has been appointed official censor of etiquette for British motion pictures. They do not intend to permit those amazing lapses of manners that they say characterize American films. Now, if they can only solve the trilling problem of appointing an official somebody who can make pictures that their own audiences will patronize, everything is settled.

"THE BIG PARADE" was responsible for two things. It started a string of war pictures, and it originated the vogue of the supervisor.

If you ask in Hollywood what a supervisor is you are apt to get the classic answer, "A supervisor is a man who thinks he knows what he wants but cannot spell it." Allstudio lots affect supervisors like leading men who used to sport open shirts and directors who wore riding boots and white helmets, that is, all except two or three where the producers are not busy learning California politics or playing the stock market.

THEY are chaps who have never been successful as directors or writers, but who are relatives of high officers in the legion of yes men. They are supposed to supervise the work of highly paid directors and authors, but they are as economically essential as fifth wheels or as second pairs of suspenders. Often they try to hide their shame under other studio titles.

These birds are the pariahs of the industry, have no caste within studio circles and for lack of human society are usually seen wandering about or lunching in groups. Supervisors are rarely invited out, and, as a rule, carry heavy canes for self protection.

In the course of a friendly argument at the Montmartre restaurant recently I heard Ray Griffith, superb actor and famous wag, unintentionally and in a spirit of fun call Al Cohn, successful screen writer, a supervisor.

Cohn leaped from his seat, his face blazing.

"Damn you," he cried, "smile when you say that, and never say it again."

THE producer sensation of today is Winfield R. Sheehan, the miracle man of Hollywood. Sheehan is a new type, a business man who spent ten years building up a strong distributing and sales organization for William Fox before he came West to make pictures. His first group included "What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven," great box office successes, and "Sunrise," one of America's greatest artistic triumphs. His latest, "Dressed to Kill," is another outstanding success.

Sheehan is the one man boss of his lot. He works fifteen hours a day but he holds few conferences. He insists that his staff prepare a picture thoroughly on paper, thus eliminating uncertainty of result. Sheehan is more than a hard boiled business man. However, he knows life. He knows men. He was born with a sense of dramatic and emotional values.

Next month Photoplay will give you a sketch of this man's unusual personality and background. It will prove that one good cook makes a better broth than a hundred supervisors.
ON CHANEY joins the ranks of those noble but wistful heroes who
laugh—ha-ha-ha-ha—to conceal a broken heart; who joke with a sob in
their voices; who lose the girl to a prettier fellow. The picture is
A Habsburg

The Capital of Motion Pictures Is Viewed by an Observing Royal Extra

This article by the Archduke Leopold has two points of striking interest. It was written—every single word—by the Archduke himself. It was first written in German, a language with which the Archduke is more familiar than our own, and afterward translated into English.

Then, too, the article reveals in remarkable fashion how a member of a royal family could understand the problems of the minor movie employees in Hollywood. The Archduke, who lived in Hollywood for six months and himself worked in several films as an extra, was able to appreciate and sympathize with the thousands of actors and minor workers who are hoping eternally for the break that will bring fame and fortune.

According to the Almanach de Gotha, the Archduke Leopold-Marie-Alphonse-Blanche-Charles-Antoine-Beatrice-Raphael-Michel-Joseph-Pierre-Ignace was born on January 30, 1897. He was married in Vienna in 1919 to Dagmar, Baroness Nicholais-Podrinska. He has one daughter, seven years old.

The Archduke Leopold is a grand-nephew of Emperor Franz Josef and a cousin of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary, Charles I. He served with distinction as a captain in the Austrian army on the Italian front and was twice wounded. He received a number of decorations for bravery in action.

The Archduke, who is the first Habsburg to visit America, is now writing a book on his American adventures. His Hollywood experiences will constitute an important chapter.

The Editor.

Everything that had read or seen depicted in Europe about Hollywood gave me the impression that this city had become the Latin Quarter of the United States. Therefore, when making my itinerary for my visit to America, I included a stay of several days in Hollywood, assuring myself that I would enjoy the carefree and Bohemian life of the film actors.

But my first direct contact with Hollywood gave me a distinctive sense of disillusionment. Mercury seemed to play an important role in Southern California and I feared that the business manager of the Gods oppressed the more inspired Muses.

My introduction to Hollywood came about in this way: When I was in New Orleans, I received a telegram from Herr Ben Westland, the ambitious young publicity manager for Eric Von Stroheim. The telegram asked me if I would inspect Stroheim’s new picture, “The Wedding March,” in which not only my great-uncle, Emperor Franz Josef I, but also many of my other relatives are represented by actors.

I knew that Stroheim was anxious to get a favorable judgment about this part of the film from a member of the Imperial House. I decided, therefore, to visit the studio unannounced, in order to get an unbiased impression.

Two weeks later, I arrived in Los Angeles at one o’clock in the afternoon. At three o’clock, I was at Stroheim’s studio. As Stroheim had not seen the evening paper, which told of my arrival, I took him by complete surprise.

My secretary found Stroheim in the midst of the work of cutting “The Wedding March.” It was a very hot day and the director was working without collar or coat, drinking ice water and, I might as well say, perspiring fiercely. The interruption, caused by the appearance of my secretary, did not seem to please him at all. He only growled, “What do you want?”

“Are you von Stroheim, the film director?”

“Yes.”

“I am Neuhardt, Secretary of His Imperial Highness, the Archduke Leopold. His Imperial Highness will be here immediately.”

When my secretary introduced me to Stroheim, he was still speechless, and it took me a half hour to pacify him so that he would show me “The Wedding March.”

Later when we sat down to a hastily prepared dinner, when I saw the careless ways of his assistants and when the conversation became more lively and informal, I began to feel that Hollywood, after all, was not Wall Street and that the easy-going ways of the theater still survive in the studios.

During the next few weeks, this impression became even more vivid. Like most visitors, we were shown the make-believe villages of the studios and we saw something, too, of the life that goes on in these villages. So, in my first casual glimpse of Hollywood, I formed the opinion of the majority of visitors, who have only a superficial knowledge of the film city. Work seems like play. The flirtations, the high salaries, all the details of the lives of the players are subjects of interest all over the world.

In those first weeks, too, I met the stars and the powers of the film industry. When I visited the studios, the work ended with a luncheon or dinner, in which the actors, actresses, directors and those concerned with making the picture were guests. If I visited the studios when scenes were being filmed at night, the work ended in a general supper, at which genuine French champagne usually was served.

I can readily understand why so many young men and women, in all parts of the world, want to try their luck in Hollywood. Unfortunately, they hear only of the happier side of its life.

It is not easy for the stranger to learn the true conditions in the film city. Only after I myself became an active worker in the studios, did I have a chance to look behind the scenes of Hollywood life.

At the left is a reproduction of part of the first page of the Archduke Leopold’s original manuscript, written in German. The Habsburgs trace their line back to the Roman emperors. Archduke Leopold is the first to visit America
Sees Hollywood

By
His Imperial Highness,
Archduke Leopold of Austria

Perhaps the chief reason why it is so hard for the outsider to understand Hollywood lies in the fact that it has two classes, the workers and the idlers. "No work,"—that is a hard phrase anywhere. In the film capital, it is especially bitter.

When production is slow, the casual workers are forced to economize. Good quarters are exchanged for cheaply furnished rooms. Friends live together to save on rent. Automobiles, jewelry and radios are offered for sale. Twenty-five cents buys a breakfast; thirty dollars a month pays the room rent. And during the hard times, the young girls are the principal sufferers. They have to watch their step, lest they slip.

There are two questions which the outsider might ask: Why don't people with high salaries save for the rainy day which they know is inevitable? Why do they not seek steady employment elsewhere?

You will find the answers partly in the mental attitude of the workers themselves and in the economic situation in the city.

To be easy-going and improvident is, perhaps, inherent in the psychological make-up of those who consider themselves actors. Artists, or those who imagine they are, are poor figureers in any part of the world. In Hollywood, when times are hard, the artist faces a period of constantly growing debts and, when he finds work, it takes him a long-time to get on his feet again. Naturally, whether he works or not, he must have new clothes. And when he catches up with his debts and might be able to save, work may be scarce again. So it goes, in a circle.

Even when he has an opportunity of saving money, the average worker in Hollywood will not do it. He constantly hopes that, with his next engagement, he will get a long contract and all his financial troubles will be ended.

Statistics show that the average actor or extra player without a contract—and these are in the majority—works for three months and looks for work for nine months. To live up to the American standard outside of the studio, it is necessary for him to receive four times as much as the average worker, during the times when he is employed.

I will make two comparisons which illustrate why there is so much misery in Hollywood among players without contracts.

The work of an extra may be compared with that of a common laborer. Such a laborer, on the Coast, earns from $3.00 to $5.00 a day. An extra makes from $7.50 to $12.00 a day. The yearly income of the laborer, who is employed steadily, is $1,460. The yearly income of the extra, who is employed only casually, is $900 on the average.

I take an actor who plays small parts but who has no contract and compare him with a bookkeeper, we find that the bookkeeper receives from $150 to $250 monthly; the actor earns from $150 to $250 a week. But, again owing to the uncertainty of the work, their yearly incomes are about the same—$2,400. And here it might be well to state that a bookkeeper in the U. S. is about the poorest paid functionary.

Now for the answer to the second question: Why doesn't the actor or the extra look for other work?

First, psychology again—if a person has a concrete vocation he very seldom has any ambitions to become an actor or an extra. The result is that the actors, as a rule, are not able to fill other positions satisfactorily.

And secondly, the positions outside of the studios in Hollywood or in Los Angeles are generally so overfilled that it is almost useless to look for another job.

Hollywood, however, has one feature that is good. It laughs and brings luck. That is, when Hollywood works. During times of plenty, the artists live and let live. Debts are paid (perhaps I should have mentioned this last), better living quarters are rented, new automobiles and new clothes are purchased and the hard times are soon forgotten. And those warning voices which remind one to save money are drowned out by the desire for a good time, by the feeling that a long contract may be just ahead.

When times are flush, dance halls and theaters are overcrowded; new automobiles may be seen in the quiet spots along the ocean front; the bootleggers have a glorious time.

The average actor or extra only enjoys these golden conditions for a short time. For him the good times are seldom lasting. A small percentage of them, through luck, ability or other circumstances—and these are the three chief factors to be considered—may manage to get a long term contract. But the percentage is very small. I am sorry [continued on page 92]
"If you want to get a moral out of my life story," says Evelyn Brent, "just say that suicide doesn't pay. It's foolish. Every time I tried it, the next day something splendid happened. You get just so low in life and then something good is sure to happen. Suicide doesn't help any. If you succeed you pass out and never know the break that is just around the corner."
Suicide Never Pays

Evelyn Brent, who tried it twice in despair at ill luck, says "DON'T!"

By Ruth Biery

EVELYN BRENT has signed a contract with the Paramount-Famous-Lasky organization. It is not the usual Hollywood six months make-good-if-you-can proposition, but a straight one year dotted-line understanding, with options for the four years thereafter. And when we tell you that one thousand dollars of Evelyn's salary automatically goes into a trust fund each week, where she has no opportunity to spend it, you will realize that here is one of the few girls in this movie-mad city who is not worrying about the question "Are the Stars Doomed?" She is financially independent.

Probably there are some who will sigh with envy as they read this statement. As I sat with her in that luxurious own-your-own apartment, with its chic, novel appointments, I, myself, thought, "Well, here, at least, is one girl who has been thoroughly lucky. One girl who will not need sympathy or tears of understanding."

Ah, how premature, such a feeling.

I wonder if there are any folk in the Cinema City, who really do not need sympathy and understanding? Certainly not the dark-eyed, black bobbed Evelyn of this story.

She sat very still, a diminutive figure in dull gray, as she told us the facts of her life which have never before been told to any human being.

It was to be Evelyn's first day in school in Brooklyn, New York. She was fourteen years old, but felt many years older as she stooped to kiss her little grandmother and pale, worn-out mother goodbye in that nondescript apartment which they had taken upon their arrival from Florida a few months before.

"Remember, Evelyn," her mother's voice broke as she whispered, "we want our girl to have the same education and advantages, as though father had lived to protect her."

Evelyn nodded, and rushed down to the street before anything more could be added. As long as she was in sight of those second story windows, she hurried; but as soon as she had rounded the corner, her pace slackened. Her mind began to work over her family problems.

"There's no use of my going to school," she argued. "I'm going to have to work sooner or later. It might as well be sooner."

"Gee, life is funny." Her mind skipped back a few years. Daddy busy with his horses; mother happy with her housekeeping; she, herself, running about under the great palms of a Florida city. Always the same until that one day. Then—Why did such things have to happen? She could see mother, now, working happily in the kitchen. Father was in the stables. The door opened. A group of men entered—laid down the body of her [CONTINUED ON PAGE 120]
FRANKLY, I feel sorry for the people who cannot stand
the movies.
And there are such, too, strange as it may seem.
Some months ago I heard one woman commiserate
with another in this wise: "I wish I could get the fun out
of moving pictures that you do."
The second woman made no reply at the moment but after
wards she made the following remarks to me personally and
privately.
"The reason Mrs. D. talks that way is because she is putting
on airs." She went on to relate.
"She likes to pretend that she is above such democratic
entertainment as the movies. She wants to make one believe
that she enjoys only opera and Ibsen and Shaw and Strindberg.
If Reinhardt were to become a moving picture producer
I suppose she'd go to see his pictures, not because of what he
might be showing, but simply because it would be Reinhardt."
And then she concluded with a sarcastic tone, "I think Mrs.
D. is an awful poser!
Well, maybe Mrs. D. is a poser. Maybe she doesn't want
to admit she likes pictures the way the majority of us do because
of some queer notion that such commonplace taste would be a
blot upon the escutcheon of her dignity.
Nevertheless, there are people, not only women but men as
well, who are not posing when they say they do not and cannot
enjoy pictures.
They really mean it. They are sincere about it.
And such people suffer!
I, personally, feel sorry for them!
But suppose we leave out of consideration for a moment the
posers and the humbugs—
the people who "put on airs." I will speak of them
a little later because they are really of interest, espe-
cially from a psycholog-
ical viewpoint.
LET us first examine a
little into those individu-
als who honestly and gen-
uinely possess refined feel-
ings and caviar tastes as
regards their longings for
art—those high-brow folk.
I have talked with many
such persons and I have
come to designate them, in
my own mind at least, as
unhappy highbrows.
A recall attending a pho-
toplaj with a couple of that
type who happened to be
my guests from out-of-
town. Before we went to
the picture they admitted
the subjects held no interest
for them and that they had
not gone to more than a
half dozen during their en-
tire lives.
But they were eager to
see one of the famous picture palaces in New York City they
had read so much about. Secretly, I hoped they might enjoy
themselves better than they anticipated. I knew that pictures
had made a decided advance in artistic presentation which
they were ignorant of.
FRANKLY, the screen story was one of the most interesting I
have ever seen. It was tense, vivid, thoughtful. It had plenty
of suspense. There was romance and sentiment. It was well
acted and directed. It even carried a theme that was worthy
of serious thought. It was "What Price Glory," I felt that
my friends would at last change their minds about not liking
pictures. But I was doomed to disappointment. They
marveled at the gorgeous grandeur of the picture house and
they also commented favorably upon a vaudeville act that
preceded the movie and which concerned itself with aesthetic
dancing. But they still held to the notion that photoplays
could never be for them.

THERE are well meaning and sincere people who find themselves unable to
enjoy screen entertainment which daily affords gratifying pleasure to millions.
"Education and culture has cut down their
enjoyment possibilities.
"Often this occurs because of intensive
schooling. Often, too, even without any
special schooling, the individual craves the
so-called better things. But the pocketbook
is inadequate to satisfy these longings. Such
an incompatibility often leads to emotional
malfunctionings that bring about all sorts of
miseries.
"Some people are unfitted, emotionally and
temperamentally, for the highbrow status, the
exceptional intelligentsia.
"What does it matter what you know if
your heart is yearning, if you are bored,
annoyed or irritated by the more naive and
simple pleasure that tickle the majority?"

THAT evening we discussed quite frankly the why's and
wherefore's in reference to their inability to enjoy pictures.
Said the husband: "I would like to make it clear, doctor,
that I do not try deliberately to resist getting whatever
pleasure I might from a picture show. The fact is, I have tried.
But my training has been such that I incline markedly toward
what, for want of a more specific term, I would call 'the better
tings' in the diversion and entertainment line.
"I never attend a play unless it has been running for some
time and I feel quite certain, from the reviews that I have read,
that it won't be an evening wasted. The same holds true of
books. And so far as photoplays are concerned, I don't think
I could ever enjoy them."
To all of this his wife
responded: "If anything,
I was even more of a
literary person than was her
professorial husband.
These well-meaning
and sincere people had found
themselves unable to enjoy
screen entertainment which
daily affords gratifying
pleasure to millions of peo-
ple throughout the world.

AT a movie show they
were like fish out of
water.
That is what education,
culture and refinement had
done for them!
Their trained minds and
emotions made them excep-
tional. It cut down their
enjoyment possibilities.
But does education, cul-
ture and refinement, really
make you content after
all?
I know it is supposed to,
but does it?
Is it actually a fact that a
longing for the very best—
in your books, your music, your drama and your photoplays—constitutes an asset? Would you perhaps be better off if you were what is commonly known as a lowbrow? Does the highbrow, in the last analysis, pay a price for being what he is?

There is absolutely no gainsaying the fact that hundreds, if not thousands of persons, are unhappy because their tastes and inclinations crave the "better things."

Often this occurs because of intensive schooling. Often, also, even without any special schooling, the individual inherently craves for these so-called better things.

I know of many such cases. I know, furthermore, that such a state of mind may lead to trouble.

Particularly have I noted what perhaps might be termed the "curse of culture" fall upon young people whose pocketbook is inadequate to satisfy their artistic longings.

Not merely sometimes, but distinctly often, does such an incompatibility lead to emotional malfunctions that bring about all sorts of miseries in their wake.

A YOUNG girl of twenty, for example, is obsessed with ideas of self-destruction because she considers the world a sordid and vulgar place to live in.

Another young woman of twenty-three ran away from home because her parents "got on her nerves." She had had the advantages—generally assumed advantages, at any rate—of a college education. After four years at college the home folks and the home place became irritating. She noted that her father and mother did not possess the best of table manners. It was painful to her to observe her mother using bad grammar and her father profanity. The old horse-hair furniture depressed her. Everything seemed so "different and unrefined," as she put it.

As I said before, when she couldn't stand it any longer, this highbrow simply took French leave.

Many older persons also find themselves out of tune with reality like these younger people did.

There are hundreds of cases like this.

These unhappy highbrows actually suffer!

As a matter of fact, in almost every case of neurosis—that is, a functional disorder—one finds a distinct disharmony existing between what the emotions are craving and what reality has to offer by way of satisfying them.

SUCH persons usually do not like motion pictures nor do they like most of the other values in life that mean enjoyment for the majority.

Such men and women gradually divorce themselves more and more from the world in which they live, they become shut-in and exclusive, they build up a world of imagery distinctly their own, they depend more and more for happiness upon the dream castles their own thoughts conjure up rather than upon the actual, tangible facts of existence.

And were such people really happy one could not in reason bemoan their fate. But the truth is they realize their difference and it upsets them.

They are not actually proud of being different.

They worry because they are different.

Truly, they are unhappy highbrows!

Here we are, in America, going in for education with greater zest and energy than any other country in the world.

When I was a boy it was considered quite a stunt to be graduated from the grammar school. But already before the war nothing less than a high school diploma had become the badge of educational decency. In the present day and year people think no more of a college degree than they used to of a Sunday School certificate—it's all become so downright ordinary.

We Americans pursue "education" with an unflagging zeal that almost amounts to mania.

Parents stint themselves and save so that their sons and daughters may go to college.

But is that always wise?

If highbrow appetites are thereby created which are not likely to be satisfied later on in life, can one really say, in a blanket way, that everybody should be educated and refined to the highest possible degree?
The STORY of
Miss Garbo makes her film debut and appears, like a comet, in the Northern Sky

HER childhood in Sweden, a little lonely, but colored by vague dreams and shy ambitions—this was the theme of the first installment of Greta Garbo's own story. In it, too, Miss Garbo told of her examination for entry into the Royal Dramatic School in Sweden, of her great desire to become an actress. She described frankly her habit of being late for classes, her neglect of routine. And she told of her first meeting with Mauritz Stiller, the director who first discovered her screen possibilities. Now go on with the second chapter in the life of the fascinating woman.

CHAPTER II

A few days later, Mr. Stiller telephoned me to take a test at the studio of 'The Swedish Film Company.'

"I was pleased, but not even yet, very excited. I do not get excited until I have something in my hand."

"I went out on the street car to the studio with a girl named Mona Mortenson. She is here in America—in Hollywood—now. But she is going back to Sweden. The pictures are not so good to her. We went to the Dramatic school together. Was it not funny that we met on the way to take the test together and then meet again in this city?"

"The test was to me very funny. The stage is so different from the movies. On the stage you have your voice, but in the movies, only your face."

"I was all shaky. I come off the street, go in and they make me up and then they take me in and tell me to lie in a bed and be sick. Very sick. I didn't know what it was all about. It seemed to me like a big joke, to come off the street and be right away sick."

"And I was ashamed. I was ashamed to try and put myself up, as you say it. I had never done anything to put myself up before, and it made me very ashamed to do it."

"Mr. Stiller waited a few moments, and then said, 'My God, can't you be sick? Don't you know what it is to be sick?'"

"Then I knew it wasn't play and it wasn't funny. I knew it was necessary in the movies and I became a very sick lady."

"One day I was walking alone on the street in Constantinople and I followed along behind one of the old Turks. I do not know how many hours I followed him. He did not go anywhere; did not have anywhere to go but to wander. He was fascinating."
out and left me. The electricians, the prop boys—even Mr. Stiller. He told me to practice alone. But I knew he was in some corner watching. I looked all around and could not see him, but I knew he was there. So I would not practice. I would not rehearse all by myself—I would not look so stupid.

"Lars Hansen played my leading man. Now he is back in Sweden—" She interrupted herself with a voice which trembled with longing. "But there were no love scenes; not even a kiss. It was not an American picture.

"The picture took a long time. There were snow scenes and we had to wait until it was winter. When it was over, I was no longer frightened. But I am always nervous and restless when I am making a picture. I cannot help it. That is why I never want people to see me while I am acting. I do not let people on the set. And I stay by myself all I can while I am making a picture. I sit in one corner alone, or go to my dressing room, or I walk outside by myself while the others are working. I cannot stand it for someone to come up and say, 'What did you think of the football game?' as they do here in America. I cannot get back on the track. I cannot do my best work then. It is the same with every picture—I tremble always, all over.

"W"HEN we had finished 'Goesta Berling,' there were no more pictures, so I went back to school. We have to make our pictures in the summer except for the snow scenes—No, school was not any different. I was still the naughty Garbo and still late in the morning.

"When it came toward summer again, I had a telegram from Mr. Stiller. 'Do not make any plans for the summer,' he told me. Of course, there were other companies who might want me.

"So I made no plans. I went away into the country. Oh, yes, I was alone. I always went away alone. That is what I like—to go away, far into the country, alone. An old couple to cook for you, look after your things for you. But there are not so many places in America where you can be alone." Her voice saddened. "Here there are always the people—I miss it. Some people need to be with people. I need to be alone, always.

"It is so wonderful alone in our country in the summer. In the midsummer you can read all night long, in the open. The little noises of the country, the wonderful air—Ah, it gets you."

She paused, closed her eyes, to remember.

"While I was there," it was perhaps five minutes before she continued, "I received a letter from Mr. Stiller. They wanted me to come to Berlin for the opening of 'Goesta Berling.' I went back to Stockholm and Mr. Stiller came for me—I have everything in the world to be grateful to Mr. Stiller. I have never seen a more beautiful inside of a person! [CONTINUED ON PAGE 127]"
A PHOTOGRAPHIC impression of a genius in exile—Erich Von Stroheim, the stormy petrel of Hollywood
Hollywood’s One Real Genius—“VON”

By Harry Carr

The best analysis ever written of the most misunderstood man in pictures

And now, as to Von.

Erich von Stroheim is the most misunderstood character of the screen. The one who understands him least of anybody in the world is Erich Von Stroheim.

His firmest conviction is that Von Stroheim is a hard, cruel, rather ruthless, altogether terrible person who is in motion pictures only because he can’t be a soldier. Von is convinced that his soul has been torn out by the roots because he can’t ride in tight white leather pants and a gleaming snicker-snee in his sword hand, guarding a fat emperor with halitosis and a secret appetite for wienerwursts. Whereas, he is really a soft-hearted, sentimental rebel who would be bored to death by the army.

To analyze Von Stroheim is about as simple as trying to analyze a Democratic convention.

The trouble is, there are so many Von Stroheims.

There is one Erich Von Stroheim who is a fussy, hair-splitting cranky German college professor.

There is another Erich Von Stroheim who is a soap box orator: he could argue a bone out of a bulldog’s mouth.

Still another who is a sentimental star gazer.

Yet another who is a very naughty, capricious “contrary”

A hair-cut, afternoon tea and work—all at the same time. But Von Stroheim’s mind is completely engrossed in the scrap of film before him. He always works with Teutonic thoroughness. He’s as fussy and cranky as a German college professor

little boy—subject to tantrums—and very much in need of spanking.

Mostly, he is a naughty little boy. His golden genius for dramatic writing is a child playing “pretend.” His famous “towering rages” of which you hear so much are a bad little boy kicking the nasty mean table which has bumped him on the head. Even his punctilious insistence upon detail has in it a good deal of child—the little boy who wants everything just so—or he won’t play.

In this, he runs true to type. Every great genius is, at heart, a child. And Von is a great genius. I know them all. He is the only one who could be fairly called a genius.

Griffith is half evangelist and half actor. De Mille is an adroit and skillful mixer of certain theatrical lotions—and notions. Lubitsch is a master

[continued on page 138]
Paper to Celluloid

Illustrating how the director and players translate a big scene from words into action

Above you see the big moment in "Lilac Time," as described by Carey Wilson in his script. The figures in the margin are the scene numbers. LS means long-shot and CU is, of course, close-up. The close-up dovetails into the action of the long-shot. Scenario writing is as much a technical as a literary job.

Here is the way the scene would look if you were watching it from the side-lines. The setting is a base hospital in France, in which the lovers, played by Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper, are re-united. Director George Fitzmaurice is sitting on the table. Notice the two lights, the smaller one placed close to the floor to get the right lighting on the faces.

This is the close-up of Miss Moore and Mr. Cooper, as you will see it. It is the moment when Colleen speaks the title in the script. Does it fit in with your idea of the written description?
Anita Rivers Becomes Anita Page

And makes good despite the fact that she was Harry Thaw's protege!

By Helen Walker

Harry Thaw's little protege, Anita Rivers, bids fair to make good in the movies. But it was not, she would have you know, due to the changeable Mr. Thaw that she got her chance. It was in spite of him.

It was, indeed, only by dint of changing her name to Anita Page that she stepped into a contract with M.G.M. and a leading role with Billy Haines in "He Learned About Women."

This naive, blonde child of seventeen summers was born at Flushing, Long Island. When she grew up, or at least partly up, she developed a yearning to go into pictures. So she be-took herself to the New York studio of the Paramount company, where she obtained a job in "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

Thus encouraged, she made the rounds of other New York studios with the news that she was a motion picture actress.

An independent concern, yept Kenilworth Productions, saw her possibilities and signed her for a leading role in a bathing beauty comedy called "Beach Nuts." Then they gave her a contract.

Soon after that they announced that the company was going to California to make pictures. This was fine. This was, indeed, just what Anita wanted. So she went home and broke the news to her mother who packed their belongings, gathered up Anita's four-year-old brother and the three of them accompanied Kenilworth Productions to Los Angeles.

There was in the party another actress, Susan Hughes, as well as several men about whose identity Miss Page is still a bit vague. "Officials and directors and camera men and things," is the way she describes them.

When they reached Chicago another man joined them. He was Harry Thaw. Anita, who had never heard of him, was bewildered at her mother's consternation.

"I don't understand yet, just what he is famous for," she says. "Mother told me some—he was mixed up in a shooting scrape a long time ago, wasn't he?" And she adds, "He is a funny man!"

With the advent of Thaw, the glare of publicity focussed itself upon the party. Large headlines informed the world that Harry Thaw was bringing two beautiful girls to Hollywood to make pictures. Of the Kenilworth Productions which Thaw was financing, little was said.

After they reached Los Angeles complications developed. "The company did not want Mr. Thaw's name connected with the enterprise," explains Anita, "and that made him awfully mad! He said if they would not use his name, he would not make pictures. It was all horrid. The papers kept on taking pictures of him with Miss Hughes and me. Mother would try to get into the pictures and then afterward they would cut her out of them. It looked as if Miss Hughes and I had come out here with him alone.

"But the worst of the whole thing was that as soon as his name was connected with us, no one took us seriously. It all became a joke and the world laughed at us."

"Mother kept saying, 'We must get away from these people!' But you see there was the contract I had signed.

"We kept waiting and waiting. Mr. Thaw could not seem to make up his mind what he wanted to do."

"He is a strange person. He seems very nice and was always kind to us—although we really saw him very little. And he has the most wonderful memory! He can remember the littlest things that happened a long time ago—things about pictures. But it is so hard to follow him. He keeps changing the subject all the time. It really takes a very smart person to know what Mr. Thaw is talking about!"

"Well—finally they said they were going back East. They had decided not to make pictures right away. It seemed they could not release them or something. And he would not do anything unless they used his name."

"We did not want to go back. I wanted to stay here and see what I could do. So we went to see an attorney about my contract and found out that it never had been binding. So we just left them and took an apartment and stayed here."

Subsequently, having changed her name to Anita Page, she made the rounds of the... [Continued on page 100]
Two Brand New Nutty

Do you know your movie stars? Try this fascinating game and see how your knowledge may earn money for you

HOW did you make out last month with Clara Bow and Douglas Fairbanks? In the June issue of Photoplay you will find a list of the winners who made the best corrections in the Nutty Biographies supplied by Aunt Hezekiah which appeared in the April issue of Photoplay Magazine.

On the opposite page, you will find what Aunt Hezekiah has to say about Richard Dix and Gloria Swanson. Of course, you probably have heard a lot of things about Richard and Gloria, but how strong are your facts? Can you correct the mistakes made by Aunt Hezekiah in her brief history of these two popular players?

In case you haven't heard, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are visiting relatives in Hollywood and they are having an exciting time visiting the studios and gathering up all sorts of gossip about the movie players.

But, unfortunately, Aunt Hezekiah is a gullible old lady and she believes everything she hears and passes it on to you as the latest gospel-truth information. Fortunately for you, you have a chance of making money on her mistakes.

Send your corrections to Photoplay Magazine, merely observing the simple rules printed below. There is no special form for your correction; just make them accurate, brief and original. And be sure to correct the captions under the pictures. They are part of the game, too.

There are no mistakes in spelling or punctuation in these Nutty Biographies, so don't worry about that. Also there are no concealed meanings, so that need not trouble you. Be careful about correcting everything Aunt Hezekiah has to say. Somehow or other, she has some real facts mixed up with all her bad misinformation.

Photoplay's Answer Man refuses to help you out, so don't waste your valuable time writing him letters about the hero and heroine of the current Nutty Biographies. But you may look in your back copies of Photoplay, or you may see if you can find the information you want in any other part of the magazine.

The complete list of winners of the April Photoplay Nutty Biographies will be announced in the July issue of Photoplay, which is just as fast as is physically possible. The correct answers will also be given in the same issue. No solutions will be returned.

Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are amazed at the number of Photoplay readers who tripped up on their mistakes. Aunt Hezekiah says that her memory isn't as good as it used to be, but her heart is in the right place.

Just because you have sent in one set of solutions doesn't mean that you can't keep right on submitting them. Come as often as you like. If you don't win on your first solution, there is always another chance.

Meanwhile, Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim are still in Hollywood and they are as busy as bees gathering up more material for Nutty Biographies. Next month, you'll have a chance to make some more money on their blunders. So good luck!

Rules of Contest

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Here's a Contest to Amuse You—
OUR luck is still with us. Uncle Jim and I have managed to meet more movie stars in our short stay than many of the people who have lived in Hollywood for years. While waiting for a trolley car down at the beach, we saw a girl who looked familiar. She came up and introduced herself as Gloria Swanson.

Well, Gloria doesn’t look anything like she does in pictures. She is much taller—about five feet, eight inches tall—and she has light, curly hair.

Gloria explained this by saying she always wears a dark wig in pictures and very low heeled shoes.

This girl was so simple that we could hardly believe that she is married to a Grand Duke of Russia. But she laughed about her title and says she is much prouder of being a native-born Californian than of being a Grand Duchess. Isn’t that democratic?

Uncle Jim was thrilled at meeting her, because he has liked her ever since he was a Sennett bathing girl. He asked Gloria if she remembered those pictures and Gloria answered that she did, but that she was also grateful to William de Mille for giving her a chance to play dramatic rôles.

Sometime, Gloria wants to play in a story by Elinor Glyn. She never has appeared in one of Mme. Glyn’s pictures and she would like to try a dressed-up rôle, because she never has done one.

Mr. de Mille has directed Gloria in all her pictures. He also played the rôle of the Marine in her latest film, “Sadie Thompson.”

Gloria cried with joy when she talked to us about “Sadie Thompson.” She made the picture especially to please the censors and professional reformers from all over the country have written to tell her how much they liked it.

We asked her what was her greatest ambition in life. And she told us that above anything else, she wants to go to Europe. She has never been out of the United States and she is anxious to see Russia, the native land of her husband.

Biographies—$500 in Prizes

Gloria Swanson

Gloria Swanson presented this picture to Uncle Jim. It shows Gloria as she appeared as Melisande in “The Big Parade,” Cecil B. De Mille’s Civil War picture.

Richard Dix

Richard Dix told Aunt Hezekiah that he grew this moustache especially for his rôle in “The Gay Defender.” It was the story of a murder trial in Chicago.

UNCLE JIM and I have been very busy enjoying society in Hollywood. The other night we attended a social affair and were introduced to Richard Dix. Uncle Jim was very much impressed by him and told him that he thought it was wonderful that an American Indian should become a famous motion picture star.

Dix is a full-blooded Indian, as you know if you saw him in “The Vanishing American.”

We were fascinated by Dix’s account of his adventurous life.

When he was a mere boy he was a star in rodeos and wild west shows and his ability as a horseman got him his first rôle as Julio in “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

Of course you will want to know about his affairs of the heart. Well, you will be glad to know that he isn’t married. So all that talk you heard about his being crazy about Greta Garbo and playing opposite her in so many pictures was just a lot of silly gossip.

Mr. Dix told us that he is very busy, as he personally directs all his own pictures for United Artists. His latest one, “The Gaucho,” was a story of Russia in pre-revolutionary days and Uncle Jim and I are just crazy to see it. Emil Jannings is in it, too, and Dix and Jannings are going to co-star in a series of comedies.

But Uncle Jim and I think that it is a shame that Mr. Dix, who has played such tragic pictures as “Variety” and “The Last Laugh,” should break the habit of a career and go in for comedies.

Naturally, you will want to know what he looks like off the screen.

He is six feet tall and has blond hair and blue eyes. His hair is straight, but he had it curled for his rôle in “The Volga Boatman.” But in his other pictures, like “Man Power” and “Shanghai Bound” he wore his own hair.

His real name is Richard Dix, a famous old Indian name of the Iroquois tribe to which he belongs.

Get to Work and Win a Prize
A star of 1910 and a Baby Star of 1928 meet in this picture. Florence Turner, one of the first favorites, plays the mother of Sue Carol in "Walking Back." Has the movie type changed much since those early days?

The private Photoplay seismograph at the Fox Studios records the following emotional disturbances: Charlie Farrell has transferred his affections from Virginia Valli back to Janet Gaynor. The rush which Charlie is giving his little film partner is causing their friends to wonder if making "Blossom Time" in Europe together won't promote another screen marriage.

And George O'Brien, although still seen sometimes with Olive Borden, is openly devoted to Virginia Valli.

One of the most pathetic endings of what seemed to be a brilliant Hollywood career is that of Josephine Lido who was imported from Europe by Carle Laemmle, Jr. It was unfortunate not only for the girl but for young Laemmle who thought to go Sam Goldwyn one better in making a European discovery.

The girl was a blonde beauty. When she arrived in New York, Laemmle rechristened her Josephine Lido because it was at Lido on the Riviera that he first saw her.

Brought to Hollywood under contract and with the usual glare of publicity, she never appeared before a motion picture camera. She is now on her way back to Europe.

As soon as she arrived in Hollywood she began to take on weight in an alarming manner and it was rumored when she left there, after vainly consulting physicians in an attempt to check the increase in avoidupees, she tipped the scales over one hundred sixty pounds. It was a plain case of obesity which could not be checked by diet or medical treatment.

William Haines felt out of place, recently, when he was among a Hollywood group entertaining an ex-ambassador.

The ambassador was talking about this Queen and that Queen, until Billy became annoyed and exclaimed loudly: "I know a lot of queens, too. But they are not the kind that you know."

Black looks from the hostess made no impression on the effervescent Billy.

When the honored guest changed his line to "Al" this and "Al" that, Billy inquired loudly, "Who do you mean, Alfalfa?"

"No, sir," replied the guest with dignity. "I mean King Alfonso of Spain."

Billy exited from the party.

Eight months ago ten graduates of various American universities were chosen by First National for a trial in motion pictures. Today four remain in Hollywood.

Richard Clendenen, University of California, is working in a wardrobe department.

Stuart Knox, Yale, is an extra.

John Westwood, Princeton, and Jack Stambaugh, University of Chicago, have small bits in "The Yellow Lily."

Which may or may not prove how much a college education does for a motion picture actor.

A young flapper boarded a steamship recently to sail for the Orient, and meeting the first mate, asked, "Could I see the Captain?"

To which the first mate replied, "He's forward, Miss."

"Oh, I'm not afraid," answered the flapper, "I've been out with movie actors."
of All Studios

Will this lad make your heart beat faster? He's Arthur Lake all dressed up for his role of Harold Teen, the hero of the funnies. And a perfectly swell get-up, too, if you care to have our honest opinion. Watch Arthur; he's one of these coming actors.

ELEANOR BOARDMAN and King Vidor may not have wanted a girl, but believe me that youngster is making headways that mother and father had not even hoped for the expected boy baby. Their plans were all made months ago for a trip to Europe minus their baby. But now they wouldn't consider leaving her at home. So the still nameless baby will go along in a basket.

NOW comes word that Mary Brian and Arthur Lake are among the latest "happily going together couples" in the Cinema City. They are playing together in "Harold Teen." Perhaps the Harold of the screen will be more successful with his girl friend than the one of the comics.

EMIL JANNINGS has a new Ford. He has his chauffeur drive him everywhere in it, leaving his Mercedes, probably the largest car in the motion picture city, sitting alone and

Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills are one of the most devoted couples in pictures. Devoted to each other—and to tennis. They're playing a series of daily sets for the championship of their new home in a Hollywood canyon.

jealous, in its especially erected mammoth garage. Who says this foreign actor is not becoming acclimated to his adopted country?

IT has just come to light how Emil Jannings came to get his new Ford so quickly.

He wired Edison.

"But do you know Edison?" a friend queried.


A FEW lines each week in the social column of the Los Angeles papers under the heading of "Mr. and Mrs. William Harrison Dempsey Entertain" leads one to believe that the Dempseys are encroaching upon Mr. Tunney's social domain.

But why give up the "Jack"?

RUTH TAYLOR, the blonde that Paramount preferred for their production of Anita Loos' famous book, is very quick on the wisecracks.

An extra girl was telling Ruth about her new boy friend.

"He is the kind of a man who makes me think," she sighed.

"Ah, a miracle man," Ruth murmured.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is going around these days with Josephine Dunn, graduate of the Paramount School.

MAL ST. CLAIR was writing a letter.

"What date is this?" he inquired.

"February 22. Washington's birthday."

"Mine, too," Lew Cody piped up.

"And mine," George O'Hara, the continuity writer added.

"Well, it's still just February 22nd," Mal remarked jarily. "Let's go on with the picture."

WE have never seen Pola Negri as beautiful as in the pure white wig she is wearing in "The Three Sinners." Much conjecture has been made as to what will happen to Pola when her contract is finished the end of May with the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Rumor says she has had three tantalizing offers from other producers, among them the Fox organization.

Undoubtedly Pola will accept the one which meets her modest request for ten thousand a week. It is definitely stated that she will not work again for her present small stipend of eight thousand.
These production supervisors are having all the luck. Kenneth H. Hawks was recently married to Mary Astor, one of the real beauties of the screen. Mr. and Mrs. Hawks went to New York on their honeymoon. Mary's license was made out in her real name, Lucille Langhanke.

At least Pola saves her producers money by wearing her own jewels. During the filming of "The Three Sinners" she wore her famous 98 carat emerald bracelet. Also she sported five of the most gorgeous diamond rings in existence and a diamond necklace. Pola cannot be bothered with imitations. And her own violinist always plays the music she has personally selected as most befitting the moods of the picture. And she furnishes her own private detectives to protect her jewels.

It is rumored that Evelyn Brent is being trained to take Pola Negri's place as a dramatic actress at Paramount. Pola leaves after her next picture, they tell me.

"How do you like Hollywood by now?" we asked Lena Malena, from Austria.

"Oh, I like it," she answered. "Hollywood is full of mens. Never before have I seen so many different kinds of mens!"

And there you have Hollywood's real secret!

Aileen Pringle has turned author. Material for this was furnished through a rare and exciting experience. Some days since, Miss Pringle remonstrated with her Italian chef about his lack of courtesy. She said:

"I insist that you say 'yes ma'am' and 'no ma'am' when you answer me." Whereupon the fiery wop let out a yell and said, "Me? I say yes-a-man no-a-man to nobody in dis country. This is land of the free," and brandishing a huge butcher knife he chased the terrified Miss Pringle out of the kitchen.

She ran breathless to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, then sat down and wrote an essay on the servant problem, entitled, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Slave."

Margaret Mann, the dear old lady who runs away with the honors in "Fourth Sons," received far more publicity during her visit to New York than many younger and more beautiful stars. William Fox was awfully annoyed because some of the cynics suggested that Miss Mann was being used merely as a press stunt and that she would soon be demoted to the "extra" ranks again, after her little burst of success.

Just to prove that Miss Mann was no mere publicity stunt, Fox gave her a two-year contract, guaranteeing her $10,000 a year.

Do you want to know the sort of person Miss Mann is? Then listen to this true story. The Archduke Leopold of Austria was offered a box for the opening night of "Fourth Sons." The understanding was, of course, that he was to get all dressed up in full regalia. The archduke was not inclined to make a show of himself and refused the box. However, later, he decided he wanted to see the picture. By that
time the management didn't feel in the mood to let him have two seats.
But Miss Mann heard of his request and left the seats for him.
And that's courtesy from one good trouper to another.

CONESSWOMAN Florence P. Kahn, of California, was one of the guests of honor at a recent annual luncheon of the National Board of Review and stood posing for movie cameras and still cameras, along with Max Reinhardt, May Allison and Eugene O'Brien. After standing for several hundred feet of film to be taken, Mrs. Kahn turned to Miss Allison and said:

"Please tell me, my dear, do you know the burial place for the miles of film they take of us that nobody ever sees? It is as mysterious as the legend of the elephants' graveyard. Or worse yet, I have sometimes thought that they 'shoot' us without any film in their cameras just to soothe our vanity."

Which proves that as a Congresswoman, Mrs. Kahn is not taking herself too seriously.

LEW CODY is enthusiastic about playing under the direction of Mal St. Clair.

"He is so truthful about everything! I told him I was a great actor and he agreed with me!"

JEAN HERSHOLT is to be starred in D. W. Griffith's next picture, "The Battle of the Sexes." Belle Bennett will support him.

And not so long ago Jean supported Belle in "Stella Dallas"! But a few months can make a great difference in the Cinema City. Since the preview of "Abie's Irish Rose," Jean has been running around in circles trying to decide which was the best offer. Practically all of the producers were bidders. But Universal refused to release him from his contract although Jean offered them $25,000 to break it. That settled the matter.

GRETA GARBO'S pet hobby is Swedish fan mail. She weeps with joy and with sorrow at each letter which comes from those who are either now in her homeland or who have lived there and know the secrets of the far-away snow country.

SUE CAROL is all excited about playing the lead in a new kind of aeroplane story for the Fox Company.

But she is more excited about the chance that Nick Stuart may return in time to play the lead with her.

"If I must die, I would rather die with Nick than any other way," she told me frankly.

Which proves that Nick's three months' absence hasn't affected that romance any.

WILLIAM DE MILLE is as famous for the nondescript clothes he wears while directing a picture as his brother Cecil is for the well pressed, tailored golf suits he sports during the making of a picture.

John McGowan, the author of the play, "Tenth Avenue," which William is now making, wandered onto the set the other day to see how his brain child was progressing.

His eye lit on Phyillis Haver. "So, that is our little heroine?" he asked. "Very good, very good."

He glanced around a little further, noted William standing carelessly against a step ladder. "And that is our hardboiled bootlegger. Splendid impersonation. Splendid!"

And they claim that the director was really flattered.

THOSE playing in F. W. Murnau's next picture "Four Devils" have discovered that working in the movies is not all pleasure.

Janet Gaynor had hung on the high trapeze in the big circus tent scene from nine a. m. until one p. m. without intermission when the order came to flop from one ring to another. She made the fling, then collapsed from exhaustion and fear—for Janet is not a trained circus performer.

Charles Morton, another of the "Four Devils," hung in the same position until his hands were bleeding.

ROY D'ARCY is being sued by his wife for divorce, charging the usual complaint of cruelty and nonsupport.

Mrs. Roy Gusti (for this is the actor's real name) claims her mother has loaned the actor... I continued on page 84]
$5,000 Prize Winner

Rena Vale, cowgirl, stage driver, teacher, stenographer. Also, until now, unsuccessful writer, with the world's championship collection of rejection slips

"SWAG," the five thousand dollar prize winning idea in the Photoplay-Paramount Famous Lasky contest, is already in the hands of the writers at the studio, and Jesse L. Lasky has taken personal charge of the preparations for the picture.

He has already cast George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in the leading roles.

Three or four of other winning ideas have also been given to the story department for development, and it is Mr. Lasky's opinion that they will serve as the basis of other important productions.

In every case the author will be given screen credit for the idea.

Naturally enough the company does not want to make public the ideas until they are ready to announce the names of the pictures. Not that they would suspect other producers of lifting their ideas, but then the idea on which a picture is made is the essential ingredient, and there is no use tempting competitors.

One of the most satisfying features of the contest was that the girl who won the first prize was made so happy by her good fortune. But it was not altogether luck. Rena Vale has been writing and trying for years. Starting work at the age of twelve as a cook in an Arizona cow camp, she has never lost sight of her objective for a single moment. Her father wanted her to be a wild west circus performer. Her mother's ambition was that the girl would become a school teacher.

The mother's idea prevailed so the girl spent two years at the Northern Arizona Normal School, and went to teaching in a Mormon town near the Utah border. The Mormon school supervisors were not over friendly to the gentle teacher, however, and one day, after having been forced to larrup an unruly youth, who tried to set himself up as boss of the school, she quit, and went to San Francisco where she got a job in a bottling plant.

There she studied shorthand and became a stenographer. But the wanderlust and ambition moved her on again and this time fate sent her to Los Angeles, where she took up direct selling. Love came into her life for the first time and she married a bright young reporter who, recognizing the latent talent of the girl, encouraged her to persist in writing. She has the thickest stack of rejection slips in California.

Isolated in remote sections of Arizona, where there are no motion picture theaters and no newsstands, and fascinated by the make-believe world of the motion picture, she subscribed to Photoplay years ago and says she has never missed a month. When she saw the announcement of the Idea Contest, she was encouraged to put some of her ideas in brief form and submit them.

When she was called upon by a representative of Photoplay Magazine and told she was one of the prize winners, without being told of her great luck in landing the first prize of five thousand dollars, she took it very calmly.

"Just another false alarm," she said as she went to the Paramount studio to have her pictures taken.

It was difficult for the studio folks to restrain the temptation to tell her the truth until the announcements were made in the magazine, but, used to the rebuffs and disappointments of life, she took it all calmly.

When, on the date of the issue of the magazine, she was told and was handed the five thousand dollar check, her lips trembled and she turned her brown face away to hide her emotions.

"There is a God," she whispered and walked away to be alone.

Her own story, which follows, was written on a studio typewriter. She went at it, when asked, like a veteran. It is a remarkable story of a girl who has had to battle life pretty much alone, and the character of the girl is written into it.

Miss Vale is a typical product of the Southwest. About five feet, seven inches in height, and with a slim figure, she would be a perfect model for a cowgirl in a Remington painting.

She is as svelte as an Indian. Years of life on the desert with few companions have made her thin, quick and say little. Her eyes are large and grey and she wears her blue black hair in a severity cut bob that is reminiscent of the Hopi Indians.

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HIS isn't going to be a good story because I'm too excited to write. I'd like to climb to the top of the new City Hall and shout: "Hurray, I won the prize!" But perhaps there would be a few of the Los Angeles million who wouldn't know about the Photoplay-Famous Players Idea Contest. So, instead, I'll tell Photoplay about it because I know all the readers of that magazine are familiar with the $15,000.00 Idea Contest.

A $5,000.00 check! Wonder how many of you ever had that much money handed to you in a lump sum? Well, I'm one of the readers of Photoplay who never before had that much at once. Mr. Quirk had to hand me the check twice because my hand trembled so that I couldn't hold it the first time. I wondered if it was really me—myself—Rena Vale—who was winning FIRST PRIZE.

Foolish things come to our minds in great moments. I thought of the saying of a poor old half-wit, Mid Jones. I had known when I was a child in Arizona. He had a habit of drowning his sorrows in the cup at the "Red Star" saloon, then trusting to his mules to take him safely home. Once, however, the mules jumped up on a bank out of the river, breaking off the double-tree, leaving Mid stranded in the middle of the stream.
He awoke, and realizing his plight, shouted at the top of his lungs: "Oh, Mid, is this you? Is this YOU? 'Cause if it is, you're in an awful fix." Then, later when he won a trip to Ireland in a Pioneers' contest, he said the same thing.

This must be me, all right, for I can't think of anyone else I could be. I have the check: have seen it and felt it, heard the paper rustle and even smelled the ink on it. This dream must be true!

Now the next question is: what am I going to do with it? Strange, isn't it, but I didn't have that check spent before I got it, just "in hopes." So many of us count our chickens before they are hatched, just for the fun of counting them. Once, in San Francisco, I did that. I spent the summer as a guest of the County in the City and County Hospital, and I didn't know what I was going to do when—and if—I got out.

So, whenever I was able, I studied shorthand and worked on a prize contest that was running in one of the papers. I thought I was clever and had undoubtedly won the first prize, so I spent the money—in my day-dreams.

It was a lot of fun going to the "City of Paris" and rigging myself out in gowns, and shopping on Van Ness Avenue for a bright blue car. On the day I got out of the hospital, the winners of the contest were announced. I hadn't even won a $1.00 prize! Then and there I broke myself of spending prize money before I got it.

But this time it's different: I CAN go shopping in reality. But I'm older now, and my ideas of what to do with money have changed. The first thing I'm going to do with this crisp piece of paper with the magic naughts on it, is to buy an operation for my invalid brother. Maybe it will mean the end of twenty-five years of patient suffering; maybe he will walk, and even dance, like other young men.

**With Mr. Lasky and Mr. Quirk. "Make a good picture of 'Swag,' or I'll bring my old cowboy friends to shoot up your studio."**

**George Bancroft says, "Say, girl, I never knew Western bad men were so bad. They make our New York crooks seem like Sunday School teachers."**
THE winner of Photoplay's Idea Contest submitted this short story before she knew she was a prize winner—read this tale of a Hollywood star maker and a girl who wouldn't be fooled.

JENNY WARE fluttered along Hollywood's famous Boulevard toward an incandescent sunset. Jenny didn't trot, skip, walk, run, or dance. She fluttered. Perhaps her toes brushed the sidewalk; perhaps they didn't; but if she was defying the law of gravitation in an angelic manner, she showed a beauteous consideration for her fellow travelers by hovering very near to earthly paths. If you were walking, she whisked by you like an infant whirlwind; and, as she passed, you knew the cloud of blue georgette and brown curls enveloped Jenny Ware. After she had disappeared into the multi-colored traffic of Vine Street, the image of her skinned before you like a tantalizing mirage.

Her destination was a sage green bungalow opening off a court filled with shell bird baths, very young palms, and very clean pebble walks. There, lived Jule.

Before Jenny's toes brushed the white pebbles in front of the pseudo-massive door, she tossed the playful curls out of her eyes and swept up the panorama below her in a quick, comprehensive glance. A hundred reflected sunsets smiled back at her, and so she knew that Jule would be up. She pushed the saucy, dappled brass door bell with the palm of one hand, and the oakenained door with the palm of the other. Both responded.

Jule was sitting directly in front of the door on the arm of an olive and brown easy chair, stirring a cup of coffee. The pleats were here and there pressed out of her nightgown of Nile green silk and black lace, and herauburned hair was jumbled. As her guest floated into the shade-darkened room, she lifted one thin black eyebrow and opened one aquamarine eye. She spoke in a porous voice that emerged bravely from a whisper: "Why'n't you come earlier and get me up? It was too hot to sleep and too hot to wake up."

Little puffs of blue georgette settled in another green and brown chair. Brown curls leaped away from grey eyes as Jenny tossed her head. Her clear-cut words fell like ink dots on the blotter of drowsy silence: "Dancing pupils, dancing pupils, dancing pupils." She sighed and patted the arms of the chair. "And then their mamas talking and talking after the lessons. Now I'm running away from the telephone that will be jingling and jingling for more appoint-
ments."

"Suppose it's the papas on the 'phone?"

Laughter tinkled in answer. Jule amused Jenny. Her wit was as brittle and transparent as the green and white cups she began to clatter in the untidy sink, and her ideas as square-cornered and practical as Mission furniture. Jule was always positive—one either agreed with her, or one was crazy. Jenny occasionally disagreed, and on rare occasions argued with her.

WHILE her hostess splashed in the bath room, she gave the disordered rooms a few tidying touches. She raised blinds, blew the dust off photographs and arranged them in rows on the mantelpiece, after which she removed wilted orchids from the phonograph, and retrieved a stringy white glove from under the escritoire. The maid came but once a week, and Jule could easily undo all the weekly house cleaning in a half hour; for the rest of the week she lived in comfortable confusion. Jenny never preached to Jule, but she sometimes cleaned house for her.

Today, however, she was more anxious to learn certain things from Jule than to impose orderliness upon her. These things which were racing round and round within her small head like a kitten chasing its tail, concerned Dale Cameron, Jule's director. The actress emerged from the bath room carrying a wisp of crabapple georgette and almost wearing a moss green negligee.

She dropped both garments in a heap on the floor.

"How's Ed?" she asked.
Jenny snapped a sheet in the air and let it float down like a tired balloon. "Ed?" The brown curls bobbed impatiently. "Ed's always the same. Always has been the same. Always will be."

"That means he sent you violets again for your birthday, and that he has never repaired the porch floor for his mother, and that he still smokes the briar pipe, and still brings his collie when he strolls over to sit in the porch swing with you; that he designs bungalows at the office and builds castles in the air, that—"

"No, 'Play houses,' Jule. Don't you remember 'Play houses by the sea'?

To be sure, that is what he calls his air castles. Guess he got that idea from the sand houses you and he built at Santa Monica when your mothers used to take you down there for a holiday."

"And the waves would wash them away, and we'd build them over again." The counterpane slipped from Jenny's hand and crumpled to the floor. She shook curls and memories out of her eyes. "Ed's a dear, but I'm so absolutely used to him; he could never give me a thrill."

What she meant by thrills were the squirming feelings that raced over her when she made humming-bird-like dips into life. She had sipped a drop of nectar at the Montmartre one night, and had tasted honey at the Coconut Grove at another. Dale Cameron, on both occasions, had broken away from a group of flamboyant women and danced with Jenny. His wavy grey hair had mingled with her tumbled curls, and his soft, strong hand had caressed her; his crooked arm had pressed her tightly to him, and she had gone limp as a wilted Easter lily.

Jule was now brushing her fingernails with a small buffer. "Dale has the reel of your tests, Jenny, and he won't talk to me about anything else. Looks like I'm going to be left high and dry while he makes a star of you."

Jenny dropped to the corner of the bed, sitting on one foot. "How many times must I tell you, Jule, that, if either of us is to be a star, it will have to be you? Make-up feels gooey, and the light hurts my eyes, and I like to sleep and eat."

"But Dale Cameron's stars—"

"Don't always remain Dale Cameron's stars. Nay, Jule, you can have your Kleigs and your yelling assistant directors and long hours and bath cabinets and diets and ogling public. Mother and I don't need a whole lot of money to live, and—"

"I know your little spiel, girl friend, but now you have Dale Cameron interested."

Jenny's rings cut into the enameled bed post, but she swallowed her heart and flung the argument: "I want to save myself a fall from dizzy heights. If Temptation whispers too loud, I can quiet him by coming down to the lot some morning and watch you sweat under your beads and makeup."

Jule picked up a jade mirror as if it were an enemy. "There are nine hundred seventy-eight kinds of fools in Hollywood, but you have the distinction of being the only one of your kind. Here is Dale Cameron, builder of the most magnificent sets, director of the biggest pictures, the greatest of all star-makers, ready to fall on his knees before you—you, little Nobody Jenny Ware. And you shake your empty head and say you want to teach clumsy kids to dance. And you moan over a dwindling dreamer and his 'Play houses by the sea,' " Jule's tongue paused while her little finger smeared a dab of lipstick into a cupid's bow.

Jenny stared straight ahead as delight danced before her like heat waves. Cameron, the director-wizard; Cameron, the builder of glittering palaces: Dale, of the hypnotic speech, of the magnetic hands; Cameron, Dale Cameron, on his knees before her! The brown curls screened the sparkle in her eyes, yet she wanted to know more of the same subject, so she threw another fagot into the flame of Jule's wrath. "But Jule, Ed builds real houses—darling little bungalows that are lived in—while Dale Cameron's houses are only false fronts or three-sided rooms meant only to be played in."

Jule was plunging into her clothes, jerking at them viciously. "Of all the jabbering idiots; of all the foolish excuses. Next you'll spring that prize-winner about 'What will people say?' I don't want you to be a star, Jenny. It would break my heart to see you roll down the Boulevard in a Rolls Royce, and I'd tear up a newspaper that would dare to print your picture! Go on, and try to live in one of those sand houses by the sea!"

Jenny laughed. "Oh, keep your little green shirt on, Jule. I've too good a memory to see a glamour in the picture game. Hollywood and I have grown up together, and I remember WHEN, you know."

"I suppose you'd turn up your nose at Beverly Hills real estate, too, just because you can remember when it wasn't worth anything." Jule jabbed her finger through a narrow bright yellow band on which a small emerald gleamed.

Jenny traced a pattern with her toe on the rug. "Will you please stop arguing with me and tell me what Dale Cameron said about the tests?"

The jaws of the curling iron remained rigidly open when Jule's hand petrified in midair. "Did you suffer a stroke of sense, or did I hear you right?" she asked.

"Perhaps you sold me [continued on page 108]"
If you have a grouchy friend and he does not laugh at this, take him out and shoot him. He's hopeless. It is Harold of the comic strip come to life on the screen, but even with this flimsy story structure they have built an hour of laughter and entertainment.

If you want to see how movies are made, don't miss this picture. Harold and his gang make one for their high school Alma Mater. You'll never get more laughs than you do from this home-made melodrama.

Arthur Lake walks away with honors as Harold. Mary Brian, as Lillums; Lucien Littlefield, as Grandpappy, and Alice White, as the dizzy blonde, rank as close seconds. And don't forget Mervin Leroy, who megaphoned these kids so that there isn't a dull moment. See it by all means.

HAROLD LLOYD took a year to make this picture and it was time well expended. It's a cocking rib-tickler. Lloyd may work slowly and carefully on his films, but he never lets you down.

Like all of Lloyd's comedies, the story is the least of the picture. But the clever, rapidly moving gags, the wild stunts and the high-tensioned action make it well worth your money.

Lloyd spent months in New York City and his camera has caught up with the speed of the metropolis with amazing agility.

Babe Ruth's dash to the ball field with Lloyd at the taxi wheel will make you wonder just how they managed to photograph it.

Ann Christy was chosen from Hollywood's thousands of extras for the feminine lead because of her long hair. She is wistful and cunning, but has little chance to display his-trionic ability, because it is wholly Harold Lloyd's picture.

A contest for the ugliest dog in Hollywood resulted in finding a nondescript cur so clever that he ranks second only to the comedian as a laugh-getter. Beauty isn't everything; brains are a big help, even to a pup.

The story is a little slow getting into action and we wish that they had omitted Coney Island, the only "old stuff" in the production. But they spent $150,000 to get this part of the picture, so it would be unreasonable to expect them to cut it.

Take every member of your family.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

**SPEEDY** **WE AMERICANS**

**HAROLD TEEN** **A NIGHT OF MYSTERY**

**MOTHER MACHREE** **DRESSED TO KILL**

The Best Performances of the Month

Arthur Lake in "Harold Teen"

Edmund Lowe in "Dressed to Kill"

Mary Astor in "Dressed to Kill"

Adolphe Menjou in "A Night of Mystery"

Rod La Rocque in "Hold 'Em Yale"

Marion Davies in "The Patsy"

Tom Wilson in "Hold 'Em Yale"

Belle Bennett in "The Devil's Skipper"

Philippe de Lacy in "Mother Machree"

*Cast of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 140*

**WE AMERICANS—Universal**

"**W**E AMERICANS" is not, in any sense, a racial picture, but a drama of American immigrants. A Russian (*Levine*), a German (*Schmidt*) and an Italian family (*Albertini*) came to America fifteen years before the war. Their struggles for an existence; their loyalty, and their perplexities (particularly over the younger generation who find it so easy to assimilate American ideas and customs) make a story of absorbing interest.

The picture, under the capable adaptation of Alfred Cohn, who graduated into the movies from *Photoplay Magazine*, makes far greater national appeal than the original story when produced on the stage. A war sequence has been cleverly injected, which gives a motive for the high spot of the picture. *Mrs. Levine*, going to night school, has mastered enough English to read to the class the Gettysburg Address. As she reads the closing words ... "and they have not died in vain," she is handed the telegram carrying the news of her son's death over seas. A very tense moment beautifully handled by Meryl Mercer.

George Sidney, as *Mr. Levine*, and Albert Gran, as *Mr. Schmidt* give superb character delineations. Patsy Ruth Miller, as *Beth Levine*, is excellent. Much credit for the entire production must go to Edward Sloman, director, who is consistently making pictures above the average.

The picture is of permanent value (in the same sense that "His People" and "His Country" are) and while highly entertaining to any audience, should make better citizens of all of us.

**MOTHER MACHREE—Fox**

Of course you know the old ballad, Rida Johnson Young, who wrote its lyrics, was engaged to construct the film. John Ford, who seemed to exhaust the tear possibilities of mother love in "Four Sons," was assigned to direct it. And Belle Bennett, whose choke-producing performance of Stella Dallas is still a high tear mark in filmdom, was hired to play *Mother Machree*. That was a sure-fire combination.

"*Mother Machree*" isn't as successful a sob wringer as "Four Sons." This story of an Irish mother who brings her boy to America that he may have the advantages of the new land is more conventional. Still, it's effective emotionally.

The real hit of *"Mother Machree"* is little Philippe de Lacy, who plays the Irish son as a lad. He's delightful.

**A NIGHT OF MYSTERY—Paramount**

SARDOU'S well-known stage play, "Captain Ferreol," under Ernest Vajda's adaptation and supervision, furnishes Adolphe Menjou one of the best vehicles he has ever had.

Menjou is frequently in trouble because of love affairs, but this time as a dashing captain of the French-African Chasseurs, he is "between the devil and the deep blue sea." If he speaks, his former sweetheart will be ruined; if he keeps silent, the brother of the woman he now loves will be hung. With Evelyn Brent the bewitching charmer, Nora Lane the demure, trusting sweetheart, and Buster Collier the honest, but confirmed weakling involved, it's no wonder he decides to commit suicide—but he doesn't.

Your loss if you miss it.
Photoplay Gets Its Reviews Months Ahead

THE PATSY
—M.-G.-M.

WE doubt if Barry Conner’s comedy would have made such a delightful picture, but for the magic touch of Agnes Christine Johnston in the adaptation; the fine balance of comedy and drama by Director King Vidor; and the exquisite portrayal of Patsy by Marion Davies. Marion’s impersonations of Pola Negri, Lillian Gish and Mae Murray are captivating. An “ugly duckling” story, but clean and amusing.

TWO LOVERS
—United Artists

EVEN the lavish production of an intriguing story of William of Orange, and Niblo’s skilful direction, cannot disguise the fact that this is the same plot which first put Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman over as a team. However, no one should miss so colorful a picture. It’s the last co-starring appearance of this splendid pair of romanticists who combine here, as always, the not degree of beauty and finesse.

RED HAIR—Paramount

MISS BOW is with us again, this time in an Elinor Glyn opus of a gold-digger who gave up gold-digging for love. And if a gold-digger does that, she IS in love! Miss Glyn, who openly admits being a super-theorist on love, and the bewitching Clara as its exponent should be an irresistible combination. George Marion titles and the famous Bow tresses in natural color are highlights.

HOLD ‘EM, YALE—Pathe—De Mille

WHAT’S the use of trying to be critical when you have had your money’s worth of honest fun out of a picture? Rod La Rocque forgets his tailor and has a grand time for himself as a South American Jack Gilbert who becomes a football star. Big Tom Kennedy, as a bone headed cop, and a monkey called “Firpo” contribute to the nonsense. The girl? Jeanette Loff. See her in last month’s Photoplay.

THE SHOW-DOWN—Paramount

A PICTURE teeming with splendid acting, but a story which leaves a questionable taste in your mouth. Droning oil wells, merciless tropical heat, the menacing attitude of lonely, desperate male beings will depress you as they depress the young American woman who invades the Mexican oil well region. The work of George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, Fred Kohler and Neil Hamilton make it worth seeing.

THE HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL—First National

NOT even Billie Dove’s beauty can compensate for such a weak story. A tale as hackneyed as the proverbial love triangle. No humor; not even a good fight to vary the monotony of a Follies girl’s persistent sacrifice for a man who sells his honor to win her attention. Larry Kent as the boy; Lowell Sherman as the menace and Mildred Harris as the gold-digger, as well as Miss Dove, do the best acting possible.
of All Other Magazines. Check Up and See

**THE DEVIL'S SKIPPER**  
Tiffany-Stahl

**LADY BE GOOD**  
First National

**SOMETHING ALWAYS HAPPENS**  
Paramount

**MAD HOUR**  
First National

**THE MAN WHO LAUGHS**  
Universal

**BARE KNEES**  
Gotham

THIS is a virile story, packed with dramatic action, dealing with slave ships, piracy, mutiny, revenge and death. Belle Bennett's characterization of "The Devil's Skipper" is a great personal achievement, rarely equaled on the screen. You can't forget the tense moment when she discovers it is her own daughter she is subjecting to the horrible humiliations she had experienced herself. You'll appreciate Montagu Love's support.

THE Mackail-Mulhall team goes over big in this snappy screen version of the recent musical show. Dorothy is not only a clever comedienne and dancer, but has a perfect right to lay claim to a perfect right—and left! Jack is better than usual as the young magician who can get anything out of his hat but the rent money. The story is about the two young—but see it yourself; it's darn cute!

IT'S dangerous business, girls, to pray for something to "happen." You might get such a surprise as Esther Ralston gets when she finds herself in this haunted house of musty stairs, sliding panels, walking chairs, etc. A delightful melodramatic farce, in which Neil Hamilton and Sojin vie with each other in giving Esther a lasting thrill and one which you will enjoy.

ELINOR GLYN gives us another moral on the folly of jazzmania. Just how Madame Glyn thinks that a daughter of a taxi driver is clever enough to entrap the son of a multi-millionaire into marriage via the gin route and dumb enough to sign him away, lose the custody of her baby and go to his jail in his honor, is beyond average comprehension. But the tale will interest you and the acting of Sally O'Neil will surprise you.

THIS picture may get by in Europe under the name of Art, but in this country it will have little interest. Dragged into a super-production by extremely slow action, it loses the dramatic value of a story which might have succeeded under the name of "something different." Historically it gives an insight into the lives of the yokels of the King James II period. Conrad Veidt does a splendid piece of acting.

AFINE jazz baby Virginia Lee Corbin is, but she knows her signals—"when to stop and when to go"—and that's more than her married sister (Jane Winton) does. Maude Fulton shows her mirth-provoking legs, and Johnny Walker, Donald Keith, and Forrest Stanley have illuminating experiences. A good cure for flapper-pessimists.

[Additional reviews on page 96]
Hollywood Trousseau

Kathryn Carver, soon to be Mrs. Wood for her wedding in

Adolphe Menjou, whose marriage to Miss Carver will take place in Paris in May, views with approval "La Scala," an evening wrap of red crepe with white fox collar. The flowers are embroidered in gold and silver metal thread.

This chic creation was designed to be worn at cocktail time at the Ritz in Paris. It is a draped satin dress with a bodice of black lace over nude satin. A diamond and onyx pin catches the folds in front. A snug fitting wrapped turban made of black crocheted visca with a small Paradise feather adds to the ensemble effect.

This charming robe du soir was one of the distinctive creations among the seven evening gowns which Miss Carver took with her to Europe. Forty-seven yards of tulle, edged in silver thread, make up the skirt and the bodice is a mass of crystal beads. To carry this gown and another of orchid tulle special wicker tubes were made to prevent crushing of the material in train and steamship travel.

"The biggest influence on world fashions is not Paris; it is Hollywood. New York may sniff, London may put up its lorgnette in amused disdain, and Paris may loam at the mouth; but deep down in their secret hearts they all know the movie studios evolve more fashion novelties than all of them put together."

This statement was made recently by Campbell McCulloch in Liberty, in which, as a result of the study of the origin of fashions, he demonstrated the statement, often made in Photoplay, that Hollywood fashions set the pace for the world.

It was inevitable that this should result in such an establishment as the new Maison de Haute Couture, presided over by Howard Greer, creator of fashions, whose gowns have graced the forms of many of the most charming actresses of the screen.

Nothing in America equals the charm and color of the atelier, which Greer opened recently in a delightful Spanish court in Hollywood, within a few minutes of all the studios. In an elaborate salon, whose rich furnishings and glittering crystal chandeliers lend background and illumination char-
Adolphe Menjou, outfits in Hollywood—the late capital of Fashion

characteristic of the ball room, screen stars and society ladies can select evening gowns of original design. Afternoon gowns are shown in the Peasant room, which is a glorified adaptation of the decorative motif of European peasantry. The sportswoman is conducted to the Patio, where she may choose her clothes and accessories in the brilliant light of the California sun—a perfect atmosphere for the robe de sport. Thence she may go into the loveliest of French boudoirs as the proper setting for the selection of negligees, lingerie, and other charming intimacies of the dainty woman's wardrobe.

Panelling of Toile de Jouy in the Jeanne d'Arc pattern, with furnishings that harmonize with the soft old rose coloring, is the ensemble that arouses the admiration of all.

There is a fitting room for every aura in the house of Greer. Particularly suited for blonde beauty is the room completely walled in black, with ceiling of mirrors. An intense midnight blue room emphasizes the charms of the red-haired women. For the Castilian brunettes, there is a room with a canary yellow background. Completing this amazing suite are a soft green room and a silver room that will lend themselves to varied complexions.

Howard Greer, creator of fashions, designed twenty-six gowns, coats and sports outfits for Miss Carver's trousseau. One of his creations is the Ambassador model shown above. It is a charming dinner dress of red chiffon edged in gold. Note the uneven hem line and interesting cape collar.

Miss Carver took with her to Paris five sports outfits. The one pictured above shows the newest mode of the moment in jumpers. It is handwoven in red and white wool thread with a cross-weave of gold thread. The coat and skirt are of red crepe romaine. A red beret gives this outfit a particularly jaunty air.
The Maker of "Moana" is the Last of the Long Pioneer Line that Sought the End of the Open Road

ONE merry evening in June of the distant year of 1668 His Highness Prince Rupert and a blithe party of friends sat in the captain's cabin of a ship riding at anchor off Wapping Old Stairs dock in London River.

There were toasts in the wine of Oporto, maybe a song or two and farewells. At the turn of the tide the Prince and his party went ashore in a cutter and the brave little ketch-rigged Nonsuch dropped down the Thames.

The first expedition of "The Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," was off "for the Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea, and for finding Furs, Minerals, and other Considerable Commodities."

The little ketch Nonsuch was burdened with the fate of empire. "The Company of Adventurers" was made up of sundry "noblemen, knights and esquires," a lusty array of daring, swashbuckling entrepreneurs. In their hands was the exploration and the making of half the New World.

That "Company of Adventurers" lacked yet—by some two hundred and fifty years—one of its proper members, Robert J. Flaherty. He should have been in that captain's cabin aboard the Nonsuch that night.

The adventurers sailed across the Atlantic and through Hudson's Bay down into James Bay. There they found furs and other "Considerable Commodities," such as they sought. For two and a half centuries this went on; then Flaherty came and caught up with the expedition, completing that task of exploration that the crew of the Nonsuch began.

To Flaherty, in dramatic adventure, came the distinction of discovering the last of the unknown lands of the New World. Also there he discovered "Nanook" and something of a new career for the motion picture. Fittingly enough, further, in co-incidental fulfillment of that ancient charter with the royal seal of King Charles upon it, this discovery brought Flaherty, in time, a "Passage to the South Sea."

This romantic Flaherty, in spite of the fact of his contemporary existence, in spite of his very modern concern with a new phase of the newest art, the motion picture, is in truth a man of the seventeenth century.

At interludes between his voyagings, Flaherty may be found undergoing the conventionalities of New York—commuting to New Caanan—the restaurants, the night clubs, the theater, the self-conscious sophistication of the Coffee House club, and the studios of Greenwich Village. Here there is a tension of suppression over him. A voice that is used to wide spaces is adroitly softened to an improbable, considerate restraint. And there is that attitude of continuous alertness, bearing testimony to the automatic, continuous vigilance of the wild places. His cool blue-eyed glance is unconsciously penetrating and restless. There is an air of impatient patience under a bearing of the most polite suavity. His very broad shoulders and deep chest dispute the punctilio of his dinner coat. For the time he can be utterly New Yorky; but it is not really so.

Sometimes when morning begins to break over Washington Square and the company is to his liking, Flaherty lays aside his mask of convention. Then there are songs of the trails and seas; tales of far away campfires, sagas of the trappers and prospectors. Flaherty's real life is out where the world is still young—a seventeenth century world with endless wonders yet to be seen and wide lands and waters yet to be mapped.

It is only for that occasional hour that one meets the actual Flaherty, who just chances to be among us in this effete twentieth century. And it is then that one knows him for a true confere of Radisson and Grosseilliers, for a successor to the traditions of Paul de Chomedy and Cham-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 123]
PICTURE of an actor who has a home and a wife and is proud of it. Who says that marriage is a handicap in achieving screen popularity? Since Richard Arlen married Jobyna Ralston over a year ago, he has had nothing but luck. A few years ago, he was an “extra” who had left the University of Pennsylvania to seek a career in Hollywood. Today, he is one of the most sought-after young men at the Paramount Studios.
HOLLYWOOD'S leading young modern woman—Eleanor Boardman Vidor. In November, Mrs. Vidor presented her husband, King Vidor, with a daughter. In February, she reported for work at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios. Her first picture will be "Diamond Handcuffs," not directed by her husband.
ALL on her toes—Mary Brian. Most of the "fan" mail Mary receives is written on fraternity letterheads. She is the Dream Girl of the Younger Set. Heartwhole, fancy free and devoted to her Art. First National has engaged her to play the girl in "Harold Teen," a story built around the characters of the popular comic strip.
THE scene above shows the last appearance together of Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman before any camera. Let's all have a good cry. The gentleman regarding them so wistfully is Fred Niblo, who directed them in "Two Lovers." The artistic divorce was granted them by Samuel Goldwyn on the grounds of incompatibility of stories. Mr. Goldwyn has gone to Europe to find a new Isolde for Ronald's Tristram, and a new Romeo for Vilma's Juliet. The lady must be a blonde; the new hero must be a brunette. Now won't there be a real panic in the foreign studios?
Hollywood’s Garden of Truth

By John Hanlon

Under the strange spell of the garden, Vincent D’Almonde breaks down and tells all

NATURALLY, I had hoped that the interview might take place in the “Garden of Truth”; but I cannot say that it was more than a vague desire. And then, when Vincent D’Almonde himself suggested that we repair to that spot for the continuation of our chat, I was delighted.

From the very first that I had learned of the existence of this charming little nook that has been provided in the Fox Studio for the express purpose of interviewing the stars, I had been possessed of a sincere desire to sit therein in quest of a story.

I had seen the “Garden of Truth.” Really an enticing spot—a pretty bit of lawn, with trees and shrubs, and surrounded by a wall, quiet and secluded. At one end there is a shrine containing an image of St. Paul, patron saint of Truth, symbolizing the spirit of the place. At the base of this statue there is an attractive little pond with goldfish and water lilies. Really a pretty little spot.

To usurp the use of a feminine writer’s word, I was truly “agog” that morning. Fancy Vincent D’Almonde—the exclusive, elusive, publicity-loathing Vincent D’Almonde—granting permission for an interview right upon the “lot” of his activities! You may be sure that I agogged right down to the studio bright and early that morning.

I found Vincent in his dressing-room, just putting the finishing touches upon his make-up. To be specific, I found him penciling-in, by the aid of fore and aft mirrors, imitation hair upon that perceptibly thin spot at the crown of his head.

“‘Well,’” said Vincent, as he reached for a cigarette, “another one of those interview things, is it? I suppose the public’s desire to read about us celebrities must be appeased; but I certainly become fed up on it.”

“Part of the game,” I ventured.

“Yes,” he agreed, “it is. But I resent it. I’m an artist, with an artist’s delicate sensibilities and inherent distaste of public contact—of cheap advertising—of vulgar publicity. Why cannot I be left alone in my appreciation of the finer, more delicate things of life? Why must my every thought and action be dragged before the public? I want to be left alone with my books and my music; my garden and my pal-wife. Why—”

It was just about then that it happened. I had just concluded in my mind that I was in for a session of the same old, stereotyped tripe, when “Props” of D’Almonde’s company suddenly appeared in the doorway of the dressing-room.

“What is it, son?” inquired Vincent.

“Mr. Puffingham has decided to shoot inserts this morning, Sir; and will not be needing you till after lunch.”

“There you have it,” said D’Almonde, turning to me with a shrug. “That’s pictures—I might have stayed at home, comfortably reading...” [continued on page 119]
You have read all about the youth of Hollywood. Here is the other side of the picture—a story of an old stager. It's something different in film fiction.

WHEN Campbell Mandare arrived in Hollywood he rumbled his name in Shakespearean sonoroussness at the addle-pated louts selected for gate men by the studios.

At first Mandare allowed a gateman ten seconds to recall his honored name before stalking away. Later he extended the time and once tried argument, unconscious of a pleading note.

He gave up gate men then and tried telephone girls.

"How, my dear, do they make these cinemas if the managers are forever popping out to be gone all day?" he would inquire; then clump briskly out, his stick tapping bright animation on the pavement until he was out of hearing.

A light heart even in a heavy car, can circle Hollywood in twenty minutes. Hollywood is tidy, compact, smiling fairy-land for singing tires; a sprawling, sneering wilderness for tired feet.

It takes a good walker to get turned down at five studios in one day—and Mandare was on his fourth. He was climbing Cahuenga Pass. Ahead of him, up through mountains, was a studio and every probability of failure.

A white haired little old woman, with the complexion of an Oregon apple and flaming blue eyes, overtook him as he trudged up the grade. She was zig-zagging a small car toward the summit as fast as its innards allowed.

"Hop in!" she called, and opened the door. "Can't stop this tea kettle on the hill or I'd have to back down."

He was walking as fast as the car, which seemed to be trying to jerk itself over. "Hop in," she repeated, as though she were smiling over the top of a stack of hot-cakes in a farm kitchen. "Hurry up before it stars down. Haven't nary a brake but we'll coast lickety-split to Filmland City and run into something soft to stop."

Campbell Mandare, hesitating and amazed, thought of explaining that he never hopped any place and that he preferred
walking. But the feet that had trodden the boards ached and he swung onto the car as it gained momentum down the slope.

"Thank you, my good woman," he said.

"Well, now that you put it that way," she answered, "I am a good woman . . . for my age. I guess I'm as old as you are, and I get more work with every wrinkle. Do you work in pictures?"

"I have not yet appeared for the cinema," he answered.

"I am Campbell Mandare."

"Oh," she smiled with a cheerful little bob of her head. "Glad to meet you. My name is Mattie Carpenter. Now where were we . . . oh, yes . . . There are some forever complaining about the hard work and small pay at the studios, but I relish it. I was dying on my feet two years ago back in Michigan. After the railroad paid for my husband's death, I just packed up and told my daughter that I was coming out to die under an orange tree.

Carpenter of Hollywood, née Michigan."

"Coming in?" she asked.

Mandare hesitated. "I am to see some of the managers," he answered, stopping at the turnstile leading to the lot.

"See you again," Mattie called cheerily over her shoulder. "Got to get made-up and on the set." She walked away with the springy enthusiasm of the employed.

The telephone girl looked at Mandare as though she recognized him, an encouraging sign, he thought. And she did. She was a charter member of the all-powerful switchboard sorority and over the strumming lines from three studios below Cabun-ga Pass had come word that a funny old fool was trudging the hill. She had been promised a laugh, but somehow she couldn't. The funny old fool wasn't very funny, just then. He was sitting down, steeling himself to bounce up with firm, young knee-action, if, by miracle, someone should crook a finger.

Prayers turned in before 9:00 that morning were being

"But did! . . . your grandfather's nightcap! I hadn't been here a month when another old woman I met took me to a studio and I've been working ever since.

"I'll tell you there's nothing like working in the movies for folks our age. I know how to set a lamp in a window and look at a wayward boy when he comes home and I do it in picture after picture."

Campbell Mandare forcibly acquired the art of listening.

"We'll have to coast up the Ventura road for about a hundred yards," she explained, "because there's a little raise there and we can stop easier. Then we'll trapse back to the studio. I could get the brake fixed; but why in Tunkel should I take all the fun out of driving? I used to beg to drive the thrasher back home but the men would never let me run anything but the washing machine. . . ."

The car died of gravity; the little old woman pushed it to the side without losing a breath or a word.

"Most people in pictures say they're what they ain't, but not me. I'm no society woman with what they call the 'on- wee.' I'm just plain Mattie

"Who, may I ask, is the miserable little bounder?" Mandare inquired. "He's a big star," Mattie told him. "Draws better than $1,000 a week. Give him his due. He never had a day's schooling, but now he's going to write his memories, or whatever they're called"

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"I'll tell you there's nothing like working in the movies for folks our age. I know how to set a lamp in a window and look at a wayward boy when he comes home and I do it in picture after picture."

Campbell Mandare forcibly acquired the art of listening.

"We'll have to coast up the Ventura road for about a hundred yards," she explained, "because there's a little raise there and we can stop easier. Then we'll trapse back to the studio. I could get the brake fixed; but why in Tunkel should I take all the fun out of driving? I used to beg to drive the thrasher back home but the men would never let me run anything but the washing machine. . . ."

The car died of gravity; the little old woman pushed it to the side without losing a breath or a word.

"Most people in pictures say they're what they ain't, but not me. I'm no society woman with what they call the 'on- wee.' I'm just plain Mattie

"Who, may I ask, is the miserable little bounder?" Mandare inquired. "He's a big star," Mattie told him. "Draws better than $1,000 a week. Give him his due. He never had a day's schooling, but now he's going to write his memories, or whatever they're called"
answered at 11:00. A finger crooked at Mandare and he responded as to a curtain call. An office boy in white golfers and Castilian sideburns lead him into the presence of the casting director.

A voice brought Mandare out of a bow more quickly than he had intended. It demanded: "Ever work in pitchers?"

Campbell Mandare spoke until the plasterboard rang.

"... but I have not yet appeared for the cinema; my art has been consecrated to the stage," he was concluding when he was interrupted.

"THAS all right—I got a part you can eat up." The casting director caught himself being enthusiastic and paused.

"Didja ever play Shylock in the speakies?" he resumed.

"I am credited with having revived that glorious rôle," Mandare started. "At my opening performance in Glasgow, the Scotch, notoriously poor patrons of the drama, stormed the theater and . . . ."

"Okeh—Okeh," the casting director stopped him. "Hang some crepe on your chin and be on the set tomorrow morning at 8:00. $7.50 a day and you ought to get three days out of it."

Mandare scowled.

"I do not appear for $7.50 per diem," he said with tremulous voice, "and I do not begin any rôle at 8:00 A. M."

He strode from the room.

The casting director called after him; waving eloquent hands.

"Listen, for $10 I could get a guy to play it with his own beard!"

The old Shakespearean actor had nothing to do for the lunch hour. He strode forth under the drowsing pepper trees and a warm zephyr ruffled his thin hair. He reviewed his life. A pageant of triumph and defeat. Now—

At 65 he was beating at the gates of the infant art.

A whistle aroused him. "Like a damned factory," he thought as workers in overalls jostled stars and neardarkst in a great studio exodus to lunch.

HE could hear Mattie chatter before she stepped from the corridor that led to the stages.

She came from the building in a flying squadron of old women of like age and appearance who bore down on the studio cafeteria. But at the door Mattie veered off and started up the road. She saw Campbell Mandare doing great acting, impersonating a man too busy with important matters to think about lunch. She confronted him. He crossed his breast with his hat; using the gesture with which Raleigh cloaked the puddle.

"Come and take some dinner," she fairly sparked.

Mandare announced that he rarely lunched, which was true. But Mattie Carpenter ordered: "Come right along and don't be foolish. If I can't season my victuals with a little talk I don't relish 'em a mite. I wouldn't eat in a studio cafeteria if I starved. I bring a basket lunch and I eat it sitting on the back seat of my spatter-buggie. Come along—"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing your name," Mandare began ponderously, "but I shall be glad to sit with you as you lunch."

"Bless the man, he's forgot," she laughed. "I told you this morning it was Mattie Carpenter. You can call me either Mrs. Carpenter, Madam or Mattie but you've got to eat with me while I talk."

They sat together in the little car. "Have a snack!" She displayed the contents of the basket proudly and professed a sandwich. Mandare took it.

"A BIT odd—unconventional—and all that sort of thing, this munching food by the side of the road," Mandare commented to cover his embarrassment.

"But real filling and cheery," Mattie added.

"You know," she went on, "I'm probably the best cook in Christendom. I made a pie once that got me a part that was intended for Jackie Coogan," she chuckled. "Casting directors vary a good deal but this director here—why there's nothing he wouldn't do for a pie."

She delved in the basket. "Now here's a fried cake that will float—" She offered Mandare a bulky circle. "Eat one for breakfast and it doesn't take hold until 11:30."

"Did you get a part?" Mattie questioned.

Who was this rather ordinary person to be prying into his personal negotiations with the managers, Mandare thought; why should she place him in the position of admitting himself desperate for work? He would brave it out.

"I was asked to play Shylock but I was out of the mood at the moment," he began. [continued on page 130]
Barbara's Little Boy Is Happy

Whether in New York or Hollywood, on location or in a studio, the tiny lad whom Barbara La Marr adopted from a Texas orphan asylum was her most devoted companion. When she realized that her long illness might mean death, it was thoughts of her baby companion, rather than the passing of a glamorous career, which grieved her.

During the filming of "Poor Men's Wives" Barbara had met ZaSu Pitts, that splendid dramatic actress, also working in the picture. The talk of their children, at that time mere infants, drew the two women together.

When Barbara became dangerously ill, "Sonny" went over to live with "Baby Anne."

He is living there yet. Only his name is now Don Mike Gallery, adopted son of ZaSu Pitts Gallery and her husband.

A picture of Barbara was shown to Sonny. "Oh, yes," he remarked simply. "That was my first mamma. She has gone to heaven and God has given me a new mamma and sister."

And there could be no doubt that the first mamma must have been happy, could she have seen her little pal slip his hand into his sister's and smile into the face of the woman whom he now calls "mother."
The script says that Karl Dane keeps his nose to the grindstone. George K. Arthur is using oil to make it a little smoother for him.

Was it kind of the author to describe George and Karl as "flaming with rage"? Did he think how it would feel?

"Determination was written all over his face." This is how Karl and George see the close-up.

"Now boys," said the director, "you are laughing up your sleeve." But this isn't what he meant at all.
What You Say?

things we'd see, if the writers literally!

"The villain has something up his sleeve," says the author. But, oh Karl, say it isn't true!

Sad picture of a man breaking his word, in spite of the pleadings of a friend

They "raised their eyebrows," as directed. But if the writer knew how hard it was, he wouldn't have asked it.

George hits the nail on the head and Karl suffers in the interest of realism
MAKIN' a million in the movin' picture game, accordin' to figures of the present day press agent, don't seem like a heap of hard work. Yet, from personal experiences an' admittin' that I got mine, I'd like to rise up an' say that grabbin' the aforesaid million is just as tough a job now as it was in the days when I first started to round up one for myself, an' concernin' which I'm a-writin' these pieces for Photoplay.

You read a lot about the millions made today in movin' pictures yet I know, an' the income tax reports will show what I'm a-sayin' is correct, that such millions as have been apprehended by movin' picture folks are today in the hand of not more'n ten individuals. I ain't a-sayin' that a lot of us picture folks ain't got money an' that some of us are fairly well to do, but when it comes into ownin' a million of real money, that's another matter.

I know big executives in the movin' picture game that can't count up to a million, there bein' no such numbers in the sixth grade, which is about as far as a lot of 'em ever got. If it wasn't for good secretaries an' addin' machines a lot of 'em would sure be out of luck. I know one important executive who never got past the "9's" in the multiplication table, and yet has a salary that makes Coolidge's wages look like Cal was just one of the hired hands.

I admit here an' now that I had to have the assistance of a bank teller an' Bill Steincamp, the good lookin' and obligin' paymaster of the Fox lot, Hollywood, to tell me when my bank roll got that high. I asked Harry King, auditor of the Fox lot, if he thought Bill Steincamp's figures could be relied on an' when he said Bill could count money faster an' more of it than any man in Hollywood, an' havin' the day before heard Jesse Lasky talkin' money to Cecil De Mille, I knew Steincamp must be a mathematical genius if he could outcount those two birds. So I took it for granted that Bill was right an' that I really had a million. Later on the bank confirmed it.

But to get back to the story of how I made this here million. It will be remembered that chokin' wolves, bulldoggin' buffaloes an' rescuin' a helpless maiden from the horns of a wild bull in
Then you can’t afford to miss mals and high finance

"Quo Vadis" hadn't proved much of a financial success. The last of the $500 in gold that Madera paid me in Mexico had dwindled down into nothin' an' at the finish of the "Quo Vadis" picture, which, as I wrote, never was finished, I found myself the proud owner of one horse, a red an' white bull that nobody wanted, an' ownin' Mike Cunyan $135. I reasoned to myself that there was somethin' wrong with those birds who said there was millions in the movin' picture game. Mebbe they knew what they was a-talkin' about but I hadn't seen none of 'em get very far yet. I figured by this time that we was usin' the wrong kind of animals. They all was too small. If there was millions to be made in makin' movin' pictures I reckoned we'd better be gettin' rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, elephants an' try it in that way. I thought they'd look a heap more like a million than a few unornery wolves an' a coupla Oklahoma bulls an' a buffalo too old to be on speakin' terms with any of his three former wives, that we'd been a-usin'. With this in mind I wrote a letter to Colonel Selig in Chicago an' told him if there was a job makin' pictures with some real big live stock in it to count me in, but so far as ordinary Oklahoma stock was concerned I was through.

About a week later I got a letter from Chicago tellin' me about a picture to be made in Florida where they was a-goin' to have all kinds of big animals includin' lions, tigers, an' elephants an' that they could use me at once. I was told to report to my old director friend, "Dad" Turner, in Jacksonville, Florida.

Boardin' my cow pony, "Old Blue," and the yearlin' colt which I named although I couldn't have shown a bill of sale for it, on a friend's ranch, I journeyped south. On the way I stopped in Memphis and Atlanta to see a couple friends an' finally reached Jacksonville, an' found my old friend, "Dad" Turner. With him as members of his cast was Kathryn Williams, as leadin' lady; Charles Clary, Bill Mong an' a young English feller who could almost out-London my old friend A. B. Chatsworth McCauley, who it will be remembered was the feller I wrote about in the last chapter, an' who directed or tried to direct the "Quo Vadis" that came to such a bad end.

"Dad" Turner will be remembered by Photoplay readers as the director who made the picture where I was hired to bulldog the buffalo. Of course, "Dad" always thought that I threwed the buffalo on the level an' I suppose he learned for the first time in Photoplay that the old boy slipped on the movin' picture salt an' mica snow an' almost threwed himself.

"Dad" told me that he was a-goin' to make two pictures—one, "Back to the Primitive," an' the other, "Lost in the Jungle." He said he could use me in both, but especially needed me for the one about "Lost in the Jungle." He sure made my heart glad when he said that the jungle picture was a-goin' to have lions an' tigers an' a elephant. Here, says I, to myself is my great chance. I'm at last with the big animals an' the big money. It's more'n likely I'll have my million an' mebbe a little more in a few weeks an' can take it back to El Paso County, Texas, as I promised my mother.

"Dad" said that he'd hired a feller known to the circus world as Big Otto, who owned an animal show. Big Otto, I may say, is still a-livin' an' still got a animal show. His good lookin' daughter is married to a young feller named Furness, one of the owners of the Continental an' a lot of other hotels 'round Los Angeles an' San Francisco.

The director went on an' explained as how they was a-goin' to make this picture with wild animals runnin' loose in the jungle an' it was my job to sit on a horse or somethin' with a Winchester an' a good six shooter close by an' be ready to head off an' shoot any lion, tiger or elephant that got fresh with the leadin' lady. Am I shootin' em by the head or by the day I asked an' finally "Dad" agreed that in view of the peculiar job I had, I was to be paid $25.00 a day. He said the job would last quite a few weeks an' that if in the end nobody got hurted there would also be a nice bonus that would set me on my way for the million in fine shape.

Before makin' "Lost in the Jungle" "Dad" said they was a-goin' to make a picture called "Back to the Primitive" with Kathryn Williams a-playin' the leadin' lady an' Charles Clary an' this English gent doin' the scenes as leadin' man an' heavy an' Bill Mong a-playin' the girl's father. An' he said besides usin' me in another way he allowed to let me play the girl's brother. That sort of swelled me up.

That night in the hotel a man seein' my big Stetson hat an' high [continued on page 82]
Pouch pocket book, at left, will complete the tweed ensemble. In tan, grey or Spring colors of Tapir, calf or shark, with double polished gift frame. $3.95. The latest importation—Large handkerchief of crepe chiffon with hand rolled hem. In shaded tones of rose, blue, tan or green. $1.50

Georgette chemise — at right — achieves a daintiness that all femininity strives for. In orchid, peach, rose or flesh banded with flowered georgette. Sizes 34, 36, 38 or 40. $3.95

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Thousands of readers are

Scarfs have assumed a greater significance than ever before. At left is shown one of georgette with hand painted and cut work design. It comes in a triangle shape at $2.95, oblong $2.95 or square $3.95. The colors are white, flesh, peach, light tan, orchid, rose or powder blue.

Whether you travel or stay at home you will want an ensemble suit. At left—a real value — of novelty tweed mixture in tan or grey. The tailored three-quarter coat is unlined and the skirt with front pleats is on bodice top. Sizes 14 to 20, $12.95. Separate Vionnet blouse of white crepe satin comes in sizes 34 to 45, for $5.95.

Without sacrificing smartness, at right, is a practical frock that may be worn for Sunday or week-day events. Of heavy crepe de chine with jabot and cuffs of georgette. In navy or Copenhagen blue, orchid or white. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. $3.95

At right—For the collegiate or youthful woman, a decidedly trim bolero frock of crepe de chine. Tiny pearl buttons trim the bolero, while the detachable collar and cuffs of pique offer opportunity for variation. In navy blue, tan, almond green or Copenhagen. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 38 and 40. $8.95
A bedtime story could be better told in pajamas, at left, of soft cotton crepe trimmed with printed crepe of contrasting color. In pink, peach or orchid. Sizes 15, 16 and 17. $1.95

We must follow the "heels of time" and on the Spring and Summer days why not be well shod? At right are three types of leather sandals. At top is the one-strap model with Cuban heel, the center model is the same with flat heel, and last but not least, the Cuban heeled oxford. In tan or white. Sizes 2½ to 8—widths A to D. Each pair $5.00

Photoplay delighted with this service

How to Order

INSTRUCTIONS: 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 shoe from which they were sent.

At left—The new Varsity collar and cuff set, that is adjustable to any style neckline, is of assorted novelty lace with ruffled roll edging in a creamy color with pearl side. May also be ordered in plain crepe de chine in all the staple shades. $1.50

At right—Challis Coolie Coat with new printed yoke effect on black, jade, Chinese blue or red background, will fill the need for boudoir or beach attire, and so remarkably priced you will want more than one—only $4.50.

A graduate—bridesmaid—hostess or guest—would be delighted with georgette frock at left. The full circular skirt and graceful side drapery of blousé, with detachable sleeves, makes it adaptable for many dress occasions. In white, flesh, nile or black. Sizes 14, 16, 18, 38 and 40. $15.75

In Princess smock—at left—one will feel inspired to start gardening, Spring cleaning, etc. It is of a pretty patterned cretonne and is so cut that it fits neatly through waist and hips while the skirt has a graceful flare. Sizes small, medium or large. $1.05
Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

Rochester Amateurs Film Poe—Virginia Shoots World Tour in 18,000 Feet—News of the Amateur Clubs

The awards in Photoplay’s $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest cannot be announced until next month. Considerable time is being required to give careful and complete consideration to the many contest films. The judges are giving each film a detailed examination, with ratings dependent upon originality and general workmanship, as photography, titling, lighting, editing and cutting.

All this takes time, of course. However, Photoplay feels safe in promising its complete list of contest winners in next month’s issue.

A great deal of amateur interest is centered in the production of Edgar Allan Poe’s “The Fall of the House of Usher,” now being filmed by a Rochester group of non-professionals.

The Rochester amateurs are taking plenty of time with their production. It was started a year ago and is now half finished. When completed it will be in two reels.

The photography is in the hands of J. S. Watson, Jr., who is also directing. In the last named task he is being assisted by Louis Siegel. Melville Webber has contributed the continuity and the scenery. Hildegarde Watson is playing Madeline Usher, Herbert Stern is acting the role of Roderick Usher and Melville Webber plays the Traveller.

“We decided to work first of all on scenery,” writes Mr. Watson to Photoplay. “The Fall of the House of Usher” seemed to us to be a suitable story because its intense mood and atmosphere depended more upon background than upon character drawing.

“We first constructed a thirty-foot mansion out of painted wallboard. This, of course, proved to be worthless, but it furnished us with one scene and some experience. After that we stopped painting wallboard and tinted the surfaces with light only. To make these surfaces more interesting, we break them up with various shaped prisms. When we want a flight of stairs or a landscape we introduce it by double exposure.

Films must have movement, of course. For movement we have the actors walk about, the camera moving about on a rubber tired truck and the scenery also in movement. This all requires expert timing and we are getting better at it with practice.

“Sometimes we resort to double printing, but only when absolutely necessary. With a Duplex printer this is no joke. We do our own finishing—and our film looks it. The Standard Bell and Howell is one of the few cameras which will take backwards and still register perfectly. We are fortunate in having one available. As we are limited in our light power, we use a 43 mm. F 1.5 Ernemann lens for most long shots. We use arcs and Kirby lights, but not many at a time because of lack of juice. On account of the Kirby lights we use panchromatic film.”

This Rochester group of amateurs has no official name yet. The amateurs have been too busy working at their production to select one.

Mr. Watson’s reference to panchromatic and frequent inquiries about its use by amateurs lead us to go more into detail about it.

Panchromatic stock is particularly sensitive to reds and yellows. You will find that it picks up many details missed by ordinary film stock. It is decidedly effective, for instance, late in the afternoon when most film stock goes rather dead. It is great for cloud shots. It will pep up your interior close-ups, too.

Panchromatic dates back to 1873, when a German investigator, H. M. Vogel, was experimenting to find a way to eliminate the halation caused by rays of light reflecting back to the sensitive emulsion of photographic plates from the glass supporting the emulsion. Vogel thought that by incorporating a dye in the collodion, used in those days, he could reduce the halation.

As the experiments progressed in the hands of Vogel and other scientists it was found that a negative more sensitive to reds and yellows had been developed. Thus, in time, we came upon panchromatic stock. [continued on page 106]
The Duchess de Guise has shining chestnut hair, amber eyes, and perfect features made vivid and radiant by the loveliness of her skin, smooth as magnolia petals.

... La Duchesse was born at Château d’Eu (above)—domain of the Guise family for many generations.

I SABELLE, Duchess de Guise—
the illustrious name breathes romance! And provokes a chain of fascinating thoughts of France under the kings.

For all that France is a Republic, the Duchess has been surrounded throughout her life by the glamour of royalty. Philippe VII, Bourbon Pretender exiled to England, was her father, Philippe VIII, her brother. The present much-loved head of the House of France—known to Republicans as Pretender to the throne—is her husband.

No less popular than her royal husband is the Duchess de Guise—and no less ambitious! With infinite tact she has done much to further her husband’s aspirations to the throne.

Of high position and high ambitions, the Duchess de Guise knows well the power of beauty. It increases every woman’s influence. And absolutely essential to beauty is a good complexion! The Duchess wisely uses Pond’s Two Creams, to guard and protect her lovely skin.

“Every Frenchwoman,” she declares, “instinctively delights in the art and wisdom of cultivating beauty, in performing all those little rites which keep her loveliest.

“I am delighted to find Pond’s Two Creams. Delicate and delicious, they keep the skin fresh and vigorous.”

Now there are two exquisite new Pond’s preparations. With the Two Creams, they afford a delightful new Pond’s way of caring for the skin!

FIRST, cleanse to the very depths of your pores, with Pond’s Cold Cream.

SECOND, remove the cream with Pond’s new Cleansing Tissues. Velvety in size, they absorb oil and moisture instantly.

THIRD, pat Pond’s Skin Freshener briskly over your face and neck for several minutes. Firmed, toned, invigorated, your cheeks are all aglow, your skin is lifted like magic—and your spirits, too!

AND AS THE FINAL TOUCH, before you powder—Pond’s Vanishing Cream.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
WHEN First National finished “The Private Life of Helen of Troy,” the officials wept at the thought of tearing down the beautiful Grecian sets. Then one boy had the bright idea of using them for a comedy, “Vamping Venus.” The burlesque, with Thelma Todd and Charles Murray, is said to be better than the original. And Thelma’s work was so excellent she won a long contract.
A hostess successful with men is almost always exacting about the quality of her knife-blades—Part of an intuition about men—as logical as her lip stick.

Your table may look as breathlessly lovely as a stage setting... but if your guests have to struggle with a silver blade knife, conversation will flag. The new Community DeLuxe Stainless Knives—made in all Community patterns—have steel blades as relentlessly sharp as a Turk's scimitar... and as bright as burnished silver...

They are $9.00 for six... At your jeweler's.

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The Grosvenor Design
Here's the boy himself—Freddie Burke Frederick, just six years old. Half of his young life has been spent in pictures and he has the assurance of a veteran. When a well-known director failed to treat him with due respect for his importance, Freddie reminded him every five minutes, "Isn't it about time for my close-ups?"

Freddie Burke Frederick may be the logical successor to Jackie Coogan. A few reasons why Freddie Frederick might be the logical successor to Jackie Coogan:

"My first imitation," says Freddy, "will be of Lon Chaney in 'Mockery.' And I don't use one third as much make-up as Lon. Can I play tough kids?"

Freddie's father is a newspaper man. Possibly that is why Master Freddie knows his publicity angles. Freddie earns twenty dollars a day when he works. He insists upon being called an artist. The kid has the trick of building up his parts and suggesting business for himself. If you remember his striking scene with his father on the railroad bridge of "The Crowd," you will realize his ingenuity.

Freddie recently walked up to a director for whom he was working and said: "What's the use of playing me for atmosphere. I know my onions!"

As Master Frederick sees Mr. Fairbanks, another reason why Freddie goes wild when stupid people refer to him as an "extra" kid. "We stars," Freddie told his mother, "got to look out for ourselves. The directors don't know it all." And that's the sort of talk that makes them take notice.

With the aid of a pair of spectacles, Freddie gives you his impression of Harold Lloyd. Now do you understand why King Vidor chose Freddie to play Junior in "The Crowd"?
MILESTONES
In the Love Affairs That Last a Lifetime

Staying young with your husband—the priceless reward that comes from keeping "That Schoolgirl Complexion"—the simple rule to follow.

SWEETHEARTS in the first fresh radiance of Youth . . . lovers sharing the experience of the years . . . comrades together in life's mellow afterglow . . .

Staying young with her husband! A priceless faculty . . . yet no secret, to the millions who are doing it. To these fortunate ones Mile-stones in life come only as happy reminders of congenial miles together.

The art of keeping young—of staying beautiful, today is simply the secret of keeping natural beauty.

Women with lovely complexions know that common-sense care surpasses any synthetic beauty treatment known. They know that beauty endures the years, comes from following Nature's rules, not man's, in beauty preservation.

More and more every day, women turn to this safe way to beauty

Keeping the skin cleansed, the pores open, with a pure beauty soap—a soap made for one purpose only, and that to guard the skin—is the important thing to know. That is Nature's beauty secret.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes.

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. The Palmolive-Peet Company, Chicago, Ill.

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped.

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with attractive 20-page album for mounting them, will be sent for 20 wrappers from single sticks of Blatz Gum, either flavor, and 20 cents. Size of prints 3½x5½ inches. Address Blatz—Dept. "N", P. O. Box 1774, Milwaukee, Wis. Mail this coupon.

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Salads for Beauty

Crisp greens and fresh fruits with your meals may mean the big difference between a bad complexion and a good one.

Aileen Pringle is one of the best hostesses in Hollywood. And also one of its most beautiful women. Try her favorite salad recipe, given below, and learn why her dinners are so popular.

Do you make it a point to serve a salad with dinner every night? If you don’t, you are missing the most health-giving course of the meal. Fresh greens, vegetables, preferably uncooked, and fresh fruits are the most important items in the diet of the woman who would keep both her good looks and her health.

Raw fruits and vegetables, and these are the basis of the best salads, are absolutely essential, if you want a clear skin and bright eyes. While the rest of the meal may provide nourishment and energy, the salad is the tonic. Here, if you keep books on your diet, you will find most of the very necessary vitamins.

Most salads are easy to prepare, if you follow a few simple rules. Be sure that all your ingredients are cool, fresh and clean. Lettuce should be washed and allowed to drain in the refrigerator for several hours before it is to be used. Whether you like French dressing or one of the many variations of mayonnaise, use only the best materials.

Salads are, as a rule, the cheapest item on your dinner menu, and it is poor policy to try to economize on oil, vinegar or seasonings.

There are fourteen splendid recipes for salads in Photoplay’s Cook Book. Salads are a popular item of food in Hollywood; green things are generally cheap and in season.

Many stars make a salad their principal dish at luncheon and, of course, the girls who must keep slim make it a point to eat heartily of leafy foods, because even allowing for the oil in the dressing, they are almost the least fattening article of diet.

I am going to give you Aileen Pringle’s recipe for her favorite salad. You’ll find it useful for many occasions. It is almost a luncheon in itself. It is an ornamental salad and consequently would be ideal to serve at any afternoon affair. And, of course, you may serve it for dinner, particularly when you are having only a light dessert.

Here is the way Miss Pringle prepares her Pineapple Fruit Salad. You need a sliced pineapple—canned or fresh—1/2 lb. cream cheese, 1/2 lb. chopped walnuts, two oranges, lettuce, sliced apples, maraschino cherries and whipped cream.

Chop nuts and mix with cream cheese and roll into small balls. Slice oranges and apples and place alternately on beds of lettuce with pineapples. On top of this place cheese balls in attractive designs.

Top this with whipped cream and decorate with maraschino cherries.

If you wish, you may use your favorite salad dressing instead of the whipped cream.

This salad tests your artistic talents, as it is important to have it attractive to the eye, as well as to the taste. As a rule, it is best to make all salads at the last possible minute. Few of them gain anything by standing, as many uncooked fruits and vegetables discolor quickly.

Photoplay’s Cook Book, with its one hundred unusual recipes supplied by the stars, has been immensely popular. It is a particularly attractive book and an invaluable aid to the girl who likes to give parties. If you will write your name and address in the coupon, and enclose a quarter, Photoplay will send you a copy.

Carolyn Van Wck.
Making a Million

(Continued from Page 71)

headed boots asked me what I was a-doin' with the picture company. "Young feller," says I, "I'm an actor."

So far as I can look back an' remember that's the only time in my entire picture career that I've ever made such a claim, or even tried to pretend that I was a actor. I'm anythin' else but. Nowadays, when asked my business, I explain that I'm makin' pictures. "Ain't you a actor?" I've been asked, an' I always tell 'em no, that we hires gents an' other ladies to do the actin'.

In this here picture, "Back to the Primitive," "Dad," Turner got me to help write the story. "Dad," says I, "there ain't a-go-in' to be no sufferin' Osa's orache a baby in this here picture, at least with my help." So the story was written 'bout a young English gent a-bein' shipwrecked on a lonely island with the leadin' lady, who was Miss Williams, an' while this young feller was a wonderful waiter an' knew the right kind of perfume to use an' which fork to pick up at the right time, when it come to be liftin' shucks to protect the girl, an' hustlin' round to get a little food to keep 'em both from starvin', he was just no count an' didn't know nothin'.

When it come to goin' back to the primitive he had no idea what it was all about. It was an easy part for this young London gent to play for he didn't know what it was all about anyway. An' so far as I know he ain't learned yet.

Finally I come along as the brother. I'd been one of these here young fellers who had to get out an' hustle a bit an' it wasn't much of a trick for me knowin' outdoor life to build shacks, snare game, catch fish an' provide ways an' means of keepin' the family a livin' until we got rescued.

It turned out to be a great picture, so Colonel Selig of the old Selig Polyscope Company afterward told me, an' in my old friends, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, who are livin' right here today in Hollywood, did some mighty fine actin'. I've seen'em both in many pictures since but don't recall anythin' better than they did then. We had a lot of ups and downs in this here picture an' about a week before we finished long comes Big Otto an' his animals—lions, tigers, leopards an' elephants.

Finally come a day when "Lost in the Jungle" got started. We didn't know nothin' then about enclosin' the sets with fine wire screen and hide 'em so the animals couldn't get away, an' still the audience couldn't see what was a-keepin' 'em in. In those days we just turned them loose an' the actors took the long chance of gettin' in the way.

Of course, Miss Williams was the gal lost in the jungle an' we was a rescuin' of her. This jungle, as I remember it, was supposed to be somewhere in Burma, between Rangoon an' Mandalay. Incidental, about that time I read the poem a feller named Kipling wrote about "The Road to Mandalay." He says, "On the road to Mandalay, where the fishin' fishes play."

Comin' back from the Boer War I stopped in Rangoon, Burma, an' I discovered that Mandalay is more'n a hundred miles from the sea coast an' if any flyin' fish flew that far he was sure a aviator. The 'Road to Mandalay' I might add in passin', is a long, windin' narrow dirt trail an' traveled most by ox an' water buffalo teams, an' no place for any self-respectin' flyin' fish, Mr. Kiplin's opinion to the contrary.

What I knew about "cats" was confined to pumas, mountain lions, bobcats an' catamounts, with a trillin' knowledge throwed in of wolves an' coyotes; but about lions, tigers an' leopards I had a heap to learn.

My first experience in this picture that amounted to much was when old Toddles, the elephant, got a hankerin' to go a-visitin' an' me an' another feller chased him six or eight miles down the Atlantic coast an' was unable to turn him back until we'd prodded him with pitchforks for an hour or two. Every week Toddles used to bust out, an' him an' me had many a session. I followed him once into a swamp until night come on. An' him got to be pretty good friends at that. Still he'd look at me once in a while out of one of his little funny pea-shaped eyes with a peculiar squint an' that told me he was a-rememberin' for one of his nightly jaunts, an' I arranged my affairs accordin'.

I must say Kathryn Williams had a lot of nerve an' she made scenes with them animals that no livin' woman today in movin' pictures would dare follow. She just wasn't afraid of nothin'.

"Lost in the Jungle" was a great picture but (Continued on Page 110)

Doug Trusts California's Cliffs

Here is a mountain-climbing house guaranteed to keep the occupants slender by giving them more exercise than a New York walk-up flat. It was designed by William Cameron Menzies as a beach home for Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

The house will cling—we hope—to the side of a cliff at Solona Beach, Calif. It's a cantilever structure, which means that Doug prays it will support itself by its own weight. You enter by the chimney or by boat during high tide.
Are you just a little thankful you can keep your hat on at a tea? A little sorry to take it off at the theatre—because of your hair?

Or does your hair make you prettier? Is it so shining, so softly alive that it flatters your features, your coloring? It can be! Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair fluffy, gleaming with life and lustre. In each is all the knowledge gained in 55 years' experience in making shampoos—55 years of consultation with physicians.

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—safe cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. For dry hair, these two shampoos are gently cleansing, and for oily hair, so quick and safe, you can use them 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 will 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 treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 38-page book has recently 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. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER'S TAR SOAP
Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin 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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Box 85, G. P. O., New York, N. Y.
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
(If you wish samples of both types, send 20c each)

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Gossip of All the Studios

between $30,000 and $40,000 and that the cruelty is not mental but actual beatings.
Meanwhile, D'Arcy goes ahead with his art at the M.-G.-M. studio and his devoted attentions to Lita Grey Chaplin, who he admits understands him. Lita doesn't deny it.

Speaking of Lita, who evidently jumped her interest from the greatest comedian in the world to one much more comical, perhaps you remember her as the little angel that flew about in the tinsel heaven in "The Kid" six or seven years ago.

Ruth Taylor, alias Lorraine Lee, has returned from her first trip to New York City.
And she agrees with Anita Loos that it is the paradise of all gold-diggers.
"I never had so much fun in my life," she tells us. "One man sent me six orchids a day. I never had more than two before in my life at the same time—and those mighty seldom. And I had a Rolls-Royce at my command every day.
"And the funny part was I never went out with the man. Didn't have time. If I had, I'd probably have had Times Square given to me!"

But there's a drawback to even a generous sugar daddy!
"He's coming out here soon," and the blonde that gentlemen prefer pouted. "I don't know what I'll ever do with him. You see, there's somebody else I like better."
Cheer up, Ruthie! When he reads this, perhaps he'll change his mind about coming.

Mary Duncan went to Cornell University and perhaps the lingering influence of George Jean Nathan swayed her career. Mary made a hit in New York as Poppy in "The Shanghai Gesture," and she was too good for the movies to pass up. F. W. Murnau selected her to play the vamp in "The Four Devils." Mary's the Fifth Devil.

Camilla Horn, the recently imported German actress, was returning with a party from the Mexican race track at Tia Juana. Three border policemen stopped the car to inquire about contraband and immigration restrictions.
"What nationality is your party?" one asked the driver.
"All American," he responded promptly. The policeman caught sight of Camilla.
"What nationality are you?" he demanded.
"Ach, mein Herr!" a torrent of German rained upon him.
"Where were you born, young lady?" the officer jumped to the running board.
"New York!" Camilla answered in her two best known words of English. The party passed into California.

Fourteen years ago Andy Rice, vaudeville actor, sold the gag to a vaudeville actor, "That's no lady; that's my wife."
In all that time, Andy had never had an occasion to use his own innovation.
The other day, Mrs. Rice arrived in town to find a home for her husband, who has recently signed as title writer and gag-man with the Fox Film Company.
She managed to work her way past the gatekeeper to her husband's office. As they went out together, the gatekeeper stopped Andy and asked if it were all right to let the lady in whenever she wanted.
"That's no lady; that's my wife," Andy promptly retorted. And the Mrs. wasn't offended because she knew how long her spouse had waited to use the line he had invented.

[Continued on page 88]
Dandruff? Not a trace!

If you, or any member of your family have the slightest evidence of dandruff, we urge you to try this treatment, which has benefited thousands:

Simply douse Listerine, full strength, on the hair. Vigorously massage the scalp forward, backward, up and down. Keep up this treatment systematically for several days, using a little olive oil in case your hair is excessively dry.

You will be amazed at the speed and thoroughness with which Listerine gets rid of dandruff. Even severe cases that costly so-called "cures" have failed to improve, have responded to the Listerine method. We have the unsolicited word of many to this effect.

The moment you discover dandruff, use Listerine at once—and repeatedly.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

You'll like it
Listerine Tooth Paste is as refreshing as it is effective, and but 25¢ a large tube.
9 out of use Lux

priceless

"Smooth Skin"

Luxury hitherto found only in French Soap at 50¢ or $1.00 a cake, now 10¢
IO screen stars
Toilet Soap
for their
smooth skins

Essential” say Leading Directors

SMOOTH, exquisite skin is essential for popularity, leading motion picture directors declare.

Every star in Hollywood knows that only smooth, velvety skin can successfully meet the all-revealing glare of the Klieg lights in the close-up. How carefully she guards it! Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

It cares for their skin the true French way. For this lovely, white, fragrant soap is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

And all the great film studios, following their stars’ example, have made Lux Toilet Soap the official soap in all their studio dressing rooms.

You, too, will be delighted with the velvety bloom of your skin when Lux Toilet Soap cares for it. Order some today. Enjoy its instant, caressing lather that even hard water can't quell. It is just ten cents. Wherever soap is sold. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Mary Brian
Paramount

Esther Ralston
Paramount

Laura La Plante
Universal

Joan Crawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Olive Borden
Independent

Doris Kenyon
First National

Maria Corda
Independent

Merna Kennedy
United Artists
Gossip of All the Studios

O

VER at the FBO studio Ralph Ince is just beginning to score as a director. But back in the days when Thomas Ince, the famous producer and director, was alive, nobody took much notice of Ralph. Just a good guy working hard at Vitagraph and brother to a famous personality.

Ralph married Lucile Lee Stewart. Lucile, too, was related to fame. Anita Stewart was her sister.

Ralph tried to make a star of his wife. He didn’t succeed. He tried to make her happy. He didn’t succeed there either. They got a divorce.

Times passed, as per custom, and Ralph kept working. Now he has turned out an excellent picture, “Coney Island.” He cast the picture himself. The leading rôle is played by Lucila Méndez. She is Ralph’s second wife. He is trying to make a star of her. The leading man Ralph chose is named Rudolph Cameron. He is Anita Stewart’s ex-husband.

BEGINNERS’ luck—not inside tips—is the secret of the good fortune of Mrs. Conrad Nagel and Mrs. Sidney Franklin, wife of the director, in choosing the winning horses in ca.b race at Tia Juana, the Mexican border racetrack recently.

It was their first trip to the Mexican race track and their intuitions were so sensational that all the old-hand gamblers crowded about for inside information.

They made for home with their winnings, not wishing to break the luck by a second encounter.

HOLLYWOOD does coin the oddest phrases. Among the latest is, “She’s too young for suicide but too old for the movies.”

THREE years ago an obscure director in a Poverty Row studio made a film called “The Salvation Hunters.” There were three prime spirits concerned in its making, Georgia Hale and George K. Arthur, who played the leads, and Joseph Von Sternberg, who directed it. Fame was promised all three of them, but the greatest success was prophesied for Georgia Hale.

Charlie Chaplin gave her the part opposite him in “The Gold Rush.” Later Paramount gave her a long time contract. Von Sternberg and Arthur plodded along meanwhile hoping for an equally lucky break.

Georgia had good parts at Paramount and was good in them. But the same thing that had happened to her at the Chaplin studio, happened again at Paramount. When her contract expired, it was not renewed.

TODAY, Von Sternberg is one of Paramount’s leading directors, maker of the very successful “Underworld” and “The Last Command.” George K. Arthur is a co-star with Karl Dane on the M-G-M program.

Georgia Hale? Well, watch for her when you see an obscure little film made by an obscure director in a Poverty Row studio. This one is called “The Last Moment,” and she plays the lead in it. She gives such a fine performance that she unknown, she might well expect to be “discovered” in it.

Three years. From Poverty Row to Paramount, from Paramount to Poverty Row.

WELL, Virginia Lee Corbin and her mother are on good terms again. At least, if Virginia stays out after midnight, mother is up to her old habits of calling up Virginia’s friends and asking them to send the little girl home at once. And Virginia is hunting for a chance to return to pictures. Which follows the routine established before Virginia started talking about suing her mother.

GEORGE FITZMAURICE owns a small wire haired fox terrier which accompanies him wherever he goes. Buddy knows all about motion pictures, having spent most of his short life on the sets. His favorite diversion is chasing motorcycles. “When his birthday comes I am going to buy him a motorcycle,” announced George. “And I am going to hire a man to ride it round and round the block for Buddy to chase. I am curious to see how long it will take him to get enough of it!”

“THEY say” that this happened. And maybe it did.

Wilson Mizner, John Barrymore, Jack Con-way and Mal St. Clair had foregathered in the latter’s bungalow at the Ambassador. Con-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]
Kotex Prices Reduced

A few months ago, as a means of winning a million new users for Kotex, so as to expedite nation-wide distribution of the new Improved Kotex, we made a special offer of one box of Kotex free with every two boxes purchased for 98c. This sale is now ended.

So overwhelming was the response to this offer that we doubled our output and are thereby now able to announce a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

These two exclusive new features have doubled Kotex sales:

1. **A new, form-fitting shape** — non-detectable under the most clinging gowns, because corners are scientifically rounded and tapered to fit.

2. **Softer wrapping, fluffier filler** eliminate the discomforts of chafing and binding.

**& ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN IN KOTEX ARE RETAINED.**

SELDOM is a manufacturer able to present a greatly improved product at a striking reduction in price. Only doubled manufacturing facilities make such a step possible.

Improved Kotex has been two years in the making; two years of research, of test, of investigation and experiment in our laboratories, and in the laboratories of women doctors.

Our enthusiasm for the perfected product has decided a new production program: because of the tremendous demand we have doubled our output. This makes possible a permanent 30% reduction in the regular price of Kotex when sold by the box.

**New, form-fitting Kotex**

And, at the new price, you obtain a product exclusive in design—the most radical development in intimate feminine hygiene since the invention of Kotex itself.

A specially perfected process now turns and tapers the corners so that the pad fits snugly, securely . . . without affecting the lines of modish gowns. Appearance is considered, for the first time in the history of sanitary devices! Now, with the assurance of exquisite grooming, comes a sense of well-being and composure never before possible.

And the gauze wrapping is softer, the downy filler even fluffier than before. Chafing and similar irritation is ended.

**Doctors, nurses cooperated**

During the past two years, 27 women doctors, 43 nurses and six specialists in feminine hygiene suggested and approved ideas not only professionally, but also from a woman's point of view. Their endorsement carries special significance.

**Features exclusive to Kotex**

Kotex and Kotex-Super only offer these exclusive new features. In no other sanitary device do you get these improvements. And all the former exclusive advantages of Kotex are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers of Kotex remain; the same protective area is there. Cellucotton wadding which is exclusive to Kotex has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton—discards like tissue—you simply follow directions; it deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

**Ask for Kotex or Kotex-Super**

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super.

Remember, nothing else is remotely like the new Improved Kotex. Buy a box today to learn our latest and greatest contribution to the woman's hygienic comfort. At all drug, dry goods and department stores. Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Brickbats and Bouquets

Getting Sales Ideas

Bismarck, N. D.

I am a salesman and I thank Providence for the movies. I personally obtain more original sales ideas from one good movie than from any other source. Personal appearance, confidence, approach—three things vital to successful selling—are inspired in me by viewing certain pictures. Business scenes are an aid in selling, and I obtain a world of ideas from reading Photoplay every month.

R. A. DEMMEL.

Did Elinor Get It from Kipling

Toronto, Canada

We have all heard so much about Elinor Glyn and her discovery of IT, that I got quite a shock the other day. I was reading one of Rudyard Kipling’s stories, published in 1904, and one of the characters speaks as follows: “That’s the secret. ‘T isn’t beauty, so to speak, nor good talk, necessarily. It’s just ‘R.” I wonder if Madame Glyn has read this story.

A Photoplay Reader.

Why She Stayed Home


Like thousands of other movie mad girls, I visualized gay Hollywood, a lovely Spanish house, gorgeous clothes, expensive cars, huge salary and numerous friends. I had almost made up my mind to ride to Hollywood and seek my fortune.

In a lucky hour, I bought Photoplay. I read “The Mother Confessor of Hollywood.” It described the way in which thousands of ‘extras’ live. How different from my dreams and hopes! Right then and there, I decided to remain right where I am, instead of waiting wearily outside the studio gates. I owe this sensible decision to Photoplay.

SUZANNE BENAMY.

True Stuff

Buffalo, N. Y.

The motion picture always has been one of the sanctuaries of the Outcast. It has been dedicated to the glorification of the Inferior Man. It has championed the cause of the weak and the defective. The poor were always pious.

And now comes “The Last Command”—the triumph of the very antithesis of mediocrity. Emil Jannings’ concept of the Russian aristocrat is a veritable god-send in these drab, standardized days; he gives us a vision of hope—there may still be splendid people on this flat earth. Sergius Alexander may be unmoral, carnal and a little too full-bodied for our squeaky stomachs, adapted to pre-digested movie food in the form of Clicos and Gauchos; but he is also magnificent, grand in body, regal in will, and true in heart.

As played by Emil Jannings, he has that fineness, that quality and grace of spirit which it has been rather the fashion, in these stridently democratic days, to deny to aristocrats. The picture leaves us with the feelings that, with the extinction of Sergius, the world lost more of quality and beauty than can ever be replaced by anything that comes out of the minds or the bodies of his conquerors, the mass of inferior men.

ETHEL M. HOFFMAN.

Carrying a Good Thing Too Far

Tallahassee, Fla.

For Homer to play with history was very good; he immortalized Helen. For Erskine to play with Homer was still quite all right; he modernized Helen. But for the movies to play with Erskine was a crime; they ruined Helen, as well as Erskine, Homer, History and the dispositions of thousands of spectators.

VIRGINIA DEAN.
PIVER ANNOUNCES
The Azurea Ensemble.

For the modern woman — sophisticated, exquisitely critical, trained in the art of creating a single perfect impression in each costume — the woman who will not permit the smallest jarring note in her accessories, her jewels, her perfumes — Piver announces the Azurea Ensemble. A single colour-scheme for her dressing table — blue and silver in four clever variations. A single odeur that expresses every complex mood.

HER PERFUME — Elusive, light, fresh! Sweet but not ingenuous. With a bit of spice to pique the imagination. A hint of coquetry — not easily won ... Azurea itself, in its blue and silver box. $4.50.

HER COLD CREME — A miracle of efficiency — just this minute launched in Paris. Carrying a very high percentage of perfume, so that she sinks to sleep wrapped in the same subtle Azurea fragrance. In an azure and silver container — $1.50.

HER VANISHING CREME — Equally new. So light it disappears absolutely, leaving a delicately scented but invisible film to which her perfumed powder clings, and clings, all day. Azure and silver, too, but the shape has been cleverly varied. $1.50.

HER NEW TWIN COMPACTE — In silver, with blue enamelled tracery around the edge, the shape of this twin compacte is distinctive, and it fits the hand as no compacte has ever done before. Rouge and Powder, in shades for every complexion, delicately scented with Azurea. And 2 mirrors ... Price, $2.50.

HER POWDER — Adherent and almost invisible, as the mode demands. In five perfect shades to care for every complexion — including the sunbrowned skin, ultra chic at the moment ... Subtly impregnated with the same Azurea perfume — $1.00.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Bring the Touch of Springtime Beauty to Your Complexion

Winter's drab harshness disappears with the enchanting touch of Spring. The rebirth of life and beauty is nature's reminder that your appearance should also enjoy a similar transformation.

Now is the time to bring to your complexion the youthful freshness so effectively obtained thru the use of

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

It renders to your complexion a subtile, fascinating charm that cannot be secured thru powders. Your skin assumes a soft, silky, even appearance, that will not streak, spot, rub off or show signs of moisture. A beauty that "stays on" without constantly "touching up." Every moment Gouraud's Oriental Cream remains on your skin it is protecting your appearance. The effective, antiseptic and astringent action it always exerts helps correct and prevent blemishes, skin trouble, wrinkles, freckles, flabbiness, muddy or discolored skins, oiliness, etc. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

Send 10c for Trial Size

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430 Lafayette Street New York City
Check shade desired: White □ Flesh □ Rachel □
Name
Street
City

A Habsburg Sees Hollywood

[continued from page 31]

I have no figures showing the number of workers with contract, compared with the free-lance players. The favorites are the ones who get the high salaries which astonish the whole world. Stars and leading men receive $1,000 to $18,000 a week and directors earn thousands of dollars weekly. But how few these are! Fortuna is not very liberal in Hollywood.

Unfortunately, the world only learns about the small minority, and so Hollywood exercises its magnetic power and continually calls to new talent.

Many who come to Hollywood with great hopes leave again as soon as they learn the true conditions. These are the wise ones. But thousands remain. These also have some reason. It may be that these actors are not able to fill other positions; it may be that they sincerely feel that they are artists. The hope for wealth is nowhere so great as it is in Hollywood.

It is like the roulette at Monte Carlo. The possibilities are there . . . perhaps . . . perhaps . . .

It is the remote chance of getting a golden contract that lures persons with childish imaginations.

And how easily their hopes are raised! A director speaks to an actor or makes a few casual remarks. An assistant takes lunch with an extra. Fantastic hopes are aroused. When the extra gets home, he talks enthusiastically of the great contract that will be his within a short time.

My secretary who worked in a technical capacity for a short time in a studio had a funny experience along that line. Just one example: He dreamed about his home town; when you are far away, the thought of your home town is a pleasant one. As he started into the empty studio, he saw in the distance an extra girl. She was a typical Viennese girl.

The next day I learned that my secretary had talked to the girl, complimented her on her ability and had told her she was the Viennese type. And that little incident gave her high hopes of appearing in a Viennese film. Poor girl! When such trivial incidents raise such high hopes, you may understand what the poor actors have to go through during desperately hard times.

I believe I have given my honest views in this short article about Hollywood.

To sum up: Hollywood is a Fata Morgana—a mirage—which lures thousands to walk its streets, although only a very few reach the lucky oasis.

What with rumors of mergers and changes at the De Mille Studio, Vera Reynolds, like many of the other De Millers, is being "sold down the river." Her new master is Tiffany-Stahl.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Just that you might say

"It's so comfortable"

You know, Europeans complain that American women are pampered. Possibly, but the amazing welcome given Modess shows that women at least appreciate a sincere effort to free them from drudgery and old-fashioned annoyances.

Four years ago, Johnson & Johnson determined to perfect the sanitary napkin. Women were asked to write the specifications. "Above all," they told us, "make it more comfortable—softer! Get rid of hard edges and conspicuous clumsiness. Be sure it is truly disposable."

The great Johnson & Johnson laboratories, where so many Red Cross sanitary safeguards to health have been created, have labored four years just that you might say, "It is so comfortable."

We believe that every woman who has tried Modess has marveled. So will you. Even the outer gauze, specially woven in our mills, has been softened by a process known only to us. The absorbent filler or center is an entirely new disposable substance, downier than fluffiest cotton, yielding, gentle, amazingly absorbent.

To prevent irritation, the gauze is cushioned with a film of down and the sides are smoothly rounded. The back is moisture-proof—your confidence in Modess will be complete.

Modess is disposable—it flushes away. 50 cents for a box of 12.

SILENT-PURCHASE COUPON
Pencil in number of boxes desired and hand to salesperson

Six Superiorities
1. Gauze specially softened with a film of down.
2. Pliant fluffy filler of amazing absorbency.
3. Rounded sides assuring comfort and no clumsiness.
4. A moisture-resisting back giving positive security.
5. Disposable—flushes away.
Unhappy Highbrows

[continued from page 35]

I am not decrying education, mind you. The tremendous growth of our colleges and universities in every state of the union cannot, of course, be looked upon as a bad sign.

But should everyone be allowed to enter those higher institutions of learning who has the price of the tuition?

Are not some people perhaps unifted, emotionally and temperamentally, for the highbrow status, the exceptional intellectuals? I believe specialists in nervous disorders would agree that higher education may seriously upset some people. It does not upset them intellectually as much as emotionally.

On the emotional side, however, whether it be roused by education or just comes natural the highbrow point of view and feeling-tone toward life most certainly hampers people in the pursuit of happiness. The day will come, I predict, when youth will have emotional examinations and tests as well as intellectual ones.

In conclusion, just a further word about the poses, the fake highbrows. I said they were interesting psychologically. And they are because they have set up a "defense" or exaggerated compensation for deep-rooted convictions of inferiority. It may be conscious and it may be unconscious, this fundamental belittling of the personality.

In any case they pretend, make believe and show off in order to enhance their own egos and throw dust into the eyes of their neighbors. These pseudo-highbrows knock the movies and pretend to despise them more than the genuine variety of highbrows.

They would enjoy them if only they were honest with themselves. And, frankly, from my own observations I would say that most highbrows are of the pseudo species.

Each and every human being tends to respond to primitive emotions.

These the movies supply. Men like Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson were not ashamed to admit that they got relaxation from reading detective fiction. I am acquainted with educated people who get fun out of pictures too. Such individuals can like both highbrow and lowbrow pursuits.

That is because their emotional lives are adjusted with their intellectual. I feel constrained to repeat again—poor, unhappy highbrows!

---

When a Famous Star Goes Shopping

Always under the surveillance of admiring and critical eyes, the dress and accessories of people in the public limelight must be anything but commonplace.

At a sports affair, formal function or duty bent on a shopping jaunt, the outfit worn must be selected both for personal pride and to meet public approval.

Dorothy Mackaill goes shopping, as do other famous ladies, and carries a "Meeker Made" handbag—charming and practical ally of her costume.

"Meeker Made" stands for rare quality and distinctiveness of design. The name will be found imprinted in every genuine Meeker Made bag.

You've heard of crowning a king? Well, this is a glimpse of that impressive ceremony. Ramon Novarro is the owner of the "uneasy head," and Harry Beaumont and Hugh Cummings are the two menaces.
My Most Precious Beauty Secret

by Patsy Ruth Miller

HERE indeed is an opportunity that few women will care to miss. A frank, intimate revelation of the things which contribute most to the beauty and attractiveness of this charming and lovely screen star. Practical methods and aids which you, too, can employ without fuss or bother and with gratifying success.

Enjoy this fascinating “behind the scenes” chat with Miss Miller. Let her disclose to you the things she believes add most to the beauty of not only herself—but all women. Let her tell you how she cares for her hands, for example. How she keeps them beautiful. How she achieves the most exquisite manicure, and many other fascinating secrets.

Hitherto never before available—never before published—this priceless information is now yours for practically nothing merely the cost of packing and mailing to you an amazing new book called “Precious Beauty Secrets”, which the coupon below will bring.

Written by 20 of the most beautiful, most famous of moving picture actresses, this unique book is a veritable treasure chest of practical easy-to-apply beauty hints—hitherto never before published—never before available—this priceless information is now yours for practically nothing merely the cost of packing and mailing to you an amazing new book called “Precious Beauty Secrets”, which the coupon below will bring.

In addition to this attractively bound, profusely illustrated book you will be sent a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder—creation of Cheramy, Paris—which is a new, exquisitely fine and wonderfully effective powder. Imperceptible in texture, it comes in five amazingly natural shades and clings beautifully.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
T H E  F A I T H L E S S  L O V E R—Krellar

THE best thing about this picture is that it is only five reels long. Raymond Hackett is The Faithless Lover and Gladys Hulette is the girl the man fights over. Even the breaking up of a dam that required months to construct, the consequent flooding of the town, and the timely rescue of the girl fail to arouse any enthusiasm.

Y O U  C A N ’ T  B E A T  T H E  L A W—Rayart

CORNELIUS KEKEE covers himself with official glory in this crook melodrama. He’s a handsome young copper who cops Lila Lee’s heart, but very doing discredit to find that she’s the sister of a notorious crook! Then the daily puzzle of how to keep both the girl and the job. But he does—it would be an original story if he didn’t. The title tells the stock and the whole thing’s really not important, so why bother.

C R E A M  O F  T H E  E A R T H—Universal

M ARION NIXON and Charles Rogers perfectly cast in this vivid story of a fraternity week-end bandits and a shy youth who refused to let college education interfere with his studies. What happens to them has been done before, but the way it happens has never been done. They both show just the right degree of abandon and restraint and make the romance too by the poignancy of young love. Melville Brown’s direction is unusually fine.

T H E  D E S E R T  P I R A T E—FBO

A W ESTERN, yes, but with a slight deviation in plot which makes it bearable. To be sure, there is all the orthodox clap-trap one always finds in these pictures of the great open spaces, falling bullets, fists, lassos, cards, and whatnot. But the one redeeming feature is Frankie Darro, who is good enough to pull any horse opera together. Watch that baby’s smoke—he’s knocking all of his juvenile confreres into a cocked hat!

T I L L I E ’ S  P U N C T U R E D  R O M A N C E—Christie-Paramount

A N antiquated story done in an antiquated fashion. Lions, guns and circuses play around with Louise Faustina in a manner supposed to be funny, but which becomes only silly. Tillie, enamoured of the circus, follows in the footsteps of her mother and runs away to the sawdust. The sawdust marches to the music and cheers the soldiers. Pity the poor soldiers! Tillie becomes a boy—and is as ridiculous in one sex as another.

N A M E L E S S  M E N—Tiffany-Stahl

J U S T one of those pictures. If you must attend the theater the night it is shown, all right. But we would not advise passing up a good magazine on a hurry ride. It is all about prisons and secret service and such. Claire Windsor flutters prettily through it.

T H E  L A W  O F  F E A R—FBO

A LITTLE review of the facts of life as dogs know them portraying the body of this picture. Ranger, the smart police dog, is shown with his wife, from the moment of their first meeting, through their courtship and mariage up to his untimely death at the hands of the villain. Then Ranger takes his revenge. This is a dog story, a Western, and a horror picture all rolled into one. So you ought to get your money’s worth.

T H E  B R O N C O  S T O M P E R—Pathe

A V E RY nice little Western, even though it does omit the gorgeous scenery which usually redeems these tales of the open spaces. A couple of slimy villains brew a plot too complicated to outline here, but here the hero outwits, outshoots, and outrides them. Don Coleman is this champion bronco-buster and ladies’ man. Some entertaining scenes from a rodeo make up for any other deficiencies.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 112]
These two stars are as famous for chic as for charm — and they are shown in Printzess Coats that enhance both. You'll look your smartest in the styles favored by America's best-dressed women. A leading dealer in your city has Printzess Coats — also "Printzess Petite" for shorter figures — "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sportswear. Ask for Printzess by name. Look for the label. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland — New York.

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- Suits 25.00 to 59.50

Louise Brooks, star of "Glorifying the American Girl", a Paramount Picture, sketched in Style 551B.

Jobyna Ralston, now in "The Night Flyer", a Pathé-De Mille production, sketched in Style 657.

DISTINCTION IN DRESS—SINCE 1893
FASHIONS COME AND GO, but your engagement and wedding rings must outlive today's styles and tomorrow's fads. The vogue of Genuine Orange Blossom never changes for it sets a fashion exclusively its own. Each season introduces new and delightful variations of this symbolic pattern, but the pattern itself is as eternally modish as a glorious gem or a lovely flower. The better jewelers everywhere display Genuine Orange Blossom readily identified by the trade-mark of Traub.

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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 write your name and address; only initials will be published if requested.

To the Meadow Lake Club, St. Catharines, Ont.—Grandpop is only too glad to help you out with your club scrap-book. Sorry to disappoint you, but I do not think that John Gilbert will marry Greta Garbo. They both deny it. But, of course, you never can tell. Ramon Novarro has promised that he won't leave the screen for several years, anyway. Write to Colleen Moore at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. And to William Boyd and Elinor Fair at the Cecil B. De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Douglas Fairbanks' address is in care of the United Artists Studio, 1700 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. The McConnochie family is living in Saginaw, Mich., thirty-six years ago. Will you paste this notice in your scrap-book and please an old man?

F. R., New York, N. Y.—Tom Mix is neither an Irishman nor an Italian. Tell the boys that he was born on a ranch near El Paso, Texas, and is very much an American.

Jinks, Winchester, Mass.—Marion Davies has three sisters, Rose, Reine and Ethel. Leatrice Joy's picture appeared on the cover of Photoplay in May, 1926. Raymond Keane was the leading man in "The Lone Eagle." Gilbert Roland is twenty-two years old and is a Mexican. Yes, that's true; Colleen's eyes aren't mates. And Billie Dove's newest pictures are "Heart of a Follies Girl" and "The Yellow Lilly."

A. N., Pasadena, Calif.—Here I am settling another argument. Just a little peacemaker. Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day are sisters; their real name is Noonan. Thelma Todd was the heroine of "Nevada." Gary Cooper has quit Westerns to co-star in romantic comedies with Fay Wray. Cute little couple, aren't they? Greta's newest is "The Divine Woman."

M. E., Dallas, Tex.—You have an orderly, law-abiding mind. Am I right? Lloyd Hughes is thirty years old and was born in Bisbee, Arizona. Douglas MacLean is thirty-one years old and married. Edith Roberts was the girl who played in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and Neil Hamilton played opposite Betty Bronson in "The Golden Princess."

A. G. H., Myra, Tex.—Don't break my neck; I'll answer your questions! And may I take this occasion to apologize to one and all for any delay in my answers? There's a regular epidemic of colds amongst my readers and I never have been so busy in all my career. So be patient with an old man. Now to get down to business: Clara Bow appeared in "The Keeper of the Bees" and Shirley Mason played in "The Rose of the Temenent."

Fred Thomson is married to Frances Marion, scenario writer. He's no relation of Dorothy Dwan. Antonio Moreno, who played in "It," is married.

A. I. B., Wilmington, Del.—No, Helene Costello didn't marry Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She married Jack Regan, and now I am pained to hear that she is suing him for divorce. Heigh, ho! It's enough to make a cynic of an old man. Roy D'Arcy was born in San Francisco, thirty-four years ago. Thelma Todd comes from Lawrence, Mass., and Kathryn Carver is a native of New York City.

D. H. B., St. Kitts, Ont.—Sorry you were disappointed. Photoplay goes on sale on the fifteenth of the month, so buy it early next time. Ken Maynard may be reached at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. He is thirty-two years old and born in Mission, Texas. Sure, he's popular; I get lots of questions about him.

To answer one of the most persistent questions of the month: "Love" was filmed with two endings; in one, Anna threw herself under the wheels of the railroad train. In the other, Anna and Vronsky were reunited after old man Karenin had passed on. Hence, the confusion of the "fans" who saw the picture twice, each with a different finale.

Now for the other answers: Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, Hungary. She has blond hair and gray eyes.

Charles Rogers is twenty-two years old and not married.

Ramon Novarro's newest picture is "Across to Singapore." He's twenty-nine years old.

Greta Garbo was born in 1906 and has light brown hair and blue eyes.

William Boyd is twenty-six and married to Elinor Fair.

Philippe de Lacy was born July 25, 1917, at Nancy, France.

In writing to the stars for photographs, Photoplay advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars are glad to mail you their pictures, but the cost is prohibitive unless your quarters are remitted.

M. J. S., New York, N. Y.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Ben Lyon is his real name. And Rod La Rocque is six feet, three inches tall.

Kitty and Boots, Amarillo, Tex.—You Texas hold all others in curiosity. You're the fellows that keep an Answer Man so busy. Charles Farrell is twenty-five years old and not married. He has brown hair and brown eyes and is six feet, two inches tall. He's bound to him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Ivy A. N., Weyburn, Sask., Can.—And next to the Texans, in curiosity, are the Canadians. Laura La Plante is twenty-three years old; she is married to William A. Seiter, the director. Write to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

R. C., Shaw, Miss.—She Carol played opposite Douglas MacLean in "Soft Cushions." She is nineteen years old and was born in Chicago, Ill. Her real name is Evelyn Ledec, married but has a divorce suit pending.

P. B., New York, N. Y.—Gloria Swanson has one daughter and an adopted son. Norma Talmadge has no children. Yes, Emil Janings is married.

M. J., Centralia, Wash.—Another argument. You lose your fair chance. Harry Moreno, not Ronald Colman, played opposite Clara Bow in "It." Also Mr. Moreno was the hero of "Mare Nostrum."

Hazel C., Indianapolis, Ind.—John Gilbert is thirty years old; divorced from Leatrice Joy. Write to Billie Dove at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

R. H. W., Tulsa, Okla.—You have a sociable nature, but you are inclined to worry over triffes. How's that? Sally O'Neill was born in Bayonne, N. J. She is nineteen years old and weighs 104 pounds. She is five feet, one and one half inches tall and is not married.

Pete, Chicago, Ill.—The clipping you enclose concerns another Gloria Hope. The better known Gloria Hope is still happily married to Lloyd Hughes. So that's how the rumors start.

Speedy Swede, Chicago, Ill.—Buck up, boy! All the pity about the "famous Lasky" in the movies. Look around and maybe you'll find a little Clara Bow in your own neighborhood. Clara weighs 115 pounds and was born July 20, 1905. She is five feet, three inches tall. Also, fickle man, Joan Crawford's address is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif. She is five feet, three inches tall. Oh, yes, write to Clara at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

[Continued on page 145]
Anita Rivers Becomes Anita Page

[continued from page 41]

studies. Mal St. Clair saw the test that Paramount made of her and announced that she was just the type he wanted for a picture he was to direct for M-G-M. So he took her out there for a test. Sam Wood, who was to direct "He Learned About Women," saw that one and decided that he wanted her for his picture.

So, since he was to start shooting before St. Clair did, he got her.

So Anita Page has signed a contract with M-G-M. She is beautiful, is Anita Page and she has something of the sparkle that belongs to Clara Bow. An animated face with tiny dimples which flash disconcertingly to the surface when she smiles—which is often, now-a-days.

"I'm awfully glad I came—now," she says, "although I am still sorry I came as I did. I should have come later anyhow and coming in this way gave me a bad start. But the people who know me know how it was—and I am not well enough known to the general public for it to hurt me with them, I guess. They will have forgotten all about it before my first picture is released."

Yola Anklet Sandal

reveals a Frenchy toe, a dancing heel and delicate straps—all exquisitely adjusted for perfect body balance...Black Diamond patent, satin, red, green, or parchment kid, Indian cloth.

Every pair of Body Balanced shoes conforms; in every particular, with Munroe-process specifications; lasts correctly fitted from ball to heel, individually adjusted for perfect body balance regardless of height of heel...heels expertly hand-moulded and hand-fitted to the human heel, soles invisibly strengthened to preserve the original graceful lines of arch and heel for the lifetime of the shoe. Not one last for every foot, but individual lasts to fit individual feet.

Sold where you see this sign displayed

Peter Pan asks the way to Kensington Gardens. Betty Bronson, less than five feet tall, asks directions from a Commissionaire, over six feet tall. Betty went to visit the famous Gardens in London, where a statue of Peter himself delights thousands of children
The World was full of hands and shirts

It made a self-conscious fool out of a fellow, and struck him dumb—all in one wave of realization.

On such a night!—With such a girl! How could he have been so careless!

He thought he was well-groomed, but he didn’t measure up to the standards of the new crowd. Clean, but not clean enough—they dropped him.

Young or old, rich or poor, man or woman, there’s no charm like that which comes from being healthily, happily clean—clean in every particular.

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In close physical contact—whether dancing, or strolling under the spell of the moonlight—there is nothing which detracts from the alluring charm of feminine daintiness so quickly as perspiration odor. In fact it is unforgivable.

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“Mum” is the dainty cream deodorant that not only prevents perspiration odor but a body odor. A touch of “Mum” to the underarm and here and there keeps the body fresh and dainty for all day and evening.

“Mum” is entirely safe to the most delicate skin—so safe that knowing women use it regularly with the sanitary napkin.

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We are making a special offer to introduce Ban—the new cream Hair Remover that quickly and safely destroys all unwanted hair, leaving the skin soft and white. You will be delighted, Ban is 50c at your store.

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Mum Mfg. Co., 1301 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia
Enclosed is $____ for order checked. □ Special Offer—5c “Mum” for personal satisfaction. And for Ban—the efficient and delightful-to-use Cream Hair Remover—5c search for 60c postpaid. □ 50c for introductory size “Mum” postpaid. □

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DO YOU? Do you clip recipes from the fascinating messages that advertise a new salad oil, a new frying fat, a new cake flour? Do you think twice about your skin, those wrinkles at the corners of your eyes, your tell-tale past-thirty neck because of beauty ads that bring romance about happiness, love and youth?

IN planning advertisements, the question is often asked, "Do women read advertisements?" The experienced advertiser answers, "Yes—if they are interesting and instructive to read."

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Her sleek, shining Hair
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To achieve the well-groomed look—and to keep it, suggests regular care with Ace Hard Rubber Combs. It is the even smoothness of finely moulded and polished teeth of these well-made Combs that means successful, safe and sanitary hair-grooming. By far the best plan is to use a large (9 inch) Ace Dressing Comb in the morning. It untangles and dresses the hair without danger of pulling it out. Then the Bobbed Hair Comb carried in the purse, is always ready to keep the hair smoothly in place.

ACE COMBS

A GENUINE Ace Bobbed Hair Comb, for example, may be purchased at toilet goods and notion counters everywhere, or if you are not able to obtain it send us twenty-five cents and we will supply one together with our book "LOVELY HAIR, ITS CARE AND COMBING."  

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Dept. F-5, 15 Martin Street, New York, N. Y.  
Enclosed is 55 cents (stamps preferred) for book "Lovely Hair, Its Care and Combing," and sample Ace Comb as mentioned above. Please send them to  

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The Ace Comb Cabinet is displayed at Toilet Goods Counters everywhere

One of Hollywood's most useful families. In the center is Ruth Harriet Louise, photographer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. You probably have admired many of her portraits of the stars published in PHOTOPLAY. To the left is Mark Sandrich, Ruth's brother. He is a director for Fox. The gentleman on the right is Leigh Jason, who directed "I Told You So." The two-reeler cost only $1,000, but it was so good that Mr. Jason got a contract to make features for Universal.
The New

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Cutex has captured the very sheen itself of such nails!... I transformed it into a liquid thin as air... Transparent as sunlight...

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For long Northam Warren experimented to produce a polish crystal clear, softly lustrous, quicker drying... enduring. Now this triumph has been achieved in his laboratories. It lasts more than a week. The Polish Remover, used first, cleans

But Lyn doesn't want to succeed in Germany. She has accomplished that and like most people an easy victory is no fun at all to her.

Wish her luck on this second journey. At least she proves her spunk and courage.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., recently presented Joan Crawford with an exquisite diamond studded ring.

Two months later some bright newspaper reporter discovered the ring and heralded the fact that the two had slipped away and were married.

But Joan insists that it is still just a love token and that there just ain't going to be no marriage!

Ten years ago Marcia Manon was a well-known screen-vampire. You will remember her with Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

Then she disappeared from the screen. For seven years no one knew what had happened.

The other day an extra, playing the part of a modiste in his picture, caught Lew Cody's eye.

"Who is that woman?" he asked Director Mal St. Clair and several others. No one could answer.

Finally, Lew approached the woman and remarked that her face seemed familiar. It was Marcia Manon. She had married and spent seven years raising horses on a ranch. The death of her husband and the old urge for drama has brought her back into pictures to begin once more at the bottom.

WHY don't we see Jack Holt in the Jack Holt Pictures any more?" asked the public.

The answer was simple. He had been cut off the Famous Players payroll and Gary Cooper, Lang Chandler, and Jack Luden, son of the tough drop king, had been cast in western roles.

One after the other, these youngsters were tried, but the barometer in the box office indicated low pressure on westerns. This situation has now been remedied by re-signing the favorite. Everyone is pleased and the light of secret satisfaction shines from Jack's face.

MADGE BELLAMY established a record when she wed and separated in four days.

It isn't as bad as it sounds, and perhaps Madge was a wise girl when she brought the matter to a quick and decisive conclusion after she realized she wasn't in for a life of happiness.

It was just one of those things that young girls do in Little Rock, Ark., as well as in Kokomo, Ind., and Manchester, England. She married in haste and wasn't going to take a long time to repent.

Some folks do say that Madge and Logan Metcalf, a Los Angeles broker, was almost as rapid as the separation. Logan, according to people who know him, is a regular sort of a person too. He didn't waste time in crying over the spilled milk either. For he went right about his business and sued for divorce on the grounds of desertion. So that's that.

The only thing more difficult than a chance in pictures is a second chance. That is, if you've fumbled the first one. But one young lady who had her first break in a De Mille picture and failed, staged a comeback that was not only unique, but if adopted regularly, would fill the Hollywood Hospital and considerably lighten the casting director's job.

Not long ago, Mr. De Mille kept an expensive cast waiting while he labored with this girl over a certain scene. The poor kid was so frightened that she behaved like a perfect moron. As the company was on location, C. B. was forced to use her, but by the time he had some semblance of the scene he needed, he was so exasperated that he ordered her name struck from the casting roster.
IN A TWINKLING., wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness— by framing them in a soft, shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

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In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, CreamWinx, which gives to lashes and brows smatteauty. It also aids their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

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Safe and harmless and simple to apply, this wonderful CakeWinx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A fick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.

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Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovely by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

**Insist Upon Winx**

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

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**EYES couldn't be lovelier!**

SHE made repeated attempts to crash the studio gates, but without success. One evening, De Mille was driving out the rear gate of the studio, when our heroine suddenly appeared from nowhere and flung herself in front of his car. Only an instantly-swerved wheel and jammed-on brakes saved her life.

After emitting a few choice remarks on her foolishness and his annoyance, the producer assigned her a part in his next picture. "Anyone who wants a thing that badly," he said, "has to have declared, "deserves to get it." This is how Viola Lewis got her part of Two Gun Sadie in "Chicago."

**IN Billy Haines' new picture, "He Learned About Women," Billy rides in a rickshaw down a street in Shanghai. A camera on a truck was to follow Billy and the Chinese "coolie" pulling him was told to run as fast as he could. When the call came for Action! Camera!" the coolie sprinted away at an alarming pace and the truck following him was hopelessly outclass as to speed.

After several unsuccessful attempts a member of the panting and perspiring truck team called out, "Say, who is that guy, anyhow?"

He turned out to be Victor Wong, crack sprinter of the Hollywood High School, who was taking a fling at the movies in a spare moment.

So the direction was changed to a polite request to Mr. Wong to accommodate his pace to that of the truck.

**Alice White** says she is now getting in for aviators. Dick Grace is her latest. "He broke his neck in 'Wings,'" she remarked casually. "But it doesn't seem to have interfered with his necking."

Now, Alice!

**We** had seen Joan Crawford eating cold toast and mustard on the set but thought it a gag in the picture. However, when we challenged her the other day, she ordered toast and mustard. Come to find out that toast is kept constantly on the ice box for her at home, so that she may begin every meal, even breakfast, with her favorite combination.

**Michael Bohnen,** the Emil Jannings of the Metropolitan Opera Company, made a film for UFA in Germany which probably will be released in this country. It's called "Secret Power," and it is a story of Russian refugees in Germany. Bohnen is married to Mary Lewis, the prima donna who had a brief fling in pictures years ago as a Christie bathing girl.

**Werner Klingler,** a German actor, left a good theater contract in Stuttgart to come to Hollywood and become an extra. He played for more than a year without recognition, when Emil Jannings noticed him on the set of "The Last Command," talked with him and believed he was good enough material.

He was assigned to the role of Jannings' son in "The Patriot" when—to his dismay of the boy and his patron—it was found that a promising picture was shot and released under the venerable eyes of the camera. It was the result of a blow received during a youthful boxing match.

A plastic surgeon remedied the defect in a few days. Again, all was ready—when a swelling set in which lasted so long that someone else was assigned to the picture.

Yet Klingler is happier than for many months. He has at least gained recognition among Hollywood's yearning ten thousand extras.

**Ramon Novarro** gave a brilliant dinner the other evening. He had the finest caterers, the best florists, etc. Yet not a motion picture star attended. It was for twenty-five of Ramon's oldest friends, many of them from Mexico City, just to prove he hadn't forgotten the boys who gave him a hand before he became famous.

**Jobyna Ralston** comes from a small town in Tennessee, where motion pictures are practically unknown. There is no 'movie' house and the trip to the nearest city is out of reach of most of the inhabitants.

A short while ago, Jobyna paid a visit to her birthplace. An old timer expressed a desire to see the young lady in "just one picture." So Jobyna drove him up to the big city. When they came out of the theater, the old man remarked, "That was a fine picture, Joby, and the gal was shore a good-looker; but I'd a heap rather see you acting. Thought you said you was in it?"

And Jobyna was the only girl in the entire production.

**There** was a mad rush to buy the March issue of Photoplay in Hollywood by countless male swains, when it was learned Ruth Taylor's, or Loredi Let's, diary was printed. They were all afraid they would find themselves mentioned in it.

"And when they weren't, they were all disappointed," Ruth told me. Then they talk about the contradiction of women's natures.

**Amateur Movies**

(Continued from page 74)

Panchromatic film, via DUPONT, is now available for the 16 mm. cameras. Try it sometime!

**Photoplay** continually receives this inquiry: what is the most useful lens? Obviously, the F 3.5 lens furnished with your Filmo and your Cine-Kodak is the most useful, since camera manufacturers make it a part of the regular equipment. Plus a Ramstein filter, the Taylor-Holson-Cooke F 3.5 lens, furnished with the Filmo, becomes a thing of wide possibilities. You can hardly fail to get a riling outdoor shot with it.

Other lenses are for special purposes. You need a F 1.9 or a F 1.5 for dark interiors, for lighted interior close-ups, for incidents requiring speed, for night outdoor shots. When you start filming distance, a distant shot, you need a telephoto lens. Thus, if you want to film exciting incidents of baseball or foot-
required two years. In the course of this travelling, as extremes of elevation, Mr. Henritze took pictures of the Dead Sea, 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, and of Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above sea level.

Mr. Henritze has movies of the South Sea Islands; of New Zealand, including "The Bluffs," the southernmost habitation of white men, whence Commander Byrd will leave on his South Polar expedition; of two albatrosses with a wing spread of fifteen feet at sea; of Australia and the Melbourne Cup race, on which 25 per cent of the national resources of that continent are bet annually; of pearl fishing in the Thursday Islands; and of an elephant hunt in Borneo.

Before becoming an amateur movie enthusiast, Mr. Henritze made over 40,000 still photographs in this country and abroad. He is building a new home at Roanoke, in which is being constructed a home movie theater for showing his own pictures and those of his friends. All of Mr. Henritze’s world tour film were shot with a Cine-Kodak.

With the aid of Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, and A. H. Dockray, of the Eastman Kodak Company, Hartford, Conn., amateurs have organized. The initial meeting witnessed a showing of amateur films, the prize for the best shown being won by Robert Morris. The club is in the hands of Robert Morris, president; F. N. Tilton, vice-president; F. L. Way, treasurer; H. E. Cowles, secretary, and L. W. Hurry, editor.

A CINE-SECTION has been organized in the San Antonio, Tex., Y. M. C. A. Camera Club with J. B. Studer, director; Clyde Logue, business manager; C. Perry, cameraman; J. B. Horner, publicity manager; C. L. Maule, scenario writer; L. S. Morgan, treasurer; J. Z. Bessellieu, property manager, and W. L. Meyer, assistant cameraman. A film contest is planned as an early event for the Texans.

The Australian Amateur Film Club of Sydney, has turned out a very ambitious film production in "Caste," its first photoplay. This is a war picture and involves many battle scenes. Commonwealth authorities co-operated cheerfully by lending troops. A technical triumph was achieved in lap dissolves on 16 mm. film. Six cameras were used in the filming. This club has one hundred and fifty members. The director is Victor A. Bindley and T.W. Robinson wrote the scenario.

On this famous transcontinental flyer, Billie Dove finds the same rich simplicity in appointments, the unobtrusive, deft service as grace her own home. Film celebrities and leaders in every walk of life choose the "Golden State Limited." Now on a 61½ hour schedule between Los Angeles and Chicago; none faster nor finer.
Just beneath your skin is the complexion you envy today in others

H O W E V E R, perfect or imperfect your skin may be, you may not be more than one short week away from a really radiant complexion.

Scantling as this statement may seem, it is nevertheless true. And, with thousands of women today the facts are being passed along from one to another. It comes down to a simple truth about the skin which physicians will tell you is at the root of every skin blemish and fault.

Tiny glands continually functioning, pores throwing off poisons, capillaries rushing fresh blood in and carrying off infection—here is a delicate balance of forces like the balance wheel of a fine watch. With healthy vigor and activity, comes a clear, clean complexion. Too much or too little stimulation, and there starts that long succession of blemishes and faults that women are constantly seeking to avoid.

This method of daily care

To cleanse the pores of dust and germs, to carry off infection, and then to stop new infection before it starts—thousands have learned the daily use of Resinol Soap.

Start today to use Resinol on your own skin. Within a week you will begin to notice it has taken on a finer, smoother texture—a ruddier glow. You will notice a clearing of the ugly little blemishes.

Ointment for serious affections

Resinol Ointment has for years been successful in relieving even stubborn skin affections. Rashes and eczema—often itching, unpleasant and embarrassing—will in many cases vanish promptly. Thousands have wondered at the QUICKNESS of its action. And it is absolutely harmless.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

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Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

HIGH school photoplays are on the increase. The latest reported is the project of the members of the English class of the East High School of Rochester, New York. The scenario, based on a high school life, was selected by competition; scenes will be laid in the school buildings and in homes, and students will enact the roles. Dr. Willis Bradstreet sponsors the production.

MOVIE clubs are developing rapidly. Photoplays are going to be glad to know that arrangements have been made by which anyone wishing to form an amateur club may secure the aid of the Club Consultant of the Amateur Cinema League, the international organization of movie amateurs. The amateur movie department of Photoplays will gladly put you in touch with this service or you may write directly to Arthur L. Gale, Club Consultant, Amateur Cinema League, 105 West 40th Street, New York City. Mr. Gale's services are also available to clubs already organized.

HERE is the story of an amateur who has won her spurs as a professional. The amateur is—or rather was—Angela Murray Gibson of Cassettol, North Dakota. Miss Gibson submitted to Kinograms, the news reel, a striking reel of film showing a rodeo held at Killdeer, near Cassettol, and she was immediately signed by the news picture service. The pictures were sent to the Chicago office, showing maddened prancing against the camera lens. Miss Gibson had taken all sorts of chances in catching the shots.

Gibson was born in Scotland and studied motion picture work under Carl Greg- ory at Columbia University. She has been photographing shorts subjects for two years as an independent. One of her films, "A Lesson in Cooking," is now used in the public schools of New York City.

Play Houses

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

the star idea." Curiosity followed Jenny like a shadow, but she rarely questioned; she used other tactics.

"Well, I started to tell you a moment ago that Dale begged me to get him you and I'd talk you over there some time. Don't get excited now. It's just dinner, not a social affair. We'll eat in the kitchen if you like. Let's go over right away.

Jenny clutched the bed post tighter, and drew the other foot under her. "B-b-bu—"

"But Ed, I suppose"

"No, no, my dear. I turned him down again last night. I do wish he'd quit asking me to marry him. B-b-bu—"

"So that's why he's all to the good today. You're afraid he believed that 'no'...

"Where are my gloves? ... Call a cab. I'll call Dale. ... I thought I had a hat.

"Oh, that dress is all right. ... Blue is so oddly sensible. If I'd stuck to blue, I'd never have committed matrimony."

"Perhaps you'd never have committed dis...

"You're so sure if you hadn't taken up with green. It's such a serious color. Blue is light-hearted. That's why it's sensible."

Jenny tightened her grip on the bed-post, then released her fingers as though the water had cooled her. She saw it all. She was going to watch a magnified shadow of herself flicker across a luminous shell. She saw it all. She was going to hear the world's greatest cinema director talk of art and training. ... She was going to touch his finger-tips. ... She was going to sway to the rhythm of his speech.

She curled her toes inside her satin pumps, and a ripply chill swept over her, as if she had wriggled her bare toes in sport. Thoughts of Dale Cameron started to surge in her mind.

Later, when she recalled the incidents of that evening, she knew that she had eaten a few nibbles of salad and slpped a few drops of wine, had bantered with Julie and answered questions, and that she had spent a delightful hour in a vast blue and brown dining room. But she couldn't remember with what excuse Julie had slipped away, nor how she came to be alone with Dale Cameron in the living room where she found herself seated on a grotesquely carved chest longue with her hand lying in his. The ripply chill was on her, and she had the sensation of sinking in mire, but this time, to her knees.

"Jenny," Dale Cameron said, "there is a gleaming road ahead of you. There is work, and there are disappointments, of course, but these are mere pebbles in that shining road of fame. The fact is, and the fact will remain, that you—that vivid, vital you—can be successfully projected on the screen. Millions of people will see your shadow and love you. Millions will love you and thousands will think of her for her.

As he spoke his thumb caressed the girl's polished fingernails. Electric shocks raced in step-rasps up her arm. Words scampered from her, but she closed her eyes and saw the result of success unwise itself. She visualized the golden heights, and saw them in every detail. Then she completed the picture that Dale Cameron was sketching. She saw clammy greasepaint and glaring lights and grinding cameras and foolish headlines and insistent, jarring crowds, and hurry, and hurry, and hurry, and herself as a tiger and hoop dancer performing precariously on the "leaning road."

She withdrew her hand and shook her head, attempting to say, "No, no, no," but the effort resulted only in a purr.

Dale Cameron mistook the meaning of the purr. "Jenny?" he cried, his voice a blend of emotion. "Jenny?" he whispered and seized both her hands.

The "no" leaped to the gray eyes, and Cameron read it there. But he couldn't read the rest for the tears that were abruptly and plowed through the thick carpet to a full-length portrait of Eleonora Duse.

"My dear," he said, addressing the picture, "I want that you act—to be a professional actress. But to act, you will have to shed that dream of reserve and dive into the stream of life. You'll have to swim, not to paddle into the mud, or even into the mud, instead of skin the surface."

Jenny murmured something about a dragonfly and a hippopotamus, but he didn't hear it.

Step out from behind your gay-colored screen, Jenny, and reserve, let it strike you. Let it hurt you, sear, chill you, but let it strike you. Don't force it, follow it. Feel a blood-red sunset. Feel the roar of the angry surf. Feel the song of the ring-tailed cat.

JENNY turned wide, startled eyes to the soulful face of Madame Duse. How her voice came back, full force. "The feeling is terribly fatiguing," she told the portrait.

The director didn't hear her. "I want you to sing, Jenny," he went on, "not with your voice, not with your voice, but with your voice. Pour out all your yearning in golden notes of harmony. And I want you to weep. Weep. Wring tears from an anguish soul. And laugh, Jenny. Not like little chuckles, but daintily, the full-toned cachinnations of the jungle."

Did the painted eyelid of Madame Duse

\[continued from page 51\]
flicker? Jenny arose and moved stealthily toward the vestibule.

Dale Cameron heard nothing. He flung wide his arms and pealed with the portrait.

“And I want you to love, Jenny. Let passion melt you, mold you.”

She removed a small hat and a small bag from the hatrack.

Still Cameron addressed the painted canvas.

“Jenny, I want you to love—”

The door opened softly, and Jenny was gone like a wisp of smoke in a morning breeze. She shook her curls, and blinked at a cloud-mottled moonrise. “What a head o’ steam! What highly seasoned apple sauce!” she exclaimed, stamping first one foot then the other with a vague feeling that she had stepped out of oozzy mud.

For a moment she balanced on her toes, then her heels came down with a thud of decision, patterned down a narrow walk, clicked onto the rougher surface of the sidewalk; and clacked down the hill to Vine Street, and down Vine Street and into the Boulevard, and on, and on. This time Jenny Ware didn’t flutter; she clumped along, each heel ringing metallically on the cement. If you were on the Boulevard, she passed you like a little scurry of fog; and you hardly realized that the swirl of blue georgette and brown curls enveloped Jenny Ware. The heels dug into cracks of a broken sidewalk, buried themselves in the dust across the corner of a lot, turned and went through a sagging iron gate, scrumped up a sparsely gravelled path and thudded to a standstill on a creaky porch.

A house bell rasped within, a chair scraped on an unpollished floor, a pipe cluttered on a table, and a collie grunted a half bark. A door opened. Light shoes for an instant on a dusty magnolia tree, the heels thumped over the threshold, and the door closed again. Brown curls were crumpled into the creases of a blue jersey, and the heels were lifted two, maybe three, inches from the floor.

The dog dozed again, for the subject of “Play houses by the sea” was not new to him.

$5,000 Prize Winner
Tells Her Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

NOT a genius) until I had woven a plot around some fictitious characters who were similar to people I knew there. Then I put it on paper and sent it to the Photoplay-Famous Players Idea Contest.

After the brain child started on its journey, I forgot about it. That is, I tried ever so hard to make myself forget about it so that I wouldn’t be tempted to take any of those dangerous flights of fancy. I didn’t have a regular position: I was doing some direct selling out of a wholesale hosier house here. It was hot in the San Fernando Valley and in Orange County; my Ford was trembling on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and people didn’t greet a hosier salaciously with open arms. Every once in a while I would have to reprove myself for wondering: “What if ‘Swag’ should crash?”

Perhaps that will give you an idea of how much this has meant to me. I could tell you about the stack of rejection slips I have from almost every publication in the United States, and of the three or four checks that came rattling around all alone in an envelope without even a note from the editor saying why they were here; but that doesn’t have anything to do with my winning this prize. In fact, I feel as though the credit doesn’t belong to me at all. It belongs to those characters who lived for so long in my mind. They just walked right into that prize.

Great After Smoking

“You smoke pretty steadily, Bill, don’t you?”

“Yes, what makes you ask?”

“Well, because you always seem to enjoy it so thoroughly. But with me my pet smoke goes sour sometimes when I smoke that way.”

“The answer is easy,” the other man said. “Just eat a few Life Savers after smoking and see how much better each new smoke tastes!”

More and more smokers are doing the same thing. We wondered if you knew this about Life Savers, these little candy mints with the hole; how they freshen your mouth between smokes, soothe your nerves and make the next smoke so much better.

It’s a fact! Life Savers easily double your smoke enjoyment. Their wonderful aromatic flavors freshen your mouth like a good drink of water when you’re really thirsty — and steady your nerves for work or play. Once you try them this way between smokes you’ll always have a package handy.


Eat a few Life Savers after smoking

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
Pick any 12 girls—
10 have to
be told

ONE of the most serious social handicaps is so difficult to detect oneself that almost all girls have to be told about it.

They think they are immaculate, but all the while underarm perspiration may be causing odor which is unpleasantly noticeable to others, and ruinous to dresses.

So women of distinction rule out the possibility of offense by keeping the underarm dry all the time, by the regular use of Odoron. Other ways they say are troublesome, and mar the smart fit of frocks. But with Odoron odor is impossible—impossible too, cooly stains, odor tainted dresses.

Odoron was made by a physician to stop perspiration where it causes odor and ruines clothes. The underarm particularly. Checking perspiration in small areas with Odoron has no effect on health. Pharmacists recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

Odoron, (ruby colored) stops moisture and odor used once or twice a week, the last thing at night. Odoron No. 5, milder (colorless) for sensitive skins and hurried use, used daily or every other day, night or morning, gives the same protection. At toilet goods counters, 35c, 60c. Odoron Cream Deodorant 50c. Or send 10c and coupon for four samples.

Women of breeding use over three million bottles of this medically approved "sociable" every year.

New 10c Offer:

Ruth Miller, 245 Bluff Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio
I enclose 10c for samples.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

Making a Million

[continued from page 82]

it sure would have been lost without Kathryn Williams. I was a guardin' the actor folks in the day time an' helpin' to take care of the animals at night time an' it kept me pretty busy. But a-gettin' my money regular.

I reckon what was the biggest moment of the picture came one afternoon kinda unexpected like. Not only was it the biggest moment of the picture but it was the biggest moment that not only had I ever experienced, an' while I've had a few excitin' spells since then in pictures, nothin' ever happened to me quite as nerve-rakin' as this scene I'm now a-goin' to tell you all at.

M I S S W I L L I A M S is lost in this here jungle. There ain't nobody near her but her own self, an' they ain't no one to hear her cry for help. In fact, she is miles an' miles from no place, afoot an' wanderin' round in this jungle, which, by the way, was built in the old fair grounds at Pablo Beach about fifteen miles from Jacksonville. Well, in this here scene, Miss Williams is a-kneelin' down between two logs a-tryin' to hide herself from a lot of leopards that has gathered in the jungle lookin' for food. She has heard their cry an' has listened to the dry jungle grass a-cracklin' as they pass, an' it ain't no pleasant moment for her.

We had put Miss Williams between those two logs an' then fixed to have a leopard jump through the air apparently at her, but the scriptwriter, a fellow named Big Otto, the animal man, a-knowin' about beasts of that kind, had arranged so that the leopard really was to jump over an' beyond Miss Williams, bein' enticed by a chicken fastened to a stake just out of the camera line.

The animal man figured that 'n shipping been for a couple days, this leopard would sure make a flyin' leap for the chicken. I reckon echecchit what business the beavers was just at the moment we turned the leopard loose an' I'm a-kastin' by with my Winchester ready, the wind blew in sharply an' fluffed up Miss Williams' hair, so there it was. Instead of springin' for the chicken, the hungry leopard sprung for Miss Williams an' drove the claws of his fore paws into her scalp. Even at that size didn't that lep count it nothin' still.

I couldn't take no chance of a shot without danger of killin' Miss Williams so I saw but one thing to do, an' I grab Mr. Leopard by the tail, gives him a yank an' swings him clear.

I don't know how many fellers have ever experienced the sensation of havin' a full grown 'un hungry leopard by the tail. an' at the same time tryin' to figure out some way of gettin' him go. I'm here to inform any inquirin' gent that it ain't so funny.

Down in Oklahoma I'd seen college boys a throwin' the hammer an' that struck me as a pretty good scheme so I commenced to throw Mr. Leopard 'round an' 'round turnin' with him just the same as a college athlete would do. In the meantime I was a-tryin' to think out what to do next. I kept this here leopard goin' so fast he had no chance to double-under an' scratch me. Since then, I've often wondered what the leopard was a-thinkin' of an' if he was just as worried as me.

"Let him go! What the hell do you want to hold onto him for?" said Dad 'Turner a-yellin' at me.

"If you fellers know more about lettin' go of a leopard's tail than me," I telled 'em, "then you go ahead an' prevent any of you a-comin' in here an' takin' hold of my hand. It ain't stuck on the job so bad that I ain't willin' to give him to any of you. Otherwise, me an' this leopard is a-goin' to adjust this matter in our own way."

Finally I saw what I thought was a clear chance an' turned Mr. Leopard loose. He hit the ground with a dead clump, gathered him-

self an' with a wild yowl, started back for me. The rest of the gents, havin' no urgent business in that immediate vicinity, had already went.

I got my old six-shooter loose an' sent two shots, an' that an' abettin' a Methodistic prayer, in the direction of the leopard.

The prayer was answered an' it was just too bad. Dad 'Turner had to pay Big Otto for another leopard. Meantime they'd got a doctor to fix up Miss Williams' head an' to this day she carries the scars of that wild old leopard of the Jacksonville jungle. That night I skinned him an', somewhere in Miss Williams' Hollywood home today, you will find his hide. I might add in this connection that when her head was a little better, that same day, Miss Williams went home. I had another chicken, made the scene. This time it worked great.

"L O S T I N T H E J U N G L E S" was finished finally an armed with a letter to a motion picture director in Hollywood, who by the way, I'm sorry to say, is now glad to play minor roles in my pictures. The opening number for Miss Williams' name, I decided, on the advice of "Dad" Turner, Charles Clary an' Bill Mong, to try my luck in the picture capital of America.

I bought a few dollars an' came back to Ponce City, Oklahoma. First I wanted to pay Mike Cunyan the $15 I owed him an' see if anybody had seen any of the "bull" I was ownnin', which was strayed. An' most important, I wanted to get my horse "Old Blue" an' my yearlin' colt, which I was promised when I signed with the famous Kansas City an' bought myself a silver mounted saddle, which was up to that time the best I'd ever owned. Since then I had mounted it as a part of my uniform as a $2500 for a saddle, but I always blame that onto Tony because he likes 'em that way.

After paying off all my debts 'round Oklaho-

ma an' havin' a coupl'a scamp's with a coupl'a good stud players, my bank roll was down to 'round $300. I went to the Santa Fe agent an' I found that it would cost $316 to ship "Old Blue" an' the yearlin' an' me into Los Angeles. Finally we figured it out that I could ship the two horses into San Bernar-

dino, sixty miles from Hollywood, an' through the mail system on a stockcar's pass, hit the California line with a few dollars to spare.

So it came about that one bright fall day back in 1910, me an' "Old Blue" an' the colt reached San Bernardino. We unloaded at the stock pens an' after restin' a coupl'a days an' with $21 in cash in our pockets a-ridin' "Old Blue" an' leadin' the colt, I rode the sixty miles from San Bernardino an' from the top of Cahuenga Pass about four in the afternoon, had my first sight of Hollywood, California, my future home, an' where I confidently expected to make my million dollars.

Hollywood didn't appear to be much of a town when I first saw it. I expected all the movin' picture studios to be grouped together but they were scattered everywhere. What I saw there so more resembled the studios of today than Sid Grauman's Punch an' Judy show looks like Ringling Brothers an' Barnum an' Bailey's Circus. I found a stand for the local newspaper, an' started to look up this director.

In a corner drug store I was about to ask the man to put me on the right trail when I heard a voice say, "Can't you come noise to me, for I said, here's a bunch of cowhands passin' through an' I reckon that no matter where they are from, there'll be somebody they know that I know an' I can feel myself welcome. A minute later they all come a-brinin' into this here drug store.

I had never before seen such cowhand
clothes an' I had rode the range from Alberta, Canada, clean down into the State of Sonora, Old Mexico. I never had seen such shirts, such boots, such six shooters, such handkerchiefs an' such things on their sleeves as cuffs, that these here gents was a-wearin'. Anyone of 'em round Ponca City would have been as great a curiosity as a long haired man on Broadway. The only thing about 'em that even looked like a cowhand's outfit was their Stetson hats.

In the center of this bunch of strange lookin' gents wearin' spurs an' six shooters was a man I recognized from havin' seen him on the screen an' he was in those days a mighty well known star. I ain't a-mentionin' no names because later him an' me got to be good friends an' he confessed that he was just a actor, that he'd never lived in a cattle country, so I forgave him for the clothes he was a-wearin'!

He had boots that fitted tight and came clear up to his hips. His belt was almost a foot wide an' resembled somewhat the type of belt worn by the Gaucho of the Argentine. His shirt was buckskin, much fringed. Incidental, the only man I've ever seen a-wearin' a fringed buckskin shirt in my life, an' I've been on the plains for a good many years, was in a wild west show. Not alone was the shirt buckskin, but it was beaded with workmanship an' design of a kind that no squaw ever knew.

Since the days when he was property boy at Paramount, and was called upon to quickly don a leopard skin and play one of the Nuttian slaves in Geraldine Farrar's picture, Jack Donovan has been trying to forge ahead—in pictures and out.

He has been leading man to some of the prominent women stars; he has been starred by Pathe in thrilling Westerns; he has been awarded a Carnegie medal for life saving; he is holder of a Red Cross medal of honor, but nothing has given him the renown he has received from Mae Murray's recent suit against him.

She didn't mean to buy his house or his furniture, but he caught her in a weak moment, as it were, and she was unable to resist the soft music, the subdued lights, the oriental rugs, etc.; and she thinks the court should make him hand her back a few thousand dollars, even after she had the publicity of paying him $85,000 for it, when she actually purchased it for $50,000. And she never discovered that she had paid too much for it until eight months later, when one of the $2,000 a month payments came due.
Round this gent's neck was a silk handle-chic knobbed (through what I now know to have been a piece of abalone shell carved by a wild Indian, a livin' in Santa Monica. His Stetson hat was high crowned an' rose to a peak an' of a type unknown in any man's cattle country. Hangin' on his waist at an angle no cowhand could wear without bein' cut into by the weight, was the first an' only pair of gold-mounted six shooters I'd ever seen. His spurs was gold an' the rowels was gold. His hip boots were patent leather an' glistenin' an' crackled as he walked.

"I come out here," said I to myself, "to be a cowhand in the movin' pictures but if I got to wear clothes such as this gent an' all his friends are wearin', I may an' 'Old Blue' an' the colt is startin' overland to Ponca City, Oklahoma, in a coupl'a days."

Later I was to learn that this movin' picture ranch owner an' his "cowboy" gan' at that time, was a wearin' what the East believed to be the proper clothes of a hard workin' an' humble cow puncher. I believe I've since changed that.

Next day I hunted up my friends, Bill Mong an' Charles Clary, an' found the director. The latter took me over to his studio at Eden-where, after a little wranglin', I was hired permanent at a salary of $250 a week to make a string of two-reel western pictures.

That night I went to the boardin' place the boys had found for me much elated. Says I, "Tom, you are now in a fair way to make your million. You're bein' paid more money than the Mayor of Kansas City gets; you got a better job an' more money than Chief of Police Tom Steers and Chief of the Fire Department, Kansas City, have got together. You are sure a-goin' to get that million." I felt fine.

But later that night I had a sneakin' suspicion that I'd better do a little figurin'. I discovered that at $250 a week it would only take me $999 weeks to get the million that I was a-needin'. A little more figurin' 'showed I that if I saved money at the end of 76 months, 10 years, 24 days, the million would be mine.

That didn't look so good.

But I was a-go to Hollywood.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Next month Tom Mix will continue his tale of high finance with his early adventures in Holly-wood. Tom's plungin' on to his goal. He's got $21, "Old Blue" and a year's cut in his credit. Watch for his next article. It's full of laughs.

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

SAILORS' WIVES—First National

The sequel to "Flaming Youth," so carefully fumigated and dosedored that it's harmless and practically meaningles as well. What remains is the sombre story of a girl who renounces love and marriage because of approaching blindness. There are some high-society orgies in the suburbs, in an attempt to justify the title of the picture. Mary Aster has some trouble in acting like a wild, wild girl. This won't hurt you, but it won't thrill you either.

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO

Pointing out the awful consequences, when the young master starts getting familiar with the other girl. A painless little story of a battle between the upper and the lower classes in London, with the decision going to the lower classes. It has one of those disconcerting endings in which the girl suddenly finds the love she dreamed of all the time. This is made easier to bear by the presence of two pretty girls, Jacqueline Gadsden and Adrienne Dore.

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Tiffany-Stahl

The marines actually come to the rescue at the end of this picture—two truckful of them. Need I say more? It's all about dirty work in China and the inevitable Sojin slithering around plotting horrid deaths for all Americans in town. And there is a scarlet woman named Sadie who calls the marine "Hank." Where have we heard that before? Pauline Starke and Kenneth Harlan do the best they can. Cheap melodrama.

SKINNER'S BIG IDEA—FBO

There is nothing important or distin-
guished about this, yet it manages to be pleasant entertainment. The famous movie Skinner always had a lot of bright ideas and when he is called upon to discharge the three oldest employees of his firm, Skinner has some tall thinking to do. But everything ends grand and glorious to the amusement of most audiences. Bryant Washburn, Martha Sleeper and Hugh Trevor are in the cast.

The Battles of Coronel and Falkland Islands—Artlee

The idiocies of war are exemplified in this authentic record of the two biggest naval engagements between the British and Germans. They are rather a long-winded affair, which didn't do much for any good and lost hundreds of lives. But that fact is overlooked, and you are treated to a lot of foolish heroes, and an ostentatious display of nautical skill in giving the German's their due. This aims at the simple realism of "Potemkin," but misses by a mile. Only mildly interesting.

The Upland Rider—First National

A thrilling horse race as you ever wit-nesses makes up for many of the story deficiencies in this picture. The theme is the old one that the farm must be saved by one horse and one rider. The neighboring "country home" owner who desires the farm is the menace. Ken Maynard is a rider second to none, while his horse has a bundle of new tricks which will make Tony look to his laurels. Splendid for children.

Partners in Crime—Paramount

Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton dive into the underworld to dig up some new laughs and a few thrills. Beery is a detective who discovers more by accident than a Scotland Yard man could by design. Hatton plays the double role of reporter and gang-leader who is constantly mistaken for one another. Like all the comedies of this pair, the picture depends upon gags and the corkscrewing titles of George Marion for much of the interest.

The Bride of the Colorado—Pathe-Delle

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado River plays the lead in this picture. It makes a beautiful spectacle and a desperate menace, but does not lend itself to real story interest. In fact, the characters and the plot are absolu-
ately incidental to the cathedral cliffs, the whirling rapids and other stupendous beauties of the canyon. John Boles and Donal Blossom, a newcomer to pictures, have some intimate love scenes, but even here it is the background which interests.
ALEX THE GREAT—FBO

Alex was a country boy, who was "willing to give New York a break." How he swept everything before him is a succession of delightful situations, and another example of "He can who thinks he can." Even relatives agreed they would believe him "if he said he pressed his pants with the Flatiron building." The direction of Dudley Murphy and the interesting personality of "Sheets" Gallagher make this well worth seeing.

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?
—Universal

Kelly, an agreeable Irish lad (Tom Moore), went to war and said to every French lassie: "You must come over to America and be my wife." Bessie Love came. Had he not been a "man of importance," having only to raise his hand to stop traffic, Bessie might never have found him. The villainous attempts of Tom O'Brien to thwart her purpose arouse your sympathy, and Bessie's very excellent work holds your interest throughout. Splendid, clean entertainment.

THE HEART OF BROADWAY—Rayart

When a pretty chorus girl and a young hoofer who loves his "likker" mix with a suave night club crook, there's bound to be trouble. These three, played respectively by Pauline Garon, Bobby Agnew, and Wheeler Oakman, stir up a lot of trouble in this cabaret melodrama. But they're all so good you'll forget the sappy story of the innocent boy jailed for the heavy's crime. Fair program entertainment.

A TRICK OF HEARTS—Universal

Another Western for no reason at all except to give Hoot Gibson a chance to ride his horse into a lather and wear skirts, extremely unbecoming to his particular style of beauty. Georgia Hale, Hoot's girl, goes anti-marriage for a political career in a village run by women. This burns Hoot up; he and Manville's other deposed males use strategy to recover their lost prestige and women. Hoot wins—Georgia sighs: "My man!" and all's well.

THE TRAGEDY OF YOUTH—Tiffany-Stahl

Ultra-modern comedy drama illustrating the folly of youthful marriages. Patsy Ruth Miller and Buster Collier do some clever work as the young couple who think marriage will be a waltz dream just because they are perfect dancing partners. Warner Baxter completes the inevitable triangle, reviving the question: Do married men make the best husbands? A good cast, sophisticated direction, and perfect titles by Frederic and Fanny Hatton, make this pictorial marriage expose well worth seeing.

THE PAINTED TRAIL—Rayart

What dear old Hollywood needs is fewer—far fewer—hombres with 10-gallon hats and leather pants, husses with Tiffany trappings, and titles with a Texas accent. But Western pictures, like the poor, are always with us. A smart horse renders this one bearable, however, by an amazing swimming and diving act, with Buddy Roosevelt up. Otherwise it's nothing to gasp over.

RIDERS OF THE DARK—M.-G.-M.

What a beastly shame to plaster this canned horse opera with the gorgeous M.-G.-M. lion! Tim McCoy in plot number four, with no variations. He's the militeaman sent to a Western town to shoot up the bullying villain for his bloody misdeeds. The famous d'Arcy dentals quite chew up the foreground, but Rex Lease and Dorothy Dwan are really good. Maybe you'll like it.

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GOOD-BYE KISS—Mack Sennett

ROMANCE, kisses, comedy, pathos, all intermingled, keep you laughing and crying in this personally-directed special of Sennett's. All the principals go to war and such experiences as they do have! Sally Eilers justifies the claims about her beauty and ability, and Matty Kemp, her leading man, has much appeal. Johnny Burke is a comedian of first rank and walks away with honors. The picture has touches quite like Griffith's and is well worth your seeing even if it drags occasionally.

FALLEN ANGELS—Universal

NORMAN KERRY's drama through a gloomy moral drama entirely unsuited to his talents and those of the good cast supporting him. His is the role of a coward, who, because he hides out during the war and is reported killed in action, finds that he must ever after run from life. Pauline Starke is convincing as one of the weak sisterhood who gives up diamond mining to make a man of him. All right if you're not blue.

THE BIG NOISE—First National

JUST about as interesting as the usual city election with which it is concerned. But not knowing what you have planned for the evening that this shows in your theater, would not advise you to change your mind.

HOT HEELS—Universal

WHEN a small town smart boy gives up butter-and-egging to buy a kick musical show just because he loves the star in it, he might as well kiss his bankroll goodbye. Despite the bewhiskered gags, this comedy will keep you gasping. Patsy Ruth Miller hasn't much to do because it's really Glenn Tryon's story, but as a laugh-generating team, they bubble with B. O. appeal. Take all the kids; they'll eat it up.

THE ROAD TO RUIN—Cliff Broughton

THOUGH the Juvenile courts openly sponsor this expose of youthful delinquency in high schools, it belongs in the "Women Only" class. It is a sensational portrayal of a deplorable social evil, with all Ts crossed and all Is dotted. These kids are painted black as the ace of spades, and necking is indicated as the major elective in secondary schools. Not entertainment, but darn good medicine for parents who "trust their children implicitly."

THE WARNING—Columbia

HONGKONG is the scene of this mystery melodrama where the English Secret Service mix it with a Chinese opium gang. Jack Holt saves it from heaviness by his characterization of a British he-man, with ready fists and a sense of humor. He rescues the risty blonde, Dorothy Revier, from half of China and makes us believe it. Lilian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchin are involved in a fast mystery story, full of both laughs and thrills.

THE APACHE RAIDER—Pathé

WHY do rugged gentlemen in high heels always get all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows? No one seems to know. So that's the reason, if any, for Western pictures. Leo Maloney (God gave the Irish) swings a mean megaphone and a hot pair of spurs in this gentle little gun party.

VAMPING VENUS—First National

SENNETT comedian turned loose in a comedy nightmare of ancient Greece, falling over telephones, radios, motorcycles and other twentieth century appurtenances. A synthetic idea for a farce based on the suggestion that the old studio sets of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" might be used in a nut comedy like "A Connecticut Yankee." It may turn out to be a box office wow. Thelma Todd furnishes the beauty and Charlie Murray and the titles the fun.
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is that the cost is negligible.

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**Brief Reviews of Current Pictures**

(Continued from page 14)

**LADIES MUST DRESS—** Fox—A comedy that starts off like a whiskwind and then collapses. (January.)

**LADIES' NIGHT IN A TURKISH BATH—** First National—There are several hilarious moments in this film, and the opening scene is a fine bit of stage farce. Not subtle, but funny. With Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall. (March.)

**LADY OF VICTORIES, THE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—The romance of Napoleon and Josephine, gorgeously presented in Technicolor. Only two reels, but very much worth seeing. (March.)

**LAST COMMAND, THE—** Paramount—A powerful and terrible story of a convict of the time of a Russian who becomes a Hollywood "extra." Thanks to the magnificent acting of Emil Jannings, this film is the most popular crying-fest of the season. (March.)

**LAST MOMENT, THE—** Fine Arts—An independent film, built around the theory that a drowning man sees his whole life pass in review in a few seconds. Terribly overacted. (February.)

**LAST Waltz, THE—** UFA-Paramount—German sentiment that needs music— and a certain serpentine beverage—to put it over. Willy Fritsch wears uniforms—and how! (December.)

**LATEST FROM PARIS, THE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Norma Shearer plays a traveling saleswoman. Bright, snappy entertainment. (March.)

**LAW OF THE RANGE, THE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Tim McCoy in a thriller that has heart interest. Joan Crawford plays a sweet, old-fashioned girl. That ought to send you to see it. (March.)

**LEAVE 'EM LAUGHING—** Hal Roach-M-G-M. It does. In two reels. (March.)

**LEGION OF THE CONDEMNED, THE—** Paramount—Maurice Winters, who plays a leading part in the story of the exploits of a French Flying Squadron. (February.)

**LEGIOnNAIRES IN PARIS—** FBO. A burlesque of what happened to the American Legion in Paris last summer. You'll laugh and laugh and laugh. (February.)

**LEOPARD LADY, THE—** Pathe-De Mille—A story with a new slant and a surprise ending. It all takes place in a Continental travelling circus. A fine performance by Greer Garbo. (March.)

**LES MISERABLES—** Universal. The Victor Hugo story is great, but the acting, photography and settings are far below par. The story can be wrong when they make movies. (November.)

**LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, A—** Rayart—Single tear jerkers without some sincere acting by Henry II, Walthall. (February.)

**LIGHTER THAT FAILED, THE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Hal Roach builds a comedy on a gift fed. Little, but oh, my! (February.)

**LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Lea Chancy in a grand comedy-mystery. Mr. Chancy plays a dual rôle. (January.)

**LONE EAGLE, THE—** Universal—Another picture inspired by the romance of a great aviator, thanks to young Raymond Kenne. (December.)

**LOVE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—Anna Karenina. Not so's you could notice it. With John Gilbert and Greta Garbo. Melt the Russian snow with their love scenes. Will it be popular? Don't be silly! (November.)

**LOVE AND LEAR—** Paramount. Wherein Esther Ralston kerbs Pupa and Mummy from getting a divorce. Smart, light comedy. (March.)

**LOVELORN, THE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The tale of a self-made woman with a Dody Browning romance between Mary Philbin and Henry P. Walthall. Betty Compson is the only live thing in the show. (April.)

**MAIN EVENT, THE—** Pathe-De Mille.—Price at a foot. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That's all. (July.)

**MAN CRAZY—** First National—Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of Down East high-lows who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

**MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Scalder in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, but Jeanne Eagles is no Greta Garbo. (January.)

**MILE-A-MINUTE LOVE—** Universal. Reginal Denny hands this picture to Janet La Verne, a five-year-old. You'll love her and you'll love the piece. (December.)

**MUM'S THE WORD—** Fox—Another two-reel comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps that deserves your kind attention. (January.)

**MY BEST GIRL—** United Artists. Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played with "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children, of course! (December.)

**MY FRIEND FROM INDIA—** Pathe-De Mille. The story is fine enough when girls wore long skirts and high laced shoes. (January.)

**NEST, THE—** Excellent. Pauline Frederick brings her greatest gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

**NIGHT FLYER, THE—** Pathe-De Mille. Big dog among the riffs, but the Noy's charm triumphing over a dirty face. (April.)

**NIGHT LIFE—** Tiffany. An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The cock-fight has an original twist and Eddie Gribbon, John Hunter and Alice Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

**NOOSE, THE—** First National—Richard Barthelmess again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An extra-fine melodrama that will hold you spellbound. (March.)

**NO PLACE TO GO—** First National. Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hawes. (December.)

**NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—** Paramount—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakness under the strain. They need a fresh line. (December.)

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**Dayton, O.**

Have you ever been in a foreign country, lonely, homesick and ready to cry from sheer loneliness. Not lately over a year ago, I was just that. Ireland's climate is not much at best, and in mid-winter, it is cold, damp, murky and dreary. Muddy too, and Dublin mud doesn't come out of a light silk stocking.

One day, when I felt the worst, I went into town to the Metropole. I don't remember what picture was there and I am sure it doesn't matter; but I forgot my loneliness, in my interest in the story before me, and I came out cheered and happy. I was gay with the laughter of America. And when a beggar woman, Army, came in to my room, it was not pennies I gave her, but shillings.

I, with the others, waited for Thomas Meighan in front of the Shelbourne; and I, too, hindered him when he wished to take pictures in St. Stephen's Green. But I am sure he will forgive me when he knows how glad I was to see, not only an actor, but a man from home.

H. M.
ONE ROUND HOGAN—Warners.—Wherein love saves the championship for a prizefighter. With Monte Blue and Leila Hyams. Not so bad. (December.)

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER—Paramount.—It is a farce about nothing at all, but charmingly told and ingratiatingly acted by Florence Vidor and Theodor von Eltz. (November.)

ON TO RENO—Pathé-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but Marie Prevost, sided by James Cusse, should do better than this. (December.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Well, there's a good prize fight episode. With Reginald Denny. (March.)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount—Lance Chandler and his horse, "Flah," in one of the best Westerns now leaping across our screens. (January.)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made farce. (December.)

PAGJANS—Fox.—Oliver Borden as one of those terrible movie society girls that ought to be shopped to sleep. (February.)

PARIS OR BUST—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as a boy who knew he was a flyer "because dad mother gave his father the air." Anyway, you'll laugh at it. (December.)

PERFECT GENTLEMAN, A—Pathé.—Monte Banks in a series of unusually good gags. Good fun. (November.)

PHANTOM OF THE RANGE—FBO.—Not the kitchen range, Gemdale, but the wide open spaces. However, don't let the title fool you; it's a good film and it features Tom Tully and little Frankie Dury. (April.)

PRETTY CLOTHES—Sterling.—Moral. Don't let a man give you a charge account. (February.)

PRICE OF HONOR, THE—Columbia.—An old-time, tear-jerking, heart-stirring melodrama, well presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more widely touted extravaganzas. (December.)

PRINCE OF PEANUTS, THE—Universal.—Nutty farce with Glenn Tryon. (April.)

PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE—First National.—Not the satire of Erksine's novel, but a movie burlesque of Homer with wise-cracking titles. Mara Corda is a fascinating new type. (January.)

RACING ROMEO, THE—FBO.—"Red" Granite in a motor maroon. A weak one. (January.)

RAGTIME—First Division.—Just a lot of celluloid. (January.)

RAMONA—United Artists.—A pictorially lovely version of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian girl. (March.)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Herero stuff about the Great Northwest. Okay. (February.)

RENO DIVORCE—Warners.—Ralph Graves wrote the story, directed it and acted in it. The strain was too much for him. A fair film with Mary McEvoy as its ornamental heroine. (November.)

ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn Mayer.—Joan Crawford's novel comes out as an all-right movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December.)

ROSE-MARIE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting acting and dialogue. Romance among the far trappers of the North. With Joan Crawford and James Murray. (March.)

ROSE OF THE GOLDEN WEST—First National.—A big success message. One of those in the present marvelous love scenes between Gilbert Roland and Mary Astor than they will be in the story. It's a beautiful picture. (November.)

RUSH HOUR, THE—Pathé-De Mille.—Conventional stuff, ornamented by Marie Prevost and Seena Owen. Oh, dear, these eternal working girls! (April.)

SADIE THOMPSON—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censors. A tawdry, sordid and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lionel Barrymore and Gloria's finest acting to date. Not for the more delicate, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (April.)

SAILOR IZZY MURPHY—Warner.—George Jessel in a comedy that has thrill and a bit of pathos. Lots of laughs. (November.)

SAILOR'S SWEETHEART, A—Warners.—They have nerve to call this "comedy." Don't do it again, Louise Fazenda. (December.)

SAN FRANCISCO NIGHTS—Gotham.—Mac Busch, as a cabaret girl, rescues Percy Marmont from trifles in the underworld. Mac's a good trooper. (April.)

SATAN AND THE WOMAN—Excellent—Showing how a narrow-minded town can be mean to a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Fle on them! (April.)

SCARLET YOUTH—S. S. Millard.—Supposed to have a big social message. One of those minded films that plays to "men only" and "women only" audiences. Don't let them kid you. It's just to get the easy money of anyone simple enough to be taken in by the sensational advertising. (April.)

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**Advertising Section**

SECRET HOUR, THE.—Paramount.—A white-voiced theater of that fine play, "They Know What They Want," which proves that you can't make pictures please the critics and have box good. (December.)

SERENADE.—Paramount.—Holding a stethoscope to the fluttering heart of a musician. One of Adolph Menjou's best, and heightened by the presence of Katharine Hepburn. (February.)

SHANGHAIED.—FBO.—Eat-em-up love story about a sailor and a dance-hall girl. You'll laugh in the wrong places. (November.)

SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS.—First National.—Parlor. Harold Bell Wright and very sweet and clean. But just a twenty, twenty bit slow. (March.)

*SHE'S A SHEIK.—Paramount.—The daughter of Danielis is great as a wild Arabian gal who captures her man and tames his proud spirit. A swell evening. (January.)

SHIELD OF HONOR.—Universal.—Help yourself, if you like book stories. (May.)

SHOOTING IRONS.—Paramount.—Jack Juden and Sally Blane in a jittyve story of the great kohle places. (December.)

SILK LEGS.—Fox.—Madge Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings. Whipped cream. (March.)

SILVER SLAVE, THE.—Warner's.—How mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villainizing him herself. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (April.)

SILVER VALLEY.—Fox.—Tom Mix as a reformin' sheriff. Tom has it. (December.)

SIMBA.—Martin Johnson Corp. — Those charming travelers, the Martin Johnsons, are giving another one of their entertaining jungle pictures. Great studies of wild animals in their native haunts. (April.)

SINEWS OF STEEL.—Gotham.—A story of big business showing how the big steel corporations eat up the little ones. (November.)

SKY-SCRAPER.—Pathe-De Mil.—Love among the riveters. The locations are thrilling, although the plot is luckedet. With Sue Carol and Wladam Boyd. (April.)

SMART SET, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Hale. Always the veteran acting the fresh kid. But good, if you go in for flippant youth. (April.)

SOUND CUSHIONS.—Paramount.—Douglas MacLean tries Broadway gags in a Bagdad harem. A lot of wire-crackling and a real hit by a newcomer.—Sue Carol. (November.)

SOFT LIVING.—Fox.—Adventures of a stenographer who saves her family from disaster to get alimony than work for a living. But love saves all. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April.)

*SORRELL AND SON.—United Artists.—Herbert Brenon has made a remarkably beautiful picture of this story of a father's love for his son. Superbly played by H. B. Warner and a fine cast. (March.)

SPORTING GOODS.—Paramount.—Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the very best current light comedies. (March.)

SPOTLIGHT, THE.—Paramount.—How the bubbling Little Sibyl becomes Rozanna, the Russian star. Nice tidings of our craze for foreign names and temperament. With Esther Ralston. (January.)

SQUARE CROOKS.—Fox.—Original variations of the usual prices let this comedy above the ordinary. Jackie Coogan is a three-year-old kid, runs away with the Augus. (April.)

STAND AND DELIVER.—Pathe-De Mil.—Rod La Rocque joins the French Army and goes on a bandit hunt. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (February.)

STRANDED.—Sterling.—A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune. It's hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

*STREET ANGEL.—Fox.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventeen Heaven. A beautiful story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

*STUDENT PRINCE, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro in one of the best love stories ever written. Unforced acting, and Laskin is completely in his element. (November.)

*SUNRISE.—Fox.—F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything but talk. Short on story interest but long on beauty. (April.)

SYMPHONY, THE.—Universal.—Rather wooden story that tries to be another "Music Master." Redecorated by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

*TEA FOR THREE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The second bath of the Negro comedy, neatly and subtlely acted. (November.)

TELL IT TO SWEENEY.—Paramount.—Chester Conklin and George Arcoft in a comedy in which you just plain feel better. (November.)

TENDERLOIN.—Warner's.—This time the dirty crooks blaire the robbery on Detore Costello, the robber gets away, and she's an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

TEXAS STEER, A.—First National.—Will Rogers, at star and title-writer, takes fun out of our politicians. A picture that papa will enjoy. (January.)

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE.—Universal.—The birth of a Negro comedy with an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Plante's best. (December.)

THIRTEEN HOURS, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—In spite of trapdoors, secret passages and underground passages, Napoleon, the crafty catnine, outwits the villain. (November.)

TIGRESS, THE.—Columbia.—How much Doro-othy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)


TREE OF LIFE, THE.—Zenith.—The story of the world's creation, no less! L. H. Tolhurst, with the assistance of the University of Minnesota, has collected the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. (April.)

*TWO ARABIAN KNIGHTS.—United Artists.—Proving that there can be something new in war comedies! You'll never forget it! With Louis Wolheim and William Boyd. See it, by all means. (November.)

TWO FLAMING SOUTHS.—Paramount.—Introducing a new co-starring team—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic wearer. (March.)

TWO GIRLS WANTED.—Fox.—Adapted from John Golden's stage success, it's a nice, amusing story under the title. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (February.)

*UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.—Universal.—Harriet Beecher Stowe's story of the Civil War and Sherman's March to the Sea. An effective vehicle, but in its final analysis, it means the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.—Metro-Goldwyn- Mayer.—Flash, "the wolf dog," shows that the dogs did their share in the fight of the war. (March.)

UNDER THE TONTO RID.—Paramount.—More gold rush. Richard Arlen and Mary Brian in a fable of gold rush days. (April.)

*VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE.—First National.—Splendidly presented drama of the Big Tree and its conqueror, acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (April.)

VERY CONFIDENTIAL.—Fox.—The little salesgirl earns the heart of society's pet. An old story in new clothes. With Madge Bellamy as the lucky gal. (February.)

WALLFLOWERS.—FBO.—One of those stories that is activated by a trick will. Light but adequate. (April.)

WANTED, A COWARD.—Sterling.—If this happens to get into your town, tell your manager what you think of him. (December.)

13 WASHINGTON SQUARE.—Universal.—A mediocre mystery story with a bit of comedy and a good performance by Baby Janis. Also with Alice Joyce and Jean Hersholt. Only fair. (March.)

WEST POINT.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—William Haines joins the U. S. Military Academy. Jean Crawford is the girl. (February.)

WHIP WOMAN, THE.—First National.—A picture so badly made the audience laughed. Through a judgment of the reviewer, we failed to warn you how bad it was. (March.)

Wild Geese, The:—Tiffany.—Sincere presentation of Mortha Ostendorf's novel, with a fine characterization by Russell Simpson. (January.)

WIN, THE.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Illian Gil in a fascinating drama of life on a Texas ranch. Excellent performances by Robert Harron and Montagu Love. (November.)

WIFE, THE.—Pathe-De Mil.—One of those stories about Hopkins, hold a husband—if you are interested. (January.)

WIZARD, THE.—Fox.—One of Monsieur Lermou's best. This time with Loretta Young, Edmund Lowe and other capable performers. (February.)

WIZARD OF THE SADDLE, THE.—FBO.—Well-handled story, well-played by Williamers and the manship of Buzz Barton, the feckless kid. (February.)

WOLF FANGS.—Fox.—Ranger, the dog, saves the poor gal from a trapdoor and step-ladder. Elemental amusement. (February.)

WOMAN WISE.—Fox.—Showing the downfall of a beautiful career. With Walter Pidgeon and June Collyer. (February.)

WOMEN'S WARS, THE.—Evelyn Brent as a small seaside girl who is constantly annoyed by naughty men. (December.)

WRECK OF THE HESPERUS, THE.—Pathe-De Mil.—Mother Cliton, who made "Down to the Sea in Ships," has again turned out some glorious sea stuff. Longfellow's ballad has been movie-ized, but you like Virginia Bradford. (February.)
Another deprecatory grin from me.

"I'll tell you what," suddenly from D'Almonde. "It's stuffy here. Let's go out into the Garden of Truth, and finish our little chat.

That's the way it happened—just like that. I cannot tell you exactly why, but a feeling of elation suddenly possessed me as I trudged contentedly along with Vincent D'Almonde on the way to the Garden of Truth.

It was comfortable there—quiet, cool,arboreal. Birds were twittering... Vincent lolled at ease upon a cushioned seat; while I sat erect with pencil poised, and gazing expectantly through my thick lenses.

Suddenly D'Almonde seemed to be lapsing into a sort of reverie; and as I gazed, a subtle change appeared to steal over him. It was difficult to describe—as if the color and tone of a light within a transparency had suddenly been changed. His exterior remained the same to the eye; but I seemed to sense an intangible change in his psychic emanations—if you get me.

And then I became aware of a change within myself. I suddenly became possessed of a desire to speak with absolute frankness—to tell this bombastic egg exactly what I thought of him. Heaven! Could it be that there was something about this Garden of Truth... ?

I curved my desire. "You were speaking of your books and your music—" I suggested.

Vincent snapped out of it with a bit of a start, and gazed at me with perplexity. "What books?—what music?" he interrogated.

"Why, the books in your library and—" "Horsery!" he exploded. "I haven't any library. Those rows of books aren't real books—they're just the backs of books; and I keep my liquor back of them. "Walter Scott" means Scotch. "Shakespeare" spells gin. 'Dickens' and 'Thackeray' stand for Bourbon and Rye.

"And," Vincent suddenly leaned forward to punctuate this with finger-prods against my knee, "and, if you ever find yourself in my library, and you feel like a slug of Benedictine or a shot of Absinthe, just pull out Volumes 1 and 2 of Victor Hugo and see what greets the eye!"

I heard with surprise my voice replying, "I always knew you were a rum hound; but how about these stories about your 'cello playing? Do—"

"What's that about a rum hound?" bristled Vincent; but immediately he cooled. "'Me playing the 'shello? Don't it beat hell, the way that kinda trip gets spread around about a fella? Why should I play the 'shello? I got plenty of music—a radio, two phonographs and a player-phrase. I tickle the 'uke' once in a while and sing a little 'blue' stuff. But—Shello! Boloney!"

"WELL, at least you read your parts over, don't you?" This from me.

"Why should I?" demanded D'Almonde, with a petulant expression. "I got a director, ain't I—and he's got a script, ain't he? He'll tell me what to do when I get on the set. My directors are all kings, Old Son-y know that, don't you? Read parts—hell!"

"As a matter of fact," I replied, "I required to know, 'you are not very bright anyway, are you?'

"Listen, scribe," he said, with the palm of his hand parallel to the ground, "I'm gonna tell you something. I'm not only not bright—I'm just plain dumb!" "Maybe you don't know it, but I was an 'extra' before I got the break and became a star. Not in Hollywood—in New York. A scenario writer fell for me. Of course, you remember 'Redemption'—made a star of me.
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Because this method is both delightfully convenient and economical, stars of stage and screen have adopted it in amazing numbers. You, too, will find it best. Buy a package of Kleenex now and see.

Suicide Never Pays [CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]
"Pneumonia and pleurisy followed. I didn't have any money at all. A friend of grandmother's had taken me to her house. But I didn't like that. I was used to earning my own living. All that I asked of life was to be a dramatic actress—and that seemed forbidden.

"The doctors had given me morphine. I took the whole bottle. A stomach pump was all I got for my trouble!"

ALL she got—at the moment. But a month later, the woman with whom she was living sailed for France and took Evelyn with her.

"That was the most carefree time of my life! We lived in the French quarters and saw only French people.

"Oh, the French people, the real middle-class French people, know how to be always happy!"

Came time to return to the home-country. Two weeks in England was scheduled. And there, fate began playing with the life of Evelyn.

She was dining in the Piccadilly hotel one afternoon when she met the famous Maurice, the dancer. Now, of course, men are always attracted by Evelyn. Maurice was no exception. When he found she was an actress, he exclaimed, "I know an American producer who's tied himself into knots hunting for an American girl for his play. I'm going to tell him about you."

Although Evelyn insisted to both Maurice and the producer that she knew nothing of stage-craft, she was given the part—and stole the show in the bargain.

The leading man was working in a motion picture, between performances. Evelyn went with him and in a few days was making three hundred fifty dollars a week between the two occupations.

"My, but I thought I was wealthy!'' she laughed a little. "I made fourteen pictures in England, saved up quite a lot of money and thought my life was straight sailing—but, I fell in love!"

Another almost imperceptible pause in her recitation.

"He was a married man. It was hopeless from the very beginning. He had a wife and children. Although he had not been living with them for some time, what could I offer in comparison? I wouldn't give up my career for any man living. Oh, it was just no use.

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It's pleasant to wash away hairs

I'd just as easy and pleasant as rinsing dust from your hands or face. You put a bit of the perfumed liquid De Miracle on a piece of cotton, you touch it to the undesirable hairs of underarm, limb, neck, or face. Then, just a quick rinse with pure, warm water — and your skin is fresh, clean and delightful — absolutely free of the slightest marring shadow of hair. It is so natural, so womanly, so easy!

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But it was the first time I had been in love.
I told him he must go. He went to America to get away from me.

"Funny, how one heartache leads to another, isn't it? He had no more gone, when there came a slump in the English productions. They couldn't compete with the Americans. I couldn't find a thing to do. Finally, there came a chance on the stage. It was my last hope."

"On the fourth day — I caught cold. All I can remember is getting home. They found me on the floor of the bathroom, six hours later, unconscious."

Pneumonia, pleurisy and, this time, rheumatism with it. Easter Sunday was to be Evelyn's last day, according to the physicians, but again she defied the fates. Four weeks in the country with a trained nurse, and she returned to London without a penny left of her savings.

AND the day she returned, a cablegram in-formed her that the man she had loved had died in New York City.

She was thin, ill, haggard. The legitimate stage did not want her. The motion pictures were still closed.

What was there left for her? 

"I tried iodine this time. I didn't know that a person cannot swallow enough iodine to kill them. Another illness was all I had this time for my trouble."

"American! I wanted to get back to my own country. But boats cost money. I didn't know which way to turn."

And the very next day after I decided I must get home, someway, an agent called up and asked if I'd like to play a part in a picture that the Cunard line was going to make on a ship going to America. Would I like it? They gave me fifty pounds and my passage to New York City. And you know the rest of my story."

Yes, we know the rest. Douglas Fairbanks had seen one of her English pictures in his projection room in Hollywood and determined he would hire her for his leading lady. When he found she was in New York City, doing extra work again, he signed her to a contract and brought her to California. Then, for a whole year, she didn't play in a picture! Perhaps this was the most heart-breaking point of Evelyn's entire life story. In the meantime she had met and married B. F. Fineman, an executive at Paramount-Famous-Lasky; but her heart yearned to continue her attempts to become a real dramatic actress. Finally, her husband secured her release from her contract and Evelyn began Hollywood freelancing.

"And to show how experiences dovetail together," Evelyn concluded. "Von Sternberg had been an assistant something-or-other in England. I didn't remember him, but fortunately, he remembered me. He insisted on having me for the lead in 'Underworld' with George Bancroft, which, after twelve years, was my first real break in pictures.

NO, Evelyn is no longer Mrs. Fineman. But she and Mr. Fineman are seen lunching together at least once a week in the Cinema City. "He is still my best friend. We just get along better with friends than we do as husband and wife," was her candid explanation.

"If you want to get a moral out of my story," she added, as she uncurlcfd herself from the cushioned chair, in which she had been half-hiding, while she was talking, "just say that suicide doesn't pay. It's foolish. Every time I tried it, the next day something splendid happened. You get just so low in life, and then something good is sure to happen. Suicide doesn't help any. If you succeed, you pass out and never know the break that is just starting the corner; if you don't, you're downright sick and feel like a dumb-bell for causing so much trouble. It's taken me twenty-six years, but I've gotten there and 1'm happy. Anyone else can do the same thing without being half as foolish."
If you really knew about Princess Pat powder you'd surely try it

IN THE FIRST PLACE, Princess Pat is the only face powder that contains Almond. Your accustomed powders likely have a base of starch. This change of base in Princess Pat makes a completely different powder. Almond makes a more clinging powder than can possibly be obtained with starch as a base. So point one in favor of Princess Pat is that it stays on longer. Every woman will appreciate this advantage.

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So point two in favor of Princess Pat is that it can be applied more smoothly, assuring the peculiarly soft, velvety tone and texture which definitely establishes Princess Pat as the choice of the ultra fashionable women everywhere.

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And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat Almond Base Powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the oblong box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

Lillian Gilmore, Universal Film Star, is another of the many screen and stage beauties who uses Princess Pat Powder—and has it. Just opening a fresh box here, with "I adore it!"

A deciding factor in choosing powder is perfume. Will you like Princess Pat—an original fragrance? Yes, for it steals upon the nose subtilly, elusively. Its appeal is to delicacy, to the appreciation every woman has of finer things. It is sheer beauty, haunting wistfulness expressed in perfume.

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Even beyond all these advantages, Princess Pat possesses a special virtue which should make every woman choose Princess Pat as her only powder.

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Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section

away to school. With considerable velocity he passed through Upper Canada College in Toronto and the Michigan College of Mines at Houghton, Michigan. He has become more marked by his intensity than its duration. If he ever got a degree from either of these schools they may have thrown at him as he went past.

Bob was in a hurry, being at least two hundred and eighty-five years behind that "Company of Adventurers," which sailed out of Nanaimo. Out of school he had to walk the woods and waters of the Canadian wilderness, working with his father in the exploration of the mineral resources of northern Ontario. He learned to paddle a canoe like a Cree and to carry a pack like an Ojibway.

THERE was romance and a feeling for life in the youth. He carried a violin, along with the transit and geologist's hammer. They were all instruments of his career.

By the height of a thousand camps, he heard the lore of the north-country, the weird tales of "La Chasse Gallerie," and the adventures of voyagers in all the wildernesses from Nanaimo to the Straits of Belle Isle. With them he drank and fiddled and sang: "En Roulant ma Boule" and "Jaimeri Toujours."

Soon he added a kodak to pack on the violin. He wanted somehow to record and interpret this fascinating world of the Big North. And even his first amateur snapshots were more than mere pictures. Flaherty believed in them.

Far out on the west coast of Vancouver Island Flaherty found an out-crop of wonderful marble. He spent three years quarrying there and trying to produce marble in which his marble was too far from the monument trade. The northwest coast is healthy. Flaherty did not mind much. He was not so anxious to be a businessman.

Flaherty turned east to Toronto. He was looking out. His real career was still ahead of him. The Canadian government was proc- essing a constitution for the new province of the prairie provinces to ships on Hudson Bay, a short cut to European markets. Sir William Mackenzie was building the Canadian Northern railway. With this talk of Hudson Bay development in the air he conceived the possibility that, if reports of mineral deposits were true, there would also be a traffic in iron from the great barrens of the markets of the world. He sent for Flaherty.

One August day in 1910 Flaherty, with one hundred companions, set a sledge camp on the ice of the Bay of Fundy in the north of Nova Scotia, near the island of Bonavista. He was on the way to the old Hudson's Bay Company post of New Glasgow on the north coast. It was试剂 too poor in metals to offer commercial value. Flaherty was ready to turn to the long coast northward to civilization, six hundred miles to the southward, with a report of disappointment.

Nero, an Eskimo dog driver, came up to Flaherty, as he stood on the bow of the endless leagues of sea ice. "Big land over there!" The Eskimo pointed out into the emptiness of Hudson Bay.

Flaherty was curious, incredulous, but hopeful. He had come to find iron, and there was not enough iron in the Nastopokas. His charts showed in the dead maps of the British Admiralty and two and a half centuries of navigation of these waters, showed a tiny cluster of dots out there in the big bay, labelled Belcher Islands, where his friends in England were looking for the source of the famous Belcher Islands.

What the Eskimo said must of course be an exaggeration, a campfire tale. But, there was a chance. Flaherty remembered one Wellnac, an Eskimo at Charlton Island, who had told tales of his one time home and hunting grounds on a great land up in the bay. Wellnac's stories were always discount- ed at Charlton Island by the canny fur traders. They knew the maps were right.

But science and the scientific spirit, which is so closely akin to the spirit of adventure, too, its way. The next long journey, which took back to civilized Canada, Flaherty was pondering the possibilities and remembering one tempting fact. Years before in the iron prospecting of Ontario, Flaherty had once been upon interesting bits of ore, just scraps and shards of it in the tangle of glacial gravel heaps. It had come, ages before, in the big shears, from iron-rich rocks in the north. Never had he been able to find the mother lode, the source of these glacial borne fragments. But there was the tempting certainty that somewhere in the base of the ice of that big land was iron ore, and Flaherty was sleeping on the snow and ice.

In Toronto Flaherty made his report on the Nastopokas and told Sir William Mackenzie it was "a big land" and a big land in the big bay. Up at Ottawa the Government officials smiled and pointed to the charts. There were deep sea soundings on the maps showing the belcher islands, but nothing in the "big land." Mackenzie sent Flaherty back to prospect, and to see about that big land, be it myth or fact. So again Flaherty went into the north, taking a motor to travel near the voyage in quest of the unknown islands. A quest of years, filled with adventure and discovery, was begun. The motor boat was wrecked upon the Great Bear, and Flaherty waited for the sea ice of deep winter, and a storm came and broke up the ice the day he was ready to set forth on the big drive toward Wellnac's land.

Again Flaherty returned south and again with local aid with Mackenzie. "It was a ship," he says, "a stout Arctic schooner, and the harbor of St. Johns, in Newfoundland, with Flaherty aboard. This time it was on a mission, the kodak, a motion picture camera. It was 1913 and Flaherty had seen the first of the feature dramas on his short sojourn in the cities of Canada.

The cruise of the Laddie brought many new adventures, by shore and sea. The schooner was wrecked, salvaged and repaired. At last Flaherty found the iron to the north of Flaherty's islands. Here was a great domain of some thousands of square miles—and on it nearly a hundred square miles dotted with outcappings of iron ore.

Thus posthumously the mission of the lachal Nonah and that company of gentlemen ad- venturers from London, now after two hundred and fifty years, was fulfilled. And for all these two and a half centuries the annual cruise of the Hudson's Bay Company fur ships into the big bay had passed within a few hours' sail from these unknown islands.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Flaherty was vindicated and honored among geographers. Presently he was to be elected to the Royal Geographical Society, and authorized to write F. K. G. S. after his name.

Meanwhile Flaherty industriously recorded the life of the people of the north, the battle for life of the Eskimos, on film. He had come to know it and understand it on terms no white man had ever shared before. He wanted to bring back to the civilized world that dramatic saga of ice and sea.

At last Flaherty reached Toronto and sat down in the comforts of civilization to put his picture together. Then as the job neared completion, and his picture was all in neat rows of rolls piled up before him on the cutting table, he dropped a cigarette. There was a burst of flame. Flaherty was thrown across the room, burned deep by the blast, scorched as though he had stepped into the roaring vortex of a giant blow-torch. He struggled out of the room and ran to the street in a frenzy of pain, clothes afire. Weeks later he recovered in a hospital. His treasured film record of the life of the northland had vanished completely in that one scaring explosion.

BUT creative zeal was upon this determined, adventuring Flaherty. On his intermittent sojourns in the cities of civilization he had seen the rise of the feature drama. He had watched the screen begin as a recorder of novelty and develop into a medium of expression. Only the screen could tell this wild, sweeping story of the big north which Flaherty had made so completely his own.

At last Flaherty determined to go back north, no longer concerned with iron and other "Considerable Commodities," but with pictures alone. John Revillion and Captain Thierry Mallet of Revillion Freres, the world famous fur concern, agreed to finance the project. One may pause for a parenthesis of whimsy to regard this fact, for with all the retail furriers who have become the builders of the screen empire, it seems oddly coincidental that now at last the great trappers and traders of the snowy north should also enter the picture. For twenty-odd years there has been an amazing affinity be-

**Why is your face older than the rest of you?**

Have you ever wondered why the skin of your face is so much older than the skin of your shoulders?

Weathering is the reason.

Your shoulders are covered—protected. Your face is exposed.

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A point of motion, the “OM town” slides across the mirror stream,..Reflections dance on tiny ripples...Colors blend and clash in riot...At a stroke of the blade the canoe darts forward, swift and smooth and light. “Old Towns” are patterned after actual Indian models. Their graceful lines mean steadfastness and easy handling. Priced as low as $67. From dealer or factory.

New catalog gives complete information about sailing canoes, square-stem canoes, dinghies, etc. Also fast, seaworthy boats for Outboard Motors. Write for free copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 815 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

“Old Town Canoes”

T HE Nanook expedition faced all of the perils of the Arctic winter, storm, starvation and disaster. There was a desperate week when Flaherty had to burn precious rolls of film to melt snow for tea water, out on the barren wastes, blizzard bound and facing death. Out on the coast, thousands of miles from a dental surgeon, Flaherty was stricken with dental trouble involving an abscessed tooth, so painful it made him helpless. With a file and a nail he fashioned a drill, and with this crude instrument and no anesthetic, he directed an operation performed by a clumsy Eskimo. Infections resulted and the Nanook story came near ending there.

There were technical difficulties without end. Flaherty found that at 37 degrees below zero the brittle film broke into flakes like glass and it was necessary when he tried to reel through the camera. He had to warm the film in the igloo at the camp and wrap it in clothes that could ill be spared to keep it warm until it could be exposed.

After the year long campaign in the north, Flaherty’s ship, the little schooner Annie, sailed into the Innusuk river one August day and a week later he stood at the rail, waving farewell to Nanook, who had followed out to sea in his kayak.

Two years later the once-a-year ship brought back word to Flaherty that Nanook was dead. The annual migration of fish had failed and the Eskimo chief died of starvation. Meanwhile incident to Flaherty’s film labors Nanook had become the most famous Eskimo in history. His picture had gone all over the world, even to the deserts of Africa and Asia, where the magic of snow had to be explained to the amazed native audiences.

T HE triumph of the pictures of Nanook took Flaherty away from his quest of iron and changed the whole course of his career. Jesse Lasky, the only film magnate with a feeling of the great outdoors and the adventures of the far places, commissioned Flaherty to go into the South Seas and record the native life of that region as he had in the North. “Moana,” an idyll of Samoa, resulted, after a series of adventures quite as remarkable as the filming of Nanook—but that is yet another story for another day.

Meanwhile the influence of Flaherty’s technique in “Nanook of the North” began to exert itself. There was a quickening of interest in “natural drama.” “Grass” made by Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, the spectacular tale of a migration in the Persian highlands, found a relation to Famous Players through Lasky’s interest. And in sequel Cooper and Schoedsack made that current success, “Chang,” in the jungles of Borneo, with a further Nanook idea.

Again Flaherty is off to the far away lands, in Tahiti now, to make a screen record based on Frederick O’Hara’s “White Shadows in the South Seas.” So interested in the fruitful way, Flaherty has fulfilled through the films the quest of his confidants of the ketch Nontch, which sailed that day in 1908 for the Discovery of a new Passage into the South Sea.

Flaherty ashore in Papeete has just landed at the end of the cruise that began two hundred and sixty years ago in London river.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 95, Springfield, Mass.
The Story of Greta Garbo

[Continued from page 37]

"No, I had never been out of Stockholm except to my own country before. I was not so excited"—Greta Garbo hesitated, crossed both hands on her breast and waited. One moment, two, three, perhaps seven. Then, very slowly, pausing between each word of explanation: "I do not know—as I should tell this. People may not believe what I say—but I have the most amazing feeling—-I feel I have lived—-before. I am never terribly surprised at anything. I feel always, I have been there before—that it is not entirely a new experience. I cannot describe—but in here—" her hands worked on her breast—"I feel it.

MISS LUNDEQUIST, a very big Swedish actress, who played in the picture, went with us. She is a most marvellous person. She has the most amazing eyes of any person. So much soul and so tired, always.

"Berlin was wonderful to us. Oh, yes, it was a very big opening. Everything that Mr. Stiller does in Europe is big. There, he is the master. Everybody goes to see his pictures.

"We went on the stage. They sent us many flowers. They had sent way to Stockholm for us and they made it a very big thing for us. The German people are wonderful. They do not touch you, yet they have their arms around you—always.

"And Berlin!" Would that we could reproduce Greta Garbo's enunciation of Berlin. The love there is in it. "I will never forget when I came to it. The smell of the city. An amazing smell that has everything in it. You can feel it in your breast, when it is coming. I had not been in a big city before—where there were so many, many people. But I could feel the smell long before we were really inside the city—it was as though I had smelled it before," her voice lowered, "been there before, as I told you.

"While we were there, that one week for the

Since odd and ornate jewelry is very much the fashion, Elinor Fair wears a combination ring and bracelet. The ornament is of beaten silver, set with brilliants and turquoises. The turquoise is Elinor's birth-stone. A trick like this should only be attempted by girls with well-shaped hands and arms.

There was a time when ladies shrank from make-up, and wisely! For then women truly "painted their faces"; then crudely shaded cosmetics were spread with a lavish hand, and make-up of doubtful purity was even used to cover blemishes in the skin.

Fortunately all this has passed. The intelligent woman of today first gives her skin a natural loveliness through sane and scientific treatment, then emphasizes this natural beauty with a subtle touch of rouge, a light film of powder, a gay dash of lipstick.

Dorothy Gray's treatments and preparations first look to the scientific cleansing and lubrication of the face and throat and to the stimulation of a normal healthy circulation by gentle patting along the contour lines.

Dorothy Gray's exquisite finishing preparations protect the delicate skin from dust and exposure, and her rouges and powders are subtly shaded to accent the charm of face and throat, lips and eyes.

At the leading shops and drug stores you will find Miss Gray's preparations.
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A FEW drops of NONSPI lam ampicric per week—will keep your amphits dry and odorless—and also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where there is better ventilation.

More than a million other men and women also use and endorse NONSPI. It keeps their amphits dry and odorless and protects their clothing. They use NONSPI the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter.

Why be embarrassed? Why permit costly clothing to be destroyed by underarm perspiration? You can rid yourself of this condition and its disagreeable odors by using NONSPI—an old, tried and proven preparation.

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Druggist for 50c today. Send in the enclosed blank or if you prefer Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks’ supply)

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It is so easy to rid your skin of pimples, blemishes and other blemishes. Simply apply pure, cooling liquid & D. M. Clear and odorless—drives up almost immediately. Its soothing elements penetrate the skin and quickly drive away the irritation. Stupefying instantly. A 5c trial bottle will prove the merit of this famous antipimple—on your money back. On sale at all drug stores.

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CHICAGO

Here is a film scene that is causing international complications. An English company made the story of Nurse Edith Cavell, shot as a spy by the Germans during the war. Protests from Germany, claiming that the picture would only stir up unnecessary bitterness and revive old hatreds, caused the film to be banned, as a concession to international amity. This particular scene caused the strongest protest. The picture, its title is "Dawn," has been brought to the United States. Arch Selwyn, an American theatrical producer, is going to show it. What do you think?

opening, people spoke to Mr. Stiller about our coming to America. He talked, but he did nothing. We went back to Stockholm, to get ready to make a German picture.

"IT was a shock, about not making that picture. But it was none of my fault. Although I was so restless, why should I have worried? There were other companies and I was young—and was alone in a big, wonderful city.

"Yes, I would like to go back to Constantinople. But I would not like to live there. The colors of that country. You cannot describe them. I would like to see them again, but not stay longer than the one month I was there then."

It was a month we went back to Berlin and then to Constantinople, where we were to make the picture. There were to be many Turks in it.

Constantinople! I do not know how to describe it. It isn’t like what people say about it. They are not in costume. They dress like European people. Except the very old Turks, who are dirty.

"The streets—narrow with dirty little shops; dirty cafes filled with food which is oily. The lazy Turks—they are fascinating.

"One day I was walking alone on the street and I followed along behind one of the old Turks; the dirty one with the funny pants. You know them? I don’t know how many hours I followed him. He did not anywhere; did not anywhere to go but wandered. He was so dirty, but so fascinating.

"We never started on that picture. The company went broke. Mr. Stiller had to go back to Germany to see about the money which was not coming. I was alone in Constantinople. Oh, yes, Einar Hansen," she paused, "the Swedish boy, who was killed here in Hollywood not so long ago—was there too. He was to play with me in the picture. But I did not see him often.

"I was invited to the Swedish embassy. I went twice, but I did not like it. I did not want to be around people. I liked to be alone in Constantinople. I went to the bazaars. I had a guide with me. They are so big, you could never find your way out of them without someone to guide you.

"I was so restless. It was a very big disappointment not to have the money for our picture. But it was not lonely. I walked around the old city by myself mostly.

"I LOVE to travel. I would like just to have enough money to travel. I have no place I want to go except back to Sweden. I want to go everywhere! Back in the hills of China. To Japan. The Chinese and the Japanese have such strange faces. I wonder what must be the inside of them. I would like to touch in China the little things that have been so many thousand years on earth. I would not care for company. It is not necessary to have company when you travel."

"If I go back to Sweden," she sighed. "I do not know. One month, two—three. Perhaps it will be too small for me—I want to go everywhere and see every people.

"Yes, I would like to go back to Constantinople. But I would not like to live there. The colors of that country. You cannot describe them. I would like to see them again, but not stay longer than the one month I was there then."

"IT was a shock, about not making that picture. But it was none of my fault. Although I was so restless, why should I have worried? There were other companies and I was young—and was alone in a big, wonderful city.

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Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
and their own people. My people do not realize how short the world is. They do not know how the boats and the trains go. They feel they are going away forever.

"My mother didn't say much. She said, 'I think you know better. I want you to go where you should.'

"My mother and my sister and my brother went to the railroad station. My little mother stood there and looked at me. Her eyes were swollen—big.

"My brother's name? My sister's? What does that matter? They are my people. Why should I tell their names to other people? Names don't matter. If I should read them—it would hurt. Hurt here.

Her hand covered her heart as though to protect it from hurting.

"I WAS very brave. All I said was, 'I will be back in one year. It is only twelve months.' I have been away two and one-half years.

"My sister. I call her my little sister, but she was two years older. In only eight months after I had gone, she, one of my people, has passed.

"That is the hardest. To be so far away when something happens. Your own flesh and blood—"

"I couldn't understand. She had always been so healthy. She was so beautiful. Then she got sick—just a little sick—then—"

"A sob escaped the lips of Greta Garbo. She bit back another, hurried on with her story—"

"But the way things are here now. The way you have to work to get the results! Perhaps, it is better—my sister—"

"We sailed from Gutenberg. Oh, that was marvellous, on the ocean. I would love to do that trip over and over. You feel free on the ocean. There you are—and you cannot walk away.

"Unless you want to walk on the water. It lifts a stone from you. You are almost—her voice lowered to a half whisper—'You are almost happy.

"Happy,' she repeated.

"Happy is too big a word to use very often. It means so much to our country—the word happy, that we hardly speak of it. Here you use it so commonly.

"I had a heavy coat on me and walked around on the deck and watched the ocean. I played that game where you push things back and forth, a little. I did not talk to anyone but a tiny boy. Little Tommy.

"I had to go back to Sweden."

"I had a heavy coat on me and walked around on the deck and watched the ocean. I played that game where you push things back and forth, a little. I did not talk to anyone but a tiny boy. Little Tommy.

"I had to go back to Sweden."

"CHILDREN don't get close to you. You can say intelligent things to children. When you talk silly things, they just look at you, and you feel they are thinking. What are you saying such silly things for? Children are very sensible persons,"

"We came into New York harbor in the night. With all the lights, lots of people screamed. They were from New York City. You felt it with them.

"They felt like you will feel when you go back to Sweden.

"I thought that America will be all flowers. I thought there would be almost carpets of flowers on the streets of New York City. I wasn't terribly excited.

"I do not get excited. But I was ready to see the flowers on the streets of the American cities."

Did Miss Garbo find flowers on the streets of the American cities? Probably no woman in pictures has had a more hectic career than Miss Garbo. "Temperamental," "Hard to handle," "A woman who says, 'I will go home!'" is the way she has been heralded in this country. Why this has been, she will tell you in the last installment of her career in the next Photoplay issue.

Frostilla for the Spring Month
Corrects chapped hands and "catchy" fingers. Heals cracked lips. Satinizes dry, sensitive skin. Persuades powder to adhere evenly. Soothes and protects hands during spring cleaning. (Men find it a real comfort after shaving and golfing.)

Send for this Unusual Sample! Write for the Frostilla Sample bottle. You will find a dozen uses for it—fits in purses, grips and desk drawers. Yours for a dime, with a handy booklet entitled "Keep Your Dates." Address The Frostilla Co., Dept. 629, Elmira, N.Y.
Funny Old Fool

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

"Why, I think you'd look grand in tights," Mattie interrupted. "You've got the legs for it and ... I can just see you ranting up and down —"

"Shylock's tights were not visible," he deprecated, "and in my interpretation of the role I never ranted. In passing on the Rialto I walk in this manner —" Before the admiring eyes of the rowdy little old woman, Campbell Mandare sauntered slowly up and down. Her eyes were as the salvos of his long vanished audience.

"To satisfy my public I frequently prolong the walk, often turning around in this attitude to the royal box . . . ."

He turned, averting his eyes in a deferential courtesy to the enshrouded box of his memory. "The very skull cap I wore at my last command performance of the rôle was eagerly sought by a Liverpool patron of the arts and"

Mandare's action snapped him out of his reverie. She had risen. "Must he on the set on time," she said, turning away.

Mandare stood before her, a gallant figure, hat in hand. He invited her to tea, almost automatically.

"Well, now, that's real nice." She brightened like a girl. "What time do folks that have tea have it?"

"Usually at four." He was himself again.

"It's quite the custom among civilized peoples, you know."

"Pahav!" Mandare exclaimed. "I can't go. I've got to work until five, and it takes me half an hour to get this make-up off," she paused.

"I could go to supper if you'd ask me. I'd like to real well!"

Mandare indicated that he would be charmed, and she suggested that he be waiting for her at the car.

"Righto!" he called, with a new and youngish note in his voice, tapped on his hat and strode up the road briskly until he remembered that he wasn't going any place. His thoughts even then pleased him. By a chance meeting he had brought a little cheer into a poor old woman's life, had given her an exalted moment from one of his greatest rôles. Besides, he had lunched. He thrust his hands into his pockets with almost a gesture of buoyancy. Then the smile left his face. His pockets were empty.

Mandare didn't mind being hungry himself. He was unembarrassed by any landlord who ever lived, and he knew that a paid tailor gets out of hand. But he could not, without money, invite a lady to dinner.

It was but one o'clock and the man who couldn't raise a pound by five was, he thought, not truly of the profession. He set down Cahuenga Pass.

An hour later he was at the portal of the British Gentleman's Club of Hollywood.

Colonel T. Thaddington Smythe sat with his feet in the window over Hollywood Boulevard. He was on the last of Major Windham Ketchum's pipe tobacco, and between the two was the silence of men who know that nothing can be gained from the other. Asleep on the table, his feet on The Illustrated News and his head on The Manchester Guardian, was Leslie Sundun, waiting for something to turn up.

Mandare stepped toward the telephone. "No go, old fellow. They shut that off yesterday. Quite right, too. No one ever calls up except to want money and all that sort of nuisance." Mandare stamped from the room.

CAHUENGA PASS tires young legs. In fact young legs never try it. They are carried over in expensive motors, theirs or the others. People in cars almost always offer a lift on the grade except to short, bantam-legged old gentlemen with caps, high color and thick sticks, because these invariably are Britishers who walk for the love of it.

Mandare toiled up Cahuenga Pass and confronted the casting director.

"I say," he began, "I've about decided to play Shylock."

The casting director was versed in motion picture art.

"Aw, I got that all cast," he began, then

Oh see the movie actors! These South Sea Island natives are taking part in "Southern Skies," a picture being filmed by Robert Flaherty in the South Seas. Mr. Flaherty is the gentleman seated in the center and the cameraman at the extreme right is Clyde De Vinna.
TRE-JUR’S
Compacts and face powders—in a
NEW ODEUR

Smart women from New York to the
Golden Coast are seeking an odor of
sophistication and new allure—an odor
to mate with Modern Fashion. Tre-Jur
conceived Charnai—a fragrance delight-
differently different and strangely seductive.
Like Tre-Jur’s famous Joli-Memorie fra-
grance, Charnai may be obtained in all
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charming watch-case “Little One”; the
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modish gun-metal, or lacquered to
harmonize with the smartest costume colors.

Tre-Jur’s Face Powder
is Pre-Blended

Its making marks an epoch in the de-
velopment of beauty aids. The delicate air-
iness of a light powder, and the body and
“cling” of a heavy powder, have been
pre-blended. The resultant powder is ca-
ressingly smooth. It clings but does not
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clog them. It banishes shine and sallow-
ness—and lends a pearly radiance to your
skin that remains for hours. Try it!

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Mattie appeared not to hear, but "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," began and ended plaintively, she turned, indignant, beckoned the orchestra leader to her side, drew a silver dollar from her purse and handed it to the astonished musician before Mandare could stop her.

"Look here, son," she said, "if you think we want to have your orchestra call attention to our ages, you're cuckoo. Play something with a kick in it; go on now, that's a good boy!"

HER dollar purchased a deafening half-hour in which the saxophones pleaded with the public to be carried back to Ole Virginia and the strings whined for Waikiki and bells jangled for a day's work done.

Mattie drummed the rhythm of it all on the table with her knife. Mandare derived his first satisfaction from being unknown.

Then, abruptly, the orchestra stopped and the leader turned toward the door. He bowed, and, behind him blared his trumpets and tramps in fanfare salute.

Standing in the doorway, to sop up every honeyed drop of adoration, was one whose face is a household laugh. He stood there, a majestic figure, full five feet four. He seemed justifiably aware that he was Smiling Sammy Snyder, the most gifted artist that ever stopped a custard pie, and nodded to his world before he sat down. The eyes of the cafe were still upon him as he turned the diamond on his finger.

"Who, may I ask, is the miserable little bounder?" Mandare inquired. Mattie told him. "Worked in all of his pictures," she added. "He's a big star, draws better than $1,000 a week and he gets a cut on his pictures. I don't relish him any too well myself—but give him his due. He never had a day's schooling, but now he's going to write his memories, or whatever they're called."

"How," Mandare asked, with almost a note of belligerence, "did this little dreadful little creature win the plaudits of the world; how did he force himself to the attention of the managers; by what right was he allowed to appear suddenly as a star before millions of thinking people—"

"Aren't thinking people; just laughing people," Mattie interrupted. "People pay money to laugh. They get their thinking for nothing. If you mean how he got started, he got him a Wampus."

"I do not understand you," Mandare said.

"WELL—a Wampus is a glorified press-agent," Mattie explained.

"Sammy Snyder came here from a Chicago cabaret. First pop out of the box he hired him a Wampus who planted his picture in every paper with a story that Smiling Sammy Snyder was even better than Sammy himself; the news came nothing for two or three days, but just as he was getting panicky a comedy studio sent for him. He grabbed his hat and began running. Almost at the door of the studio he met his Wampus. Sammy told him all about his good luck. The Wampus took him by the arm, marched him home. 'Don't be crazy,' he told him, 'sit here until they call again.'"

"Sammy was pretty near frantic. He was as poor as Job's turkey and he would have taken five dollars a day. But his Wampus kept him quizzing and in about an hour and five, a studio offered to make a picture for a song. 'Mr. Snyder,' the Wampus told the casting director. 'The producer himself came then to the phone and he got the director to talk to Mr. Snyder. 'Mr. Snyder is very busy, what did you wish to speak to him about?' the Wampus said. The producer got mad and clicked up the phone and Sammy took on like he was going into a fit.

"He told the Wampus he was going to kill him and he was raving up and down when there was a knock at the door."

"'Listen,' the Wampus hissed, 'that's the producer as sure as you're a dwarf and any comedy producer that comes after a ham like you is dying to be insulted and pay good money..."
for it. Let me do the talking. All you do is look bored.

Before Sammy could answer, the door opened and, sure enough, it was the producer. "Lookit, Mr. Snyder," he said, "I got to talk to you, not to some lousy secretary. I give you $800 a week if I got to sell the studio to make up your deficit. You will come for one picture, yes? Sammy took the job and that was the start.

"Ye gods..." Campbell Mandare breathed.

"Eat your victuals," Mattie ordered. "I won't say another word if it kills me."

Mandare ate mechanically, his eyes drawn with mortal fascination to the lowest comedian on the heights of fame.

When they left—and he was glad to leave—he sat in mortal fear in Mattie's car as they turned from the traffic of Hollywood Boulevard into a tree-lined side street and stopped before a bungalow court. "Here's where I live," she said, "all by myself. I've got a sister-in-law who wants to live with me, but she enjoys her misery so much that I wouldn't have her if I had to burn the spare bed. Where do you live?" she asked.

The man of slow speech lacked time to answer, particularly since he couldn't just explain where he lived at the moment, before she continued.

"See here—we've both got to be on the set at eight tomorrow morning. Come in; you can lop in the spare bed and we can ride out tomorrow morning."

Before he could think of an excuse, they were indoors, Mattie had snapped on the light, trundled a bed from a hole in the wall, turned down the covers, set a screen, and disappeared through another door.

"Dig yourself a gully in that feather mattress," she called. "You can reach the light switch from there; snap it off when you're in."

"Merciful powers!" she called a moment later. "I forgot your nightie... here..."

She opened the door and tossed a flannel nightgown on the screen.

"This is most extraordinary..." Mandare managed to say.

"Yes," Mattie answered, "I made it for length and warmth. The Chamber of Commerce says you don't need it in this climate, but it's mighty cozy."

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USE COUPON ON PAGE 143
PORTIA was looking at him, and he at her. His impulse was to indicate that he would receive the fortunate young actress who was to be a member of his company. When he would have spoken she drew the smoke from a cigarette into her lungs, deeply. “This is a lousy trophe,” she observed.

Mandare did not hear. He was not even there. His gracious queen had commanded him to equirey her to the heights. He could see her. From the royal box she watched for his entrance and inclined her head, slightly but definitely, at his appearance. He had been a magnificent Shylock that night and later word had come from Buckingham house that Victoria was pleased.

Gallant Grandee slumped in his chair. He turned with a cigarette yet clinging to his lower lip and spoke to Mandare.

“Stand in there so’s the cameraman can get a line on you,” he said. “There—wha—now then, turn your back to the camera and start arguing with the judge. Get it over, now.”

Mandare faced the Duke of Venice and began his impassioned plea for the fulfillment of his bond.

“Thaas good—” the director said, “only you don’t have to talk so loud. Keep your fancy to the camera because we gotta feature Miss Fairlove’s reaction to what you are saying. Now we’ll take it. Get in there—wha—start doing your stuff—CAMERA!”

As he bellowed “Camera,” Mandare turned. “Cut!” roared Grandee, “what in hell did you do that for? They cut that footage around this studio, and every retake gets a squawk outta the office like it was murder. Do that again and keep that wrinkled pan of yours outta the lens.—Ready, . . . CAMERA!”

The words were knots in the lash that cut an old man’s heart. Grandee flailed with the valor of ignorance.

“Go on—go on—start your racket,” he shouted when the old actor delayed in confusion. “Hop up and down!”

Mandare looked into blinding lights through a scalding mist. Then his eyes cleared.

He was before the Duke of Venice; not a

Movie stars, women of fashion, girls who are popular wherever they go—all have that fascinating, adorable smile that reveals perfect teeth, lustrous white. Don’t let your teeth grow dull. Keep them sparkling white with delicious Dentyne—the quality gum that makes teeth white and smiles more charming.

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crepe hair. The mild-looking man at the right is able to transform
himself into the fierce-looking gorilla, glaring at you on the left.
He is Fred Humes and you will see his remarkable animal imper-
sonation in the Dane-Arthur comedy, "Monkey Business"
The sea runs under its arches. Gondolas may be rented on summer afternoons and the buildings are fashioned as architects fancy the buildings of Venice appear.

A BEWILDERING activity pricked at the old actor's numbed sensibilities as he left the bus. Hissing, chattering lights fed by a roaring generator cut away the night and silvered the water. Men darted in and out of the path of the light like hogoblins and onlookers from the town circled the scene like beasts come out of the forest, Mandare thought.

Grandee greeted Mandare boisterously; then looked at him closely.

"Stuff was funny enough to gag a goat, today," he said, smiling. "If you pin it on big tonight, I'll slip you another five buck tickets!"

Mandare laughed and thanked him with a curtly bow.

"I dare say I'll be jolly amusing tonight . . ..up to me to do my best, Oh Master of Jesters."

"Atta baby!" Grandee smiled, "we gotta kick 'em in the pants in this comedy business or the hatheads don't know when to laugh."

Mandare looked over the bridge.

A moment later Grandee returned to him, breathless. He poked him with his finger.

"Lissen . . .!" He was laughing as though trying to groom his listeners for laughter.

"Lissen . . . got a great gag. If this gag don't make'em tear up the seats I'll take a bath in Hamburger's window. Lissen . . . this is the idea . . . we're going to have the wop that is supposed to be the hero sock Portia so hard that she spits out her teeth . . . false teeth, see . . . they fall overboard and you jump in after them. You see the gag is that you are a panbrocker and we'll get it over in a title that there's gold in the teeth . . . y'know what I mean."

Mandare bowed recognition but Grandee could only control his laughter, gradually. When he had drained the situation of its dress of humor he called a porter-boy.

"Get into this guy's Shylock suit and make a jump from the bridge, will you?"

"Not at all, sir, not at all!" Mandare shook his head, smiling. "Couldn't think of being under-studied. I'll pop over the side quite all right."

"Naw, that wasn't very cold and there's a tide going out . . . You're no flapper, you know," Grandee objected.

"Marvelous swimmer," Mandare put in, eagerly. "Swam the English Channel just a fortnight ago. I really must insist, sir."

Grandee agreed, but with a doubtful shake of his head.

Mandare climbed, buoyantly, to the railing.

"Quite ready" he called over his shoulder.

"Jump right after the teeth hit the water," Grandee ordered. . . "Jump! . . ."

Campbell Mandare jumped. From the bridge it sounded as though he laughed.

Sixty years flashed by in orderly array; year by year—years divided off into seasons with the earthly spring smell of Kent in its place and the biting cold of a London Christmas to remember as that year turned and another took its place. There was even time to spare; time to dwell on the success that had been his. The years passed—and he waited for the first shock of the water. The calling waters that would stop a chattering laugh and wash away tears. He waited. Then his heart jumped to meet Root's Which submerged and turned his build into the lights on the bridge and he could hear shouts.

He should not hear much longer; didn't the rambling old wreck of a heart know that it had finished?

Through the dulling drone of voices came the startling Eastern accent on hand on hand.

Applause! Tribute from the gallery! His last performance had been a triumph.

Lights were sweeping the water. He turned his face into a glowing circle. The spotlight. He smiled. And closed his eyes.

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But that's all over now, and all the credit for my wonderful transformation goes to Miss Keller- man. I had heard about Dr. Kellermann. That's why I called to see him. And he had not changed by a frac-
tion. He was just as slim as he was at least 16 years ago. I wrote to Miss Keller- man, told her all about what I could do for me.

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[continued from page 39]

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most casual way—without special notice or purpose.

His mind seems to be like a photographic plate.

People often ask me this about Von Stroheim; they hear the most terrible stories of his brutal treatment of actors; why then are the actors always so crazy about him?

You will remember that they fired Von Stroheim in the middle of “The Merry Go Round.” The new director told me what happened when he took charge and introduced himself to the actors. He first introduced himself to Norman Kerry, the leading man. Kerry could not speak for crying. His shoulders began to heave; tears ran down his cheeks.

“I LOVED Von so,” he sobbed; and fled to his dressing room. Mary Philbin gave one wild who-hoo and rushed off the stage.

And yet everything they say about him is true. In “The Wedding March,” if every scene hadn’t ended with Fay Wray in hysterics, we would have thought something wasn’t running true to form. He used to shriek at her to go back to the cow operas whence she came.

I remember, at the end of one scene—the marvelous confession scene—that he threw his megaphone clear across the stage and stalked in a white fury from the scene. Another time, she got so panic-stricken that she couldn’t cry in a scene.

In his rage, he made her eat half a bottle of Spanish chili peppers. If you have ever eaten one, you will know that you can take a live coal afterward to cool your throat.

Zazu Pitts was used to be driven almost to the point of suicide.

George Nichols had to be carried from the sets in a state of collapse.

Yet they all adore Von. There are several reasons. For one thing, being all actors, they get a certain kick out of the melodrama of it— as he does himself. I never was able to decide how much of this rage—and the hysterics—was “acting”; and how much genuine.

For another thing, they know he doesn’t mean a thing by it. Two seconds after he has told them they are all idiots who ought to be locked up, he is doing something sweet and thoughtful. He is so generous he would give anybody his shoes. The greater reason, however, is that he is making acting. Rather, that he is keeping them from “acting”; and is making them do simple, natural, and sincere things.

The difference between genius and the commonplace is only a narrow hairbreadth line.

Take a horse race: one horse wins and is sold for a fortune before he leaves the track. Another horse is given away in disgust to a vegetable peddler.

Yet only a few feet between the winner and the loser at the finish.

The difference between a world-famous crack shot and a bad marksman is only a deviation so slight that the eye could not detect it at the end of the gun barrel.

It is the little extra touch that is hard to get. Von can get it; so he is one of the great geniuses that this age has known. The actors feel the joy instinct. They are willing to suffer with him for that little last extra crack that opens the secret door to let the great white light flood in.

At the end of every picture, it is whispered around Hollywood that Von is now ruined. No other producer will ever touch him with a forty foot pole.

He finished.

Von always agrees with them. Right now, I have no doubt that he is debating methods of suicide.

He is resigned to go back to his section gang with a pick and a red flannel shirt.

But Von will never be ruined. They never can find another. You might as well try to stage an imitation of Niagara Falls or the Yosemite.

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 Casts of Current Playbills
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"ALEX THE GREAT"—FBI.—From the story by H.C. Witwer. Directed by Dudley Murphy. The cast: Alex, Richard "Sheek" Gallagher; Ed, Albert Conti; Muriel, Patricia Avery; Alice, Ruth Dwyer; Brown, Charles River.

"A NIGHT OF MYSTERY"—Paramount.—From the play by Victorien Sardou, Adapted by Ernest Vild. Directed by Lasher Mendel. The cast: Captain Forest, Audophile Menzies; Jerome D'Empens, Nora Lane; Jeanne D'Empens, William Collier, Jr.; Moria, Nola Paoli; Galerie Biaimart, Evelyn Brent; Marquis Biaimart, Claude King; Richman, Frank Leigh; Rocheforts Secretary, Margaret Birt.

"APACHIE RAIDER, THE"—Pathé.—From the story by W.D. Hoffman, Scenario by Ford. Directed by Ros Meagher. The cast: Apache' Bob, Leo Maloney; Dixie Stillwell, Eugenia Gilbert; Griffin Dawson, Thomas Meighan; Don Cartwright, Den Coleman; "Becky" Arville, Jack Donahue; Janine Whitman, Jean Revere; Ray Harlan, William McCormick; "Bill" Ford, Frederick Davis; Ed Stillwell, Whitehorn; "Beve" Le More, Robert L. Smith; "Pete" Jarcad, Walter Shumway; Don Felix Bernd, Murdock MacQuarrie.

"A TRICK OF HEARTS"—Universal.—From the story by Henry Irving Dodge. Adapted by Arthur Sutter. Directed by Kenneth consensus. The cast: Benjamin Franklin Tubbs, Hoon Gibson; Convin, Heathers, Cecile Helie; Black Jack, Joe Rickson; Sheriff Connee, Bros. Coote, Bud Tubbs; Howard Truesdell; Negro Comic, Heide Conklin; White Comic, George Dwyer; Mayor, Nora Crok, Lc Sheriff, Dan Crimesl Endo, Grace Carmel.

"BARE KNEES"—Gotham.—From the story by Arthur H. Fugson, Scenario by Harold Shumate. Directed by Ed C. Keaton. The cast: Billie Durand, Virginia Lee Corbin; Larry Cook, Donald Keith; Jane Lee, Margaret Lina Gladden, Johnne Walker; John Longworth, Forrest Stanley; Besse, Milton Polson.

"BATTLES OF CORONEL AND PALKAND ISLANDS, THE"—Universal.—From the story by J.J. Bell. Continuity by Jean Owen. Directed by Ruth Terry. Photography by Robert DeGrasse. The cast: James, Mickey Shunian; Braddock, Cain Drummond, Gordon Elliott; Symington, Herbert Evans; Lady Dorothy, Jacqueline Goddren; Mrs. Drummond, Florence Wrix; Stephen Cartesia, Tempot Sore; Mrs. Bandle, Blanche Criss; Kitty Cartieis, Adrienne Dott; Landlady, Katherine Ward.

"BIG NOISE, THE"—First National.—From the story by Ben Hecht. Adapted by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: John Sloan, Chester Conklin; Sophie Sleel, Alice White; Mr. Sloan, Bodil Rosing; Philip Hurd, Sam Hardy; Bill Hedges, Jack Egan, William Howard, Fred Spakt; Managing Editor, Donald Torrence.


"BRIDE OF THE COLORADO, THE"—Pathes de Michel.—From the story by John Farrow and J. R. Bay. Continuity by Deedle Clift. Directed by Elmer Clifton. The cast: John Daven, John Belas, Marla Jenkins, Donald Blossom, Fred Medlar, William Irvin, Regan, Henry Beiley, Old Man Jenkins, Carl Stockdale; Derek, Richard Alexander.

"BRONCO STOMPER, THE"—Pathé.—From the story by Harrin Cross. Scenario by Ford. Directed by Lee Maloney. The cast: Richard Thiston, Don Coleman; Fae Be Smith, Ben Corbett; Alan Feet, Tom London, Nell Corbett, Rod Osborne; James Holister, Frank Cerio, R. M. Thompson, the Manager, James Wolfs, Wally Marshall, Whitehorn; Danny Marshall, Ray Walker; Bobo Manus, Robert Burns; Mrs. Holister, Florence Lee; Daisy Welly, Mrs. Holister.

"CAME THE DAWN"—Hal Roach-M.G.M.—Directed by Art Heath. The cast: Max, Max Davidson; Yale, Viola Richards; Gene, Gene Gordon; Polly, Polly Moran.

"CHINATOWN CHARLIE"—First National.—From the story by Owen Davis. Directed by Charles Hines. The cast: "Catastrophe Charlie", Johnny Hines; Annie Gordon, Louise Lorraine; Red

Jack Dempsey, the big strong boy, presents Estelle Taylor with a new sport roadster. Do you see how this camera trick is worked? A photograph of the automobile is much reduced in size, is superimposed on a picture of Jack with his right hand stretched. If you look carefully, you will see where the picture has been cut in.
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“ROAD TO RUIN, THE”—CLIFF BRACKET.—Directed by C. B. DeMille & Jack Conway. The cast: John Barrymore, Waldo White, Tom Wilson, Hank Bell; Morgan Sheen, John Russell, Betty Sheen, Peggy Montgomery; Bob Griese, Cha's. Watsaker, 'Grouchy'. Ferri; Lake McKee, George Lawrence, Edward Credle; Mrs. Saunders, Lillian Allen.

“SADDLE MATES”—PATHE.—From the story by Harrison Strong. Continuity by Frank L. Ingraham. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: John Barrymore, Waldo White, Tom Wilson, Hank Bell; Morgan Sheen, John Russell, Betty Sheen, Peggy Montgomery; Bob Griese, Cha's. Watsaker, 'Grouchy'. Ferri; Lake McKee, George Lawrence, Edward Credle; Mrs. Saunders, Lillian Allen.

“SHOWDOWN, THE”—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Houston Branch. Scenario by Hope Loring and Ethel Doherty. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: Carola, George Bancroft;...
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**To Whom It May Concern:**

I wish to enroll in the Cartooning Department of your School.

Sincerely yours,

[Student's Name]
Questions & Answers

[continued from page 99]

A. M. G., BUFFALO, N. Y.—You win the argument. Mary Pickford is thirty-five years old and Douglas Fairbanks is forty-four. Tell your friend that Mary was a child actress, so it is possible that she remembers seeing her a long time ago. She was born in April, 1893, and is one of the stars who is quite honest about her age. Give her credit!

DEL P., OAKLAND, CALIF.—Thanks for the photograph. But I can't conscientiously advise any boy or girl to go to Hollywood. It's a tough game for a beginner. But one word from me and you'll go, do you please. If you have a friend who has worked as an "extra," he will tell you how hard it is. Mac Murray is playing in vaudeville. It's no secret that Mac and Vonda didn't get an awful well while making "The Merry Widow." But Vonda certainly did make Mac look like a million dollars.

A. V. W., BALTIMORE, Md.—Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

S. F. S., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I have no record of any such picture starring Lillian Gish. It's probably an old film reissued under a new title. Lillian Gish is thirty-one years old. Old films have a way of making the players seem older than they really are. If you get some snapshots of yourself taken several years ago, you'll see what I mean. A young adult can feel like an old man. Theater owners should tell their patrons when they run these ancient dramas. It isn't very square to show a film starring a popular player and try to pass it off as a new one.

W. E. C., LANCASITER, Ws.—Iona Chaney and William Haines played in "Tell It to the Marines." Haines is twenty-eight years old and not married.

JULIANA, F., CHICAGO, I1L.—Lois Wilson isn't married. And Noma Talmadge is an American, with a strain of Irish. Mac Murray tells me that she is thirty-four years old. Not an econy, weeny bit of trouble.

M. B. and B. R., RICHMOND, Va.—Yes, I think Joseph Striker is among the crooks. He is twenty-seven years old, an American and unmarried.

W. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Joan Crawford has reddish brown hair. Dolores Costello is auburn and Paty Ruth Miller is twenty-four. Donald Keith played the son in "The Way of All Flesh."

HELENE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Nils Asher played Kit in "Sorrell and Son. " Where has he been all these years? He's been in Sweden. He was born at Malmo, Jan. 17, 1922, and worked in German pictures before coming to this country. He has brown hair and hazel eyes.
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Marion Davies

Jack Gilbert Writes His Own Story In This Issue
Top off a good meal with—

LIFE SAVERS

THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

THEY AID DIGESTION AND SWEETEN THE BREATH
How modern dentists crusade against "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

Specialists point out both the reason and the remedy for troubles of the gums

From a standard text:
"The use of natural foods has been replaced by highly processed substitutes from which the coarseness is removed, so that the need for masticatory effort is greatly diminished, with the resulting detrimental effect on the teeth and their supporting structures."

From an article in a dental journal:
"If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated, a change takes place in the texture which . . . seems to act as a protective armor . . . and makes ingress of infection extremely difficult."

From a well-known practitioner:
"The instant the gums are brushed properly, the blood starts to flow more rapidly and new life and color make their appearance."

The very real relation between our diet and our gum troubles is recognized by each and every dental authority whose words are quoted above in the panel on the very page you are reading. Our soft foods have damaged our gums — have made them tender. Today gums bleed too easily. "Pink tooth brush" appears — a sign of weakened gums, a very possible forerunner of more stubborn troubles to come — gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and perhaps even the more infrequent pyorrhea.

The way to have firm, healthy gums — beautiful, white teeth

Read what these authorities say about soft food. Regard carefully how they recommend gum massage to restore to the tissues the exercise and stimulation they require. These quotations are from published works, and in them, as becomes professional etiquette, there is no urge to the use of any special product.

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Casts of Current Photoplays
Complete for Every Picture Reviewed in This Issue
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A complete list of all photoplays reviewed in the Shadow Stage this issue will be found on page 12
RICHARD DIX is recovering from an attack of pneumonia, following an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Dix was critically ill and it will be some weeks before he will be able to resume work before the camera.

MARY PICKFORD and Doug Fairbanks sailed for Italy from New York on April 21st. Following the death of Mary's mother, all film plans were cancelled. The two will visit the Riviera, then going to Rome. From Rome they will hop by Fokker airplane to Athens, Crete, Cairo, the Holy Land, Constantinople, Budapest and Vienna.

A LEGAL fight between Tiffany-Stahl and Fannie Hurst is impending over the sale of Miss Hurst's novel, "Lummox," to Herbert Brenon. Meanwhile, Brenon is going ahead with his production plans. Three actresses are still being considered for the leading rôle: Louise Dresser, Anna Q. Nilsson and Louise Fazenda.

LILLI DAMITA, the blonde Parisian actress engaged by Samuel Goldwyn during his recent trip abroad, will play opposite Ronald Colman in his next film. Walter Butler, an English actor, was engaged to appear opposite Vilma Banky in her future films. Mr. Butler has shitted his name to Byron for film purposes. His engagement ends the reports that Miss Banky will appear opposite her husband, Rod La Rocque.

IT is reported that the option on Eleanor Boardman was not taken up by Metro-Goldwyn before Miss Boardman and her husband, King Vidor, departed on their European vacation. The Vidores will be abroad for some time. They have taken their little daughter with them.

CECIL B. DE MILLE will continue to produce and release through Pathé, at least until Fall. Pathé has placed Lina Basquette and George Duryea under long term contract. Pathe will star or feature Jacqueline Logan, Allan Hale, William Boyd, Phyllis Haver and Victor Varconi in future films. Boyd is being loaned to United Artists to appear opposite Lupe Velez in "La Paiva." Pathe is reported undecided about taking up Rod La Rocque's option. He will do one more film for Pathe, anyway.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS married Mrs. Jessica Sergeant in Reno, Nev., on April 20th. The bride is the divorced wife of Stewart Sergeant, New York broker and clubman.

FIRST NATIONAL is announcing some ambitious plans. George Fitzmaurice is to film a big production of "La Tosca" in Italy. This will star Billie Dove. Alice White has been awarded the coveted rôle of the girl in "The Barker." Molly O'Day was to have been given this part but she could not get all the buttons and hooks of the costume to meet. Milton Sills will be starred in "The Barker" and the cast will include Betty Compson and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

PAUL WALSH, the director who made "Sadie Thompson" and "What Price Glory," has been given a new William Fox contract at a reported salary of $7,500 a week.

LUCY DORAINE, of Hungary, has been signed by Paramount. She is reported as a successor to Pola Negri.

SYLVIA THALBERG will marry Lawrence Weingarten, Metro-Goldwyn producer, in June. Miss Thalberg is Irving Thalberg's sister.

BETTY BRONSON has been given the leading rôle in Metro-Goldwyn's visualization of the mystery story, "The Bellamy Trial." Anita Page, who was to have played this part, will appear opposite Lon Chaney in "Easy Money."

THE Fox Studios have changed the name of Maria Casajusana, the young Spanish actress, to Marta Alba.

FRANK CURRIER, the veteran character actor, died April 22nd in Beverly Hills from septic poisoning, the result of crushing a finger in an automobile door.

MARY PICKFORD was bequeathed the bulk of the estate of her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford. The will also provides generously for Mrs. Lottie Pickford Forrest, Mary's sister, and for Jack Pickford. Each will receive in trust $200,000. After ten years they also will get $5,000 a year for ten years and one- tenth of the trust amount for the following twenty years.

Here is the first film to be sent from one city to another by telephoto. This film, a close-up of Vilma Banky, made in Chicago, was received in New York over long distance telephone wires. Perhaps this suggests the future rapid-fire transportation of films.
Lois Wilson... joins

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Feet — The New Source of Youth and Smartness

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ABIE'S IRISH ROSE—Paramount.—The great and original Irish-Jewish comedy, played by likeable and natural comedians, is starred by Wm. Brady, Daisy Miller, Helen West, Bobby Vernon and Nora Callan. Good for men, women and children. (May.)

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—Warners.—A war and airplane story that furnishes routine entertainment.

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

ALIAS THE LONE WOLF—Columbia.—Bert Lytell returns to the character that made him famous ten years ago. A crook story, well told, agreeably acted and safely presented for the family. (January.)

AMERICAN BEAUTY—First National.—Billie Dove has her fling at playing a modern Cinderella. Frothy but nice. (December.)

APACHE RAIDER, THE.—Pathé.—Lee Maloney gets all hot and bothered about a few stolen cows. (April.)

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

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

BATTLE OF THE CENTURY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A good farce that, three thousand gags were used in one sequence of this two-reeler comedy. A burlesque on the slice and dicing doings in Chicago. (January.)

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

BEAUFIT SABREUR—Paramount.—Not another "Beau Geste," but a thrilling and picturesque tale, nevertheless. You'll like Evelyn Brent, Gary Cooper, William Powell and Noah Berry. (March.)

BECKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Again the poor working girl goes on the stage. A light, routine comedy brightened by the antics of two Irishmen—Sally O'Neill and Owen Moore. (February.)

BEYOND LONDON'S LIGHTS—FBO.—The young master gets familiar with the second girl and the result is a battle between the high hats and the lower classes in dear old London. (May.)

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

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

BIRDS OF PREY—Columbia.—Priscilla Dean goes in for a little ladylike fealty. The results aren't thrilling. (December.)

BLACK FEATHER, THE—Wm. Pike.—Very odd mystery drama with what is known as a "society background." Some of the characters are a little demented. (May.)

BLONDE FOR A NIGHT, A—Pathé-De Mille.—A light domestic farce made acceptable by the clever presence of Marie Prevost, Harrison Ford and T. Roy Barnes. (April.)

BLONDES BY CHOICE—Gothism.—The adventures of Clair Windsor, as a beauty expert, in a community of women with "plenty of sex but no spirit." Not bad. Mortimer! (December.)

BODY AND SOUL—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Should a surgeon kill his wife's best friend? Even the acting of Aileen Pringle, Lionel Barrymore and Norman Kerry can't enliven this flabby little problem. (December.)

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

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

BRANDED SOMBRERO, THE—Fox.—Duck Jones has his fling at playing a modern Cinderella. Frothy but nice. (December.)

BRIDLE OF THE COLORADO, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Starting the Great Canyon of Colorado. And what a great, big canyon it has grown to be! Nice scenery, but the picture offers little story interest. (May.)

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

BROADWAY MADNESS—Excellent.—Proving that people who go to the dance on Broadway always return at the first wiff of country air. (December.)

BRONCO STOMPER, THE—Pathé.—It is Don Coleman's turn to outwit the villagers in this Western. Another lousy picture of a railroad. (April.)

BUCK PRIVATES—Universal.—Laughing off the War. Malcolm McGregor, Eddie Giblin, Lyn de Putti and Zasu Pitts are the members of an excellent cast. (January.)

BURNING DAYLIGHT—First National.—An exciting tale of gold rush days that makes splendid entertainment. You'll like Milton Selig and Doris Kenyon. (April.)

BUTTONS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story, with Jackie Coogan as a cabin boy on a big ocean liner. A real thriller with gallant work by Jackie. For the whole family. (December.)

BY WHOSE HAND?—Columbia.—Those doggone jewels are missing again. The result is the usual crook stuff. (March.)

CABARET HEROES, THE—Peerless.—Made in England and France, with Betty Balfour, the Belle of Britain, in its star. Some good scenes but a disconnected story. (January.)

CAME THE DAWN—Hal Roach-M.G.M.—Max Davidson and Polly Moran have some bad moments in a haunted house. A short comedy, but funny. (May.)

CASEY JONES—Rayart.—Come all you roundheads if you want to hear some melodeon music with Ralph Lewis as the brave engineer. (February.)

CHEATING HEATERS, THE—Universal.—Fun among a lot of unusually agreeable crooks. With Betty Compson and Kenneth Harlan. (February.)

CHEER LEADER, THE—Gothism.—This time the cheer leader rushes in to win the game for dear old Alma Mater. All right, if you still have a taste for college pictures. (March.)

CHICAGO—Pathe-De Mille.—A shrewd satire on the lady murderers, beloved of the newspapers. And Phyllis Haver. Grown-up entertainment. See it. (February.)

CHICAGO AFTER MIDNIGHT—FBO.—Ralph Ince in a vigorous melodrama built around the sufferings of another of those innocent crooks. (March.)

CHINATOWN CHARLIE—First National.—Johnny Hines cuts down on the gags and builds up the plot, and the result is one of his best pictures. (May.)

CHINESE PARROT, THE—Universal.—Who wiped the beard necklace? The mystery is well sustained and the Orientals are interesting. And Sojin does a real Lon Chaney. (January.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12

PICTURES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS

"The Big Parade"  "The King of Kings"  "Beau Geste"  "Sorrell and Son"  "The Circus"  "The Last Command"  "Love"  "Abie's Irish Rose"  "The Trail of '98"  "The Patent Leather Kid"  "The Nose"  "Speedy"

As a service to its readers, Photoplay Magazine presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. Photoplay's reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews 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 that Photoplay in which the original review appeared.

BRASS KNUCKLES—Warner.—More crooks reform, thanks to the sweet presence of Betty Bronson, With Monte Blue and Bill Russell. And rather good, at that. (January.)

BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE—First National.—Lively little French farce about one of those trick marriages. Deftly played by Constance Talmadge. The children will prefer Tom Mix. (December.)

BRIEF REVIEWS OF CURRENT PICTURES
Fate has tossed a nice young millionaire right into Lois Moran's lap—but love-hungry Lois can't decide whether to grab him on the spot or wait to see if love will bring handsome Larry Gray to his senses!

Wise little Marjorie Beebe knows what she'd do—and in doing it she reveals a genius for light comedy that gives her an undisputed place in the front rank of screen comediennes!

The doubts and longings of the two young lovers, worrying over the universal problem of how to be happy though married on $40 a week, make "Love Hungry" both human and humorous. It's a laugh-feast from start to finish. Don't miss it at your favorite theatre.
Brickbats and Bouquets

LETTERS FROM PHOTOPLAY READERS

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

The Real Critics, the Fans, Give Their Views

The Monthly Barometer

Of motion picture producers believe that there are two definite classes of intelligence in America—city-dwellers and hicks? Photoplay's readers in small towns have been rising up and complaining about the "happy ending" version of pictures sent to their communities. The practice of having two denouements—one happy and one tragic—receives a sound rostering from those who feel that the Pollyanna version slipped over on them smack of condensation.

Photoplay readers also urge producers to lift the Westerns out of their rut by giving them an historical background. Clara Bow's "Life Story" still receives loads of bouquets. "Seventh Heaven," "The Last Command," "Sorrell and Son," and "Wings" are the most popular of current pictures. John Gilbert, Charles Rogers, Charles Farrell, Greta Garbo and Janet Gaynor are the most widely praised stars.

The Rev. Heber C. Benjamin's prize-winning letter to Photoplay received more bouquets than any other contribution from a "fan.

What have you to say for yourself? This department is your open forum where you may air your likes and dislikes.

$25.00 Letter

Gary, Ind.

Three young Hoosiers inhabit our humble domicile, undoubtedly the peppiest, noisiest, most coltish offspring that Indians ever worried over.

After a week of their whooping it up, and a Sunday morning busied in breakfasting them, getting them into their best togs and off to church, serving a big Sunday dinner, I'm absolutely dizzy. To keep my mental balance, I must dispense with these kids on Sunday afternoon. Dad, too, craves their absence. Who can read, with balls rending the windows, bawls rending the air, and neighbors remarking "Dread those Still kids! Why can't they act their name?"

It answered a mother's prayer when, last Fall, a fine movie theater was built in our suburb. A trip there is the Sunday treat for the children. It's wonderful to be able to park those kids a couple of hours for thirty cents.

The readers of Photoplay are invited to write to this department—to register complaints or compliments—to tell just what they think of pictures and players. We suggest that you express your ideas as briefly as possible and refrain from severe personal criticism, remembering that the object of these columns is to exchange thoughts that may bring about better pictures and better acting. Be constructive. We may not agree with the sentiments expressed, but we 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.

Safe and sound, gaining wholesome knowledge, I don't need to worry about them clashing with traffic. I can drop my nervous tension and take my rest care. Those quiet hours charge my brain's battery and a renewed, thankful mother welcomes her brood home. Sunday movies? I'll say. They are my mental safety valve.

MRS. F. A. STILL

$10.00 Letter

Beverly, Mass.

Here is a question: What is the difference between the moral susceptibilities of the inhabitants of a large city and those of a small city? Oh, but there is a difference. Ask the wise producers! They should—and do—seem to know.

I live in a comparatively small city, eighteen miles from Boston. The much advertised, and more discussed, "Love" came to our theater recently. We all came away much disappointed and angry. Why? Most of us had read the review in Photoplay. We expected to see what others had seen (seemingly contaminated)—a stormy, tragic drama, with an unhappy ending. We had yet to learn that we weren't "grown-up" enough for this version. Most conventionally, Janet's husband divorces her. Wonsky marries her. At the end, instead of committing suicide, Anna is reunited with Wonsky after a three year separation. Shades of Tolstoy!

Quite ironically, censor-loving Boston showed the original film which is eighteen miles away gazed on a garbled, doctored, Pollyannian version! Do eighteen miles have such an effect on our morals?

What is the answer?

EVELYN LA CHAPELLE.

$5.00 Letter

York, Pa.

Gloria Swanson deserves a great amount of praise for producing W. Somerset Maugham's "Sadie Thompson," the short story from which "Rain" was made.

The play was a sorry thing, a beautiful and awful drama of life which even reformers and censors must admit exists, and not only in rain-drenched Pago-Pago. The picture has emerged into a conventional, yet forceful and amazingly interesting study of a professional girl and her professional saviour, who found vice even in his own being.

I have been told that the august board of Pennsylvania censors found cause to delete "Sadie Thompson" in thirty-eight different places. Despite their fervid endeavors, it is still a worth-while photoplay.

Finally, I do not approve of the morals, or language, or gaudy clothes of Sadie, nor is this in defense of lurid photoplays. But I do think that Miss Swanson deserves all the credit possible to bestow for her efforts in giving the public what the public wants, thereby combatting the censorship menace which is besetting us on all sides.

GEORGE F. SHEWELL.

Clara Hears from a Friend

New York, N. Y.

I have just finished reading Clara Bow's Life Story in your magazine and I don't think I have ever enjoyed one so much. I happen to know phases of Clara Bow's life and I'm proud and glad to say that Clara has told the truth. A star is apt to glide over the sordid parts of her life, but not Clara Bow. She's a peach and whatever happiness she has gotten out of her life in Hollywood she really deserves.

Let's give her a big hand.

LOUISE MURPHY.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]
Big Stars and Pictures

Introduce

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Tenth Avenue
with Phyllis Haver

Vittorio Cossutta and Joseph Schildkraut. A William C. deMille Production. Adapted by Douglas Doty from the stage play by John McGowan and Lloyd Griscom.

William Boyd
in
The Cop

with Alan Hale, Jacqueline Logan and Robert Armstrong. A Donald Crisp Production from the story by Elliott Clawson. Screen play by Tay Garnett. Produced by Ralph Block for DeMille Pictures Corporation.

Leatrice Joy
in
Man-Made Women


Rod La Rocque

in

Love Over Night


Show Folks

From the original story by Philip Dunning, co-author of "Broadway". DeMille Studio Production.

These great pictures will be shown at the best theatres in your town—watch for them.

Pathe
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8


CIRCUS, THE—United Artists. —The triumphant return of Charles Chaplin. Must we waste space advising you to see it? (February.)

COHENS AND KELLY IN PARIS, THE—Universal. —It was funny the first time, but not so good in repetition. Time to call a halt. (April.)

COLLEGE WIDOW, THE—Warner's. —Dolores Costello vamps the football team and the boys win the game for dear old Woostis. Just another one of those things. (January.)

COMBAT—Pathé. —Bad direction and heavy mugging by George Beban. Should have eliminated this as entertainment. (December.)

COME TO MY HOUSE—Fox. —Olive Borden and Antonio Moreno border around in a lot of inspired doings. (February.)

COMRADES—First Division. —Again comes the World War I story of a brave boy who takes the place of a cowardly one. With Helene Costello, Gareth Hughes and Donald Keith. (March.)

COUNT OF TEN, THE—Universal. —Something different in the way of a prize-fight story, with James J. Corbett, stage star, stealing the show. Charley Chase, too, deserves mention for a good performance. (May.)

CREAM OF THE EARTH—Universal. —The romance of a week-end butterfly and a shy college youth, beautifully handled. Portrayed by Charles Ray and Charles Rogers. A Grade A picture. (May.)

CRIMSON CITY, THE—Warner's. —Drama between a band of criminals and a girl in Singapore. Lots of action—and you'll like Myrna Loy. (March.)


CRUISE OF THE HELLION, THE—Ryart. —In which a bad boy is reformed by an enterprising nurse. It's a good stuff—with Donald Keith and Edna Murphy. (December.)

CUPID'S KNOCKOUT—Hercules—Just a fair-to-middling comedy, for evenings when you have nothing better to do. (February.)

Czar Ivan the Terrible—Skevino. —A really great picture, made in Russia that, in acting and technical excellence, never has been surpassed. With Lars Hanson and M. Leonidoff. If this comes your way, don't miss it. (April.)

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

DEATH VALLEY—Chadwick. —Just a lot of nonsense. Stay home and catch up with the dangling, (December.)

DEsert PIrate, THE—Fox. —Filled with the usual strap of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but made bearable by a plot with some originality and the charming presence of little Frankie Darro. (May.)

DESIRED WOMAN, THE—Warner's. —Irene Rich in a drama that proves that English women sometimes have a rotten time in India. (February.)

DEVIl DANCER, THE—United Artists. —Gilda Gray among the Lames of Tibet. The lady can act, and the dancing with the scenes of a far less interesting picture. A good show for the grown-ups. (Janyuary.)

Devil's SKIPPER, THE—Tiffany-Stahl. —Lots of meat in this picture, what with slave ships, piracy, mutiny and revenge. Also a remarkable performance by Belle Bennett. (May.)

DISCORD—Pathé. —Lil Dagover and Gosta Eckman in a foreign-made production. (February.)

DIVINE WOMAN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. —How any one could make a picture like this with Greta Garbo. And Lars Hanson is a great help. Naturally, you'll go and see it. (March.)

DOG OF THE REGIMENT—Rising. —A pleasant little comedy of romantic acting. In another words, a good picture. (December.)

DOOMSDAY—Paramount. —Florence Vidor's sympathetic and intelligent portrayal of a farm woman who tries to escape drudgery merits your attention. (April.)

DOVE, THE—United Artists. —Norma Talmadge is no longer a child, but it is Noah Beery's picture, the naughty chief! An exciting stage play becomes a rather languid movie. (March.)

DRESSED TO KILL—Fox. —A tale of the underworld that holds you from the first to the second. It's all action and suspense. And splendid work by Edward Lowe, Mary Astor and Ben Bard. Recommended. (May.)

DRESS PARADE—Pathé-De Mille. —The making of a man at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Real entertainment, thanks to William Boyd, Besie Love and Louis Nateaux. (December.)

DRUMS OF LOVE—United Artists. —D. W. Griffith tells the Poole and Francesca legend, but spells it out by changing the locale and by overloading it with dialogue. Elizabeth Allan, Mary Philipis branch out with lots of 1T and Don Alvarado gives a good performance. (April.)

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*GET YOUR MAN—Paramount.—Clara Bow and Charles Rogers in a light romance, made especially for Young America. (February)

GIRL FROM CHICAGO, THE—Warners.—Life and love in the underworld, agreeably enacted by Conrad Nagel, Myrna Loy and William Russell. (December)

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

GIRL IN THE PULLMAN, THE—Pathe-DeMille.—One of those rare honeymoon adventures that aren’t for the very innocent, nor yet the very sophisticated. With Wanda McKay. (February)

GOOD-BYE KISS, THE—Mack Sennett.—The duddy of screen comedy fights the war in his own way. And the old boy hasn’t lost his cunning, because there’s real entertainment in this here picture. You’ll like Sally Eilers. (May)

GOOD TIME CHARLIE—Warner.—The sad story of an old trouper, played with heart and humor by Warner Oland that you forget its sentimentality. (January)

GORIZZA, THE—First National.—Charlie Murray and Fred Kelsey, as a couple of dumb Sherlocks, make a real honest mess all over this. It’s a dumb fool thing, but you’ll like it. (January)

HAROLD TEEN—First National.—All your old friends of the comic strip come to life on the screen. It’s a joyous show and lots of fun for the kids. Arthur Lake walks away with the honors as Harold. (May)

HARVESTER, THE—FBO.—Came the yawn! If you like Gene Stratton Porter’s stories, help yourself. (January)

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?—Universal.—The amusing love affairs of an Irish soldier. Tom Moore plays the Irishman and Besie Love gives a fine performance of a French girl. Good fun. (May)

HEART OF A FOLLIES GIRL, THE—First National.—A humorous and backstaged story of stage life, with even Billy De Wolfe who can’t save. (May)

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

HEBIE GEBIES—Hal Roach.—A hypnotist turns Our Gang into animals. An original, really amusing concoction that will delight the children. (January)

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

HER SUMMER HERO—FBO.—Why movie theaters need good prologues. (March)

HER WILD OAT—First National.—Colleen Moore as a humble promisstress of a luncheonette, goes berserk at a fashionable resort. (February)

HIS COUNTRY—Pathe-DeMille.—Excellent heart interest story by two immigrants, beautifully played by Rudolph Schildkraut and Louise Dresser. Signs a winner. (April)

HOLD ‘EM YALE—Pathe-DeMille.—Rod La Rocque cuts loose as a foot-ball star. Why be critical about a picture so full of laughs? (May)

HONEY MADE—First National.—Johnny Hines pursues his Art. Some of the "gags" don’t belong on the screen—or anywhere else. (December)

HONEYMOON PLAYS, THE—Universal.—A clever little comedy of young married life, with George Lewis and Dorothy Gallagher. (April)

HONEYMOON JIVE—Paramount.—Florence Vidor and Tolulio Caramanci enact a neat little comedy duel between an American heiress and her Italian husband. For those who like ‘em subtle. (January)

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

HOOKE AND LADDER No. 9—FBO.—Some good newreel shots of a fire. A feeble excuse for a story. (December)

HOOT HEELS—Universal.—A small town boy goes butter-and-egg for a kick musical show, Glenn Tryon and Patsy’ Rex Miller are a good team. (May)

HUSBANDS FOR RENT—Warners.—Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry in a bedroom farce that will get by only with the less bright members of the community. (March)

I TOLD YOU SO—Leigh Jason.—This picture—only a two reeler—cost more than $25,000. But it shows so much promise that its producer won a contract for himself on the strength of a pre-view showing. (April)

IF I WERE SINGLE—Warners.—The girls will get a giggle out of this story of domestic life. Conrad Nagel prove that he can play comedy. (January)

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A story of the Kentucky Derby that is better than most race-track tales, thanks to a fine performance by James Murray and an exceptional "bit" by Wesley Barry. (January)

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 128)
Now you can see these and all the other convulsing characters from Carl Ed's nationally famous comic strip "HAROLD TEEN"

—in the flesh, in a full-length feature comedy—an Allan Dwan production, presented by Robert Kane, adapted by Tom Geraghty and directed by Mervyn Leroy. As up-to-date as tomorrow... Gay as Youth itself... It's the FIRST real lowdown on the lighter side of this super-modern generation.

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ALICE WHITE AS "GIGGLES"
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WAIST—25 in.
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DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

Why when I come into a room do I seem to make everyone uncomfortable? I know I’m interesting yet I don’t make friends easily and after a while everyone quarrels with me. I hope I’m not concealed, but I know I’m good looking and as my father has money I’m always smartly dressed and well groomed. But something’s wrong. Boys don’t like me a bit. I work hard to be the life of the party wherever I go, but I never am. I’m afraid maybe it’s the way I monopolize conversations, but I love to talk. Must I keep quiet or merely change my line? Can you tell me what’s wrong?

Iris M.

YES, Iris, I can tell you what’s wrong. You feel superior, poor dear, and that is the worst of all social sins. You talk well. You dress well. You are pretty. You were born a lucky girl, with a father who could provide you with unusual opportunities. The very paper on which you wrote this letter reveals your superior education and background. You have all the assets for popularity. But you ruin them all by showing you know it. You spoil your social chances by proving you regard your good gifts as something you generated, when they are merely an accident of birth. You kill all your natural attractiveness by being aggressive and assertive. You should be sparkled. I can fairly hear your conversation when you enter a room, hard, glittering, self-centered conversation about yourself, your father, your clothes, your hairdresser, your manicurist, yours, yours, yours. No wonder people quarrel with you. In attempting to escape being a wallflower you take all the spotlight. I know of no quicker way for a girl to get herself thoroughly detested. You succeed in making other people feel inferior and they hate you for it.

Somewhere—perhaps at boarding school—you heard about the art of conversation and you mistakenly think that is starting all chatter and talking to the exclusion of everyone else. Conversation is an art, Iris, a quick means to popularity, but what you are making of it is a massacre.

I don’t mean to be too hard on you, my dear, but this is such a common fault! I want to drive it home hard.

As you very well know, there are two sides to a girl’s personal success in life—her popularity with men and her popularity with women. Rarely are those twin appeals merged. Girls very popular with boys are jealously disliked by other girls. And girls most popular with their own sex generally can’t get a boy to look at them. But when a girl is universally appealing—unless she is so great a beauty nothing else matters—you will find conversation her greatest aid and asset. But—and here comes the whole point—hers is sensitive conversation—sensitive to the time and the place, sensitive to beauty, news events, charm and the tones of her own voice.

Now when you enter a room, Iris, you irritate people because they know unless they are indomitably rude you represent total, boring eclipse for them. You force your opinions down their throats. You flaunt your more expensive clothes before the other girls. You try to dominate the boys. Some people stand you for a little while because this misguided energy of yours is a matter of less interest now than formerly. But later their irritation is such that they have to quarrel with you to escape from your everlasting self-revelations.

Here, then, is the remedy. Your education has taught you, I presume, to discuss the theater, the newest books, the latest Vionnet neckline, whether or not permanents hurt one’s hair and why Mussolini is such an interesting world figure. Certainly every wise girl should know such social patter. But you, my dear, must learn to use such conversational obloggans, not as self-starters, not as self-glorifiers, but as a means of making the other person talk. Cease making generalizations. Ask more questions. When you want to remark, “All blondes are gold-diggers,” ask, instead, “Do you really think all blondes are gold-diggers?” This gives the other person a chance. It lets him think and makes him happy.

Stop being personal. Never, never criticize. No girl can afford to and even compliments should never be given with flat directness. It is wiser to inquire, “My dear, where do you buy those divine hats?” than to assert, “That is the smartest hat I’ve seen this season.” The statement is an irritant, though you mean it as a compliment. It shunts your excellent judgment.

But the question contributes to the hat wearer’s self-pride. It infers that she is an expert shopper—something every girl likes to believe—that her taste is flawless and that you wish to be as wise as she. Yet actually the same thing has been said in both cases. It’s a matter of approach, that’s all.

THEN learn to listen intelligently. Shy people often hope to take refuge in listening and wonder why they don’t succeed at it. The answer is they usually aren’t listening at all but are merely day-dreaming while the other person talks.

A real listener asks intelligent, interested questions, puts herself in the other person’s—preferably a boy’s—place, shares his emotions, whether they be angry at the boss’s unfairness or why dear old Colton must win the game this year, draws the speaker on to talk more and more until he is enthralled by the interested light in her eyes, the flattering smile on her lips, he feels he simply must marry her in order to keep forever this delightful audience. You can do all this, Iris. You don’t need to drop your “line” or lose your opinions. Talk of course, but don’t dominate. Read the newspapers, the newest books. Keep up with current events. Follow the fashions in clothes, thought and action. But do these things, not to show off Iris, but to help others in revealing their greater wisdom, their finer appreciation. It’s a little smile. It’s good for us all.

And memorize this rule: Talk unto others as you would they would talk unto you—but let them talk first.

LILLIAN L.:

If you feel you can’t “give your boy friend up” as you say, and he is the cleanest, most respectable boy you know and has asked you to marry him, and you love him, it seems to me you have no problem at all. If you will both be tolerant, the difference in your religions should not affect your mutual happiness. Be sure that he has a steady income, is ambitious and industrious and trustworthy. These qualities being his, I believe you can marry him and be very happy.

MAJIC:

Precocious child, you cannot pine away for love at the age of fourteen! You’re attractive.

(Continued on page 104)
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Never has the world taken it as a matter of course—a beautiful skin.
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And yet—you, or any woman, have it within your possibilities!
Cherishing care—that is the whole secret of a lovely complexion.
Enough interest in your skin, enough persistence, to give it, day after day, the right care for its needs. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place.
Keep this new skin, as it forms, in good condition, by caring for it in the Woodbury way, with hot or warm water, ice, and Woodbury’s Facial Soap—the soap recommended by skin specialists for a sensitive skin.

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CAMILLA HORN was once the prettiest extra girl at the UFA Studios. Because attractive legs are a rarity in German dramatic circles, Camilla's legs doubled for all the stars in the close-ups. It was F. W. Murnau who discovered that she also has a pretty face. Out in Hollywood, this simple, unaffected and untemperamental German girl is considered the most promising of all the recent foreign importations.
CECIL B. De MILLE cuts loose to reform the Reformatories and Marie Prevost will play one of the unfortunate victims of our so-called correctional system in "The Godless Girl." It is the most trying rôle that Marie ever has undertaken. In this film, De Mille abandons all his pet themes to delve into an ugly, sordid, but tremendously important aspect of modern life. They say it will be his most daring picture.
ESTELLE TAYLOR—famous as Mrs. Jack Dempsey and prominent in Los Angeles social circles as Mrs. William Harrison Dempsey. Unfortunately for the movie public, she is too seldom recognized for what she really is—a beautiful and exceptionally talented actress. Must this young woman change her name to Schneider to induce the producers to give her a chance in bigger and better roles?
OLA D'AVRIL is an ambitious young French girl who came to Hollywood, not with a carefully advertised foreign reputation, but to make a humble start as an extra girl. First National recognized her beauty and her ability and placed her under contract. She is being intrusted to rôles of increasing importance and her career closely parallels that of her fellow countrywoman, Renée Adoree.
Picture of a remarkable man—Clive Brook. Although he never has worn side-burns, affected a trick hair-cut, worried the censors with his love scenes or played in a mythical kingdom romance, Mr. Brook has managed to establish himself high among the favorites. He brings to Hollywood the solid, exacting traditions of the theater of his native England. Mr. Brook's newest will be "Three Sinners."
This New Summer Foundation Garment is Made of Honeycomb Mesh

Joyously cool is this Gossard TEDETITE! It is made of Honeycomb Mesh and the pantie frill is of georgette. This garment is ideal for summer wear because it absorbs readily and is smooth against the body. Ask for Tedetite 4235 at $6.50.
My dinner table, set with all my best china, for our dinner to Jim's new friends, had never looked prettier. But it made my poor hands look dreadfully coarse by comparison. They just broadcasted 'Dishpan!'

"And because I know it's just such little things that others judge us by, I became self-conscious... ill at ease... at my own dinner table."

"Of course it was foolish of me. With Lux always in the house I was still using old-fashioned soap for the dishes. Until that night I had not realized just how pitifully rough and red it made my hands look.

"Now I use Lux for all my dishes. And for cleaning, too! My hands are no longer red and coarse. I'm proud now of my dinner-table hands."

So many household soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—are made in the old-fashioned way. They contain harmful alkali that dries up the skin, aging and coarsening it.

There is no injurious alkali in Lux. Made by a remarkable process—Lux actually soothes the skin, leaves it a little whiter and softer than before.*

And instant, sparkling Lux suds, ready before you ever put your hands in, are so rich and cleansing that the dishes seem almost to wash themselves!

Lux for dishes costs so little! The big package washes six weeks' dishes. Lovely hands for so small a price!

Lux keeps lovely the hands that wash dishes.

*Many beauty parlors use Lux suds in manicuring the nails, to soften and whiten and soothe the fingers.
Close-Ups and Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

The Ingrate of Hollywood, he has been called; the hobo who walked the ties into the studio city and was sheltered and petted by motion picture people to whom he appealed for help. He sees beauty and honesty only under freight cars, in shoddy fourth-rate circus troupes, in prisons, in brothels.

He was sponsored by Chaplin, who gave him the run of his studio, and aided him financially. He repaid Chaplin by painting Charlie as a child of the London gutter, in the "Pictorial Review." He even dragged in Charlie's mother.

Gilbert; more vicious, more unfair, in worse taste, if possible, than anything else he has written about others.

According to Jim Tully, the ex-hobo, who admits he had little schooling outside orphan asylums, saloons, flop-houses, a short career as a prize-fighter, and his trade of chain forging, Gilbert is "a man of neither education nor capacity, he is more opinionated than Elinor Glyn, and less profound."

"In 'The Big Parade,'" says Tully, "he was second in ability to the gigantic ex-carpenter moron, Karl Dane. In 'Flesh and the Devil' he was merely a romantic prop upon which Miss Greta Garbo hung an American reputation."

MORE vicious stabs are courageously quoted by anonymous informants. He intimates that Gilbert shoved two women in front of him to protect himself from a frisky horse.

He calls the actor a poseur, a coward, a conceited ass, a mediocre actor, a man who disowns his father. Not one redeeming trait does he admit. Brutal, unfair, untrue.


Jim Tully is a good craftsman as a writer, but I fear that he hates handsome men and beautiful women. One thing I never read in his writings about Hollywood—he never accused a beautiful woman of annoying him with her attentions.
FROM a dock in New York, a great trans-Atlantic liner recently sailed away in order that a woman might forget. The woman is Mary Pickford.

With her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, she is now in Europe, hoping that new surroundings will soften her bereavement and help to dim the tragedy of her mother's death.

May we respectfully hope, along with the vast host that offers sympathy, that Mary's grief will be softened with time, and that soon she will look forward to the active resumption of her work.

There must be great comfort to Mary in the knowledge that the glory of her mother's name will blaze forever in motion picture history. In eternal electrics, it will grace the sign-space of the world's marquees.

MRS. PICKFORD was the industry's most picturesque pioneer. No individual ever contributed more to a chosen line of endeavor, no individual ever exerted a greater influence upon its progress, no individual ever occupied a place more conspicuous, more unique.

Her axioms formed the foundation upon which great careers were built. Her words helped to phrase the by-laws of vast producing corporations. Her ideas formed the basis of policies that helped to shape the future and growth of the cinema.

Her forte was business, and every leader in film enterprise respected her judgment, and sought it. Many fundamentals, many cardinal principles can be traced to her.

MARY'S mother was the inspiration of every mother with a daughter in pictures. She was the most exacting, the most demanding of her rights, and at the same time the fairest, the squarest, the most understanding and sympathetic woman in motion pictures.

And, with it all, she had a great sense of humor, which, no doubt, contributed much to her great success. For all these reasons, then, and for many more, her name... CHARLOTTE PICKFORD SMITH... will never be dimmed by time.

Charlotte Pickford Smith will be remembered forever not only as the mother of Mary but as the Mother of the Movies.

THE mayor of Lynn, Massachusetts, wants to bar the showing of Charlie Chaplin's latest picture.

According to the "Telegram-News" of Lynn, the mayor—his name doesn't matter, it's only his position that makes his opinion news—says:

"Chaplin is a scurilous, reprehensible man who violated the sacred precincts of the American home and failed in his solemn promise to love and cherish a girl. Folks who harbor such a character are degrading themselves and tearing down the structure of the American home."

Up to the hour of going to press the mayor has not yet started a good old one-hundred per cent American movement to bar from citizenship all the ladies and gentlemen of his community who have divorced or been divorced.

Lynn, by the way, is only a few miles away from Salem, where a few generations ago they burned "witches," old ladies with radical ideas.

EUROPEAN governments are berating our movies as too American. Yet their subjects are making a large share of the pictures in Hollywood.

"The Man Who Laughs," for instance, made in the Universal studios, was based on an English story by a French author. Conrad Veidt, the star, is German, and he was directed by a fellow countryman, Paul Leni.

The supervisor, Paul Kohner, came from Czechoslovakia, and the vampire menace of the picture is a Russian beauty, Olga Backlanova. The script was written by an American under the supervision of a Hungarian, Dr. Sekely.

But, strangely enough, the art director, Daniel Hall, is an American.

It is a very artistic picture and the beauty is that American beauty, Mary Philbin.

IN this issue PHOTOPLAY announces the awards in the first amateur movie contest ever conducted by any publication in the world.

PHOTOPLAY, incidentally, was the first national magazine to realize the importance of the amateur movement. The contest was devised to help the progress of the amateur past his first pitfalls.

The movie amateur is really a development of the last three years. He appeared with the introduction of light, handy 35 and 16 millimeter cameras. Professional cameras are expensive playthings, even for the Hollywood film makers. The smaller 16 millimeter films and cameras did a great deal toward putting the motion picture within the reach of everyone.

Today there are some 100,000 enthusiastic movie amateurs in America. Such thinkers as H. L. Mencken and Robert J. Flaherty, the amateur maker of "Moana," believe that, out of these ranks of amateurs, will come the best minds of the future photoplay.

ANYWAY, the current fear among professional film makers and exhibitors that the amateur is a menace is unnecessary. More than ever before the amateur goes to the movie cathedral to study treatment, effects and tricks.

The amateur movement is a healthy aid to the professional, if he but realizes it.

Here is one of the ever-present faults of the screen world. The maker of pictures has been trembling at one thing or another for years. First it was the pioneer talking picture. Then the radio. Then the oncoming European picture. Then the synchronized sound-sight mechanism again. And now the hundred thousand amateurs are causing nightmares in many of our lavish and best celluloid households.

The best little menace of the films is being nourished by the movie makers themselves. That menace is cheap vaudeville.
It Took Twenty-Four Men To Shoot One

Here is a striking study in the making of a thrilling scene. At the top of the page, you see Cecil B. De Mille, center, surrounded by eight cameras and twenty-three men—assistants, cameramen, technicians and helpers. These men are at one end of a corridor in a reformatory set for "The Godless Girl."

At the other end of the corridor, the action is taking place. And what action! In the picture below, you see George Duryea shooting a brutal warden who has the key to the solitary confinement cell in which the girl, Lina Basquette, is held prisoner while the flames surround her. Miss Basquette is in the background of the picture.

In "The Godless Girl," Mr. De Mille is attempting a theme that might have been tackled by Dickens. He is showing up the brutal and horrifying conditions in reform schools. The fire scene taxed his technical facilities to the utmost and the men you see in the top picture are merely the back-of-the-camera crew that worked on this spectacular episode.
What it costs to marry in the Hollywood manner

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost</th>
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<tr>
<td>Courtship</td>
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<tr>
<td>Whirlwind style with all the trimmings of gifts and entertainment</td>
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<td>Engagement ring</td>
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<td>Emeralds preferred at $1,500 a karat</td>
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<td>F. O. B. Hollywood</td>
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<tr>
<td>Plain</td>
<td>2,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fancy, with yacht trip or European tour</td>
<td>10,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Home—Sweet Home!</td>
<td>45,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>A modest mansion in Beverly Hills</td>
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<tr>
<td>Grand total, not including upkeep</td>
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*Odd change for occasional roadside bouquets of sweet peas bought during motor trips.

Illustrated by
Ken Chamberlain

A FEW months ago Nancy Ann Miller of Seattle, Washington, married Tukoji Rao, formerly Maharaja of Indore, in India, and the word of the magnificent wedding was carried around the world. The Maharaja and his bride wore robes embroidered in the richest jewels, that were valued at two million dollars; there were elephants and camels, richly and beautifully equipped in gold, silk and velvet, in the cortège; fifteen thousand people gathered for the ceremony; diamonds, emeralds, sapphires and pearls flashed in the brilliant sunlight.

It was a wedding worthy of all the superlatives. That was in India, and the story reads more like an Arabian Nights tale than reality, but there is one other place in this world where weddings come high and that is Hollywood. While there are no elephants and camels in the Hollywood wedding cortège there are enough Rolls Royces and Isotta Fraschinis, and I am not sure but that a fully equipped Rolls Royce in Hollywood would cost as much as a richly dressed elephant in India. That question is open to debate. However, there are plenty of costly jewels in evidence when a wedding of motion picture celebrities is celebrated and the populace, more than fifteen thousand strong, turns out to watch the procession.

An investigation into the cost of matrimony in the cinema city has revealed some startling facts. Marriage between two young people, who happen to be in the motion picture business, is practically impossible, especially if the two desire a ceremony in the Hollywood manner.

Picture producers have declared that the cinematic fare this season is to be hardy drama that leads to endings unhappy or happy, as the case may be. People are going to see life on the screen as it really is. There is going to be no sugar coating. A spade is going to be a spade, maybe two spades, but certainly not a silver plated shovel. So here goes!

OUT in Hollywood there are twelve young girls known as baby stars. They hail from Hastings, Nebraska; Salt Lake City, Utah, and other places of equal or more importance on the map. Each of these young girls is of marriageable age. Each is on a pedestal, the cynosure of all eyes. And there are at least a score of young men who look longingly at their beauty and say to themselves:

"Oh! Would that I had enough money to marry her."

Money? you say. Surely, love has no price. Ah! yes, but matrimony has. Especially if it is in Hollywood. Of course, if these girls were back in their home towns there would be a different story to tell. The wooing swain could bring his seventy-five cent box of candy and sit in the porch swing these cool summer evenings. He could talk of a cottage in the out-
skirts of town for their honeymoon home. He could boast of the ten dollar raise he expected to get next month and he might even brag about his little nest egg in the bank—enough to buy the engagement ring, get the license and pay the first installment on the furniture. The future would look rosy, and who can tell whether the ending would be happy?

That’s a picture of the situation as it might be back in the old home town. Now we fade in on Hollywood, the city of sunshine and stars, movie and celestial, where love battles against the glamour of an unreal world. Where the make-believe becomes a reality and reality is sometimes grim tragedy. There wooing is done in the grand manner. The young man who hopes to win the heart of a fair movie maid must have a bank roll worthy of a Dun and Bradstreet rating.

Before a young man can even think of asking the fatal question he must win his Spurs in a courtship that costs a sum almost equal to a bank president’s salary for a year. There are dinner parties, gifts of expensive jewelry, corsages of orchids at $25 apiece at the best florists—and no corsage in Hollywood is considered worthy of the name with less than six orchids in it—motor trips and week-end parties at the beach.

Fortunately for the young man who woos Ruth Taylor, that petite little blonde who vanquishes her brunette sisters whenever gentlemen are present, she prefers a fast and furious courtship.

“But I want all the trimmings,” she added, to make sure that I did not get the wrong impression.

“The man I marry must have an income of at least $100,000 a year,” she explained. “I want to be happy and I have to have money to do the things that will make me happy.”

Love alone is not enough. I’ve seen too many marriages go on the rocks when the money runs out. And besides I have to have a man I can look up to and respect. A man with money would be just that kind.

He should be a young man, too. And with a sense of humor. He’d have to have that to put up with me.”

Miss Taylor said she would prefer an emerald engagement ring. A big one, baguette shaped. Oh—say five or six karats, and emeralds cost $1,500 a karat in Hollywood. Add an extra thousand dollars for the shape and another thousand for the mounting in platinum and you have a rough idea of what it would cost to get to the engagement stage.

This is only the beginning. Once the ring is securely slipped on the finger things really begin to happen, especially if the wedding is to be sponsored by Marion Davies, who presided over the nuptials of such prominent movie folk as King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman, and Laura La Plante and William Seiter. Or when Mary Pickford selects Pickfair as the scene of the ceremony, as she did for Colleen Moore and John McCormick and for her brother, Jack Pickford, and Marilyn Miller. And when Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn decide to look after the matrimonial interests of a young couple as they did for Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque there is no stinting in elaborate preparations.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]
CHAPTER I

JIM QUIRK has asked me to write an outline of my career in pictures. Behind his request lies one of two purposes: to destroy me utterly or to discover first-hand information regarding some of his best enemies. The adjective "worst" cannot be applied to Jim's enemies; they afford him his only amusement. So, because I like Jim (because Jim likes me), and because doing the right job might be fun, and because Jim has assured me that a great many readers of his magazine would like to hear of my early asininities, I am complying with his request.

An outline of my career in pictures follows; mostly as it happened, some of it censored, some of it omitted, none of it elaborated—all Gospel according to St. Cinema, and may God have mercy on my soul. And those of you who have your brick-bats ready, permit me to remind you of the proverb about people who live in glass houses, and that the good is oft interfered with their bones.

In March 1915 I was a member of the Baker Stock Company in Spokane, Washington. I was seventeen years old. I was the stage manager of the company. The title was important; the job was not. The stage manager of a stock company is the assistant director and his duties consist of ringing the curtain up and down, calling the overtures and warnings to the actors that their cues for entrance are approaching, holding a manuscript at rehearsals, making out stage settings and property plots, and seeing to it that every prop or article used during each act is in its correct position. If, during the action of the play, a white-faced, suffering little mother says to the swarthy villain: "Here is the will," and there is no will—God help the stage manager.

I hold no brief for my qualities as an assistant stage director. For our opening bill the management secured "Alias Jimmy Valentine," the well known underworld drama. The big scene of the play and the climax of the last act takes place when the little girl, Kittie, is locked in a safe, and Jimmie and his pal, Red, both reformed crooks, must, in order to release the child, open the great time locks by touch, thus divulging their identities to the detective, Doyle, who watches through a half open door. Jimmie sandpapers his finger tips and slowly turns the dial. Red kneels beside him. The stage is dark. Jimmy calls: "Match!" Red strikes a match and holds the flame close to the dial. Jimmy blows out the light. Once more he sandpapers his finger tips till they bleed, and once more applies his sensitive nerves to the dial. I watch spellbound from the wings, awaiting my cue to ring down the curtain.

The solemn parson at the right is Jack. The gentleman at the left is Roy Stewart, a former Western star. Jack was then merely a stock player, appearing in support of many stars who are now forgotten. Here is one of the thrillers made at the old Santa Monica Studios.
Writes His Own Story
By Jack Gilbert

Every word of this story is Jack Gilbert's own. Every sentence radiates Jack's charming and flashing personality. PHOTOPLAY has added nothing or deleted nothing. Don't miss a word of it.

What should have happened was this: the safe door is suddenly opened, the little girl falls into Jimmy's arms; a spotlight from nowhere in particular, plays upon her; the detective enters and confronts Jimmy while the girl Jimmy loves enters from the opposite side. A beautiful scene should have been enacted.

On that opening night it wasn't. I rang the curtain down before Kitty was out of the safe. To this day I don't know why, but I did, and the show was over, and I was fired.

I should have been thrown bodily from the theater, and blacklisted from the American stage. I had ruined the scene for the actors and had created a ridiculous situation which the first night critics could chortle over when they reached their typewriters. But I was forgiven.

After the first violent outbreak had subsided, it was remembered that I was still an invited guest at a party given by the members of the troupe, after the performance. Beer was served, and chili beans and more beer—and then—beer, and night of our last performance. An atmosphere of gloom pervaded the darkened theater. Our tribe had been broken up. Some were hastily packing to make the eastbound train that night, others disappeared to get quietly and solitarily drunk. The stage-doorman dismissed us individually with a nod and a grunt. The stage-doorman still had his job. They folded their tents like the Arabs and as silently stole away. I caught the Oregon Flyer for Portland.

When I met my father, who was directing a stock in Portland, for some unaccountable reason I felt ashamed. Not that I had had anything to do with the closing of our company, but I was out of a job and inasmuch as I had supported myself since my mother's death three years earlier, I exaggerated my present predicament until I felt positively degraded. There was no opening for me in the Portland theater, nor did I particularly care to return to the "Oregonian," a newspaper on which I had formerly been employed.

My mind was bent on acting. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]
What Makes You

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

The doctor prescribes jaded nerves

NOTHING can possibly benefit you more than to go to see Charlie Chaplin or Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton and have a good laugh.

Often have I, as a physician, recommended that kind of a prescription for brain fog, the blues, or for jaded nerves.

It is better than a vacation or a barrel of tonic.

Hearty laughter will pep you up, make you efficient again, take the kinks out of a twisted and distorted viewpoint of life.

Laughter is at one and the same time nature’s most natural safety valve as well as nature’s most perfect anodyne!

But you must be sure to allow yourself to laugh. You must not hold yourself back. Your natural risibilities must not be checked.

Don’t bottle up your laughter and repress it!

I made an experiment on myself a few years ago when Lloyd filmed “The Freshman.”

The first time I set my will against laughing—and I succeeded.

On my second visit to the theater, a week later, I resolved to let myself go and I roared until the tears came and my sides hurt.

Theoretically this is what I had expected.

There is no question but what you can choke off your own laughter if you try. If you are taken unawares it is a different matter. But if you deliberately make up your mind not to laugh—that settles it.

Therefore do not always blame a movie show, billed as a comedy, if it leaves you absolutely unmoved.

Perhaps you, yourself, are to blame.

You laugh to relieve pent-up emotion or excitement. That is why a scene like this, thrilling but ridiculous, from Harold Lloyd’s “Safety Last” drew shrieks of hysterical laughter from audiences.

Charlie Chaplin in that church episode from “The Pilgrim.” You laugh at a situation that is embarrassing to the actor. That is why Chaplin, the screen symbol of hard luck and futility, is the perfect comedian.
Laugh?

comedies as a cure for and mental fog

Maybe your so-called "threshold," to use a psychological term, is too high. Maybe you have built it so high that no matter how strong the comedy stimulus may be it cannot get over.

Maybe, I repeat, it is your own fault if you have forgotten how to laugh.

For everybody wants to laugh, likes to laugh and needs to laugh.

That explains why good comedies are practically surefire successes so far as the box office is concerned.

Next to eating and making love, all of us like best to laugh!

We know what laughter accomplishes but science does not yet know why we laugh.

Laughter relieves pent-up emotion. It also expands cramped air cells in the lungs. That much is certain.

Yet, strange as it may seem, exactly what makes you laugh has never been explained with absolute satisfaction.

Theories have been plenty. Each has given a sort of plausible explanation.

None, however, has removed altogether and entirely the mystery that clings to laughter.

You will find, if you watch your own reactions, that you are much more likely to burst into laughter at one time than at another aside from willing not to laugh, aside from purposely repressing it.

The physiological state of your body has a lot to do with that.

If you have slept well and all your organs are functioning properly the body itself is in a state of happiness. Under such circumstances it does not take very much to make you smile or laugh.

When you are in good health—in the pink of perfection, so to speak—your mind seems to harbor a sense of humor which is much deeper and much more acute than when you are not feeling at your best. Then your laughter threshold is low. And that is as it should be.

A low laughter threshold—readily and easily roused laughter—denotes health.

The psychological side of you, you see, is affected by the bodily, the physiological side.

When you are well you do not take the world too seriously.

You get a proper perspective on life. You see through the follies of the day and the foibles and eccentricities of your neighbors.

Life, after all, is conflict and adjustment to that conflict.

[cont'd on page 126]
Playing With

Most of us think of dynamite with terror, yet it has been made the star of many photoplays

Illustrating Slim Hoffman's delicate art of making dynamite do tricks. This shot was set to explode straight up into the air. It did just that, to the great relief of the players shown in the foreground of the picture.

In quickly following waves of sound comes the crash and slam of great guns—the wall of shells; their stunning shatter of destiny, and a numb earth throbbing to that most fearful of horrors, battle.

Above the twirling smoke is a sky set with briliants. Through this sparkling sea sails the moon. Coldly she looks down upon the carnage made by man—one man, who, hovering over his murderous switchboard, plays a rhapsody of hate. A bell beats in on splitting eardrums. One strains in an agony of suspense, fearing to hear the moans of the injured and dying. But the drumming silence merely accentuates the grinding click of cameras, and the excited yelps of the studio technical staff congratulating Walter ("Slim") Hoffman.

The Tales of Hoffman date back to the San Francisco quake, where, with powder and fuse, he fearlessly marched little white around the gills, and quite short of breath, naturally, but his 'Great work, Slim!' was worth more to me than the magnificent thrills the rushes showed next day.

"Gloria Swanson, too, is a gamester who doesn't know fear. No doubles for that little woman. Why, that gal would wholeheartedly eat a dozen sticks of dynamite to make an explosive sequence more realistic. But the new crop of stars haven't the guts of the screen veterans; never will have. They're yellow, plumb through, and—"

Whoa, old typewriter! You're stealing Slim's patois and personality. The situation demands diplomacy, a word that Slim believes to mean "bunk." For our hero is an old-timer who still thinks of the motion picture industry as wearing diapers. Slim isn't to be blamed, perhaps, because he was earning $25 a week when Bill Hart was only getting $20.

into the hungry maw of the fire dragon. A glamour of flaming audacity encompasses this man, and his verbal burning of the celluloid kings and queens has long been Hollywood legend.

Famous stars and directors know Slim to be a tough hombre. He has the disturbing habit of speaking his innermost thoughts aloud. His caustic mouth is constantly spitting forth words that make celebrities feel utterly useless. And they don't like it. Publicity men fear him; he makes fun of their calling. As a consequence the world outside had never heard of him. Nor do writers hanker to transform his vitriolic Captain Flagg speech into the pretty phrasing necessary to make magazine material. One might just as foolishly call Jack Dempsey a movie star to his face. Either method would win that particular writer a sock on the jaw.

But to me Slim Hoffman is a soft-boiled hero, whose roar is solely adopted to protect film folk from the concussive lash of his murderous little pet—dynamite.

Henry Walthall always has a good word for him. And Slim claims that Henry is the bravest of all the old-timers.

"In an old picture," relates Slim, "it was my job to throw an entire dirt trench upon Walthall. We figured that twelve feet of dirt would surely cover him. "Can you do it?" Walthall asked. "Easy," I replied, cold chills running up and down my spine. 'Then shoot!' The shot went off. It took ten men exactly six minutes to dig down to where Walthall lay buried. He was a
Today everything is done by electricity. A studio's explosive expert can destroy a whole building simultaneously or any portion of it, or time the explosions to go off consecutively. In this way absolute efficiency and safety is assured, and as long as the powder is of a certain chemical quality, they can be sure of a definite mechanical effect.

WHAT Slim means, rather, is that the greatest difficulty is with the human players.

Powder will do as he commands; but the players—sometimes, which results in many explosions of grief and temperaments.

For picture folk—even as you and I—have difficulty in mastering the psychology of fear.

Anyone at all can walk along a plank placed upon the ground, but set that plank on the roof-edge of a tall building, and reason must be brought to bear upon an age-old instinct that doubts the ability to do simple things.

Slim, however, has quit wasting his time explaining why an explosion will only affect a certain area, that physically it can harm nothing outside of that area. But explanations do not help the player who is afraid. In such cases, though very seldom nowadays, he and the director will get around this human difficulty by keeping the explosion a secret. Which results in some very fine emotional acting that ends by giving Slim another victim to devil.

When such a picture is previewed the critics use up a lot of 84 words to praise the very excellent portrayal of surprise and fear. But does the player thus honored apprise the learned gentlemen of the drama departments as to how a dirty studio trick scared his emotions into celluloid? He does not!

Perhaps he figures that the wear and tear upon his nerves is worth what little he receives in the way of complimentary notices.

A little while ago a certain explosive scene won wide acclaim. The sequence was this: The player was to back down a shell hole before the merciless patter of machine-gun bullets, and a shell was to be dropped into the hole to run him out again.

Three times the scene had been unsatisfactorily rehearsed, minus the explosion, for Slim had spent a whole day setting up the “business” designed for this thrilling

The Napoleon of these movie battles is the man at the switchboard. Here is Harry Redmond playing a Rhapsody in Red for “The Patent Leather Kid,” First National’s special. Richard Barthelmess and Al Santell are taking a few lessons on this organ of destruction. It can play some mean tunes

Slim Hoffman picks his teeth with a dynamite cap, by way of discouraging any social climbers who are inclined to be friendly. His conversation is as high-powered and destructive as the dynamite he uses. Ask the stars who have worked with him!
How the powder and fuse men do their stuff

shot. And now the sinking sun was fast turning yellow; they simply had to shoot or call it a day. There was a look of despair on the director's face.

"I'm passing the buck to you, Slim," he said. "Ready... Cameras!"

Lazybones stepped into the same lax performance as before, not bothering to take into account the new element that had entered the situation. Cocking a scientific eye that figured in fractions of inches, Slim watched the turtle-like progress of the scene to where the player backed down into the shell hole, then delicately his index finger descended.

Wham! Old Dynamite was co-operating with her master. She let go with a roar, the concussion so fanning Lazybones' sitdown as literally to blow him out of that hole.

In trick pictures you have seen comedians running upon thin air. Well, Lazybones did that little thing without the aid of the customary wires, and the director was tickled pink. Plaudits, then, for Slim's explosive technique; there wasn't even one single tiny tear in Lazybones' trousers, although a high polish had miraculously appeared on their seat. Incidentally, this player's respect for movie wars has considerably increased.

DANGEROUS business, eh? Maybe so. But how do you account for the flyer that was run over while jay-walking; the lion tamer who died from a pet kitten's scratch, and the steeplejack that fell downstairs and broke his neck? Each of these were professionals in their particular line. So is Slim, who, after thirty-five years spent with explosives, has yet to cause his first casualty. Which proves him to be a miracle man.

Give him your finest antique and he will set it all ablaze—let it burn for awhile, then extinguish the fire and bet you any amount that you cannot trace one single effect of the flames. This goes for the most delicate of wall papers, too.

To view a flaming room upon the screen would prompt you to exclaim that the whole works wasn't worth a lead nickel, and yet not even a bit of tapestry was scorched, nor the polish burned from the furniture. But there's a catch in the process of course. The chemical which Slim has concocted will flame just so long without burning. A second longer and everything is ruined. Consequently, this kind of camera shooting demands split-second co-operation and timing.

Picking one's teeth with a dynamite cap is never considered good form in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
Sadder But Wiser

Mary MacLaren's romance in India became a living nightmare

By Lois Shirley

No American woman can live in India. To her it must become the land of heartbreaks!

Mary MacLaren, for years one of the well-known Hollywood stars, and now back from the Far East to begin over again, spoke with a note of defiance as she made this announcement on the day of her return to the Motion Picture City, after fifteen months in a foreign country nearly nine thousand miles from home.

Reluctantly and quite sadly she admitted that India's impenetrable jungles had swallowed her love in their murky depths, and that she had returned to America to divorce her husband, Colonel G. H. Young, L. B. E., and to start anew the cinema career she abandoned when romance beckoned and when the land of the Punjabis lured her with its spicy incense smells.

"I finished 'The Three Musketeers' with Douglas Fairbanks one afternoon and married Colonel Young the next morning. It was the call of mystical India, the spell of the unknown, as much as respect for the man, which determined me," she acknowledged.

"What a fool I was! What a fool is any American woman, whether she is marrying the wealthiest Rajah or the most noted English army officer, to think she can live in this country.

"The train trip from Bombay to Jullunder was my first intimation that the beautiful pen pictures of this mysterious country were written for those who sail into the Bay of Bombay, explore the country with the eye of a tourist, and pass to other lands for investigation. They were not created for a white woman who has made herself an Indian bed and feels forced to lie on it.

"The train was built for existence—not comfort. All you do is lie in your berth, dip your hand into the pail of ice at your side and rub your head with it. Your only diversion is to watch the 'sweepers' get on at each station, scoop off the inches of dirt, cinders and ashes—and smell the dust as they do it.

"And when we reached our destination, the army headquarters, conditions were worse, rather than better. Do you know we never used anything but coal oil lamps all the time I was in that country? You take your bath in a zinc tub, the native 'sweeper' carrying the water. As for toilets—such a convenience is unknown.

"There were twenty-four married couples in the place—but not a restaurant, not a movie—nothing!

"And I was the wife of a colonel. The captains' wives could gossip together, chat over petty problems. But I could not take sides, could not join in their small conversation. I must go in first to dinner—leave first from a party, according to the dignity of my position.

"What sticklers they were for conventions!

"And always with death stalking beside you. India is insidious—a snare waiting, always waiting, to entrap and destroy you.

"Take the mad dogs. They are as plentiful as flies on the screen-doors of a Wisconsin dairy in midsummer. 'Pariah' dogs, they call them. Nobody feeds them; nobody gives them water. They are covered with putrid festers and hideous marks of mutilation. They go mad. They are taken for granted as a natural part of that country. You may be sitting in your garden, reading, when a mad dog leaps in, bringing certain death with him.

"And the 'Creepy Crawlies!' My husband had told me not to worry—that I would never see them. The problem is to be on your guard that you may make certain you do see them. I had been there two weeks when I chanced to notice—just in time—an eight-inch centipede on the wall which I was passing. The beds are all placed in the middle of the room to prevent scorpions and poisonous bugs from crawling, unheralded, upon you.

"The snakes of India are not imaginary terrors of the writers' imaginations. They are a daily peril as deadly as the 'Creepy Crawlies'. Kite and cobras—ugh! One day one of our servants was killed by a cobra while doing his daily labors, inside the house—not outside—mind you. It may take six minutes for such a bite to kill you. Six hours is the limit. My God, the agony of it!

"The walls of the bungalow are three feet thick. An attempt to keep the heat from penetrating to you. If you wish to drive a nail and hang a picture on the wall, you can hear, always, that terrible, treacherous crunching. It's the white ants, disturbed in their recesses. The wall-interiors are honey-combed with them. And if they get out—in one hour the picture is gone—completely eaten—with the exception of the glass which lies on the floor—shattered.

"Of course, you dare not go out of your house from eight-thirty until five-thirty. The heat would absorb you. Even the natives must wear their topees as sunstroke protections.

"To drink water that hasn't been [CONTINUED ON PAGE 117]
Misinformation

By
Ruth Biery

The California sun scorched down upon the actors and actresses working on "Nice People" at the Lasky Ranch on Ventura boulevard. It seared through their make-up, blazed mercilessly upon their uncovered heads.

Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel, the stars of the production, stood to one side, waiting for the call to enter the picture.

"Come, let's sit in the car. At least that's in the shade," Bebe spoke to her film-partner.

The chauffeur jumped to open the door, then climbed back behind the wheel.

And a week later a rumor reached Hollywood that Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel had had a violent "affair" while on location.

Not that anyone who knew the pair believed it. Not that Mrs. Nagel paid the least attention. But those who did not know them—those who could not know that they had driven to location each morning in separate conveyances—did not know that the chauffeur sat at the wheel during this one "lone" conversation when Conrad told Bebe about his baby. And so Conrad Nagel's name was added to the list of admirers whom gossip has catalogued for Miss Daniels.

All because Hollywood is the home of Misinformation.

No place in the world do rumors charge about with such electrical swiftness and power as in the motion picture city.

In any other town such groundless reports would be laid at the door of Idle Gossip. "They say that Mrs. White went to the theater with Mr. Jones while Mr. White was in the hospital!" would make spicy conversation for the bridge table, but would cause no serious damage because "they say" means gossip.

In Hollywood there is no such preface as "they say." That which would be gossip in any other city becomes fact in this city. Not only fact in the telling, but in eight cases out of ten, facts which are printed throughout the world as truth about the motion picture people.

Now, this is in no way a treatise upon the morals of Hollywood or an attempt to whitewash the reputation of the people who live in it. Just as there is good and evil in Chicago, Denver or Oshkosh, so is there good and bad in the capital of the Film Industry. But certainly nowhere else in the world is Misinformation consistently and persistently given out as Information as it is in this city.

A few weeks ago a man was found in the mountains of Beverly Hills in a mutilated condition. Within twelve hours it was all over Hollywood that a well-known film actor, supposed to be paying attention to the wife of a famous producer, had been found in this condition and that the producer had taken his revenge through this dastardly act. People flocked into Photoplay office to tell us about it. Others flocked to the newspapers where "dirt reporters" were sent out to dig up the information.

And if the actor in question had not just happened to play tennis the next morning and if the producer hadn't just happened to be supervising a production the afternoon the man was discovered, although no proof had been found to substantiate the story, it would undoubtedly have been printed. As it is, a day never goes by, for this is a recent occurrence, that somebody doesn't manage to whisper that this thing really did happen but was hushed up because of the power of the people mentioned.

No one escapes the maligning voice of Misinformation. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are probably one of the happiest couples in any city. Yet there are three reports which recur in cycles, year in and year out,—printed and reprinted.

1. Mary Pickford is dead.
2. Mary and Doug are about to be separated.
3. Mary Pickford is about to become a mother.

Year in and year out printed denials have been issued—not only through the local newspapers but through the National and International News Associations. For, of course, any statement made in Hollywood is out in twelve hours in Chicago and in forty-eight hours has crossed the ocean.

A short time ago Mary and Doug decided to add a wing to Pickfair. A reporter telephoned them:

"I understand Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks are going to sell their home?"

"It was for sale," a representative answered, "but it isn't now. They are building a new wing."

"Oh, they're building a wing? And is that to be Miss Pickford's wing?"

"It may be."

"Oh, I see—"

Out went the rumor that Miss Pickford was adding a wing for her own convenience where she could remain away from the rest of her family.

The Fairbanks paid no attention until five newspaper reporters from one paper arrived ensemble to interview Mr. Fairbanks on the matter.

Now, it is well known

Here are some wild tales about the stars that have been circulated as "absolute facts":

Gloria Swanson died in France and the present Gloria is a clever impersonator.

Mary Pickford is dead.

Mary and Doug have separated.

Mary is about to become a mother.

Colleen Moore and John McCormick have separated.

John Gilbert is mean to his father.

Emil Jannings is afraid of the ocean.

All a lot of applesauce!
How many of these weird untruths have you heard and believed?

Gloria Swanson has been mercilessly maltreated. "They say" Gloria is dead. "They say" she is high-hat. "They say" almost everything about Gloria but the simple truth.

Greta Garbo's reticence started a thousand rumors. Greta was temperamental. Greta was even worse. All sorts of slanders were passed around as the Gospel Truth.

If Clara Bow is seen twice with the same man, it is a love affair. Three times means an engagement. Because she is young and lively, Clara is a target for the gossips.

Bebe Daniels and Conrad Nagel sought shelter from the hot sun in Bebe's automobile on location. That harmless incident added Conrad to Bebe's list of admirers.

to Douglas Fairbanks' friends that his home life and personal affairs are sacred to him. He will not discuss them. But this time, because of the persistence of the report, he was persuaded to see these men. He seated them, one beside the other, on a long couch, then pressed a button. The live jumped into the air. The couch had been connected with a faint electrical current.

When the laughter died down, Mr. Fairbanks stated simply, "These rumors are silly. I have no idea how they started. But they are so absurd that I do not care even to discuss them." Which settled the separation tale for that cycle.

WHILE Mary Pickford was making "My Best Girl" and Douglas Fairbanks was working on "The Gaucho," twin rumors started. Mary was in love with Charles (Buddy) Rogers, her new leading man, and Doug was infatuated with Lupe Velez, his new leading woman. The fact of the case was that Miss Velez was interested in another man working on the same picture and Miss Pickford was frankly and openly practising the beautiful love scenes you saw on the screen, on the sets of the production. Most of the time her husband was present advising the two about them. But the picture-hangers-on who witnessed the rehearsals, told the story, which we know definitely went as far as Chicago.

Several years ago Mr. Fairbanks put Evelyn Brent under contract and brought her to Hollywood to make a picture. Then he decided to make an entirely different production, into which Miss Brent's black locks and general appearance could not be fitted. When another leading lady was substituted the newspapers declared that Mary Pickford would not allow Evelyn Brent to play because she was jealous of the young lady. And for one year, thereafter, Miss Brent would not even talk to a newspaper reporter!

"Gloria Swanson is dead. She died in Paris. The person now parading as Gloria is an impostor." I thought that story had died down, but now it has revived again. We all heard it when Gloria first returned with her titled husband from Paris. I doubt if Gloria Swanson were ever more alive than she is today, while hunting frantically for a story to succeed "Sadie Thompson."

When Gloria did return from Europe she was recovering from a serious operation. She was forced to go by wheel-chair from her dressing room to the set; forced to lie in it when she wasn't needed in the production. Immediately the tale was given out, and believed to such an extent that it is still repeated, that Gloria had become "high hat." She wouldn't walk twenty feet—and must have a colored boy in full livery to wheel her. Gloria never bothered to deny the statements. "Why should I?" she demanded. "They want to believe it."

Which touches another angle of this Misinformation business. People do seem to want to believe the worst about their motion picture people. Just why, it is difficult to understand. Perhaps it is because the "stars," as we call them, take the place of royalty in this country.

Greta Garbo recently told me, "In my country the papers talk about the King and Queen and the royalty and otherwise about bad people. I do not want to have things printed about me because I am not one of any of these people."

Yet, because of this very silence, Greta Garbo has been banned as "temperamental," "hard to handle," with some stories carrying even worse implications. Not a word of truth in any of them. Photoplay is publishing her Life Story which is the exact truth, despite whatever else may have been printed.

Emil Jannings had opportunities to come to America long before he accepted the offer. The American newspapers credited the delay to the fact that he hated the ocean and would not travel upon it. Yet Jannings shipped as a cabin boy at fifteen because of his passion for sea-going.

ONE day John McCormick came down with a terrible cold. Colleen Moore, his wife, suggested that he go to the Athletic club and take a Turkish bath. Because she feared he might catch more cold coming from the steam room into the open air, she suggested that he remain at the club overnight. The next morning seven reporters telephoned Miss Moore to say, "I understand you and Mr. McCormick have separated. We know that he has moved to the Athletic club while you remain in the home."

Undoubtedly, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick are human and have misunderstandings the same as Mr. and Mrs. Sam Smith. But if Mr. Sam Smith wanted to take a Turkish bath, I am certain that the world would not rise up and howl that there had been a permanent separation.

Dick Barthelmess went to Florida to spend a holiday with Major Warburton. The New York papers immediately printed that he had gone to meet the Countess Salms. A very dangerous statement, as the Countess was still married to the Count and Barthelmess to Mary Hay. The [continued on page 139]
There is dormant danger in such a power, even when, as at present, it is only ruled by motives of business. Unregulated powers of any kind are always potentially dangerous to the community. Motion pictures already have fought and won one great battle. This victory has been sensed, rather than recognized.

Before the advent of the moving picture, the working classes of Europe had little idea of life in the higher circles of society. The poor man bothered very little about the lives of the wealthy and of the aristocratic. What information he had, he gleaned directly from books and newspapers and he learned, correctly enough, that even the rich and aristocratic must work before they can enjoy pleasure, that play occupies only a small part of the time of even the richest man.

Then came the motion picture. Most of the pictures dealt with life in the higher classes of society, but the exhibition of this life on the screen was far from truthful. The movies did not show the rich man at work—which would have been dull entertainment. Only the pleasures, luxuries and extravagances of the rich were emphasized. No wonder, after viewing these distorted pictures of the life of the rich, the poor man was seized with the spirit of discontent. No wonder he said to himself, "I didn't know how these people lived. How poor I am compared to them!"

It was the misfortune of millions that the motion picture, with its disquieting pictures of luxury, appeared just when the socialists were most active in conducting their propaganda. The motion picture supplied the frustrating rain to the seeds planted in their lectures and their newspapers.

Up to date, the screen had disappointed the utopian hopes of those who believe that it might be a great factor in the unification of humanity; who thought that it might bring about universal understanding between the different nations and the different social circles. Just the reverse has happened; the motion picture has merely strengthened the contrasts. By presenting so vividly the contrasts between classes and nations, the crude and uncontrolled force of the motion picture won its first victory and wrought its first mischief.

WHAT new blow will the motion picture strike? What pillar in the social construction of humanity will next be destroyed by the screen? It hovers over modern life like a powerful and grotesque demon. It is doubtful if there will ever be a man strong enough to banish it.

When you go to Hollywood, the world center of the production of that great political power, you feel as though you were watching children playing with electric dynamos. How surprised they would be if this electrical force were to get beyond their control and do great damage! How astonished they are to learn that, because of their toy, Europe has gone through a tremendous social upheaval! There may be some producers who are aware of the tremendous influence of their product. But if they are, they are...
Some impressions, political and personal, of a visiting Habsburg

indifferent about it; they don't want to recognize it. Because they are making money, they only care to look at the movies from a business angle.

Most of the workers in the studios do not understand that the screen is a great political power. This seems incomprehensible, until one discovers that ninety per cent of the positions in Hollywood can be filled by men with only slight education.

THE titles of their positions are imposing and high-sounding; but if you reduce these titles to the terms used in other industries, you find how meaningless they are. For instance, the first, second and third director's assistants, in other lines of activities, would merely be called inspectors. The studio architects are, usually, only draughtsmen.

If the people who work behind the camera do not need very much education, the same applies to the actors and the extras, as a rule. In this respect, there is a big difference between the stage actors and the screen actors. A long time ago, Eric von Stroheim proved that anyone who takes a good picture can be a movie actor. And today, many Hollywood directors believe that new, inexperienced players do their best work in their first picture.

So it isn't surprising that in Hollywood one meets a collection of very uninteresting people; unskilled working men, jobless officers, elevator boys with wonderful faces, people who have been shipwrecked in other professions.

All of them have one thing in common. They like high-sounding titles to give importance to their duties; they brag, and they consider hard-working people, with lots of experience, far beneath them. Because Hollywood is filled with thousands of these unskilled workers, it is not only a center of film production but also a center of human stupidity and four-flushing.

THE HANDSOME MAN

How handsome he is! He is beautifully built, he has a beautiful face, he has beautiful teeth. Beautiful eyes, ears, hands, legs and toes. Of course, most of his time is spent taking care of his body. Baths, massage, hair treatments. Very late in the morning, you see him, conscious of his beauty, walking on the Boulevard and accepting the homage of the girls.

WHEN he has money, he eats only in the best restaurants. He uses his knife and fork elegantly. And he is upset if the girls do not point him out. In the evening you will find him at parties or in the dance places. Of course, he is a remarkable dancer. It is perfectly impossible for him to understand why all women aren't in love with him. You very seldom see him speaking seriously with men. He knows, by sad experience, that he sometimes makes small mistakes. He says, for instance, that the opera "Tosca" was written by Leonardo da Vinci, he thinks Lindbergh is a prize-fighter. But one thing he is sure of—that he is handsome.

THE OFFICER

He lost his job in one of the European armies and so he went to the one place in the world where he still has a chance of wearing his old uniform occasionally—to Hollywood. He still has his old military bearing. He still salutes on every possible—or impossible—occasion. He speaks curtly, like a man issuing a command. In conversation, he stands at attention. Of course, he likes best to play in war pictures. Give him a small formation of Hollywood soldiers to command, and he is perfectly happy.

He has one talent that is distinctly his own. When you talk to him, he has the remarkable ability of turning any conversation to the great war in the shortest possible time. Even if you start to talk to him about old Viennese porcelain, you can't get away from the great war.

Before you know it, he will be telling you the story of one of the great offensives.

MY presence in Hollywood gave new fire to the old feeling. Austrian and German officers questioned me with the speed of a machine gun about the possibilities of reconstructing the old monarchies.

At a farewell dinner given to me, one of the Prussian officers made a short but pointed speech: "Imperial Highness! If Your Highness goes back to Europe and starts a revolution, Your Highness can count on us. Just send us a postal card. We will join you soon!"

Hurrah, Hurrah, Hurrah!

THE MAN WITH A GOOD WARDROBE

He used to be an extra. That money he used to buy new clothes. Since then, he has called himself an actor.

He bought a complete sport outfit, full dress, bathing suits, riding pants, tuxedo, capes, overcoats, neckties with green dots, neckties with red squares, neckties with green stripes, neckties with blue circles—and all with stockings and handkerchiefs to match.

With this outfit, he can obey any order of a director. Says the director: "Come tomorrow with a green sport suit, with gray trimmings." He is there. "Come tomorrow with a light blue tennis coat, a necktie with blue dots and red shoes." He is there. "Come tomorrow in a bathing suit with red and white stripes, running up and down." He is there.

Of course, he guards his wardrobe like a miser hoarding his gold and nothing in the world can induce him to part with a bit of it. I, myself, heard the following conversation:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]
Gossip
The

The Winged Helmet, introduced by Evelyn Brent. And a very good idea, too! It is just a skull-cap covered with soft white feathers to frame the face. Not a hair is visible, but the effect is almost that of a gracefully arranged wig.

LITTA GREY CHAPLIN annexed $600,000 on the installment plan when she separated from Charlie.

Now Lita is completing a home, reported to cost her, with the furnishings, $200,000. Seven baths; a hall room 50 x 23 feet; the latest in servants’ quarters, etc. Which takes care of a third of her money.

Then, of course, there’s the upkeep and two cars and two children. Oh, another third, easily.

LITTA and Roy D’Arcy, the dental screen villain, admit to a serious interest in each other, their friends tell me.

One report says they will co-star on a vaudeville tour this fall at a large joint salary, another that they will marry and go for a tour to the Orient.

Don’t join the marines, girls. Marry Charlie and see the world.

HOLLYWOOD joke: “Why is an extra like a cigarette lighter?”
“Because she never knows when she is going to work.”

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN is wearing a huge square cut diamond on the fourth finger of her left hand. Seeing it, called to mind that Director Clarence Brown’s divorce became final on March 17th.

“Are you going to marry Mr. Brown?” we inquired.
“I shouldn’t be surprised,” Dorothy answered.

Which is as good as a formal announcement, any day, in Hollywood.

It happened in the Los Angeles Public Library. May Allison, the blonde beauty who has given up screen acting for screen writing, was spending the afternoon in the library, tracking down information for an African episode, in a picture she is writing for Fox.

Attired in a ravishing tan ensemble with hat and shoes to match, she kept returning to the reference desk in the main reading room and asking for books on strange subjects.

She had already piled up before her two huge geographies and three volumes on ethnology, when she again approached the puzzled librarian in charge and asked for a book on rare African diseases.

The sight of such a beautiful and smartly attired girl, asking for such books, demoralized the entire library service.

One of the librarians recognized her.
“That’s May Allison,” she said. “Isn’t she lovely?”
“Too bad,” answered the matronly person, shaking her head, “too bad. Gone nutty I suppose.”

THEY started to make another Biblical play.
When the assistant director came down to work he found twelve disciples waiting. He turned to his assistant in fury:
“Why only twelve disciples?” he exploded. “Didn’t you know this was to be a super special? I want twenty-four.”
The next day the production was suspended.

WHAT a time they’ve had finding pictures for Greta Garbo and John Gilbert at the M.-G.-M. studio! First they were to play together and then they weren’t.
Something new in leading men. This very correct young gentleman is the extremely feminine Gertrude Olmstead in a clever character bit in FBO's picture, "The Hit of the Show." Robert Z. Leonard, the director, scarcely knew his wife.

Gretta was to turn South-Sea-Islander and play a wicked woman from Java in a picture they wanted to call "Heat." John was to play in any one of three stories. At last, after two months of coin-tossing, it's all decided. John will play "Four Walls;" Greta will play in "War in the Dark," Fred Niblo directing, with a rush sign pasted on both of these pictures.

Then they will be co-starred in the screen version of the novel, "The Sun of St. Moritz," which Clarence Brown will direct.

Alice Day and Carl Laemmle, Junior, are the next Hollywood youngsters slated for an engagement, their friends tell us.

They have been going together three years. A long record for any couple.

Not John Gilbert, but Gilbert Roland doing his very best to look like the original Gilbert. The excuse for this make-up is the fact that Roland plays an Austrian officer in "A Woman Disputed." Could there be more sincere flattery?

It begins to look as though the romance between Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders may spell another Hollywood marriage.

John met Fay when she played the lead in "The Legion of the Condemned," the story he wrote as a sequel to his scenario, "Wings."

Renée Adoree was ordering luncheon delivered to her dressing room. Of course, Renée still retains enough French accent to make telephone conversations intriguing. "I want some toast," she said sweetly.

"No. No. Toast!—Toast!— Well, listen a moment and I'll spell it. T-o-s-t—"

The waiter delivered "Tosties."

Wilson Mizner, the scintillating wit of the town, whose chance remarks on studio conditions penetrate the truth like X-rays and burn like carbolic acid, was laid up with a heart attack for three days. A producer had just sent him a check for twenty-five thousand dollars without trying to beat down his price.

He was up and about recovering from the shock, and sitting in his hotel room chewing over the news in the morning paper with his buddy, Jack Conway, world's champion slinger of classic slang at five bucks a word for movie titles. "Yeh, Jack," he went on, "and here's a director who grabs himself a Mexican divorce between trains, because the mosquitoes annoyed him. If that guy was ever in New Jersey on a hot moist night, he'd get so riled he would blow up orphan asylums."

They say it was Wilson who, when faced with the ordeal of gently breaking the news of one brother's death to another, just said: "Got some tough news for you. John went cold on us last night."

Marshall Neilan, back in Hollywood from London, with a fresh stock of yarns, says that's like the Irishman who was sent by the foreman of a track laying gang to tell Mrs. Callahan her husband had been killed by a dynamite explosion.

"Be diplomatic," warned the foreman. "Break the news gently."
"Sure and I'll be as gentle as a dove," said the messenger of sad tidings, as he laid down his shovel and started off. He knocked at the door of the stricken home and a buxom woman appeared with four children tugging at her skirts.

"Are you the widow Callahan?" he asked.

"I'm not," she answered, with emerald fire in her eyes.

"I've got a fine husband, I have."

"The hell, you have," bristled the diplomatic envoy. "He's just been blown to pieces."

**JUNE COLLYER** and Earle Fox were among the crowd gathered around one of the new automobiles with body of all-leather rather than metal.

"But, Earle, how do you wash it?" June inquired.

"You don't," Earle answered. "You just back it up to a bootblack stand and say, 'Shine, boy. Shine.'"

**JOHN FORD**, ace megaphonist with William Fox, is now Europe-bound. He is setting a record as long-distance conference-holder. In fact, as you read these lines he is probably sitting comfortably in Paris with Sol Wurtzel, continental manager for Fox, discussing the small matter of making a story in Spain. We know not the name, and if we did, it wouldn't matter, as it will probably be changed several times before reaching the screen.

**DOUG** and Mary, a maid, a valet, and twenty-seven pieces of baggage are in Europe. Their arrival in New York and departure therefrom were the most hectic in their respective careers. They were in town exactly seven hours and twenty minutes, arriving in the morning on the Century and leaving in the evening on the Hamburg-American liner, Albert Ballin, for Cherbourg, France. There was no fan flare of publicity. Not even the mere mention of their names. They will be in Europe at least two months. No pictures, no publicity, nothing but rest.

**DURING** her stay in Hollywood, Lillian Gish was house guest for a considerable time of Doug and Mary—more particularly of Mary, for between these two an ironbound friendship has long existed. This pleasant sojourn occurred shortly after the new Ford invaded the Pickford-Fairbanks household. While at tea one day in the Davies menage, Marion asked Lillian if she had ridden in Mary's new Ford.

The Gish eyes grew round and wide in awe. "Heavens, no!" she stated. "I haven't been anything like so fortunate as that yet. So far I have only risen to the lowly estate of the Rolls-Royce!"

**WHEN** Mary Pickford next appears upon the screen, it may be with shorn tresses. Just at present she is trying to decide what to do with the well-known Pickford curls—a matter that has been rankling Mary's heart for considerable time. To bob or not to bob has been a moot question in the Pickford-Fairbanks household for nearly two years, until now Mary has almost decided to do it. Almost but not quite! It will depend largely upon the result of the European trip. Possibly upon what the hairdressers of Paris recommend; also, possibly upon the facility of some Hollywood scenariomith to convert this hair-cutting urge into a dramatic thrill for the next Pickford playbill. Forever practical, you know, is Mary!

**HARK** to this one: A group of executives and players luncheing at the United Artists' Studio the other day were discussing that effervescence Mexican jumping bean, Lupe Velez. Various opinions were expressed until finally the ugly duckling of the films, Louis Wolheim, was moved to speech.

"Good Gawd!" quoth he. "Every time I see her snap those black eyes and give her shoulders a shrug, it reminds me of Vesuvius spouting a set of dishes."

**QUAIN** indeed was the result of the national radio broadcasting program recently indulged in by United Artists for the benefit of a moderate-priced automobile company. First came a deluge of telegraphic protests from theater owners throughout the land. Exhibitors claimed the stars were biting large chunks out of the hand that feeds them by deliberately and willfully chucking traitorous support into the camp of the enemy. The bogey-man of every exhibitor is the radio. Came next the public plaint that nary a star appeared in person before the "mike." "They had doubles!" rang the merry rumor from Radioland. "We were stung and trimmed and bunked!" Complaint was registered loudest against Norma Talmadge and Dolores Del Rio. The public just would not believe that Dolores could sing so bird-like. And Norma's voice did not accord with the fan's idea of Talmadge phonetics. Had it not been for the motion picture camera, therefore,—that greatest
ally of the stars—much disaster might have descended. Several news reels filmed the broadcasting proceedings, disclosing the stars before the “mike” in all the glory of their embarrassment and self-consciousness, but effectually nullifying the neat fiction of radio doubles.

A man in overalls came out of the gate.

“Say, man, can you lend me a hand in fixing this wrek?”

“Sure.” The stranger picked up the pliers.

Half an hour later the car started and the extra thanked his helper.

“Say, do you know who that was?” the gate man rushed to demand of the extra as he pulled out from the curb.

“Sure. A damned good mechanic,” the extra responded.

“Yeh? That was Murnau, the director of ‘Sunrise,’ ‘Four Devils’ and—”

The extra drove off, mumbling, “Well, anyway, he is a damned good mechanic.”

FRANKIE DARROW, eight-year-old star, was introduced to a magazine writer.

“And do you like your work, Frankie?” she inquired.

“Oh, it’s kind of a strain after you’ve given your whole life to the movies,” Frankie responded.

RICHARD DIX was working on the baseball field in a scene for his next picture.

“Hey, Oscar,” he hailed Oscar Smith, the colored ex-bootblack now playing bits in pictures. “You and I are pals, aren’t we? Suppose you could get me a glass of water?”

Ten minutes passed before Oscar returned with the liquid.

“Great work, my boy. From now on you get a part in every one of my pictures.”

“Yes, sah; yes, sah. Now I’ll get you ice, sah,” and Oscar departed on the run.

Richard scratched his head.

“What in thunder can I promise him to get me a glass of beer?” he inquired of his director.

SPEAKING of Oscar, a movie house on Central avenue, the colored district of Los Angeles, has booked his last picture:

“Oscar Smith—In Man Power—With Richard Dix.”

Here are more stars than ever appeared in one picture before. For a scene in Marion Davies’ and William Haines’ “Show World” filmed at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, eighteen famous film personalities offered to appear as “atmosphere.” The sequence was filmed in the studio commissary and the actors and actresses, from left to right, are: Polly Moran, Dorothy Sebastian, Louella O. Parsons (motion picture syndicate writer), Estelle Taylor, Claire Windsor, Aileen Pringle, Karl Dane, George K. Arthur, Leatrice Joy, Renee Adoree, Rod La Rocque, Mae Murray, John Gilbert, Norma Talmadge, Douglas Fairbanks, Marion Davies and William S. Hart. Director King Vidor and cameraman John Arnold are photographing the luncheon.

AIMEE SEMPLE McPHERSON, Los Angeles’ woman evangelist, accepted an invitation to a movie party with the proviso that there would be no cigarettes, liquor, etc. They had a bully time playing charades; and no collection was taken.

LEATRICE JOY has joined the Hollywood Woman’s Club, where the ladies with appetites for intellectual discourse gather around and settle the world’s problems. Mary Pickford is the only other woman in pictures who belongs to the club.

“NY news, Lois?”

Little Lois Moran shook her head a bit wistfully.

“No! Not even a romance. Can’t you find a boy friend for me?”

Don’t start stampeding west. Hollywood men also read this magazine.

NORMA TALMADGE has sold her Santa Monica beach home to George Bancroft and is renting her Hollywood home to Emil Jannings.

And intimate friends say that this is the first specific indication of a break between Norma and her husband Joseph Schenck. A divorce has long been rumored.

A BLASE little extra was advising a big-eyed arrival.

“Be careful, dearie,” she warned. “You’ve been around my Sunday-school-class! man will get you if you don’t watch out.”

EXTRAS in Hollywood have a new menace with which to put up. Children have been gathering in front of houses in which the players are known to live, where they greet each new arrival with such wise remarks as, “You’re not the type!” and “Now John Barrymore, better look out!”

SOME stars were recalling their hard-luck days, and each was trying to outdo the other as to how poor he had been before being discovered. At the conclusion, it was voted that Charles Farrell had been by far the most down and out. Here is what won him first place.

“Broke? Why, boy, I was so broke the real-estate salesman wouldn’t even speak to me.” [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]
GERALD FRANE claimed to know a great deal about women. In fact, he earned a very excellent living writing about them. Maybe you saw his "Woman and Sin" and "Smouldering Love" which made such a fortune for the Over-Production Company and incidentally obtained for Frane a very choice writing contract with one of those triumphant clauses which provided that his name must appear on the screen in letters so many inches high larger than the name of the director, and in no case smaller than the name of the star.

All Hollywood agreed that Frane had a decided flair for sexy, sophisticated stories. His publicity agent had cleverly built up a legend about him and Frane tried to live up to it. He often boasted that no woman was clever enough to two-time him. He knew too much about them. He would say it with one of those cynical and expressive shrugs which people had come to associate with him. He believed it himself and what's more, he made others believe it.

It amused him very much to follow each new "affair" which developed on the Over-Production lot and to prophesy what the outcome would be. "The astounding thing to me," he would remark wisely, "is the way these birds, particularly directors, who ought to know better by this time, invariably fall for little baby-faced extra girls who have just one thing in mind. Can't they see that these girls only want to use them as springboards?"

It was of course common gossip that this was what had earned Jack Stone, the well known director, the nickname "Stepping" Stone.

No girl would ever use him as a springboard—a stepping stone—Mr. Frane often remarked, at the same time intimating by that slight lifting of the eyebrows that many of them had tried it. When some little blonde lured turned begging eyes on him with a "Please. Mr. Frane, won't you write a nice little part in your next story for me?" he smiled understandingly—but made no rash promises.

It pleased him very much to have people refer to him as a sophisticate, and he dressed and acted his interpretation of the part. Little waxed mustache—gardenia in the buttonhole—Russian cigarettes—sand-colored spats—a thin little volume of unexpurgated Continental tales tucked under his arm.

The story begins on the day that Gerald Frane dropped into the Honey Bee lunch room for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. It was one of those spic-and-span, blue-and-white sandwich bars just off Hollywood Boulevard. A place frequented by chauffeurs and sophisticates like Mr. Frane who professed to be fond of the unconventional.
HE was Hollywood's expert on sex and he boasted that no woman was clever enough to two-time him. Then he met Lola—

"There's a gal that uses her sex appeal like nobody's business," said Smith. "Stepping Stone is certainly a wizard for pickin' 'em. Did you ever see such big, innocent eyes as that kid's got? Say, I'll bet she could even fool a sophisticate like you"

It was the flag end of the afternoon and Mr. Frane was the only customer, so that Lola, the waitress, was able to give him her very best service.

She personally toasted the bread on an electric grill, laid pink slices of ham between it, cut it slantwise, impaled it with toothpicks on which she stuck two olives, added a slice of pickle and tomato for good measure, and asked him shyly if he cared for mayonnaise. Then she drew a cup of coffee from the percolator, serving it without spilling any in the saucer, brought a little pitcher of cream, the bowl of lump sugar, and did it all with such a charming, intimate manner that Mr. Frane quite forgot he was in a quick lunch place.

As he ate the sandwich and stirred his coffee he couldn't help watching Lola. He wondered why such a pretty girl should be working in an obscure little lunch room. She really was unusual. Round, graceful little body—hair the reddish gold of a new coin—skin as creamy as a magnolia petal—virginal freshness about her that was charming. Doubtless she was one of the army of dis-appointed extra girls who had been unable to find enough work in pictures to earn a living. Hollywood cafes are famous for their beautiful waitresses. Girls who have followed the arrow to the cinema gold coast, certain that their beauty will find a place on the screen, only to learn that beauty is the cheapest, most plentiful thing in Hollywood. Girls who have become waitresses in the last hope that some director will see them and discern in them star material.

Mr. Frane broke one of his rules and started a conversation.
"Ever been in pictures?" he asked casually.
"No, I never have." She looked up at him shyly. And the conversation, to Mr. Frane's surprise, stopped right there.

He noticed how long and silky were her eyelashes, fringing the soft, tender blue of her eyes. Her eyes made him think of melted sapphires—or the blue of Lake Como. Mr. Frane had never seen Lake Como, but he had read a great deal.

He asked for a package of cigarettes and leaned over the counter as Lola thoughtfully held the lighter for him.
"You ought to be good in pictures," he added a little recklessly, fully expecting the girl to run true to form and ask him how he thought she might get a chance.
The story of a "girl who was different"

"I don't want to go in pictures," she replied. "I don't think it's any life for a girl—do you?"

Well, I suppose it depends on the girl," he answered seriously, then added: "What is your ambition?"

"I'm trying to save enough money to go to business college." It seemed as though she hesitated to take him into her confidence. "I'd like to be a—private secretary." Really, this was delicious, thought Mr. Frane. A pretty girl who didn't want to go into pictures! He encouraged her to talk. He was fascinated by the way her white teeth seemed to peek through the curve of her mouth when she smiled. She was charming—ingenuous. Certainly it was refreshing after the brazen girls he met on the lot daily. Here was a girl who was deserving. It really would be a satisfaction to help her achieve her ambition.

And so day after day Mr. Frane's well-known mauve roadster with the shiny nickel-plated drumlights parked a few doors from the Honey Bee and Mr. Frane dropped into the sandwich bar for a cup of coffee and a little talk with Lola. As a subtle bit of flattery he whistled that popular song of a season or so ago, "A cup of coffee, a sandwich and you-oo," when Lola placed the steaming cup of coffee before him and she looked up through the tangle of eyelashes in a way that caused Mr. Frane's heart to do a sort of double flip-flop.

Each day she seemed to have grown prettier and her sweet shyness, which she never quite lost, even after she knew him better, made her the more desirable to Mr. Frane.

"I've been thinking about you, Lola," he told her one day after he had known her about a week. "How would you like to have me advance you the money so you can go to business college?"

"Oh, Mister Frane, I couldn't do that—"
A pink flush crept into her cheeks as she looked up with startled surprise. "What would people say?"

It was Mr. Frane's turn to be embarrassed.
He nervously fumbled for a cigarette.
"Why there wouldn't be anything wrong about it, Lola. I assure you that my motives are purely altruistic—" Lola apparently didn't know the meaning of the word and she seemed just a bit suspicious.
He hastened to reassure her.
"I think you're a very clever little girl and I would like to see you have a chance to do the thing you want to do."
Lola hesitated, slowly polishing the shiny black counter with a cloth.
"You see it isn't just the business college—" She paused. "I'd have to have clothes if I went to school. You see here at the lunch room my uniforms are furnished—"

"Oh, don't let that worry you, Lola. I'll see that you have some nice little frocks."

"But I'd want to pay you back—after I got a position."

"Well, of course, if you feel that way about it."
Lola certainly was an unusual girl to find in this gold-digging age. He left a tip that equalled the size of his check and went out of the sandwich bar, whistling.

A few days later Lola was the excited possessor of a new wardrobe and a tuition receipt from the Boulevard Business College. Mr. Frane secured a room in a nice neighborhood for her and had his own typewriter sent from the studio so she could practice at nights. Her appreciation was really touching. The smallest thing he did for her seemed to bring her such a lot of pleasure. He recalled occasions when bored beauties had murmured indifferent thanks for gifts which represented far more than the sum total of what he had done for Lola.

"You're so kind, Mister Frane." She looked at him in that big-eyed way of hers. "I just don't know how to thank you enough."

"Just be yourself, Lola. That's all I ask. It makes me happy to make you happy," he said it magnanimously. And he really believed it.

After Lola gave up her job as a waitress she didn't see her so often. Of course she had to study at night and practice her typing because she wanted to... [CONTINUED ON PAGE 122]
Herb Founds a New Religion

The Holy Sitters of Punta Corda

By Swami Herbert Howe

Herb's religion forbids work and so I am compelled to publish his personal letters in lieu of articles. As he remarks, there are many things that can be said in a personal letter from Hollywood that could not be printed in an article, on account of Will Hays... besides Will can't interfere with personal mail without getting into trouble with the Federal authorities. So henceforth look for the low-down on Hollywood in the letters from Herb, true descendant of Sitting Bull.

James R. Quirk
Punta Corda
Carpinteria, Cal.

Dear Jim:

I've been sitting here with a piece of meat hanging over my typewriter trying to coax myself to write... I heard that was the way they got Rin-tin-tin to work, by hanging a piece of meat over the camera. But I'm not that kind of dawg, I'm the kind of dawg that lays in the middle of the road and lets the fleas chaw holes in his fur.

So I'm just writing a personal letter. Of course, don't let it go any further, as they say in Hollywood.

Mary Garden's Inspiration

I chawnced upon a copy of Photoplay Magazine that Mary Garden left lying around when she was in Hollywood. I say I chawnced upon it because as you know we film stars never read the fan magazines, only the classic literature. But Mary says she reads Photoplay from cover to cover, and as she is quite a popular, well-paid favorite I thought it wouldn't do my literary taste any harm if I also took a peep.

The peep certainly was profitable, for I note that you pay as high as twenty-five dollars for the letters in front, which is considerable more than you pay for articles further back, as I know from bitter personal reminiscence.

You're right, at that. There's nothing people like to read as well as other people's letters.

Recently I learned I was the victim of such perfidy. I [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]
LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH—M.-G.-M.

This is the best work of Lon Chaney since "The Unholy Three," and it is a great relief to have him minus his usual sinister make-up. His characterization of Tito Fisk is perfect.

"Laugh, Clown, Laugh" is the old story of "Pagliacci," of the buffoon with the broken heart. Tito, the circus clown, struggling against the pangs of unrequited love for his beautiful adopted daughter, Simonetta, becomes afflicted with an erratic nervous disorder. Another man of wealth suffers from a contrasting malady. The two meet in the office of a nerve specialist and become friends. Then follows the rivalry of the two for the girl. Nils Asther, as Luigi-Ravelli, the millionaire, is more than satisfactory. Loretta Young, as Simonetta, reveals an unexpected display of dramatic ability.

THREE SINNERS—Paramount

This is heavy drama, adroitly handled and exceptionally well acted. A Pola Negri picture which should satisfy her European following and intrigue American audiences.

Pola metamorphoses from a drab, every-day wife of a German nobleman to a scintillating, fascinating woman of the world through the penalty she is forced to pay for one night of sin. She is as uninteresting in the first rôle as she is ravishing in the second.

A surprise ending keeps the story, which is the old theme of a disappointed wife determined to recapture her own husband, from being hackneyed.

Olga Baklanova, the recently imported Russian actress, is capable as the feminine villain. But the picture belongs to the star and Rowland V. Lee, who so subtly directed.

TEMPEST—United Artists

Camilla Horn, making her initial bow in an American film, is the most interesting item about this picture. For Miss Horn, the German actress who played Marguerite in "Faust" in Europe, displays, in addition to her amazing beauty, a histrionic ability which promises to offer keen competition to both Greta Garbo and Vilma Banky. A decided blonde with perfect classical features and slanting brown eyes which are fathomless in their subtle shadings of emotions, she all but steals the picture.

The interpretations of the entire cast are consistently splendid. Although John Barrymore does excellent work which should do much to further his motion picture ambitions, it is in no way the star's picture. Louis Wolheim, George Fawcett and Ulrich Haupt are equally capable in their supporting positions.

The story is an interesting picture of the overthrow of the Russian monarchy by the Red Revolution. The production was started by the Russian director Tourjansky, aided by Lewis Milestone, and finally was directed by Sam Taylor. Although there is some slow action, taken as a whole it is a credit to the man who finally megaphoned it.

John Barrymore is a peasant, Camilla Horn is a princess. At their first meeting she whispers him—yet for some hidden feminine reason fails to report him to her father for a seeming effrontery. The conflict of class hatred and inward yearning for this man of lowly birth gives her the opportunity to display an unusual amount of emotion. The revolution reverses their positions. By all means, see the picture.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

TEMPEST      THE PATRIOT
LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH THREE SINNERS
THE ACTRESS   WICKEDNESS PREFERRED

The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "The Patriot"
Lewis Stone in "The Patriot"
Camilla Horn in "Tempest"
Lon Chaney in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"
Norma Shearer in "The Actress"
Pola Negri in "Three Sinners"
John Barrymore in "Tempest"
Loretta Young in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 141

THE PATRIOT—Paramount

ONLY a great artist would attempt to play the rôle of Paul the First of Russia. There are too many odds against him. Yet Jannings, with his characteristic assurance, assumes the personality of the Mad Czar so completely that we forget the actor. His uncanny ability to get the intimate nuances of a character makes his portrayal both technically and psychologically accurate. In fact, Lubitsch's flawless direction gives all the characters the stamp of reality.

The story is like a brilliant piece of mosaic, with fear-struck Russia for a background. Silent, watchful ministers and the subtle intrigues of the royal court pivot about the grotesque figure of the mad ruler, whose life-long fear of sudden death has made a megalomaniac of him. The one man he trusts is Count Phalen, superbly acted by Lewis Stone. It is the count's sad duty, because of his unwavering love for Russia, to betray his friend by heading a conspiracy to throne the Crown Prince, beloved of the people. In this plot, Countess Ostrowski, who loves Phalen, is his unwilling accomplice. Failing to understand his high purpose, she, in turn, betrays him to the emperor. Florence Vidor is excellent, though her characterization lacks vigor and fire.

Only such a master as Jannings would brave the competition of so fine an actor as Lewis Stone, in giving him the title rôle and the more sympathetic part. Unlike Jannings' other American-made pictures, this is more of an intellectual than an emotional triumph. You will watch the picture with breathless suspense.

THE ACTRESS—M.-G.-M.

THIS gets you coming and going. Smiles and tears flow along after each other like a rippling brook.

Isn't it a relief to see Norma Shearer herself again? They have been serving Norma, who is such a sweet gal, up to us as all kinds of business women. But in "The Actress," adapted from "Trelawney of the Wells," she comes back to us with all her personal charm. Her light comedy touches and her delicate handling of the emotional scenes prove her worthy of the title of this picture.

You know the story—the tale of the actress who falls in love with the son of the political big-wig of England. Of course, the old boot can't see his son marrying anybody but Lady Somebody or Other, but finally the son becomes an actor, they both forget the old fellow and all ends well.

WICKEDNESS PREFERRED—M.-G.-M.

AILEEN PRINGLE and Lew Cody, two of the screen's most notable sophisticates, give us a marriage comedy, which, though frankly risque, is convulsingly funny.

Miss Pringle plays a rôle well suited to her, that of the wise wife whom a mere husband simply can't fool. She is very much on to her author husband's penchant for the mad romance he writes about, and his naive susceptibility to flattery. And Lew, in turn, is a hero to all women but his wife. At a beach resort, where some men go for pleasure and others take their wives, he falls for the blonde Mary McAllister, whose husband, played by Bert Roach, "just doesn't understand her." Aileen gets in some clever strategy which cures the two vagrants forever of the soul-mate idea. Louder and longer laughs guaranteed.
A FAST-MOVING comedy with Richard Dix as a debonair young bankrupt who is innocently taken in by a gentleman crook. He has more grief than the Chicago police, trying to square himself with the one-and-only, whose father the bandit has robbed. The support of Charles Sellon, and Nancy Carroll, with George Marion's titles, make this the best Dix picture in months.

DON'T try to follow the intricacies of this plot—just keep in mind that the turmoil of villainy and the sea will not overcome either Ramon Novarro or Joan Crawford. Ernest Torrence, as a horny-listed old salt, dismisses formality and announces his engagement to the girl without consulting her. Crafty Chinese complicate matters with mutiny, dope dens and attempted seduction. Recommended as a stimulant.

THIS French farce, like several recent Menjou productions, falls just short of hitting his established mark. Slow-moving, old-fashioned plot, that of the lady who throws her glove to the tiger to test her lovers, is unworthy of Menjou's suave sophistication and Evelyn Brent's sphinx-like beauty and grace. A stage extra falls for a duchess, masquerades as a Rajah, and dull strategy follows. But go anyway.

A CRUEL story which not even the excellent acting of Eleanor Boardman, Conrad Nagel, Gwen Lee, Lawrence Gray and Lena Malena can make worth seeing. A diamond is the menace—a horrible, devastating menace which brings unhappiness and death to those who covet its possession. Done in three entirely different episodes, Lena Malena is the only character who appears throughout. Fine talent wasted.

A Nspiring author seldom finds his love-making easy, but our sympathy is with Lawrence Gray from the time he starts in to win the little chorus girl, Lois Moran. This couple offers a likeable combination, but the comedy role is carried off by Marjorie Beebe, another chorus girl, who thinks all this love-making is nothing but "applesauce." She nearly steals the picture. A human story well done.
PARADOXICAL as it may seem, men often dislike in their
clothes the very characteristics they have admired in their
sweethearts. Beatrice Joy finds this true when she marries
John Boles, but she refuses to be made over. H. B. Warner
and Seena Owen add spice to the complications. Smart
clothes enhance Beatrice's captivating personality, and novel
handling of the situations make this picture a joy to all.

HOBART BOSWORTH, hardened sea captain, lives only
for his son, Charles Delany. When the boy falls in love
with Eugenie Gilbert, daughter of the woman whom Bosworth
thinks deceived him, the trouble begins. It is almost too late
when Bosworth learns his mistake, but he risks his own life to
save that of his son and the girl. A thrilling storm at sea keeps
you on the edge of your seat until the happy ending is reached.

FOOLS FOR LUCK—
Paramount

A COMEDY which won't cause you any pain from laughter.
W. C. Fields is a crook who understands that men handle
the investments and women handle the men. Chester Conklin
knows he's a crook but how can he convince his wife and his
daughter? He doesn't. Plain luck saves the day and puts
the crook's profit in his pocket. Sally Blane makes an attractive
dumb Dora daughter while Jack Ludden is a capable sap lover.

WHEN two Follies girls go into conference, it usually
means that some butter-and-egg man is about to be
scrambled. In this fast-moving comedy, it's a serious young
man with an aversion to Follies girls. Edmund Burns nearly
loses his mind trying to untangle a marital complication. The
result is an amusing comedy with fresh gags and gay titles.
Lilyan Tashman and Alice Day are the blonde complications.

THE SPORTING AGE—
Columbia

INTELLIGENT direction, mature acting and careful photog-
raphy all contribute to making this an above-average
picture. Belle Bennett does beautifully as the wife of a sports-
man who, through neglect, falls in love with her husband's
handsome secretary. Acting honors, however, must go to
Holmes Herbert as the too-busy-for-love husband. All credit
is due those who put new life into the eternal triangle plot.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, Johnnie Harron, and June
Marlowe present an interesting triangle in this comedy-
drama of young love. The world's a song to Johnnie, a wise-
cracking young shipping clerk in love with June, the boss's
secretary. Enter her rich cousin, Dorothy, who puts June
backstage until she's fed Johnnie up on smart set stuff. A little
daring but quite good.
Two More Nutty

Are you up on your facts about the movie favorites? In this contest your knowledge may earn money for you.

AUNT HEZEKIAH and Uncle Jim are so humiliated that they could jump into the Pacific Ocean. Everyone in the world seems to be contradicting their stories. So they have tried to do better this month in telling a few facts about Bebe Daniels and Lon Chaney.

But, somehow or other, the Nutty Biographies on the opposite page about Miss Daniels and Mr. Chaney read a bit phoney. Can you correct the mistakes? If you can, you'll win one of the nice prizes listed at the bottom of this page.

Send your corrections to Photoplay Magazine; just make them brief, accurate and original. Be sure to correct the captions under the pictures, too. Don't look for mistakes in spelling or punctuation; Aunt Hezekiah and Uncle Jim know their spelling and grammar.

Don't snap up the old folks on everything they say. Occasionally, a streak of truth breaks through their misinformation. The Answer Man refuses to help you, so don't appeal to him.

The complete list of winners of these Nutty Biographies will be announced in the August Photoplay. The correct answers will also be published in the same issue. No solutions will be sent back, so do not enclose return postage.

You can enter this contest every month and submit as many solutions as you like. You are welcome to use any information about the hero and heroine of these Nutty Biographies that you may find elsewhere in the magazine. Or you may consult back issues of Photoplay.

Here are the list of prize winners of the nutty biographies of Clara Bow and Douglas Fairbanks, which appeared in the April issue of Photoplay:

The first prize of $200 went to Mary E. Riddell, 327 Brandon Avenue, Williamsport, Pa. The second prize—$100—was won by Mrs. Berniece Jackson, 214 West Elm Street, Ludlow, Kentucky. A New Yorker—Ralph L. Grindall, of 370 West 56th Street—won the third prize of $50. Another man, Lee Bailey, of 16 Rossonian Apartments, Houston, Texas, won the fourth prize of $25. The fifth prize of $25 went to Mrs. Sydney Rushin, 85 Tenth Street S. W., Atlanta, Georgia.

The ten winners of the $10 prizes were Helen Slater, 3245 Garfield Avenue, Alameda, Calif.; Nora Wager, 315 Pleasant Street, Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Anna Ehret, Mountain Top, Pa.; Rose C. Beery, 2917 West Avenue 37, Los Angeles, Calif.; Leonora Kaston, 323 West 83rd St., New York, N. Y.; Alicia Culom Tillery, Forney, Tex.; Adrienne Conrick, 1604 Holland Avenue, Norfolk, Va.; Kathryn Steinback, 948 Winnebago Street, Milwaukee, Wis.; Mildred Licciardi, 3040 W. Lexington Street, Chicago, Ill., and Lizzie M. French, Farmington, N. Y.

On Page 94 of this issue, you will find the corrections of the mistakes in the April Nutty Biographies. Photoplay regrets that it has not the space to publish some of the clever solutions submitted by the prize winners.

Now try your luck on the Nutty Biographies printed on the opposite page.

Rules of Contest

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Have you tried your skill at this
YOUR Uncle Jim is just the happiest man in Hollywood because he has just had a long talk with Bebe Daniels’ husband. Her husband’s name is Mr. Daniels and he runs a sight-seeing bus in Los Angeles.

Although his wife is a popular star and makes a lot of money, Mr. Daniels is too proud to let Bebe support him. I think that is very noble, don’t you?

Mr. Daniels tells us that Bebe is an Italian girl, born in Rome, Italy.

She and her mother came to America when Bebe was a girl, in order to escape from the horrors of the Crimean War.

After playing on the stage for years, Bebe made her first hit on the screen in the Lonesome Luke comedies; Harold Lloyd was the star and Bebe was his leading woman.

Then Bebe went back to Europe and made pictures in Germany. Her first great dramatic role was in “Passion” and she made such a hit that the producers brought her back to this country. But her husband says that pictures are not exciting enough for her, so recently she run off to Europe and startled the world by swimming the English Channel. When she came back, she made a picture called “Swim, Girl, Swim.” I remember it very well; don’t you?

Mr. Daniels warned us not to tell anyone that Bebe Daniels is really married, because she plays heavy vamp roles and she believes that it would hurt her popularity with the public if it were known that she really is a happy wife. But I don’t think it will do any harm just to tell a few friends.

Every evening, Mr. Daniels drives out to the Metro-Goldwyn Studios and calls for Bebe, which proves that he is a devoted husband. He says that Bebe doesn’t own a car and cannot drive one herself. She prefers to go everywhere in the sight-seeing bus.

We are so excited about knowing all about Miss Daniels that we are going tonight to see her in her new picture, “Mother Machree.”

HOLLYWOOD is a thrilling place. Last night a masked man crept into our room at the boarding-house and you cannot imagine our fright. We thought he was a burglar. But when we threatened to call the police, the man said, “Don’t scream, I am only Lon Chaney.”

Well, we made him sit right down and tell us all about himself. He wouldn’t take off his mask so we didn’t get a good look at him, but evidently he is over six feet tall and weighs about two hundred pounds.

Mr. Chaney told us that he was born in Algiers and that his father was a famous sheik who eloped with an English girl. Lon, himself, didn’t like the idea of being a living so he joined up with a pirate crew. From being a pirate, it was only a jump to entering the film business.

Lon’s first appearance in the movies was as leading man for Gloria Swanson. Because of his striking Oriental appearance, he became the rage as a handsome matinee idol. But such work soon became tiresome and he decided to hide his handsome face behind trick make-ups. So that is how Lon Chaney happened to become a famous character actor, according to his own story.

Uncle Jim told him how much he admired his work in “The Unholy Three,” but Mr. Chaney said he thought he gave his best performance in “The Thief of Bagdad.” He explained that by disguising himself as a burglar and entering rooms at night he was obtaining local color for a sequel to “The Thief of Bagdad.” Isn’t that a clever trick?

In spite of the fact that he plays such gruesome parts, Mr. Chaney is really a merry-hearted young man. He told us that he is twenty-five years old. When he left, he promised to send us a picture of himself. After he had gone, Uncle Jim missed his watch and a five dollar bill, but I know that Mr. Chaney was only playing a little joke. Anyway, Uncle Jim and I are going around to the De Mille Studio, where Mr. Chaney works, and ask him to give us back the watch and the money.
$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

RULES OF CONTEST

1. Fifty cash prizes will be paid by Photoplay Magazine, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,500.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fourth Prize</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fifth Prize</td>
<td>$125.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty Prizes of $50 each</td>
<td>$1,000.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Twenty-five prizes of $25 each</td>
<td>625.00</td>
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2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) Photoplay Magazine is publishing cut puzzle pictures of the well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $3,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUGGESTIONS

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

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

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

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.
Rin-Tin-Tin at last has fallen a victim of Hollywood gossip. All the dogs in the country are laughing behind their paws at a certain little episode in the private life of Rinty. It's one of the richest bones ever dug up in the canine world. Here's the story: Rin-Tin-Tin is owned by Lee Duncan who, incidentally, has made a neat little fortune from the dog. Well, one night a bold burglar entered the Duncan home and ate everything in the ice-box, including Rinty's dog biscuits. Did Rinty rush down and catch the thief? Did he bark and rouse the household? He did not; he slept peacefully during the whole proceedings. And that proves that even a dog realizes the dignity that is incumbent on stardom.
The hair is ash blond (it's a popular tint!)
The eyes are a warm hazel shade.
The mouth calls a town in New Jersey her own—
A place where most all silk is made.
The hair was a script clerk—a good one, at that,
Flo Ziegfeld made fame for the eyes.
The mouth had a part in an Edwards revue,
Then entered the pictures—how wise!

The hair is a beauty—an old timer, too,
The eyes went to high school and college.
The mouth was abroad as a dancer (and how!)
Acquiring skill and much knowledge.
The hair is a bright young director's loved wife,
The eyes in Kentucky were bred.
The mouth has two daughters, born five years apart,
And two separate times has been wed.

**RESUME**

Two have the same first name—and two have brown hair—
Three of them are married, one's not—
And two have appeared oftentimes on the stage,
And, oh, the three A's they've both got.
Two of them have brown eyes—and one, eyes of grey,
And one, as a chorus queen, had her day!
The hair, in the state that's called Golden, was born,
The eyes played in "Becky"—remember?
The mouth is from Lynn, Massachusetts, and he
was born in the month of September.
The hair is dark brown, and is just six feet tall,
The eyes posed for artists, they say—
The mouth went to college abroad, ere he came
to live in our own U. S. A.

The hair had four seasons to play speaking parts,
The eyes in old England were raised.
The mouth in a number of Fox films was starred,
And in some of the parts was much praised.
The hair is quite blond (blue eyes go with this lad),
The eyes knew policemen—none better!
The mouth had a father, in bank circles known,
And they say that the boy's a go-getter!

RESUME
Two of them are married, one happily so,
Two of them are not yet engaged—
Two of them have acted in very fine plays,
Yes, some of the best that we've staged!
They're all very tall and all handsome (you know it!)
And all of the four have real talent—and show it.
HERE is a young girl who always gets what she wants. And she wants to be a movie star. Her name is Mary Duncan. Make a note of it, as you are going to hear more about her. Miss Duncan was selected by F. W. Murnau to play in "The Four Devils." It is a striking rôle and, because it is her great chance, Mary is making the most of it. On the opposite page, you'll find a story, by Erle Hampton, about this interesting newcomer.
Saved From The Law

Mary Duncan argued her first case with her father—and now she’s in the movies

By Erle Hampton

The moral of this story is: Never try to choose a career for your daughter. If you educate her to burn up society, the child will develop a morbid longing for settlement work. If you force her unwilling fingers to take piano lessons, she’ll begin sneaking dancing lessons on the quiet.

Down in Luttrellville, Virginia, Mary Duncan’s father decided that his daughter was to be a lawyer and nothing else but. Mr. Duncan should have known better because ever since Mary had been able to speak for herself she had been getting her own way. Mr. Duncan misunderstood this power of argumentative persuasion for legal ability.

With parental blessings and an allowance, Mary was shipped off to Cornell University, to start the necessary preliminary four-year course. Unfortunately for father, the institutions of higher learning go in for amateur plays and Mary was a wow in the local shows.

Once the flowers and applause are hurled at them over the foot-lights, they are lost. Mary wrote to her father that all was off between her and Mr. Blackstone. The party of the first part wanted to be an actress and whereas the party of the second part might not agree with her, it behooved the party of the second part to give his consent and, for one dollar or other considerations, to aid and abet her ambitions.

Down in Luttrellville, Mary’s father decided that the party of the second part would do no such thing and that the party of the first part must be non compos mentis to think for a minute that he would.

Mary, who always gets what she wants, took what was left of her allowance and a big fur coat and ran away from Cornell. Things like that give college authorities gray hair.

After checking up on the cost of living in New York, Mary took her fur coat to a gentleman who, in a big-hearted way, “stores” such garments until their owners feel that they need them. At that time, Yvette Guilbert was conducting a school for ambitious young actresses and Mary had decided that Yvette could teach her a lot she ought to know.

Contrary to parental expectations, Miss Duncan made her first hit in the court of sex appeal. This is Mary as Poppy in “The Shanghai Gesture,” which is one of those censors-troubling rôles.

Figuratively speaking, Mary ate the fur coat. By the time that she had consumed all but one lapel, she set forth on Broadway with the assurance that she could burn them up.

At that time, Mr. Ziegfeld was selecting girls and Mary was offered a job in the chorus of “The Follies.” Because it was so easy, Mary decided she didn’t want it. So she continued her quest for an acting part. Leo Dietrichstein saw her and gave her a rôle in “Toto.” [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]
I never know what I am going to do next when I am not working. I walk on the beach for many miles. I stand on the beach and watch the sea for an hour, perhaps two. What is that to people? I like it.
The Story of Greta Garbo

As told by her to Ruth Biery

Temperamental or misunderstood? Read Miss Garbo's account of her first experiences in America

“Love? Of course, I have been in love. Who hasn't been in love? Marriage? I have told many times, I do not know. I like to be alone; not always with the same person”

American pictures. Then it was four months here, before I started in one picture. I was to work with Mr. Stiller. When it could not be arranged, they put me in 'The Torrent' with Mr. Monta Bell directing.

“Yes,” she hesitated a moment. “It was very different. The studio here is a bit of a factory. The studios here are so huge, they have to be kept as factories. Too many people in them to have it different. But I was a little afraid of them.

“I could not speak any English. I did not know about the American people. In Europe we had always been working with just a few people. We knew everybody.

“It was very funny. Before I had started on 'The Torrent,' Mr. Mayer called me back into his office and wanted me to sign a new contract with him.

“BUT I said, 'Meester Mayer'—I could not then talk but a little English and not so good pronunciation—'Meester Mayer, I haf not done yet one picture. Let us wait until I hal been in one pictures.' He wanted me to sign for five years with him. I could not understand it.

“While I was making this picture, this 'The Torrent,' and when I was finished, he called me into his office many times and asked me to sign for five years. I could never understand what he meant by it. We never said anything about money. He just said he couldn't afford to advertise my pictures and put money into me, if I would not sign for five years with them. I had already signed for three years, and why should I sign again when I had not yet a picture—and then when I had only 'The Torrent'?

“It was very hard work, but I did not mind that. I was at the studio every morning at seven o'clock and worked until six every evening. I was so tired. I did not go anywhere. I moved down to Santa Monica to be near the ocean.

“I would go home and lie down and think, think about my sister and my brother and my mother, back home, in the snow in Sweden. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]
$2,000 in Prizes

Four Cash Awards and Five Honorable Mentions Go to Lucky Contestants in Pioneer Photoplay Contest

By Frederick James Smith

If there was any doubt that Photoplay's $2,000 Amateur Movie Contest would prove to be a milestone of amateur cinematographic progress, it was dispelled by the number of and quality of the films submitted from all parts of America.

Photoplay's Amateur Movie Contest was launched on June 1, 1927, and it closed on February 15, 1928, after a slight extension of time to accommodate the schools and organizations that found it impossible to complete their contest contributions during the holidays.

This gave a period of nine and one-half months for amateurs to develop and perfect their contest contributions.

In creating this contest, Photoplay offered the first international competition ever presented by any publication anywhere. As the foremost spokesman of the professional screen field, Photoplay realized the need of helping amateurs. It particularly wanted to teach amateur cinematographers that the shooting of motion pictures is but half the fun. Photoplay wanted them to learn how to cut, edit and title their films.

Since no contest had ever been held by amateurs, it was impossible to estimate in advance the interest it would arouse. However, the competition proved to be a tremendous incentive among amateur movie makers. With the aid and cooperation of the Amateur Cinema League, Photoplay caught the attention of amateurs everywhere.

The many films received are now in the hands of the Amateur Cinema League and a comprehensive study of these contest contributions is being made. From this study a standard of amateur cinematography will be created. This, be it noted, is the first time that the leaders of the amateur movement have had an opportunity to observe and analyze the making of amateur films as it shows itself in the finished contest products coming from all over the United States.

It was no easy matter for the committee of judges—comprising Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League; S. L. Rothafel, managing director of the Roxy Theater in New York; Nickolas Muray, the professional photographer; James R. Quirk, publisher and editor of Photoplay; and the managing editor of Photoplay—to arrive at a decision.

The contest films were first put through an elimination process. This took many showings and considerable time, but out of it emerged the present winners and honorable mentions, as well as a few other contest films later discarded.

First prize, of $500, in the 35 millimeter division, went to the Motion Picture Club of the Oranges, East Orange, New Jersey, for its film "And How!" This proved to be an unusual serio-comedy, telling of a restless young husband and how he was cured. It was very well acted by Alfred Fontana as the husband, Margaret Ervin as the vamp, Anne Howe, and Beatrice Traendly as the wife. The direction of Russell T. Ervin, Jr., was remarkably good, revealing an unusual facility for telling a story concisely and quickly.

Then, too, he understood how to cover any histrionic imperfections of his cast. "And How!" is a surprisingly neat amateur film.

The Motion Picture Club of the Oranges was formed in 1924 and, after a year's work, produced a two-reel picture, "Love
by Proxy," which attracted considerable attention in amateur circles. This was made on 16 millimeter film. Then the club made a two-reel 35 millimeter production, "Hey-Hey!"

**LET Mr. Ervin describe the making of the contest winner:** "And How!" was written in story form by the writer, who also wrote the continuity. This was strictly adhered to throughout the shooting of the picture. I wrote the titles and also did the hand-lettered cards, which I photographed with the same camera with which most of the picture was made. I used a Model E Debric Camera for most of the shots, but utilized an Eyemo and also a DeVry on the difficult shots. None of these cameras was equipped with an automatic dissolve, so any fading or dissolving had to be accomplished by using the lens iris.

Mr. Ervin also edited the picture. "The make-up," he says, was taken care of by each of the three persons in the cast after considerable study. One of the two arcs used on the interiors and night scenes was a home-made affair which I constructed. Therefore, excluding the developing and printing, every step in the production of "And How!" was performed by amateurs.

Mr. Ervin, by the way, is thirty years old and a graduate with a degree of B. S. in electrical engineering, from the University of Pennsylvania, class of 1920. He is engaged in power plant engineering work and at present is assistant to the consulting engineer of Servel, Inc., in New York. Mr. Ervin has been interested in amateur movie making since 1913, when he built his first camera from parts of a small projector.

The principal award of $500 in the 16 millimeter division was awarded to B. V. Covert, a retired business man of 154 Genesee Street, Lockport, N. Y., for his remarkable study of a quail hunt and of a number of beautiful pointers in action. Mr. Covert's photography was superb in this film and in two other contest contributions submitted for the consideration of the judges. One of these other films, showing a moose hunt, received an honorable mention. Thus Mr. Covert was the only contestant to receive two honors in the contest. His films revealed, besides brilliant photography, an unusual scenic sense. His films were no mere series of disjointed shots. In each case Mr. Covert told a story—and an interesting one.

**MR. COVERT is sixty years old and formerly manufactured automobile parts at Lockport.** "I have hunted big game each Fall," says Mr. Covert, "for the past thirty years in practically all of the Canadian Provinces from Alaska to and including Newfoundland. I have secured some fine specimens of all game found on this continent, but, for the past five years, I have hunted principally with cameras. I am much interested in fishing and golf and I spend my Winters in the South."

Mr. Covert's prize film, of quail hunting, was secured near Pinehurst, N. C. Mr. Covert bought his first movie camera, a Sept, six years ago and the following year purchased one of the first Filmos ever made. Mr. Covert's contest films were made with a Filmo equipped with a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 136]
"A Song Plugger," she says, "is a guy who sings mammy songs and was raised in a baby incubator."

I'm standing in the lobby of the Deseret Hotel at Los Angeles when I meets her again after a lapse of two film years. Deseret, by the way, is Indian for rotten food and hard beds.

"I'm going to meet a song plugger," she says, "who's got a number he wants me to sing in my new act."

"You're not in vaudeville?" I says, hoping for a negative.

"I am," she answers, "being as how a dame, no matter how good looking, is got to eat."

"Righto," I says, "but how about that bimbo with all the oil wells you was going to tie to, the last time I see you?"

"Oh! That guy," she says, "the only thing his wells oozed was banana oil. I gave him the big illusion act, tried movies for a few minutes—blew the bank roll and here I am equipping for a tour of the Pantages circuit, singing my way east, but with a heavy heart."

"Well," I says, "you got nothing on me. I'm slipping bad news to people about their health—I'm insuring them as are not fatalists, and so far haven't done bad, nor yet good."

"How come," she asks, "you are such a flop when the last time I see you, you are going to change the whole face of the movie business, and what's become of that sallow-faced, shallow-minded blonde riot you was going to star—or maybe I didn't hear you right and you said starve?"

"That dame, don't mention even her given name," I replies. "She was so two-faced, if I could have ever got her on the screen she'd a drawn down two salaries. She gave me the run-around for a director and was so punk she not only lost her own job, but got him fired, and for the first time in history, succeeded in closing a studio permanently, if not forever."

"Well, kid, you can't say that I didn't tell you that you had a swell future with me—and I not only told you, but corroborated myself reiterately and over and over."

"You did that, Madge," I answers, "I ain't denying that,
Here is a story by the screen's cleverest press agent. He admits that it is fiction

Everyone is shooed off the set but the director and cameraman and Hector, who is to play Tom the Peep. And Godiva, looking as serene as a child, rode right out, nakeder than the day she was born. Outside of the camera cranking a little faster, it is quiet and there ain't any excitement, until suddenly a shriek rends the air

By
Harry L. Reichenbach

SEVENS

but I had a blonde complex and it took just this kind of experience to darken my outlook again."

"Well, we're not getting anywhere roasting each other," she says, "let's quit being on the level and talk nice to each other."

"Suits me," I says. "I ain't heard nothing but abuse for six months now, and if I can understand a kind word, I'll answer."

"Well, Gus," she says, "this here town is as full of disappointments as a weather bureau, but at the same time there's a lot of ex-soil ticklers who stands willing to finance anything from a movie company to a school of codfish, only you gotta find them and then get them into a susceptible mood, using only words of one syllable, or less."

"It ain't took me a year here on this sun-massaged coast to find that out," I answers back, "and I been keeping all three of my two eyes open for opportunity, but so far, it's been wearing invisible cloaks and vanishing cream—what you got to suggest?"

"Nothing, except there's a fellow here who thinks I brought the sun to the coast, that my hair is solid gold, and my teeth super-Tecla, but he's dying to be immoral and I think if we go about it right, we can promote him into financing a movie and still kiss me good-night at the vestibule door. What ho, mate! Will you chisel into the scheme with me?"

"Look," I shouts, "if I knew in advance we was going to flop, I'd work with you on anything from keeping house to keeping quiet. Spill your thoughts—I'm wide open."

Well, Madge unbuckles her ideas, and even if I, her ardentest admirer, admits it, it's the berries.

We goes our separate ways later, and I'm to meet the sugar bowl that night for dinner, it being two o'clock on the first Tuesday afternoon of the eighty-sixth rainy season since the City of Angels is settled by disappointed Nebraskans.

The sun is just ducking behind the Lasky Studios when I pulls up in front of the Montmartre restaurant in my new six-cylinder walkovers and am knocked [CONTINUED ON PAGE 119]
Making A Million

By Tom Mix

Illustrated by Russell Patterson

HOLLYWOOD, taken as a whole, looked pretty good to me an' after inquirin' around, I made up my mind there was a heap of money in the place. Every feller talked money in big sums. $100,000 meant nothin'.

From all I heard I calculated white chips in the town couldn't be worth less than $25 each, the same representin' a blue chip in Charley McBride's place in Ponca City, Okla. Says I, a town where they're playin' white chips at $25 is sure the place for me. Not that I was a amin' to gather my million with the aid of white chips, or the reds or the blues, because I ain't never been no gambin' man. I have always been willin' to take a chance, as my friends know, but I never laid up no coin tryin' to beat the house. The fellers that runs the game down in my country don't run 'em to beat.

Such talk as I heard up an' down the Main Trail of Hollywood indicated that they was plenty of millions in the town, an' as I have said before, I was only a amin' to get one of 'em, an' it looked to me like spring yield would be pretty good.

While this job I had ridin' in pictures on old Blue an' gettin' $250 a week was a heap better than punching cows an' stranglin' wolves, yet I figured at the present rate, an' by careful saving, I would have to be 123 years an' 6 months old before I got the aforesaid million dollars in that way. It was then I had decided I had to do somethin' else besides just ridin' around on a horse an' doublin' for a leadin' man, if I wanted to get anywhere.

The one bird that I kept my eye on mostly, an' who seemed to do nothin' an' yet gettin' mighty well paid for it was the director.

It took me a long time to figure out what he was directin', none of 'em ever seemed to know what it was all about. The director was always sittin' in a chair a wearin' puttees, an' shirt open at the neck, an' talking through a big megaphone. He didn't seem to have nothin' to do an' usually had four assistants helpin' him do it. So I decided if I was goin' to get in the big money I'd better go to directin'. I figured I could make just as many mistakes as the directors seemed to, an' that apparently was the best thing they did an' seemingly got in the most money. If I could then, or even today own a small percentage of what retakes cost the producer, I would have had my million an' with old Blue, been ranchin' back in Texas 15 years ago.

Sixteen years in the pictures have shown me that 95 percent of the retakes are entirely unnecessary, an' there ain't no reason for them at all.

In recent years, outside of one picture where they handed me a director who had been born and raised in Europe, I ain't had no retakes. To illustrate I might say at this point to show the wisdom of some of these here producin' gents, this director's only knowledge of the cow puncher an' cattle ranges was what he got looking through a Pullman car window travelin' between Omaha an' Los Angeles. This bird started in by tellin' me that me an' my cow hands was all ridin' the wrong kind of saddles. As a convincin' argument he described the brilliancy of the cavalry of Austria, an' what wonderful horsemen they was. Not so long ago I reminded this same bird that the cavalry of Austria didn't get very far from the main corrals during the big war.

So it was that I finally induced a producer of that day to let me try my hand at directin'. I made six or seven western comedies in which I was both director an' principal actor. Instead of wearin' puttees I stuck to my chaps an' did most of my hollerin' cow boy fashion, from the saddle. I don't know how good these two reels really was but I do know they are still showin' 'em in the small towns in this country an' in South America.

By this time I was gettin' pretty well paid. I was drawin' more money a week than I used to get for punchin' cows in a whole year, but a little figurin' showed I was still a long way from making up that million. I looked around again an' decided that the scenario writer was in another class of gents a-drawin' down a pretty good piece of change so it was that I decided to butt into that end of the picture game.

I would like to say at this point, there are some good scenario writers, but just a few. What qualifications they must have to
Concludes His Quest for a Fortune in Glory, Dollars and Story Conferences

be good I ain't just been able to locate, an' my opinion the moment most of 'em stepped off the screen porch they'd be lost. In recent years I have had scripts handed to me by fellers drawin' big money whose knowledge of the West was confined to pitching horse shoes.

I REMEMBER a script that was handed to me within three years, written by a young gent whose knowledge of the West was confined to having seen Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, in Madison Square Garden, New York, three times. He wrote one scene that I recall in which he said, "The hero then raised the rifle to his shoulder an' fires both barrels."

Another intelligent gent who sure knew the West, turned in a script in which there was a scene where I was supposed to kill a buffalo, then skin it, put the skin over my shoulder, and lope along with the herd, all the time a' foolin' the rest of the buffaloes. Another well known an' high priced writer threw out a brilliant idea which had me a' ridin' on my horse in the middle of a stampedin' buffalo herd, at the same time carryin' in my arms the girl I had just rescued from the bandits. He had it fixed so that unable to get out of the herd, my horse was to stumble, an' I was to jump up from the pony's back, still a' carryin' the girl an' leap on the hump of the nearest buffalo, an' from this point, with the girl in my arms to run across the backs of this here buffalo herd steppin' on their humps until I got to the outer edge an' then jump to safety. This may look far fetched, but I still have those scripts in my possession an' it goes to show what kind of pictures they expected us to make in those days.

This is as good a place as any to say a word about what studios know as story conferences. Most of you folks ain't never been to none. I have been to too many of 'em. What they are for; what they are about; why they have 'em; what good they do; what purpose they serve, was then an' to me still is a mystery. About the only excuse for 'em I can see is to put a lot of overhead on to your picture cost, which said expense is in no way reflected in the finished production. Usually these writers are just a bunch of fellers who have been given a job by some producin' friend, an' who otherwise, would be at "liberty" around Broadway.

These story conferences are usually run somethin' like thisaway:

Around a mahogany table, a heap better than Napoleon ever ate off an' in a room with more furniture than John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford have got in all their offices, gather the star, the chief scenarist and three or four of his assistants. This head bird is likely to be drawin' $1000 a week; first assist- tant gettin' not less than $750 an' the remainin' three, $500, $350 and $200. The $500 an' $350 a week birds probably were former song an' dance men, and the $200 man a young chap what wrote, an' achieved doubtful fame, as the author of that popular melody "Missouri Blues" or "A Lonesome Bird in a Cottonwood Tree." Personal, these here scenario writers ain't never been much help to me because I don't read music.

But to get back to the story conference. Any conference lastin' less than three hours ain't no good. Not that anythin' is decided upon that gets in the pictures but it fills in the day till time to go out and shoot a few holes of golf, the latter being a by-product of the movin' picture business.

If all the producers would have gotten together an' bought up an' closed all the golf courses around Los Angeles an' Hollywood, thereby preventin' directors, scenarists, executives an' stars from beatin' a ball around the grass, it would have saved them a heap of money.

At these here story conferences all of 'em talk an' talk an' talk, but none of 'em says anything. They seem to get nowhere. Any suggestions that I may make an' me a' knowin' the West, is properly squelched as bein' out of order. Any time I talk I am a' speakin' out of my turn. About the second hour I give up, fix myself comfortable in the big over stuffed leather chair an' snooze it out, a' leavin' them to themselves an' their own vacuum.

Any suggestions that comes from [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]
Enter—Skyscraper furniture! Here is the ultra-modernistic twin bed, as lovely Florence Vidor utilizes it in her new picture, "The Magnificent Flirt." The beds are in the newest motif of curves and angles. They are built upon a dais, a built-in feature. The canopy of gold cloth is draped flatly to the slate gray walls. The twin beds are covered with severely plain satin spreads of deep magenta, bound in black velvet. Low tables, chairs and harmonious cushions are scattered about the spacious uncarpeted room. Like it?

What would grandma have said about this boudoir? Grandma loved her cozy corners but this is something else again. This galaxy of color and exotic line would never pass for a boudoir of a decade ago but, as Miss Vidor points out, the ultra-modernistic boudoir offers the imagination little restraint and maybe is more interesting than its predecessors. The walls and carpeting are turquoise green. A fur robe covers one of the low couches. Mauve, vermilion, green and blue are included in the variegated color scheme.
The 1928 bath! The ultra-modern idea is to conceal the plumbing beneath floors of marble and walls of foaming sea blue. A cylindrical black lacquer dressing table and a geometrical perfume stand bring the boudoir to the very edge of the sunken Roman bath, hidden by sliding floor. Miss Vidor is an enthusiastic follower of the new curve-angle trend that is creeping into the up-to-the-minute home. Father is going to protest, especially when he has to get his soap out of a high vase, such as the one behind Miss Vidor.

More furniture in the ultra-modernistic mood. You will see this in Miss Vidor's "The Magnificent Flirt." Here you have the new trend in interiors. Note the background: a screen of gold with black leaf motif. Low table of black, lamp of yellow, green and blue; chair of flame red, floor painted black, highly polished. Miss Vidor's gown, of white satin, without adornment, is in the new manner, too. Fashion in feminine apparel, says Hollywood, is to follow that of interiors, discarding all that is useless and uninteresting.
What was the Best Picture of 1927?

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

VOTING is now open for the award of the Photoplay Magazine Medal of Honor. This will be the eighth annual medal to be given by Photoplay readers. The Medal of Honor is recognized throughout the world of motion pictures as the supreme screen award. The conferring of the medal, as heretofore, rests entirely with the millions of Photoplay readers. Since 1920, Photoplay has awarded a gold medal to the screen production selected by its readers as the best motion picture of the year. Each year Photoplay readers have exercised rare judgment and sanity in selecting the best film. The list of seven awards is an array of the best productions of seven years. Photoplay's thousands of readers have used unerring judgment in choosing the really fine productions of each twelve months. This year Photoplay again repeats its suggestions, first published in 1921. Photoplay asks its readers to consider that the gold medal is awarded as an encouragement to the making of better pictures. When you make your ballot, be sure to consider the year's product with a view to selecting the one film that, in your judgment, comes nearest the ideal in story, direction, continuity, acting and photography.

As usual, this year the voting for the best film of 1927 begins six months after the close of the year. This is done so that voters in all parts of the country will have an opportunity to see all of the films released during the twelve months of 1927. It takes time for these productions to reach many parts of America—and Photoplay wants all of its readers to have seen all of the significant pictures of 1927.

It is pointed out, as heretofore, that, in case of a tie in the voting, equal awards will be made to each of the winning producers. The medal, incidentally, does not go to the star or the director of the winning production. It goes to the producer—the man or organization venturing upon the making of the photoplay. In no other manner could the making of better pictures be encouraged in a practical way. The Photoplay Medal of Honor [continued on page 108]

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

Editor Photoplay Magazine
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1927.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name
Address

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"

Eighth Annual Gold Medal Award

Fifty Pictures Released in 1927

Annie Laurie
Barbed Wire
Cabinet
Camille
Captain Salvation
Café and the Canary
Chang
Cradle Snatchers
Cruiser Potomac
Fair Co-Ed
Fire Brigade
Flesh and the Devil
Garden of Allah
Gorilla
Hard Boiled Haggerty
Hotel Imperial
Hula
It
Jesse James
Kid Brother
King of Kings
Love of Sanya
Magic Flame
Metropolitan
Mackery
Monkey Talks
My Best Girl
Night of Love
Patent Leather Kid
Private Life of Helen of Troy
Quality Street
Resurrection
Rookies
Rough Riders
Senorita
Service for Ladies
Seven Sin Heaven
Show
Slide, Kelly, Slide
Sorrell and Son
Stark Love
Student Prince
Tell It to the Marines
Twelve Miles Out
Two Arabian Knights
Underworld
Way of All Flesh
What Price Glory
When a Man Loves
Wings
Two delicious new Pond’s preparations! Exquisite as the Two famous Creams you use to keep your skin flower-like and fine!

The Freshener is as fragrant as your coming-out party, and makes your skin fresh and bright as it looked on your eighteenth birthday! It is a tonic and mild astringent to use after Pond’s Cold Cream. It tones, firm, rejuvenates—your skin glows with a lovely, natural color! 50c and $1.00

The Famous Two Creams

stuff that dreams are made of! Softer than fine old linen! Marvelously absorbent, so firm and large, they wipe away in one instant every trace of dirt and oil—a joy to use.

So now! One, two, three, four steps to radiant loveliness of fine, firm skin!

One: A lavish use of Pond’s Cold Cream for cleansing to the very depths of your pores. Two: Remove with Pond’s Tissues all the Cream and with it every speck of dirt. Three: Wet a pad of cotton with Pond’s Skin Freshener. Gently pat it over the face and neck—for several minutes, till you feel your skin deliciously toned, revivified.

A New Offer: Now 10c. Trial sizes of Pond’s Skin Freshener, Pond’s Cleansing Tissues and the Two famous Creams! Enough to try this delightful new Pond’s way for a week. Enclose 10c with this coupon.

The Pond’s Extract Company, Dept. F
114 Hudson Street, New York City

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MACK SENNETT is tearing down his old studio. And across the stages troop memories of Harry Langdon, Charlie Chaplin, Jack Mulhall, Gloria Swanson, Louise Fazenda, Mabel Normand, Charlie Murray and Ben Turpin. They all learned the A B C's of screen acting at Professor Sennett's old school-house.
"My dear, I've gone native! I'm having the whole house done over into Early American... from the teaspoons out!... I really think nowadays you feel déclassée till you've been Colonial — at least once! — don't you?"

The vogue — the flair — the craze for the Early American, in furniture, rooms, decorations, has made Community's new Paul Revere pattern perhaps the swankiest silver service being made in America today... In its own right it is extremely lovely... very much at home, in homes where loveliness of appointments is an axiom inherited through generations... It is also as 'chic' as — Vionnet. A service for six, in the new Colonial Cabinet is $34.75... with DeLuxe stainless knives... The same service for eight, costs $44.50. At your jeweler's... Begin your Early-American period now.

The Paul Revere Design

Community Plate

Also makers of Tudor Plate

When you write to advertisers please mention Photoplay Magazine.
The Rev. George Fox started Mr. Lowe on the path that lead to the movies.

Father Fox, Edmund Lowe's dramatic mentor at Santa Clara College, San Jose, visited the studio and put Eddie through some of his old elocution lessons. "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!"

Noble picture of Eddie as Marcellus, the Census Taker, counting—as it were—the Roman noses. In those days, Eddie hoped to give E. H. Sothern the competition of his life.

A picture from one of Father Fox's old programs of 1910. Eddie was in the class of 1910 and Father Fox was the first director to encourage him and help him in his career.
Read the Truth

—when they learn to smoke for pleasure they flock to CAMELS
The natural charm that men admire is not beyond your reach. Here is the simple daily rule that results in natural beauty, and a lovely skin.

Where beauty is concerned, an ounce of precaution is worth pounds of costly "cures." For thousands have learned it is comparatively simple to keep beauty ... while there is nothing more pathetic than futile attempts to regain natural charm by artificial means.

The most effective way to natural beauty is Nature's way. The beauty men admire is natural. And women whose complexions retain natural charm have learned this.

The simple daily habit of cleansing the face with a true complexion soap — keeping the skin fresh and radiant, the pores open — is the first step to natural beauty.

Use only a true complexion soap

But not any soap will do. Only a soap made for this and no other purpose will achieve the end you seek. A soap made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm. These unguent oils, scientifically combined in Palmolive Soap, are responsible for more of youth and beauty — of natural charm retained — than ever will be known.

Do this each day if you would keep that schoolgirl complexion

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging its balmy lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream— that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10¢ the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note the amazing difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Post Co., Chicago, Illinois.
THE answers to the seven most persistent questions of the month:

PHOTOPLAY can give no advice about selling scenarios. Few companies are in the market for original scripts. Put your plot in short story form and submit it to the fiction magazines. Most movie companies purchase only on order, or stories that have already been presented as books, magazine stories or plays.

Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 115 pounds.

Charles Rogers is twenty-two years old and his address is the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Sue Carol's next picture is "Walking Back."

John Gilbert is thirty years old and his next picture is "The Cossacks."

Phyllis Haver will be seen in "Tenth Avenue."

Don Alvarado is twenty-five years old.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive thousands of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them, unless you do your share.

Mrs. R. de la B., Belle Rose, La.—Lucille Mendez was the girl you liked in "Coney Island." [continued on page 94]
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

SOUTH SEA LOVE—FBO

NOT nearly as interesting as it sounds, but the kind of melodrama that will satisfy second-run houses. Patsy Ruth Miller, a promising actress, ambitious yet true to her next love, is handed more than enough than she deserves. Harry Crocker is a leathery villain who goes from New York to the South Sea Islands. Picture is permeated with incon sistencies, but all right for those who are satisfied if only the hero gets the gal at the finish.

TEMPTATIONS OF A SHOP GIRL—Fussy Division

NOT as naughty as it may seem from the title. Betty Compson and her younger sister, Pauline Garon, draw pay cheques in a smart gown salon. The kid sister can't resist the fashions and, of course, Betty faces the music, which happens to be the "Prisoner's Song." Miss Compson fights hard against a bad story and a maudlin character.

THE MATINEE IDOL—Columbia

BESSIE LOVE shouldn't have deserted the screen for the stage right after finishing this picture, for the fans are going to be demanding more like it. With Yde able assistance of Johnny Walker, who takes the part of a black face comedian, and Lionel Belmore, who is her father and owner of a tent show, Bessie gives us an hour of delightful entertainment.

PAY AS YOU ENTER—Warners

A SINGLE-TRACK comedy of trolley car days, with Clyde Cook and William Demarest holding down the front and back ends, respectively, of a very incorrigible street. Louise Fazenda has a wild time trying to answer both the motor man's and the conductor's prayers. As usual, she grabs the few laughs of the picture.

THE THIEF IN THE DARK—Fox

TOO bad to waste so much talent on a picture as inconsequential. Supposed to be spooky, this tale wanders into a series of pea-a-bo haunted house experiences so overdrawn that they are actually boring. George Meeker, Lionel Hill, Jean Lee and Marjorie Beebe prove that these screen youngsters can act under most adverse circumstances. Pass it up.

MY HOME TOWN—Rayart

POORLY-DIRECTED, weak, sickly melodrama, impossibly overdrawn and overacted. Gaston Glass appears at his worst as the weasling son of a small-town society woman. He gets messed up in man-slaughter, safe-breaking, and jailbreaking charges, slides out of that, and gets into bootlegging, blackmailing, and midnight missions with both feet. And to top it all, the poor boy loses his faith in women at least five times before the final clinch.

A MILLION FOR LOVE—Sterling

THERE was a sweet little rich girl who loved a bad little poor boy. The boy changes his habits for love, then is arrested for murder. When the girl's daddy tries him in court it is more than she can stand—and they live happily ever after. A Cinderella tale with Josephine Dunn as the gal, Reed Howes as the boy and Mary Carr as the mother. Don't bother to see it.

HONOR BOUND—Fox

A MORBID tale done in a morbid manner. George O'Brien, for the sake of honor, goes through all the hells of a prison mining camp to protect a heartless, selfish woman, played by Estelle Taylor. Alfred Green, the director, went to Alabama to study prison and mining conditions so that George might suffer in realistic conditions. The conditions may be realistic, but the agony is distinctly overdrawn.

THE PINTO KID—FBO

BUZZ BARTON'S clever kid stuff makes him the only go-getter in this dead-from-the-neck-up Western. At first, it looks rather as though he's trying to steal Frankie Darro's racket but, No more roles like this for Earle Fox. He is going to play an Irishman in "Hangman's House" and be comfortable. In order to play a German officer in "Four Sons," Earle had to reduce fifteen pounds, shave his head and wear a corset. Just try to get an Irishman into corsets!

toward the finish, he wins a pair of mean spurs on his own merit. Of course it's a sheep opera, with all the usual land feuds, villain, boy and girl, but Buzz and his stunts will give the kids a thrill.

THE BABY MOTHER—Plaza

EIGHT-YEAR-old Patsy O'Day, of Shamrock Alley, took her blessings when they came. If babies are found under cabbage leaves, a slight mistake in location could easily be made; so, when the gods band her a boy baby, she very nearly gives her life trying to keep him. Priscilla Moran, with the assistance of her dog, Daddy, makes of this a humorous and appealing little picture.

A HORSEMAN OF THE PLAINS—Fox

MORTGAGES will be mortgages whether it be the Old Homestead or the Old Ranch House. They are to be fought over, wept over and the heroine must always come out the winner. Tom Mix and Tom see to that. Take the kids along with you.

WHY SAILORS GO WRONG—Fox

PLEASE don't stray from the straight and narrow path of clean entertainment and fall for this. It is cheap and vulgar. The director should consult the dictionary and learn that the words silly and funny are not synonymous. A stupid, trashy film.

THE CANYON OF ADVENTURE—First National

ACYCLONIC melodrama of the fast and furious West. Ken Maynard is an Army Scout who just shoots up a Spanish gang right clean. He proves they are the most logical and Ken combines his daredevil stunts with real histrionic ability. And we're not forgetting to mention Ken's best pal, Tarzan, the wonder horse. A safe bet for all ages.

THE AVENGING SHADOW—Pathe

RID-TIN-TIN has a rival—Klondyke—Pathe's newest canine star. Klondyke is a perfectly gorgeous creature and a splendid actor. And what movie could you ask? Never mind about the plot, but trot right down and see Klondyke. You won't regret it.

FANDANGO—Educational

A HILARIOUS burlesque on the hot tamale's of Spain. It includes about everything in the way of rousing farce that is known. Consequently it is amusing. Lupino Lane is the star and if you don't get laughs out of him there's something wrong—with you,

ON THE GO—Action

AT last we've found it—a Western that keeps us awake. Of course, the range is the background for this cute cow comedy, but most of the picture centers about a small-town undertaker whose methods of digging up business are awfully funny. Western picture fans will welcome the diversion of a few laughs, a new departure from the always serious cop-puncher drama.

THE ADORABLE CHEAT—Chesterfield

THIS is a grand nickelodeon picture about a little rich girl who pretends she needs work. She lands a job and—but don't let me spoil the story for you. If you like your entertainment dished up in 1905 style, drop in on this one. Lil Lees looks as adorable as ever, and Harry Allen injects a bit of clever comedy into this otherwise sad comedy-drama.

BURNING UP BROADWAY—Sterling

FAST SIDE night life "as she aren't," with an obviously artificial exposure of petty war between bootlegger and mob-busting factions. This sort of thing isn't so good for Helene Costello; criminel becomes her far more than chorus girl shorts. She and Sam Hardy both deserve better stories and direction. Too dull to bother with.

ALMOST HUMAN—Parthe-De Mille

A DECIDED novelty, in that it is a story about human beings told by a trio of dog-persons. They are "almost human." It is a burlesque sort of a yarn and affords many laughs, the snappy conversation of the dogs being provided by John Kraft. Vera Reynolds, the star, is allowed to appear after the dogs talk about her for about thirty minutes. Entertaining and different.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 118]
When you take off your hat...

less...or more charm?

What happens when you take off your most becoming hat? Are you less pretty...just as pretty...or prettier?

It all depends on your hair! Your hair can shine and make your eyes shine. It can be soft and flattering. It can make you prettier. Here are 2 Packer Liquid Shampoos to make your hair lovelier—to make it fluffy, sparkling with life and lustre:

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. In each bottle—safe cleansing, hair loveliness, hair health. For dry hair, these two shampoos are gently cleansing. And for oily hair, so quick and safe, you can use them 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 treatments, and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently 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. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

Now 2 PACKER Shampoos

PACKER’S TAR SOAP

Practically every medical work on the hair recommends pine tar soap in the treatment of dandruff and certain other skin ills requiring special care. And so skin 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.

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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:

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Due to the appalling number of conductors who yearly go insane, the following signs may be placed in Los Angeles street cars and busses:

"No, Lady—the man in front of you AIN'T JOHN GILBERT!"
"Yes, Mister—we go to the stU-dios, but I can't get you in."
"No, Young Man, that wasn't Janet Gaynor who just got off. She has her own car now."
"Yeah, this is Mae Murray's house, but I don't think she'll sign your book."
"I agree with you, Sue Carol's awfully sweet."
"No, Grandpa—Clara Bow never uses a wig."
"Sorry, Madam—we passed Hollywood an hour ago."

Here's the newest on Bebe Daniels.
The story goes that she was driving her roadster at a fifty-mile clip on a country road, when a speed cop slipped up behind her. Intent on making out his tag, he mumbled without glancing up, "Only Bebe Daniels can go that fast without gettin' a ticket."
"Well—" smiled Bebe.
The cop looked at her and immediately recognized who she was. Then continuing his writing, he added, "And she can't, either!"

Pola Negri has sold her Beverly Hills home to non-professional people.
"It held too many memories," she announces. Memories of Rudolph Valentino, her friends take it. For it was in this home that this romance started and had its culmination.

Jack Dempsey's sister Elsie is now a Hollywood extra.
You will remember Elsie played bits in the Jack Dempsey series a few years ago. Jack's exit from the movies let Elsie out also. But she could not forget her ambitions, so she is back to start at the beginning.

Speaking of those who criticize motion pictures without attending them, Director Fred Niblo draws the parallel of the small girl asking "Who was Shylock, Aunt Ethel?" The auftere aunt replied reprovingly, "The idea! You go to Sunday School and don't know that!"

When Tom Mix reached San Bernardino on his original trip to Hollywood, he saved carfare from that point by riding into Los Angeles on his own horses.

Pola Negri and Georgette, her French maid, were cleaning out Pola's Ambassador hotel bungalow. Georgette speaks little English, while Pola has fallen into the habit of using her adopted language almost exclusively.

They came to a huge magic lantern with several hundred slides.
"Call up the studio, Georgette, and ask which is the best place to send it to the poor children."
"Mais, oui, Madame. But if I could presume to suggest. Would you remember the little blind children. They are so deserving."

May McAvoy sports the latest in brogues and wool socks. Fine for golf—and for girls who, like May, have small feet.

Gossip of All the Studios

[Continued from page 47]
How Famous
Movie Stars

now use a certain type of hosiery
to accentuate Shapeliness

BILLIE DOVE'S ideal is "The Dancing Chiffon"—a sheer creation with a specially reinforced silken foot for long wear*

In all the world no woman has to watch the selection of her hosiery quite as carefully as the movie star. For the camera is merciless. It seeks out and magnifies the slightest flaw.

And with the present mode making legs so conspicuous, directors and stars alike sought a type of hose which would actually enhance the shapeliness of ankle and leg.

In "The Dancing Chiffon," charming Billie Dove has found her ideal. This Allen-A style is pure silk the entire length of the hose. Sheer and clear. Full-fashioned to hug the ankle and cling to the knee, thus giving slender gracefulness.

And inside the silken foot is an invisible "inner-foot" of extra-fine lisle. This reinforces the heel, sole and toe—where most chiffons give first—and is responsible for exceptionally long wear.

You will find this lovely Allen-A creation at your dealer's in all of the newest shades. Ask for it by style number—3785. If you prefer a chiffon hose with a lisle foot ask for style 3780. If your dealer does not carry either of these styles simply send us his name—a post card will do—and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, Kenosha, Wis.

Allen-A Hosiery

*The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 36th St.—and other New York Stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
In the luxurious bathrooms of great stars and in the dressing rooms of all the big film studios this soap cares for the skin of the most beautiful women in the world... 

ONLY exquisitely smooth skin—"Studio Skin"—can defy the cruel lights of the close-up which permit of very little make-up, say leading directors. Every star in Hollywood knows that smooth velvety skin means even more to her than it does to most women—it means her very career.

Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap*. It cares for the skin the true French way. For it is made by the method France developed and uses for her finest toilet soaps.

All the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. Beauty is important in Hollywood!

You too, will delight in the smoothness this fragrant white soap gives your skin. Order some today.

*Renee Adorée—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin that beautiful smoothness I thought only expensive French soap could give—it is certainly a lovely soap. I enjoy it!"

Irene Rich—Warner Bros. "It gives the skin the same smoothness as fine French soaps!"

Clara Bow—Paramount. "Lux Toilet Soap is a great help!"

Phyllis Haver—Pathe De Mille. "It leaves my skin gently smooth!"

Janet Gaynor—Fox Films. "There's a caressing quality to Lux Toilet Soap that I have never before found except in fine French soaps—my skin feels so smooth."

Greta Nissen—"Lux Toilet Soap feels delicious to the skin!"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
Directors say:
woman's most alluring charm

Mary Astor—First National. "Nothing is more important to a girl than lovely skin. A screen star especially must have rarely exquisite 'studio skin.' I take the greatest care of mine—I always use Lux Toilet Soap for it keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that the close-up is no ordeal."

Marion Davies—"I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

Bebe Daniels—Paramount. "It is a great help in keeping the skin lovely."

Joan Crawford—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "It keeps my skin fresh and smooth."

Merna Kennedy—United Artists. "My skin is wonderfully smooth after Lux Toilet Soap!"

Billie Dove—First National. "I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully refreshing."

May McAvoy—Warner Bros. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap—a lovely soap."

Lux Toilet SOAP Luxury hitherto found only in French Soap at 50c or $1.00 a cake, now 10¢

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
I'll Leave It to You

Heart-breaking confession of a star-maker, written en route to a nice, quiet asylum

By Faith Service

Illustration by
Chris Marie Meeker

They are taking me away. To an asylum. Oh, not in a strait jacket nor yet to a padded cell. No, to a sanatorium, so they tell me. For a "rest cure." But I know! I am sane enough for that. I have seen too many of my friends, yes, and clients, too, taken off to "rest cures" and "sanatoriums." And I have seen the significant eye-raising and shoulder-shrugging that goes on behind their unsuspecting backs. They were unsuspecting because they needed to go. They were unsuspecting because their minds were, well, in need of a "rest." But I know. Thus, at the very onset, is my mental balance proven to the unprejudiced.

Life is very unequable. Very unfair. Who swims today sinks tomorrow. Black is white on Monday and black again on Tuesday. But I have no intention of generalizing upon the unequitable justice of Life. This is merely the statement of my case. A particularized affair. An appeal to all rational folk for a sane and solid opinion.

It is like this: I am a press agent by profession—not by choice. I might go so far as to say by divinity, for I have made Somethings out of Nothings. I have taken raw material and have made of them Circuses and Minervas, Cleopatras and Vestal Virgins.

I will cite three specific cases, gently omitting names in the comfortable knowledge that the fans of the country, at any rate, will recognize my handiwork and will, perchance, rally to my defense.

There was the notable case of her whom I shall call Florence Floozelle.

Florence engaged me to "put her over." She was very much under the time, and—but we won't go into that.

She had been playing extra bits for longer than any press agent could ethically admit to. She had not been playing them very well. There were only certain types that she could play very well and they are superannuated old beazers—but we won't go into that.

She implored me to make her a star. It was her one idea and, meaning no offense to Florence, her only idea.

She was the perfect epitome of the well-publicized "beautiful but dumb." It was of her I feel convinced, that someone once wrote "all holler, holler, holler...." It remained for me to fill in the void.

She had a great many disadvantages. She did brutal murder to the Queen's English. She had an overwhelming fondness for Resorts and occupations not affected by "ladies." She had been married to a gentleman with cabbage ears, or is it cauliflower? This person had a penchant for the lower order of mammals—and things. The bad part was that he brought them home.

Her sporadic reading consisted of Ethel M. Dell, Elinor Glyn when she felt highbrow. She thought that Dickens was a mild epithet and I never did succeed in making her understand whether Mencken was a town in New Jersey or an inhibition.

Her advantages consisted in possession of two blue eyes half an inch larger in circumference than those of her less endowed sisters, a figure with one more adaptable curve than is given to most young females and the ability to weep or giggle for no known reason whatsoever.

Well, I got to work on her. I took the Public that here was a Virgin descended from the Vestals. Convent-bred, I said—of course. Cut out for a leader of Society, a potential Junior Leaguer, but doomed by Circumstances to make her timorous way in the World. Young, Unsullied, Beautiful.

One of my ideas was to present her to the world as the Spirit of Young Love. A shrinking violet unacquainted with Night Clubs, loving best to roam in daisy-starred fields, a frequenter of sylvan solitudes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134
Fanchon Presents
A Symphony in Toiletry
For you, mademoiselle, at your favorite druggist's

POWDERs gloriously soft and clinging, satiny-like in their feel— for face, for compact, for toilet ... talcums of exquisite fineness ...

Lipstick and rouge, too ... your toilet waters, face creams . . . all by Fanchon. A symphony in toiletry, no less, mademoiselle! All of the same fragrance, all in the charmingly gay packages of Fanchon ...

Your druggist has this famous array of dressing table needs, each of incomparable quality, each of which mademoiselle will adore. See them today, and tonight in the assurance of your smartness, appear, mademoiselle, at your most ravishing!

Fanchon toiletries are sold by drug stores exclusively, at prices that will strike you as most reasonable.
The glorious flavor of "PEP" and the healthful roughage of BRAN

A bowl of Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes is the high-spot of breakfast. You've never tasted anything quite like this delightful cereal. Practically a perfect food, with milk or cream.

Combines the flavor of PEP, the rich food elements of whole wheat, and enough bran to make it mildly laxative. Only Kellogg could have blended so much goodness and nourishment into these crisp, tasty bran flakes.

Try Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. You couldn't give the family anything more healthful. For breakfast, lunch, the children's evening meal! At grocers. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.
Eat Well and be YOUR WEIGHT

Here’s a menu from PHOTOPLAY’S All Star Cook Book for Women who watch the scales.

With the passing of the abnormally thin, skin-and-bones figure, the problem of arranging a strict reducing diet is not as important as it was a few years ago, except to women and girls who are uncomfortably fat. However, women are still interested in finding menus that, while they are not completely bereft of calories, will help them keep down the pounds and maintain their bodies at an even weight.

From PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book, I have arranged a menu that is in no sense a reducing menu and yet is one that may be eaten with a clear conscience by the woman who is going slow on fattening foods.

Here is the menu:

- Chicken and Tomato Soup (Dolores Costello)
- Baked Lamb Chops (Bebe Daniels)
- Fresh Vegetable Salad (Dorothy Dwan)
- Orange Ice (Carmel Myers)

This menu can be used for a hearty luncheon or for a light dinner.

For dinner, you may add baked potatoes, an extra vegetable and cup cakes, for the benefit of those members of the family who aren’t watching their weight.

To bake lamb chops, ask your butcher for French loin chops. Beat one egg and take one small bowlful of cracker crumbs. Dip the chops first in the beaten egg and then in the cracker crumbs. Place in baking dish, seasoning them to taste.

Pour melted butter over the chops and place over them several strips of bacon. These chops are delicious served with buttered peas.

The Fresh Vegetable Salad, contributed to PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book by Dorothy Dwan, is a particularly useful recipe, because it calls for uncooked vegetables and so is rich in vitamines. Put three or four uncooked carrots through a meat grinder, followed by an onion. Chop two small, young raw beets very fine; grate a small head of cabbage into small strips and cut three ripe tomatoes into thin slices. Mix the vegetables with French dressing and serve on nests of lettuce.

Of course, you may use any other vegetables that are in season. Be sure to use the very youngest and tenderest vegetables you can get and you’ll find this salad a great improvement over cooked vegetable salad, besides being more healthful.

By way of making the salad more attractive, you may garnish it with green peppers, sliced hard boiled eggs and young radishes. This salad is almost a luncheon in itself, if it is served with cheese crackers or cream cheese balls and plain crackers.

The recipe for Orange Ice was contributed by Carmel Myers. It is among the least fattening of desserts and takes the place of ice cream. And, too, it is quite simple to prepare.

Boil one pint of water and one cup of sugar together for ten minutes. Add two teaspoons of granulated gelatine which has been softened with two tablespoons of cold water. Allow mixture to cool on ice. Add the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff, and the juice of two oranges and one lemon. Also grate the rind of the oranges and add. It lends color and flavor. Freeze in an ice cream freezer.

All the recipes in PHOTOPLAY’s Cook Book—and there are a hundred of them—lend themselves to all sorts of menus and occasions. If you will fill out the little coupon at the left of the page and send a quarter, PHOTOPLAY will mail you this useful volume.

Carolyn Van Wyck
**Brickbats and Bouquets**

*CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10*

**No Suspense?**

Chicago, Ill.

I see they are making several new co-starring teams such as Gary Cooper-Fay Wray, Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle and others. After seeing these teams once together, I wouldn’t see them again. I don’t care to see two stars playing in more than one picture together. It takes away the realism.

**Lucille Spanucki.**

**Wisdom from Grandpa**

Pasadena, Calif.

I am a grandfather. I don’t believe any of us are spoiled by what we see on the screen. Judging by the posters, one would fear that pictures were a menace to our youth. But, in most cases, the posters are as misleading as they are bad. The posters are the real menace. There are pictures where the kissing bug bites pretty deep. Aunt Sally de Microbian fears that her health is endangered. But who of us did not expose himself to this plague once in our lifetime? This expression of love was practised centuries before the existence of the movies. It is as old and as fresh as the dew seen on flowers in the early morning.

**J. A. Blanchard.**

**Barry’s Loyal “Fan”**

Detroit, Mich.

Here I come with a load of bouquets for Barry Norton. It is very unusual for me to see a picture more than once, but I saw him three times in “What Price Glory.”

**HELEN MAY.**

**Smashing Some Idols**

Bethany, Pa.

Brickbats for James Hall and Charles Rogers. I can name three or four young leading men much better looking and certainly with far greater talent. I consider Richard Aalen, Nick Stuart, Barry Norton and Roland Drew the most promising young players in Hollywood.

“Seventh Heaven” was a great disappoint-

ment after the extravagant praise from the critics. I didn’t “get” Janet Gaynor’s “won-

derful” performance. Charles Farrell easily gave the best performance.

The cinema apparently cannot find work for two of its finest players, Betty Bronson and Raymond Griffith. Their acting is too good for the screen and those of its patrons who cannot appreciate real art.

**V. Keith Sutton.**

**Those Hot Titles**

Texarkana, Tex.

Are moving picture producers planning to quit business, or have all their craftsmen deserted them? Surely one or the other must be the case, judging by the titles given to many picture productions these days.

On a few theater programs at hand I find the following, picked at random: “Rolled Stockings,” “Love’s Greatest Mistake,” “A Kiss in a Taxi,” “The Stolen Bride,” “One Hour of Love.”

There have been others much worse advertised here recently, but their innanity failed to make sufficient impression on my memory.

**Lillian Davenport.**

**High-School Ideals**

Barbastro, O.

Recently, at our High School, every pupil was handed a slip of paper on which was printed: “If I were not myself, I would like to be...” This we were to fill out and write in the name of the person we would like to be.

It is interesting to know that many put Lindbergh, Tunney, Rockefeller, Ford, etc., and that the movie stars were rated next to these.

Just to give you an idea how the movie stars rated: Clara Bow, 15; Mary Pickford, 10; Bebe Daniels, 8; Colleen Moore, 5; Billie Dove, 2; Jackie Coogan, 2. Many others wanted to be Mary Astor, Ben Turpin, Mary Brian, Lois Moran, Greta Garbo, Betty Bronson, Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston, Mae Murray, Buck Jones, Tom Mix and others.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102].

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**Heart Throbs**

Kannapolis, N. C.

After my experience of the other evening, I feel as though anyone who could see “The Noose” and still believe in capital punishment should have a taste of it personally. I always have been bitterly opposed to the taking of life, whether lawfully or unlawfully, and now I hate it a hundred-fold.

I wish I could forget the old lady who sat beside me in the theater at the showing of “The Noose.” I wish I could forget seeing a wrinkled, trembling hand drying the tears from faded old eyes. I wish I could forget the choking cry, “Oh, God! My Son!” that came from the quivering lips as

Barthelmess began his death march.

And most of all, I wish I could forget the look of agonized pain on that anguish face as the bent, gray-haired man led him out.

I never found out who she was, but my heart aches for her. She is only a mother living on, while the son she went down into the shadows to bring forth is—where? Can any of us say? I only know that if a mother’s suffering could expiate his crime, he has long been forgiven.

Richard Barthelmess is to be congratulated on his splendid work in “The Noose.”

**Elise Balle.**

---

**Feminine Ponce de Leons!**

WHY do women who are fearful of losing their beauty gather in such numbers to drink the saline waters at Vichy...Wiesbaden...Carlsbad...Aix-les-Bains?

Simply because the drinking of saline solutions is the best way in the world to clear complexions—to have a fresh, clean skin—by the very reasonable process of sweeping away intestinal poisons.

For there is no shadow of doubts that if more women kept themselves internally clean, they would be outwardly more beautiful!

So you well may think of that old family stand-by—Sal Hepatica—as being one of your most valuable beauty aids as well as the purest—most refreshing laxative in the world.

IT is, in reality, the American equivalent of the saline waters of the great European health resorts. Like them, it clears and purifies the blood stream of the poisons and congestions and acidity that produce not bad complexions alone, but headaches, rheumatic pains, colds and auto-intoxication.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how the saline treatment can make you feel better, look better, be better!

**Sal Hepatica**

*The Sparkling Effervescent Saline*

Salines are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antiscid as well as laxatives, and they never have the tendency to make their takers stout.

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The Improved Kotex only offers these two exclusive new features

Correct Appearance—Hygienic Comfort

These Features Exclusive to Kotex

1. **CORRECT APPEARANCE**—The new, form-fitting shape (with corners scientifically rounded and tapered to fit) may be worn under the most clinging gowns without possibility of detection.

2. **HYGIENIC COMFORT**—Softer gauze, fluffier filler—treated by a new and exclusive process—end uncomfortable chafing and binding.

& ALL THE FEATURES AND PROTECTION OF THE KOTEX YOU HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN ARE RETAINED.

So enthusiastic were we over the Improved Kotex, when it was finally perfected in our laboratories, that we decided to anticipate your enthusiasm by putting it into production on double our former scale.

This meant, of course, new plants, new machinery, a vast expenditure of time and money. It also meant that, if you bought the Improved Kotex in such volume as we expected, the regular price could be permanently reduced 30%.

Demand makes it possible to continue at the new low price—and you are offered, at this price, exclusive features obtainable in Kotex and Kotex only!

**Kotex is now form-fitting**

By a new and exclusive design, perfected in our laboratories, corners are now scientifically rounded and tapered. The Improved Kotex fits perfectly, securely. You wear it without altering the fashionable, slim silhouette, and you feel a composure, a sense of fine grooming, never before possible.

**Softer, fluffier, to end chafing**

Ingenious methods have been found to make the gauze wrapping softer, the absorbent filler fluffier, to give you adequate protection without the discomforts of chafing and binding.

Nurses, doctors considered your comfort and appearance

Changes in the Kotex pad were made under the supervision of 27 women doctors, 83 nurses, 6 specialists in feminine hygiene.

They considered, besides your good health and comfort, the vital question of appearance. They know your problems, not only professionally but also from a woman's point of view. Their enthusiastic approval is the most important endorsement of the Improved Kotex.

Kotex features are exclusive

In Kotex alone do you get these new features . . . and all the former advantages, too, are retained. The remarkably absorbent powers remain the same protective area; Cellucotton wadding, which is exclusive to Kotex, has all the advantages of any waterproofed absorbent, plus its own unique qualities—5 times more absorbent than cotton, discards like tissue (by simply following directions), deodorizes thoroughly while being worn.

Remember, nothing else is at all comparable to the Improved Kotex. Buy a box and learn our latest and greatest contribution to woman's hygienic comfort.

You buy Kotex by name, without embarrassment, without delay . . . in two sizes, Regular and Kotex-Super. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

Doubled production and enthusiastic demand permit a price cut of 30% on the Improved Kotex—containing two new features perfected after two years' research; after consultation with 27 women doctors and 83 nurses.

"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

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THE GIRL GRADUATE
Give her a MEEKER MADE
HANDBAG OR VANITY

A most acceptable gift! An appreciated gift! And what could please any young woman more than wearing apparel or some smart accessory?

The richness of all Meeker Made over-arm or under-arm handbags and the individuality in whichever you might select are certain to please. Primarily beautiful and practical.

Imported steerhide; hand-colored; tool embossed by hand; hand laced.

Made in the shops of
THE MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.
Joplin, Missouri

Questions and Answers
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

J. W. A., SCHUBURY, PA.—Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, Hungary, and Rod La Rocque’s native village is Chicago, Ill. True love knows no geography. Vilma was born January 9, 1903, and Rod Nov 29, 1898.

B. H. S., BESEMER, ALA.—Your model actor, Emil Jannings, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y. But his parents returned to their native Germany when he was six months old. Emil is six feet, one inch tall and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. He is forty-one years old and has blue eyes. Oh, yes, and his next picture is “The Patriot.”

A. M., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—That rumor about Ramon Novarro is not true. If he leaves the screen—which isn’t likely—it will be to go on the concert stage. Yes, Alice Terry played opposite him in “Scaramouche.” Olive Borden is twenty-one years old.

JOE V., MORESTOWN, N. J.—Write to Virginia Valli at the William Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Her next picture is “The Escape.”

M. L. H., SEATTLE, WASH.—Thanks for your sympathy and understanding. I try to be polite; that’s the way I raised. Jack Holt’s wife is a non-professional. The Holts have two daughters. Jack was born May 13, 1888. He’s an American.


L. F., BUCHANAN, N. Y.—Photoplay published an article about William Boyd in the November, 1926, issue. Also there were pictures of him in the gallery in January, 1928, and May, 1927. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III., for back copies and send twenty-five cents in stamps for each.

T. D. B., OSWEGO, S. C.—Olive Borden is her real name. Pretty, isn’t she? She is twenty-one years old and has been in pictures since 1925. Olive is five feet, one and one-half inches tall. She weighs 105 pounds.

A. M. K.—The winners of the Cut Puzzle Contest were published in Photoplay’s issue of January, 1928. The Idea Contest winners were announced in the issue of February, 1928. Write to Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., for back copies and send twenty-five cents in stamps for each issue.

M. R. L., ARDMORE, PA.—For the Love of Three Kings! Charles Farrell is twenty-six years old and six feet, two inches tall. That’s his real name and he isn’t married, as yet. Charles Rogers was born in Olathe, Kan., and has black hair and brown eyes. Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine years old and has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 100 pounds.

K. P. M., BANDON, ORE.—Your handwriting tells me that you are generous and easily adaptable to circumstances. Am I right? William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., Jan. 1, 1900. The dawn of a new century! He’s six feet tall and has brown eyes. Still a bachelor.

F. R. F., TROY, N. Y.—Patsy Ruth Miller is twenty-three years old, Louise Brooks is eighteen and Mary Brian is nineteen. Barbara Kent is eighteen and unmarried. Louise’s husband is Eddie Sutherland, the director. Richard Talmadge doesn’t seem to be working at present.

Correct Nutty Biographies for April

Clara Bow

THE picture was that of ZaSu Pitts in “Get Greed.” However, Clara Bow did play in it. Miss Bow was born in St. Louis, Mo., and went to school in Brooklyn, N. Y., not Toronto. She is not part Esquimaux, but Scotch, English and French. Clara never was on the stage, but entered the movies via a magazine contest. It was Mary Pickford who was starred by David Belasco in “The Good Little Devil.” Clara never has played opposite John Barrymore, so could not be his favorite leading woman.

Miss Bow is not married. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Holmes and is an actor, but not a director. It was Elinor Glyn who selected Clara as the IT girl.

Clara is not a blonde but a red-head; nor is she noticeably demure. As she never has been married, all Aunt Heczkahl’s talk about “Daddy” Browning and domesticity was a lot of bunk, and the “loyal school friend” was obviously “phony.”

Douglas Fairbanks

THE picture was that of Ben Turpin imitating Eric von Stroheim in “When a Man’s a Prince.” Conrad Nagel played Paul in “Three Weeks.” There was no chariot race in “Three Weeks” and the chariot race in “Ben-Hur” was staged in Southern California, not Rome. Mr. Fairbanks’ newest picture is “The Gaucho.” It was Charlie Chaplin who played in “The Circus.” All Doug knows about circus life, he has gleaned from being a spectator. He was on the stage before he went into the movies. His father was an attorney of Denver, Colo., not an English clown. Doug never left any circus, except when the show was over, and the French Revolution was before his time.

Mack Sennett and Doug never fought in any mob scene together, in Paris, or anywhere else. Doug was first signed up by the Triangle Fine Arts Company, then under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. His first picture was “The Lamb.” He played the title role of “Robin Hood”; Wallace Beery was Richard the Lion-Hearted.

There is nothing odd about Doug’s home life. He lives in Pickfair, a one-family house in Beverly Hills. You may call Pasadena a suburb of Los Angeles if you want to,—but not in Pasadena. Mary Pickford never has been his leading woman but she played the small role of the Madorna in “The Gaucho.” Doug and Mary have plenty of servants and all of Mary’s house-work is purely voluntary. Mary was born in Toronto, Canada, and she is English-Irish. Mary and Doug were married in 1920.

It is Lon Chaney who is known as “the man of a thousand faces,” and Doug likes to play athletic roles. John Barrymore was Ahab in “The Sea Beast.” Doug is fond of sports but it was Bill Tilden who played in the Davis Cup Tennis Matches. And Doug’s eyes are dark grey, not steel blue.

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THE "AZUREA ENSEMBLE" BY PIVER

Piver—the oldest perfume house in France—the house that has made more French perfume than any other—Piver announces the Azurea Ensemble... A single perfect odeur. Incarnated in the four toilet requisites used by every well-groomed woman—cold crème, vanishing crème, powder, perfume... Expressed again in all its delicacy by the two colours that symbolize it—blue and silver.

THE PERFE"ME—Azurea itself. Light, fresh, young, eager! A clean, clear fragrance, with a bit of spice to pique the imagination, a hint of cupidity. Never has the beauty, the temperament of the chic 'American girl been so smartly—and so completely—expressed! $1.50.

THE POWDER—Much finer than the average—finer than the best you have ever used before. Adherent. Invisible. In five perfect shades to take care of every complexion, even the sun-browned, ultra-healthy at the moment. Breathing the same Azure perfume, till it becomes a part of the lovely skin itself. $1.00.

THE COLD CRÈME—Just this minute launched in Paris, this crème is all that any other crème could ever be—and it is so highly perfumed that it may almost be thought of as perfume in crème form! One sinks to sleep and dreams of fragrance. $1.50.

THE VANISHING CRÈME—Light, as specialists decree, invisible after applying. Here is the perfumed film that forms a base for perfumed powder. The powder clings all day, and so does the exquisite fragrance. One day's crème has been changed by magic from something utilitarian to the final touch of luxury. $1.50.

THE NEW TWIN COMPACT—Silver, with blue enamelled tracery. A shape to slip easily into the purse—but not out of the hand. Rouge, powder in shades for every complexion, scented of course, with Azurea. And two mirrors, effectively placed. $2.50.

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A Closer Glance Reveals But Greater Beauty

You can possess an appearance of unusual beauty without the slightest suggestion of that "made up" look. The closest inspection will reveal only an alluring, transparent, pearly skin that is so subtly beautified the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected.

No messy creams or long drawn out treatments are necessary. From the first moment you use Gouraud’s Oriental Cream a fascinating attractiveness is yours. Far superior to face powders as the appearance rendered not only is more beautiful but it will not streak, rub off or show signs of moisture.

Gouraud’s Oriental Cream is highly antiseptic and astringent. It constantly exerts a healing, soothing action which protects against the contraction of skin troubles and helps to relieve blemishes, freckles, flabbiness, wrinkles, muddy skins, redness and similar conditions. Secure Gouraud’s Oriental Cream today and take your first step to a “new lasting beauty.” Made in White, Flesh and Rachel.

GOURAUD’S ORIENTAL CREAM

“Beauty’s Master Touch”

Send 10c. for Trial Size

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430 Lafayette Street
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Check shade desired: White □ Flesh □ Rachel □

Name □

Street □

City □

Playing with Dynamite

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38]

THE layman has no idea of the magnitude of these motion picture wars, nor the experience and labor necessary to carry them to a successful conclusion. Be it known that the battle scenes of “The Big Parade” required the greatest outlay of electrical wiring ever attempted for the studio. Each one of the seven thousand explosions was connected to a drum having seven thousand contacts. This drum, rotated by a motor, fed the entire seven thousand shots in forty seconds. The size of the explosions were measured by their distance from the cameras, and the loading of these shells took sixty men forty days for each forty seconds. Chemists and powder experts worked eight weeks to obtain explosives with sufficient flash and burning power to set the scene lighting, which required the combined electrical equipment of three great studios in order to light the battlefield.

The soldiers were handled by public address—amplifying horns, with stations all over the field. Summed up this means that ten weeks of work and seventy-five thousand dollars were spent for fifteen minutes of your pleasure. Modern battle scenes are not all the productions call for. No indeed! One day will bring instructions for a Civil War, another the blowing up of a pirate fleet, while in between times come comedy orders to manufacture crack crew, automobiles that explode, and so forth. There is always powder work to be done.

Nor is Slim the only explosive engineer in Hollywood. He wouldn’t be, with war and the underworld pictures now paramount. However, only three men can rightly be termed film bomb-throwers, and experts par excellence—Carlos Hernandez, Harry Redmond, and Lou Witte, whose meritorious work is beautifully illustrated in “Wings.” The Patent Leather Kid,” and “What Price Glory,” Carlos Hernandez began it all with the slam-bang kick he put into “The Big Parade.” But only one man pioneered with the picture trick. D. W. Griffith, and to Walter Hofsommer, must now be credited a portion of the glory that the world gave “The Birth of a Nation.”

Nowadays motion picture audiences are apt to be fooled. The explosions are there; the men, too, if you are to believe your eyes. But were you told that a vacant battlefield set was blown to shreds, and the soldier extras inserted some time to conform with the action? The charge had been pulled up out of the field because it was not needed. In the excitement waiting for the signal that would start the fake battle, “props” had neglected to let loose of what, in another moment, would positively made him the spot marked “X.” But you can never explain Slim’s cursing a goony assistant for wasting valuable time in order to save his “goddam worthless life.”

A HERO, then, in a land of make-believe. But the word is closely linked to movie stars. Rather, a man with the courage of his convictions; a man chock-full of that glorious substance, “guts.” A handful forced Slim to sink the old weekly wage into real estate. Increasing values did the rest. Today he has enough to take him around the world forty times, with blissful step-over at a shop-kept brewery. So to those of you disgusted with this weary old world, and who dread Hell’s fire, I offer salvation:

Come to Hollywood and unfold your predicament to Walter Hofsommer. He will play tamping you down into a snappy little vehicle molded from dynamite—doubt if there is more rapid transportation—and speed you into it. Fast that St. Peter won’t even have a chance to check you off the book.

Every advertisement in PHOToplay MAGAZINE is guaranteed
As if you didn’t know, Virginia Lee Corbin says, “This is I in my Bradley Swim Suit and we suit each other to a sea!”

Phyllis Haver, Paré-DeMille featured player, “My Bradley is the kind of Swim Suit that’s as good for a close-up as it is for a splash.”

Ted Wells, popular Universal star, says, “Free as a bird and fast as a fish in my Bradley Swim Suit.”

Dorothy Mackail, First National featured player, wears a Bradley Swim Suit and a Bradley Sweater to match. She says, “My Bradley combines both beauty and utility, so bathing is a joy when wearing it.”

And here is Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, in a particularly favored Bradley.

Whether you’re riding the crest of a salty wave or strolling a strip of the smartest beach, you’re “there” in a Bradley Bathing Suit... In the water—ease and a new freedom of motion... Out of it—snap and a swirl of color that would wither a peacock.

Bradleys are cut for comfort, knit for wear, dyed forever, and priced for everybody. See them at your local dealers and write for a free copy of the Bradley Style Book. Bradley Knitting Company, Delavan, Wisconsin.

Slip into a Bradley and out-of-doors
JOAN CRAWFORD turned a neat one the other day.
She and Gilbert Roland were swimming. At least Gilbert was. Joan satisfied herself with lying on the sand, acquiring a nice coat of tan.
Gilbert kept urging her to try the water.
"Come on in, Joan," he finally pleaded.
"It's getting cold, and as the air gets colder, the water gets warmer, you know."
"That so?" she inquired. "Well, I'll tell you. I'll wait for a blizzard and then the water ought to be practically steam heated."

Mervin Le Roy went to see a preview of "Harold Teen" which he directed—and forgot his tickets.

"But, I'm the director," he told the manager who had a "sold out" sign on his box-office.
"Oh, you are, are you? Well, I've already had nineteen directors and seventeen assistant directors try to get free seats on that story. Mervin Le Roy directed this picture!"

JOHN ROBERTSON, Albert Parker, James Rennie and Shaw Lovett have rented a flat in London. The name of their landlord is Mr. Trollope. The American sojourners in England are now known as the Four Trollopers.

Ellis is making "The Great Sioux Mystery" with Clive Brook and Irene Rich as leads. Several young men, friends of a certain Clara, will tell you that they have been trying to solve that mystery for a long time.

Evelyn Brent must smile to herself with a little irony some times when she considers her divorce. While she was married to Bernie Feinman, an executive with influence at Paramount, she never had a "break."

Bernie used to tell his company that his wife was a fine actress. But small attention was paid to his assertions. Evelyn was "somebody's wife," and was trying to use his influence to get herself a contract.

It was not until after she was divorced from Feinman and thereby absolved from the suspicion of trying to use "pull," that it was discovered that Evelyn, with her real talent for acting and her sunny, exotic beauty, was star material.

So she got her contract.

Lillian Gish sails for Germany soon to work on the first picture to be made under the direction of Max Reinhardt. The story is an original, written by Reinhardt himself. Lillian will spend the summer at Reinhardt castle in Salzburg, where the director rehearses the players for his productions.

Lillian gave her sister, Dorothy, a new Ford. In order to be sure that the car would be delivered on Dorothy's birthday, Lillian wrote a letter to Edsel Ford, asking for immediate delivery.

She got it.

AFTER finishing his first picture under a stock contract at the Pathe-De Mille studios, Joseph Striker was assigned to dressing room 13 on the lot. That was six months ago.

DOROTHY GISH has a habit of telling amusing, but destructive, jokes on herself. When she was in England, she was waiting for her British director in the lobby of a hotel.

Dorothy was immensely flattered because a man, who was also waiting in the lobby, showed her with admiring glances.

When her director arrived, it happened that the stranger was one of her friends and so he was presented to Dorothy. Upon hearing her name, his face fell and he said in a disappointed voice, "Oh, I thought you were Fannie Ward."

Two members of congress engaged in a bistic battle some time ago.

The affair was forgotten in a few days.

John Barrymore and Myron Selznick, a young producer, crossed fists recently on a moonlit lawn and the affair was a nine-day sensation.

It seems that Barrymore got the worst of it. Barrymore got two black eyes and Selznick two injured fingers.

As there were no umpires or referees present, you are all entitled to make your own decisions on the affair.

There were forty-two different versions afloat in Hollywood, but there were no ladies involved in any of them.

That—uh, I mean, the only unusual feature of the affair.

Just a good upstanding gap between two men who were trying to fight out their differences.

Much better than tearing down each other's reputations at the Montmatre.

KARL DANE is building himself a house on the beach. Building it with his own hands, too, mind you.

He should know how. He was a carpenter working on the sets, when Director King Vidor took notice of his huge frame, gave him a part in "The Big Parade" and turned him into an actor.

Lupe Velez and Camilla Horn together. Lupe . . . dark, vivid . . . darling about, patting one's arm, babbling. "You like me?" Camilla . . . blonde, wide-eyed, bewildered by the strange, staccato American conversation about her.

"Look!" cries Lupe, indicating Camilla with a wide, dramatic gesture. "Is she not be-ootiful? Yes? She executes a little hop by way of emphasis.

"Oh!" cries Camilla, rightened at the chances turned suddenly her way and not understanding what it is all about. "You are very bad, bad girl, Lupe! Could I speak this English, I could tell you how bad! Oh! What naughty thing you say? Eh?"

Lupe swoops upon her . . . kissing her . . . sorry . . . laughing at her discomfiture. Camilla smiles softly. (Continued on page 106.)

Gossip of All the Studios

[Continued from page 84]

No wisecracks, please, about a Love Set. However, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are one of the best mixed doubles teams of Hollywood

The player has not worked since, although on salary under his contract. Joe says he has never been superstitious—but now he is not so sure about it.

HOW mucchey you sellum?"—Lew Cody asked an almond-eyed salesgirl in a San Francisco Chinatown bazaar as he selected an Oriental knick-knack.

"The price is one dollar and a quarter," replied the girl. "And would you kindly autograph a picture for me, Mr. Cody?"

[Continued on page 106]
THOSE THINGS that a woman wears for a critical world to see should above all bear the stamp of quality, of genuineness. The trade-mark of Traub within an engagement or wedding ring identifies the only Genuine Orange Blossom.

It is the guarantee of all that makes a woman treasure...and the world admire...this, her most intimate jewelry. Orange Blossom, in an infinite variety of superb new styles, is displayed by the better jewelers everywhere.

Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request

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Beautiful Eyes for Every Type

Beautiful, large appearing eyes—fringed with dark, luxuriant, sweeping, curling lashes—expressive, inviting, attractive eyes! Any girl or woman can have them and thereby enrich her charm a thousand fold.

A touch of Maybelline produces the magic transformation instantly. Just try this truly marvelous, perfectly harmless, beauty aid and see for yourself why millions of fashionable women use it—and how greatly it will add to your appearance.

Solid or Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75¢ at all Toilet Goods Counters
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CHICAGO

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

Irene Rich Insists Upon
Lovely Star
MAYBELLINE
Sylvia Beecher crashed the studio gates

By Ruth Biery

A GIRL may have youth and beauty, a dash of "It" and a generous pinch of dramatic ability, but if she hasn't persistency there isn't a chance for her in the movies!

At least that is the theory of Sylvia Beecher, a stock player at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, who pawned her diamond for four hundred dollars, borrowed three hundred dollars from a friend in New York City and came to Hollywood with two roles on the Broadway stage to her credit.

When Sylvia arrived she took a house for fifty-five dollars a month, secured two dogs from the pound for company and set out to petition the producers.

Producers, not casting directors! "I was determined to see the heads of each studio, otherwise I knew I would never be noticed," she tells it.

Harry Cohn of Columbia pictures was the first man from whom she sought opportunity.

"Haven't you any stockings on?" was his first question.

"No, I can't afford to wear any," Sylvia answered. Harry took a test—half out of pity—but was unable to use her. Cecil De Mille next. Another test which brought no engagement.

A SUPERVISOR of the Paramount studio, whom she had met on the train en route from the East, gave her work as an extra in "The Legion of the Condemned." Sylvia fainted during the first scene. For two days she had not eaten.

"I want to see Louis B. Mayer," she announced at the M.-G.-M. studio. Just how she obtained that audience is a question Sylvia herself can't answer. Probably she stood very straight, her muss-hair playing in ringlets around her hatless head, her mustard-toned eyes smiling complete independence. Some way, the office boy admitted her to the producer.

"Make every test possible of this girl," was the result of that supplication.

Thanksgiving day, Sylvia and her dogs broke their pancake diet and dined upon turkey. M.-G.-M. had signed her as a stock player.

Nearly four months later, she started in her first picture, opposite Tim McCoy, in a Western.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138
Brickbats and Bouquets

[continued from page 92]

Roses for Mr. Gilbert

Boston, Mass.

I have just seen Jack Gilbert in "Man, Woman and Sin," and I almost feel it a duty to express my impression that in this picture Mr. Gilbert attained the highest degree of perfection possible to any actor!

His sympathetic interpretation and wonderful acting of the part held the audience entranced, and when the picture ended my own throat was choked with the emotion aroused by Mr. Gilbert's unrolling of the pathetic life of this young man.

A BOSTON LADY.

Where Is Willy Fritsch?

Wellington, New Zealand

What is worrying me the most is the reason why Louise Brooks doesn't wear her bangs any more. With it, she looked different from all the others. Please, Louise, cut your bangs again. If any director gets a chance to jump a claim over Willy Fritsch, please, please, do so. He is the kind to grab all the girls' hearts away from John Gilbert.

ALISON AVERY.

Is It Entertainment?

St. Paul, Minn.

Why, oh why, are there scenes of such abnormal tortures to make us squirm and shudder? Is it because directors believe the public is savage at heart and enjoys watching prolonged sufferings?

In "Wings," Richard Arlen is shot by Germans and we see yard after yard of agony magnified beyond reality. We have it all over again when he is shot by his buddy.

In "The Patent Leather Kid," Richard Barthelmess is in a hospital where his sweetheart is his nurse. To portray her fight for his life the director photographs the most weird and hideous scene that I ever viewed.

H. SHEGARD.

Where Are You, Carol?

Kansas City, Mo.

What has become of Carol Dempster? Please, Photoplay, bring Carol back to us. She is so very lovely and unspoiled and a marvelous actress. And she doesn't deserve obscurity. Really, cannot something be done about it?

ALAN ROLAND.

The man behind the throne comes out front. He's Ernst Lubitsch, now directing Jannings in "High Treason." And the Russian Bear on the throne is Jannings as Czar Paul the First.
My Most Precious Beauty Secret
by Virginia Valli

HOW would you like to be an intimate confidante of not only Virginia Valli but of 19 other noted beauties of the screen? Have her disclose to you the unique methods and means by which her startling beauty is achieved? Have her reveal to you the professional secrets—responsible in large measure for her glorious physical attractiveness—which you too, in the privacy of your home, may employ with startling results?

Let Miss Valli, for example, give you her unique method of relaxing after a strenuous day, her secrets of perpetual daintiness.

All this fascinating information is included in one priceless volume written by the stars, beautifully bound and illustrated, which you may have for no other cost than that of getting it to you.

With this book called “Precious Beauty Secrets” which would ordinarily cost $1 will be included a generous container of April Showers Talc—the finest, most gloriously fragrant of all talcs. Like April Showers Dusting Powder and April Showers Bath Salts, its perfumed loveliness and exquisite quality have made it the favorite of fashionable women everywhere.

But you must act quickly. Mail the coupon today to be sure of your copy of the book. Enclose 25c for mailing, etc., and both will be sent at once.

CHERAMY, Ltd., 46 St. Alexander St., Montreal

CHERAMY, Inc., Dept. PD
539 West 45th Street, New York

Gentlemen: Please send me for the cost of mailing, a copy of Precious Beauty Secrets by 20 famous film stars, and a generous sized box of Biarritz Face Powder. Enclose 25c to cover postage, packing, etc.

Name......................................................
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NOW EYES CAN BE LOVELIER

IN A TWINKLING—a wonderful Winx makes eyes enchanting pools of loveliness—by framing them in a soft-shadowy fringe of luxuriant lashes. If you want beautiful eyes that can never be denied a whim or wish, apply Winx to the lashes.

Fashion Decrees This Cream

In this dainty compact is the bewitching lash dressing, Cream Winx, which gives to lashes and brows smart beauty. It adds to their lustrous growth. So easy to carry. 75c complete.

Some Prefer This Cake

Safe and simple to apply, this wonderful Cake Winx, preferred by many fastidious women, makes eyes seem larger, more expressive. A flick of the brush, and it's done! 75c complete.

The Originator of the Smartest Mode

Everywhere you'll see eyes made lovelier by Winx Waterproof, the liquid lash dressing which neither runs nor fades. It is safe, easy to apply and remove. 75c complete.

Insist Upon Winx

To be sure of the loveliest lashes and brows, insist upon Cream Winx, Cake Winx or Winx Waterproof—whichever you prefer. For Winx is now the mode. Obtained where you purchase your aids to beauty.

WINX

ROSS COMPANY
243 West 17th Street, New York City

and charming and you write that "boys flock to your feet save the one you adore." Well, supposing he "flocked" too? What would you do then? You must realize, Majic, that you're still a little girl and give yourself time to grow up and mature before you become lovesick.

Ethelyn D. R.: An ash-blonde with fair skin and green-brown eyes? How beautiful your coloring is! You need a light rouge and pale powder, preferably blanch or lightest Rachel mixed with some pure white. Send me your address and I'll mail you a pamphlet on care of the skin. You are the correct weight for your height. Dress in these colors: bronze, brown, peacock, navy, delft, pale green, dove gray, violet, wisteria, yellow and the most delicate shade of pink.

V. F. H.: It is practically impossible for an unknown writer to sell scenarios. Since you yearn to write, can't you teach yourself to write short stories, which will be eagerly snapped up by the producing companies if they have movie possibilities? This is the only satisfactory way of solving this problem.

A Reader, Calpe: I think you should be frankly your height. After all five feet nine inches is difficult to hide. But being slimmer will help you—I'd lose five pounds at least, if I were you—and making your manner as feminine and charming as possible will do a great deal toward mitigating your height with those men who like to call girls "little woman." Subscribe to the better fashion publications and dress as smartly as possible—your height permits this. By all means learn to make-up properly.

Anxious Irene: Practically all vaudeville acts including those which play the small motion picture theaters are booked out of New York. So in order to realize your ambition it would be necessary for you to come to the metropolis, impress the right booking agents, have a fine voice, stage presence, talent and amazing luck. Besides all this, besides your singing voice, you will need courage, cash and capability.

Sidly: For your age and height you should weigh about 120 pounds. Red-haired and blue-eyed, you need a medium rouge and lightest Rachel powder. You can wear these colors: black, cream white, pale green, darkest blues, taffeta, amber, pale yellow, flesh pink and palest blue. Avoid navy, purple, dark green or red brows. Two-inch heels are not harmful when worn on dress shoes. Walking shoes should never have more than one-inch heels.

Ethel May Lake: Diet and exercise, my dear. Those two remain the only sane and sensible way of losing flesh and retaining the slender figure we all admire. At eighteen you are not too young to diet, and being so very much overweight I feel you are justified in going against your mother's insistence that you eat white bread and potatoes in quantity. Send ten cents in stamps and a self-addressed envelope and I'll post you a list of foods you should eat and exercises.

Perplexed Peggy: You should weigh about 112 pounds. A pale, olive-skinned brunette, you should wear dark, warm reds, darkest blues, ivory white, mahogany brown, apricot, pale pink, dark green. Avoid grey, purple and black.

Charlie Chaplin makes his first appearance on the screen without make-up in Marion Davies' satire, "Breaking Into the Movies." By way of pay, Charlie gets Marion and William Halles to sign their names in his famous autograph album.
Up the beanstalk

When Jack climbed the beanstalk, he got a new conception of his needs. No longer would just a hen do, but a golden-egg hen. No longer just a harp, but one that stood by itself and played. He didn’t know what he wanted till he saw something better than what he had... though he labored hand over hand to get hold of that point of view.

Advertisements give you a high point of view without any climbing at all. They spread world products before you—servants to serve you, conveniences to please—prices low because so many thousands are using the same. They give you a new conception of what you’d like to own. No longer will a watch or food chopper do—but the highest improved watch or food chopper. No longer just a radio—but one of purest transmission. They make you change your mind about what you started to choose, and choose something more pleasing at no higher price. They help you see the whole field of satisfying wares. They lift you to fresh joys.

☞

Read the advertisements
Honest facts are in their news
A WARNING to Women who wear Tight Hats

BOBBED hair has created a vogue of close-fitting hats—and physicians say that tight hats are probably responsible for much of the baldness among men.

HERE are two simple rules for keeping your hair vigorously healthy in spite of the injurious effect of tight hats.

1. Keep the scalp clean! Shampoo regularly with Wildroot Tarulem Shampoo. Made from pure crude and pine tar oils, it cleanses deep down to the hair roots yet does not leave the hair harsh or dry.

2. Massage and brush the hair vigorously every day. Once or twice a week saturate the scalp with Wildroot Hair Tonic. This reliable tonic stops dandruff, invigorates the hair roots and leaves the scalp antiseptically clean. The most widely used hair tonic in the world.

YOU can’t start these treatments too soon. Invest in these two bottles today. Wildroot hair preparations may be obtained at drug stores, barber shops and hair dressers’ everywhere.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC TARULEM SHAMPOO

Photo Play Magazine—Advertising Section

Gossip of All the Studios

(continued from page 98)

WHEN Lew Cody was on vaudeville tour in Kansas City, a young boy asked him to endorse a picture.

“I’m coming to Hollywood some day,” the lad boasted.

“Come and see me,” Lew responded kindly.

The other morning Mabel Normand answered the door of the Cody home. Lew was on location.

On the steps stood a small, bedraggled person.

Portions of the rear of his trousers were missing; his toes came through his shoes.

“Are you Mrs. Cody?” Mabel nodded, as she informed him to come and visit her and the lad produced the autographed picture as his card of introduction.

He had walked to Hollywood from Kansas City.

MABEL bought him a new suit, fed him five orders of banana and eggs at one sitting, and gave him a place to sleep until her husband’s return. Now he is working in the Cody household. “The telephone boy” they call him.

Now don’t start a stampede west, boys, for Cody says he is finished. He has seven such people on his pay-roll already. When he goes to the studio his entrance is in the way of a cavalcade. He is dressed as he walks, chauffeur, an ex-service man. Then Mortimer Snow, once a well-known actor, now custodian of Lew’s dog. Then Cordill carrying the telephone numbers. The generosity of Mabel and Lew is not just a legend.

NOW comes the report that Logan Metcalf, the broker whom Madge Bellamy married and left four days later, has offered to cancel his marital obligations for $30,000.

The community property law of California allows either side of the house one half of the earnings of the other from the time of the marriage.

Madge is reported to earn $17,500 a picture. Averaging her usual working schedule that runs around $500 a day, four days would be $2000.

Just where does “friend husband” come in for the rest of his $30,000?

WHAT a job it is to keep track of the romances in this motion picture city. Now comes word that Richard Dix and Marceline Day have stopped going together. Well, they had nearly three months of good times running about in each other’s company.

BETTY BRONSON’s recent trip to Europe was crammed full of interesting events.

Not the least of these was a dinner given by Ray Long, the editor of Cosmopolitan Magazine in London.

“There were many important people present, mostly all writers,” says Betty. “Leonard Merrick, Michael Arlen, and ever so many others.

“Early in the evening a man arrived, who seemed to be a stranger. He sat down by me and said: ‘I am just in from the country. I do not know anyone here, may I please stay with you?’

“It was not until some time later that I learned he was none other than A. M. Hutchinson, the author of ‘If Winter Comes.’”

A NOther birthday has gone by for Mary Pickford,—the saddest of her life. Perhaps, for there was no more than the birthday cake. Ever since the days when Mary was a tiny tot, it was the particular province of Mrs. Pickford to make the birthday cake. Not only for Mary, but for Lottie and Jack as well. Through all the years, in spite of wealth and fame, this custom persisted. It became, as time went on, a family tradition that no cook dared transgress.

At birthday time, the kitchen force stepped aside while Charlotte Pickford rolled up her sleeves, donned an apron and plunged into the flour bin. The Mother of the Movies ceased momentarily to be a personage; instead she became most humbly, the mother of Mary, Lottie and Jack. And if the cake fell, be won to the luckless one who invaded the kitchen!

AFTER all the hullabaloo made about Rex King, Fox’s original choice for a successor to Tom Mix, the lad has been excused from further work for the company.

He telephoned one day to say he was ill and could not report. Can you imagine the Western lad’s embarrassment when studio slatterns found him in a barber shop having a facial?

George Belden, who has played around in Westerns in bit parts, has been chosen for his successor and will be called Rex Bell.

DICK ARLEN came running over to the Paramount studio ten minutes late for an interview with an official, his hands and clothes covered with green paint.

“You’ll have to pardon me,” he explained. “I didn’t know it was so late. They wanted eleven dollars a pair to paint our shutters. We have to save two pails. We can do it for five dollars ourselves and save a hundred and ninety dollars.”

However, Dick failed to relate that Jobyna Ralston, his wife, had ruined one dress worth half the amount and spoiled a can of paint on the part of the house supposed to be white.

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN has left Hollywood for New York where she is rehearsing for an appearance in vaudeville. She also has had offers to play in a musical show. Virginia has more chance than many other movie players to make a success on the stage, as years ago she danced in vaudeville.

HERE’S an untrue story of Hollywood:

There was once a very capable young actor who struggled in obscurity. Rarely given a chance, he never grumbled, but studied his part with great care.

One day he became a star. The public fell at his feet. Directors clamored for his services and ferry boats were named after him. He bought four yachts, three summer homes, a dozen Cadillacs and fifty suits and continued being a capable young actor who studied his parts with great care.
De Mille was shooting exterior night scenes of the fire and panic in the reformatory for "The Godless Girl." A hundred or more girls, "inmates" of the institution, stood about, shivering, in nighties, while assistants and assistant-assistants darted here and there, giving orders, tinkering with lights and props.

The fire bell in its tower in front of the building would not waggle when its rope was tugged. carpenters clambered aloft, adjusted, readjusted, hammered. It refused to waggle. the company waited. they got a different girl to tug at the rope, which necessitated changing costumes. The second girl could not make the bell waggle. Three hours went by.

At last it seemed that the bell might be induced to move.

They rehearsed the shot, the girls pushing out of the burning building. They changed the "business" and rehearsed again.

They were ready to shoot. "Fire music" played—came a call for "Camera!" Smoke poured from the windows and tongues of flame darted out.

Someone cried "Cut!"

People stopped running. the cameras stopped turning. But the building continued to burn. it burned, indeed, where it was never intended to burn—on the roof where it could not be reached with fire extinguishers. They turned on a hose and several people were drenched. the front of the building and the gravel court before it were flooded. Now they would have to dry the building and the gravel before they could get another shot.

It was getting on toward morning. We went away.

And it's the height of something or other when the watchman at the De Mille lot goes around asking bystanders to put out their cigarettes while he stands watching an entire set burning!

Fire rules are up-side down affairs in the movies.

Which reminds us of Ray Noble who had been working on a fire set all day, was walking home, passed a house in flames, got two blocks away before he awoke and exclaimed, "My God, that was a real fire."

He turned in the alarm and saved one of his friend's homes from complete destruction.

And this is a true story.

Florence Vidor stopped at New Orleans recently for a few hours during a flying trip to Havana.

A newspaper man met her at the station. "Where is Mr. Vidor?" he inquired.

Florence looked blank, then answered briefly, "In Hollywood."

"Is the rumor true that you and Mr. Vidor are about to separate?" the reporter persisted.

Florence looked more blank and then burst into laughter.

"That rumor was true four years ago," she answered. "We were divorced then."

Snappy newspaper work.

Two days before Florence was to leave she met Louise Brooks on the boulevard.

"Oh, Florence, I'm going to Havana tomorrow!" Louise greeted her.

Florence congratulated her, but said nothing about her own departure which she wished kept a secret.

And the first person whom she met in the lobby of the Havana hotel was Mademoiselle Brooks.

Friends wondered why Florence went to Havana when she spent ten days in travel and only two days in the city.

But when they learned that Jascha Heifetz, the violinist, was playing in Havana, they stopped wondering.

A polish crystal bright—enduring...

...natural as the highly polished nail itself

Could a polish be made so clear and light it would be just a lovely glistening sparkle?

So natural, so enduring it would stay a whole week, smooth and imperishable as the highly polished nail itself?

That is the dream Northam Warren had for you. Now that dream has come true. Northam Warren announces his triumph—the entirely new Cutex Liquid Polish.

One look at the new crystal clear bottles shows the difference. The very first touch tells you. It spreads easily. Instantly it is dry, with a smooth soft luster—sparkling and enchanting for more than a whole week!

This new polish comes with separate polish remover which you use to clean and dry the nail before applying the polish. It makes it stay ever so much smoother, more brilliant—and more enduring. Try it today. See the lovelier sparkle it gives your nails. The glancing sheen with every movement of your hands.

The new formula is in small little twin bottles, bright as jewels—one for the Polish, one for its Remover. The two together 50c. The new Polish and Remover in standard size packages, 35c each.

If you are frightfully impatient to try it—just tear off the coupon and send it with 6 cents for the dearest, shining little sample bottles.


The New
CUTEX LIQUID POLISH
CRYSTAL BRIGHT . . .
NATURAL . . . ENDURING

I enclose 6c for samples of new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. Natural [ ] Colorless [ ]

Check your preference.
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**What Was the Best Picture in 1927?**

(continued from page 74)

Is of solid gold weighing 1235/6 pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany & Company of New York. Be sure to mail your vote at once. Be sure, also, to mail it to Photoplay's editorial offices, No. 221 West 57th Street, New York City. Your ballot must be in these offices not later than October 1st, 1928, to be counted.

It is up to you to vote if you wish to help the progress of the photoplay. Here is a definite way for you to do your bit for better pictures. On page 74, in order to refresh your memory, is a list of fifty significant and noteworthy photoplays of the year. Your selection, of course, is not limited to this list. You may vote for any picture released between January 1st, 1927, and December 31st, 1927.

**Herb Found a New Religion**

(continued from page 51)

Chawnee to meet Ricardo Cortez in a Hollywood bank (I was there to get a loan; I don’t know what he was there for). He had just returned from France and said he was in Alice Terry’s dressing room when a letter from her arrived, and they all had a good laugh. Nothing, it appears, is sacred to a movie actress.

**Alice Terry Saved from Suicide**

I guess if Alice smiles it is only when one of my letters comes, because in her last letter she said she was thinking of committing suicide by way of landing a Hollywood touch to the Riviera.

Rev. Ingram won a medal for saving two Frenchmen from drowning—they were in a boat and got to splashing one another—but Alice said Rev. Ingram could be trusted to save her if she hurled herself off the piazza of the Monte Carlo Casino.

I have written to her not to do it, as there have been enough inundations the past year, and what with the Mississippi flood and the bursting of the San Francisco Dam, we’ve made about all the donations we can afford, without her splashing the Mediterranean all over Europe and Africa.

I judge from the despairing note of Alice’s letter that Rev. Cherry has been making her diet. When so compelled, Alice is always of a mind to slash her throat, as she can’t see any use for it without traffic going down.

Speaking of Mary Garden, who also goes on the Riviera most of the year; she and I certainly have reached a harmonious agreement on the way to live... If this starts rumors, it’s the lady’s part (See Emily Post.) Mary, like myself, has a drought on the edge of the ocean and likewise takes sun baths and sea dries toute nue. But she says there are too many recluse gangling around her on the Riviera and she is pulling stakes for the African coast.

**Pola Suffers—and Collapses**

The reason I left Hollywood is that it is no place for us artists. "Hollywood is hell for people like you and me. Let’s quit," I said to Pola the last time we met. "There is nothing for the mind. All they talk is how much he makes and how much she makes—and alcohol. Oh Vinnie!" she called to her maid, "bring Mr. Hove some champagne. Yes, it’s terrible. You must come to my chateau in France. I invite you. I give a big house party for just my few friends. You will come?"

I promised (this was before Pola became a noblewoman), and Pola murmured satisfaction, the invitation already fading from her memory. I’ve accepted several of Pola’s foreign invitations. She issues them confidentially to a hundred or more of her few friends and sails away with anxious plea that we do not disappoint her. We have heard more until headlines announce Pola has returned to this country, that inspectors have pored over her foreign purchases into the bay, and Pola has collapsed Pola in right; this country is brutal to people like her and me. There’s nothing for the mind.

**The Burglars’ Cry**

You know the familiar Hollywood cry, Jim: "I’m going to get the money and get out." The line originated with burglars, as you also should know, and when they entered the film business they brought it with them.

If everyone who is planning to retire to a little villa on the Mediterranean actually did so, that classic sea would hold as many familiar faces as Bebe Daniels’ swimming pool on a Sabbath afternoon.

While riding my time until I can retire either to Pola’s chateau in France or the Old Soldiers’ Home in Sawtell I decided I must have a dought for periodic retreat.

**Mae Murray Deceived**

Accordingly I obtained release from my colored butler who had been faithfully serving me Campbell’s soup at a hundred a month and sold my best friend Credo, who has a keen appreciation for things artistic, being the best black bottom dancer we have.

Thank the Lord I didn’t use blackmail or play the piano for Jack Crawford, when he sold Mae Murray his house. You know how Mae sued Jack alleging he vamp her into buying his house by blackmails and piano playing. And Jack admitted in court that he deceived Mae... He was playing on a piano player! You can imagine how you’d feel if you were a musk: lover and found you had been maneuvered into buying a house by an old player piano.

**Star Beach Combers**

Thus I quit Hollywood for Punta Corda and grew to look like Trader Horn.

Punta Corda is the name given by the Spaniards to a point of sand blown by a miniature Gibraltar that goes out to sea from Father Sierra’s trail along the hills. Waves arriving all the way from Tokio bound heighten on the rocks like sailors on leave, and now and then you are treated to a domestic scene of whales spouting back and forth at one another in a way to indicate that companionate marriage hasn’t gone so big in the deep.

On arriving there I beheld two brown gypsies, lolling by a low tent in the sand dunes, and I felt a pang for the Sahara where I tented with Sheik and Sheba Ingram.

The gypsies I came to know as Ray and...
Fanny of Punta Corda; but in the cage of Hollywood they’re labeled Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hatton, with colored slaves and income tax and all the other trials of a Christian life. They likewise were Hollywood deserters.

"It’s a madhouse down there," said Ray, using the line that has become a Hollywood slogan.

"We’re tired of fighting, so we’ve come up here to rest in peace," said Fanny.

"Everything comes to him who sits," said I, re:all the council of those estimable Chinese sages, Lao-tze and Miss Terry.

Little did I suspect how true they words would prove.

WHERE GILDA’S GARMENTS GROW

By way of celebrating the laying of cornerstones for our cabins, we slipped into bathing suits and took a dive in our own front yard.

Fanny came up from the surf draped in such artistic seaweed that I suspected Gilda Grey had been washing her South Sea lingerie off the Santa Monica pier and some of it had gotten away. I suggested calling her up to ask her if she was missing anything intimate, but Fanny said Gilda had no business letting her wash drift into our yard and if she was that careless with her things she ought to go without, which made me think what a treat that would be for the fans, if not for Will Hays.

BACK TO BUDDHA!

Our cabins completed Fanny gave a house-warming dinner which she prepared herself in her own handpainted kitchen, and the aroma brought gulls and pelicans sniffing from points as far East as Singapore.

When the sun had done its fire dance in our front yard, on its way to illuminate other worlds, Fanny lit the candles: “Isn’t this the life, boys?”

Gorged, the chorus rang:

“T’ll tell the cock-eyed world!”

What Price Glory? A mute record of Hollywood’s tragedies. These war medals, displayed by Nancy Carroll, were purchased in pawnshops where they had been left so that their owners might live. Each medal represents a valiant deed, performed at the risk of life. And here they are—film “props”

Deluxe Golden State Limited

Hollywood, California, October Thirteenth, 1927.

Mr. L. M. Allen, Chicago, Rock Island & Pac. Ry.,
La Salle Street Station,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Allen—

I had always supposed that good trains were fast good trains, but I find there is a vast difference. To my mind no train on the American continent equals the Golden State Limited.

Just as I like to know that I have pleased the public, I thought you might like to know that this beautiful train has pleased me greatly.

Sincerely yours,

Olivia Rorden

Rock Island to California

A revelation in service—even to the experienced traveler.


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609 Van Nuts Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department
Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, Phone Cordwall 4800
or or 531 Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, Phone Cordwall 4800, New York City
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The Comfortable Low Altitude Route

The Road of Unusual Service

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For fifteen years I endeavored to bring more grace, more loveliness to the hands of my clients who, I really believe, are among the most fastidious women in the world.

My only problem was to find a polish that would adorn the nails with beauty. I had begun to believe that I was looking for a rainbow when I discovered Glazo. First I applied it to my own nails. Imagine my delight when I saw that my fondest hopes for perfection were realized. And my clients were enthusiastic too.

Here at last is the liquid polish that bestows on the nails a lustrous beauty to match the alluring tint of a flawless pearl... to make hands fair.

My soft patina, its lovely lustre... for a whole week its radiant beauty remains undimmed! And it does not crack, peel or dull in spots.

Its ease of application makes Glazo more wonderful. For now you can give your nails the same loveliness which distinguishes the hands of my clients.

Of course, you can purchase Glazo at all the better shops and stores. Its price complete with remover is only fifty cents. Also for preserving the beauty of the cuticle there is nothing better than Glazo Cuticle Oil or Glazo Cuticle Cream. I suggest that you use the one you prefer.

Just the merest word from you will bring you my complete little booklet on manicuring which shows you how to keep industrious hands forever lovely—a Miniature Glazo Manicure. Fill in and mail the coupon with ten cents.

"I guess we can tell them all to go to!"
"Don't need no money here!"
"Funny how you pile up money and then find you want to live like poor folks, the way you could have lived all along."
Yeh, money makes all the trouble, we agreed. Happiness lies in renunciation. Back to Buddha! And Big Foot, as I call the ocean, boomed endorsement as he did when Buddha got the big idea under the banyan tree.

WARNER OLANO Cveted
The Warner Olands came for a week-end visit and were converted quicker than if they'd gone to Aimee McPherson's temple.

Edith and "Jack" Oland were painters, playwrights and scholars. Edith met Jack when he was appearing in one of her plays. She endorsed his performance by marrying him. With her trousses money they produced Strindberg's "The Father" in New York. They were the first translators of Strindberg from the Swedish.

As pioneers of the Little Theater movement they starved for Art, but one day Jack got thirsty, which was too much, and decided it profited a man more to play the Fool, and accordingly accepted that part in "A Fool There Was."

From translating Strindberg he took to chasing Pearl White the year round in serials and got the reputation of being the dirtiest dog that ever tripped a blonde.

But his illusions of women don't suit him no good. And so, rich, renowned and dissatisfied Brother Jack and Sister Edith arrived amid the Holy Sitters of Punta Corda....

On a nearby point they built a cottage and settled down to a life of philosophical calm. Before their white brick fireplace in the high-ranked living room we invoked the presence of Gautama, Koompo and all the saints who renounced the world for a higher bliss.

ENTER: THE MENACE
Into the sunny tranquility of Nirvana attained there suddenly stalked the Menace. To illustrate this passage I should have some of that menace music that goes tump, tump, tump... tata-tata... I wish Jack and John were here with his wicked player piano, and maybe Mac Murray would go into a trance and do a little devil dance for us. Anyhow, Enter the Menace: Out of the sands of the beach a monster reared its head. It did not come out of the sea, it was man-made—the filthy thing. A thrusting network of steel, it might have been spawned illicitly by the Eiffel Tower: It was an oil well.

Came rappings at our cabin doors: Leave alone.

We drove them off with imprecations and flouted their offers for leasing the property. They showed their teeth and said if we didn't accept a million dollar bonus right away and a share of the profits from the wells they'd drill all around us and drain the oil from under our places.

SITTING PAYS
In that event, I suppose we would all collapse into the place which the Lord has set aside for departing Hollywood folk.

Love of money certainly is the root of evil, and it looks as though it were going to uproot the earth. With all this drilling for oil and six hundred dollars the great man in going to tear the stuffing out of God's Footstool, and we're all going to collapse into space and be sitting around on clouds. And with our sustenance gone, Jim, you and I are not going to last long sitting on a damn cloud with no chance of getting a prescription filled.

Well, no matter how much money they force on us, I'm going to take my money and run. I'll never be a householder again. I'll take my Campbell's soup and go on a raft. At that, I'll bet they'd want to scoop the water out from under me to get me away. Anyhow, I have the laugh on my idealistic friends who consider me an Atheist because I don't subscribe to their superstitious creed of Work, Work, and you'll be a Success, My Boy. I guess if by sitting you hatch oil, sitting pays.

What does the oily bird want of the work, tell me that? Yours for Buddha and Sitting Bull.

HERB.

P. S.—If I am among the prize-winning letter-writers I'll write another letter next month. You can say things in a personal letter you couldn't say in an article on account of Will Hays. But Will can't tamper with personal letters, can he? No, trouble with the government, and I guess he's been having enough trouble with them without couting any more. One thing you must say, he hasn't spared himself to keep film folks' scandals out of the headlines.

What Price Matrimony in Hollywood?

A series of showers immediately follows the announcement of a prominent engagement. These little showers cost a pretty penny to those fortunate or unfortunate enough to get invitations. Every thing from bathroom sitings, towels and handkerchiefs to expensive lists and silver are presented to the bride to be.

During this time all the prospective bride-grooms have to do is look around for a suitable gift to give his bride on the day of the wedding. According to the exclusive jewelers of Hollywood the customary gift is a string of real pearls, which can be had for $1,500, and jewelry merchants say that the highest priced string ever purchased in the cinema city cost $65,000. It is also reported that one motion picture star lavished a quarter of a million dollars' worth of jewelry upon her intended bride before the ceremony. Shades of the Maharajah.

Of course, not all the young men in Hollywood go in so extensively. Diamond pins, platinum chains with diamond pendants, diamond wrist watches and bracelets cost from one to fifty thousand dollars are the commonest gifts. Then, don't forget that the bride must have the bouquet. The young lady spends many hours a day on her jewelry marts of Hollywood picking out, perhaps, evening dress appointments of platinum, with a touch of pearl and diamonds. These sets cost from $250 to $1,000. She also might choose a cigarette case bordered with diamonds that could be had for the small sum of $1,500. Whatever she selects it is certain that she will spend less than the bridal expenses. Floral decorations range from five hundred dollars for a modest display, fifteen hundred dollars for lavish decorations. Nothing cheaper than a $20,000 foreign make automobile is suitable for transportation. A two hundred dollar fee to the minister who performs the ceremony and a round stone diamond and platinum wedding ring at the list price of six hundred dollars are two items of expense. A honeymoon in Europe, sometimes delayed by production schedules, or a yacht trip to Honolulu costs the ambitious...
bridegroom enough money to keep an average small town family for a year. Then there is the trouseau. A recent Hollywood bride bought more than $5,000 worth of gowns for her honeymoon trip to Europe.

"There are so many things to see in Europe that it would not be a good place to go on a honeymoon," she said. "I think Hawaii would be much better. There you wouldn't have to think of anything but love."

Yachting honeymoons are quite the thing these days, but it is only the ultra ultra who can go to the extent of chartering a yacht or buying one.

WITH the honeymoon over, the question of a suitable estate becomes the pressing problem. As Tom Mix says:

"Everyone in pictures must have an 'estate' high, high in the Hollywood hills or in the Beverly Hills district. Mansions with mosaic swimming pools, marble tennis courts, butlers, second men, fourth and fifth door slammies and a reasonable equity in a flock of high priced and high powered automobiles."

This estate will set the new bridegroom back anywhere from $30,000 to $250,000, depending upon the social status to be maintained. Add to this $1,000 for a membership in a beach club and $1,500 for a golf and country club membership and the new bridal couple is ready to consider servants.

"Some of the girls were talking at tea the other day about the number of servants they wanted when they became mistresses of their own home," said Ruth Taylor, who has ideas of her own. "But I don't agree with them. I think too many servants would be a terrible bother. You wouldn't have time to do anything else but look after them. I don't think I would want more than seven servants—a cook, butter, two maids, gardener, chauffeur and valet.

"I only want a town car for my own use so I

Shampooing this way gives hair Unusual Beauty

In a few minutes time, your hair is soft, silky and radiant with life, gloss and lustre. Try it!—see how lovely; how beautiful your hair will look.

B E A U T I F U L 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 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, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
would be easily satisfied in the line of automobile.

Of course my husband would have to have a roadster.

NO sooner do the happy young couple get settled in their spacious mansion, after having spent several weeks in an expensive apartment hotel waiting for the interior decorators to make things comfortable, than it is time to take a trip to New York and perhaps one to Europe for a new wardrobe and a little eastern culture.

The boat trip proved monotonous and the train ride was boring. By the time they return to Hollywood the atmosphere around home begins to send the thermometer down despite the warm California sunshine.

Then comes a rumor that the man has taken a suite in one of the big hotels and the wife keeps the home. Just a misunderstanding that will be patched up in a few days or weeks. The papers are filed and another expensive step in the price of maternity is fixed.

High priced lawyers begin their battle, and before the couple is happily separated the fees have run up to a hundred thousand dollars, or what have you?

Charles Chaplin’s million dollar divorce from Lita Grey Chaplin probably holds the record, but Tom Mix just recently found that the price of divorce was getting higher when the former Mrs. Mix had the courts increase their daughter’s allowance from fifty dollars a week to $4,400 a year.

Every year the alimony fund in Hollywood is increased thousands of dollars. It is getting so nowadays that when a movie star gets divorced he has to pay from a thousand to three thousand a month alimony, depending upon the number of figures in his weekly pay check. There was great rejoicing the other day when a little girl of the films appeared in a Los Angeles court to apply for a divorce and declarer that she didn’t want a cent of alimony.

“A divorce is quite enough for me,” she told the court, “No able bodied, childless woman should take money from an ex-husband.”

HER speech was applauded to the echo in the bachelor clubs of Hollywood.

The exorbitant price of maternity in Hollywood does not rank with the altar, however, and each year the procedure is done over and over again with the ending either happy or unhappy as the case may be. But there is no chance for the young man without the price. Perhaps this is the reason for so many unhappy endings. Who can tell?

Making a Million

[continued from page 71]

The $200 a week bird is frowned upon by the guy drawin’ $300. The $350 boy in turn gets squelched by the egg a’ drawin’ $500, an’ the $750 boy gets set upon by the chief. Finally this here chief who formerly was an advertising solicitor for a motion picture trade journal, printed at Dubuque, Iowa, says, "Boys I just got a job, an’ original scene. When this here girl a playing at the, the day ready to eat, will come Tony and he will throw some pies at her, thereby a gettin’ a big hally-ho.

At this the $750 egg breaks into a broad smile; the $300 bird laughs out loud; the $500 a week song writer throws his head back an’ hollers in glee; while the $200 a week song an’ gag man throws himself on the floor an’ rolls about in wild mirthful abandon. All agree it’s about the cleverest thing they have ever heard, and will make the picture. A bird of the four who didn’t laugh at the chief’s jokes would have lost his job the same night, an’ it is in this way that most of our scenarios are half sold an’ healed together, and this here story conference would load $7,750 on the cost of the picture.

Some times, when they left them would wake me up. As a rule they, however, would go an’ leave me peacefully sleeping; for that I was indeed grateful.

I made up my mind if that line of story makin’ was gettin’ paid for I would get in on it. I got cow hands workin’ for me who can look wilder yarths than they can. Buster Gardner, who is still workin’ for me, tells one about a chuck wagon cook who got up to get breakfast one mornin’ an’ had no wood. This here cook was a resourceful gent, so he just put the bacon in the pan and accordin’ to Buster, started a prairie fire. He ran along with the pan over the fire an’ by the time the bacon was done, he was two and a quarter miles from the camp. Scenario writers give us scenes as tough as Buster’s prairie fire story.

So I go to the producer and tells him I am just as good a story liar as any one in his employ, and finally gets the job of writin’ my own scenarios. The price agreed upon me, a furnishin’ my home, directin’ an’ writin’ my own story was $1000 a week. I finally knew at last the million was in sight.

I recall, with great vividness, the time I walked into a Hollywood bank to cash my first $1000 check. I had fetched with me my Knights of Pythias card, all my army discharges an’ official citations. I had included a letter from my father and mother, as I thought this here bank cashier would be a mighty good, and require a heap of identification before he paid Tom Mix $1000. I reck’n I must have spent half a day gettin’ ready to go in, to the bank to get this check. I reck’n it would be as tough as the time I passed the civil service examination to be a Deputy U. S. Marshal in Oklahoma.

I WALKED into this here bank and gets my self into line. Finally I got to the window. As I laid down my check I started gettin out my identification papers. The young teller could not have been more than twenty years old. I was amazed that a boy of his age could handle that much cash, an’ reckoned he would send me to some other window where they handled the big money. The young feller, who all the time was a-talkin’ to a good looking girl in the next cage just gave me one glance, stuck an’ hand in the money and slipped off ten $100 bills, shoved ’em toward me, an’ said “next.” I saw in his estimation a man’s worth. A good lookin’ woman in front of me one cashed one for $1000 and the feller behind me got $2500 for his. I didn’t feel as big as I did when I first came in.

It was just before this that I bought Tony, a horse, who is still with me an’ this year a-tellin’ how I got my million, which I plead guilty to ownin’, without a few words concernin’ Tony.

I was probably well be truthful and state at this point that, if Tony could talk, I would have to shoot him. Aside from my love for Tony I wouldn’ shoot him, because if I did I might have to go to work. Tony knows a heap about me, which he ain’t a point to tell me and the feller be can’t understand me. The Old Blue, my other horse, was gettin’ old. He was past 21. an’ I knew he couldn’t keep a goin’ many years longer.

ONE day an’ Pat Chrisman, my ranch foreman, who came from old “101” in Oklahoma, an’ who is still with me an’ this year a vaudeville tour I am now a’ makin’ before leavin’ for Argentina to make a new picture for FBO, was a sittin’ on Sunset Boulevard,
a waitin' for a man to come home. A vegetable wagon passed. The Italian peddler was drivin' a mare with a young colt runnin' by her side. Me and Pat watched the colt angle itself through the traffic, cross the road and get a little grass and then angle back, always a'keepin' up with the mother. It was a smart trick. The colt was undernourished, due to the mother having to work all day. It had a fine head, and four fine, straight legs. Me an' Pat decided the decent thing to do would be to buy the colt an' give it a good home, an' in the end, it might make a good cuttin' pony. We overtook the peddler an' found the colt belonged to the Italian's son. That night when we saw the boy, who had named the colt Tony, an' bought him for $12.50, I might add here that Tony has paid a heap of interest on that investment. As investments go that was about the best one I ever hope to make. I still have the original bill of sale an' a part of it reads that Tom Mix has bought "one Sorrel colt, one an' a half years old, named Tony."

I HAVE never been able to learn much of Tony's ancestry, although many horse men think there is some "steel dust" strain in him. The peddler bought his mother from a horse an' mule market in Los Angeles. She had been shipped in from Arizona with a cardload of horses, an' was with foul. So it is that Tony's ancestry will always be shrouded in mystery. But I will say one thing, way back somewhere there were some mighty smart horses in Tony's family. Tony is now 16. Through good care a horse is at his best at eight or nine. Physically, Tony today is as sound as when he was eight. It stands to reason, then, that being good at sixteen, he is twice as smart as any eight year old. He is not an educated pony an' knows no tricks. I just show him what he is to do, tell him about it, an' he does it. He is just naturally a smart pony. I don't mind addin' that after my family is taken care of, the next paragraph in my will provides for Tony's last days. It's fixed so he'll be surrounded with everythin' that a horse could desire.

I DON'T know if they have horses in heaven, but when I get there, I expect to see Tony a'occupyin' a box stall, with plenty of runnin' water, a lot of alfalfa an' a couple of red blankets a-hangin' on the door. If Tony ain't up there, there ain't much use of a lot of us goin'. We couldn't git in.

Slowly but surely I made progress. I may have worn big hats on the street, an' no one ever accused my overcoats of lookin' like a bunch of modest violets. They always knew I was Tom Mix. That was what I was aimin' for. That's what I got.

Somewhere around this time a big produc'n corporation started me on my way into the big money as a Western star makin' five-reel pictures. I have made more than a hundred successful Westerns. Mebbe some of them were not so good, but at least, all made money, so the exhibitors wrote me.

From the beginning I decided to make clean pictures. I decided to create a clean character. I decided to give the boys an' girls good wholesome entertainment, free from suggestion or anything harmful to a growin' an' fertile minded youth. I tried to convey to the boys an' girls a message of helpfulness. I tried to show them that it was the physically fit man who usually won out. The character I portrayed was always that of a clean minded an' right livin' cow puncher, always tryin' to do the right thing because it was the right thing to do. In no picture have I ever smoked, taken a drink, played cards, or gambled an' done any thing that I considered unmanly or dishonest or that any boy couldn't copy without harm to himself. In no picture have I ever received a reward, other than accepting the job of ranch foreman or gettin' regular employment to drive the stage coach. The girl I usually marry at the end of the picture is always a woman of the mountain or the prairies—the daughter of the ranch foreman or the express...
WOMEN constantly ask me how they can be free from the danger of underarm odor and ruinous stains on dresses. I can answer no better than by telling what women who use Odorono regularly tell me.

"My doctor told me about Odorono first years ago; it’s marvelous, I use it all the time."

Another, "One day my dress shield slipped and I ruined a new dress. A friend told me about Odorono and now I don’t bother with anything else. I use it often enough to keep the underarm dry all the time."

A business woman says, "Perspiration odor turns men in an office against a woman quicker than anything else and Odorono is the only way I know to keep dainty through the strain of a long busy office day!"

"It makes me feel so much more exquisite, and self-confident," says one woman. "I use Odorono twice a week and never have a particle of moisture under the arm."

Odorono is endorsed by Physicians. Odorono (ruby colored) keeps underarm dry used twice a week: the "Rubi-Kleen" or Odorono No. 3, milder (colorless), is for sensitive skins. At toilet goods counters 35c and 60c. New Odorono Cream Depilatory 50c. If you have never known Odorono, send for the samples at once!

I have tried to create a character of a clean livin’ young man an’ to successfully portray that, I have had to live that kind of a life myself. Young America has placed me on somethin’ like a pedestal, an’ made me more or less a hero out of me. For this I owe every boy and girl of this an’ other countries a debt of gratitude, for in livin’ up to the character they believe me to be they have made a better man out of Tom Mix than Tom Mix would have made out of himself. For this an’ the many other comforts an’ happiness the boys and girls have given me I am truly and deeply grateful, an’ most cheerfully do I acknowledge the debt.

The first sad note that came in my picture career was the death of Old Blue, a horse that joyfully and safely had carried me for years and shared equally with me in privation and prosperity. I buried Old Blue in the center of the corral at Mixville, Cali’ornia, where a tall pillar today marks his grave. I buried him there because I thought he would like to be near the horses, and that, in turn, they would all like to be near Old Blue. On Decoration Day, and in fact every day of the year, there are sweet vines and gentle flowers on Old Blue’s grave, as sweet and as gentle as Old Blue himself. It made me glad to know my respect an’ affection for one of the best friends that I, or any man, ever knew.

These pictures have brought me pleasant associations. Likewise some associations that were not so pleasant.

I reckon I have had more leadin’ women than any other actor. Around Hollywood young women consider it good luck to make a picture with me, for most of my leading women sooner or later have achieved success.

Thinking back for the moment I recall among those who have played with me, Colleen Moore, Myrtle Sedman, Wanda Hawley, Kathleen O’Connell, Pat Novak, cowboy star. Kathleen Keyes, Helene Costello, Ora Carew, Olive Borden, Clare Adams, Dorothy Sebastian, Marion Nixon, Lucy Fox, Gertrude Olmstead, Esther Ralphson, Jane Nowak, Ruth Wilcox, Joan Carney, Ann Cornwall, Helene Chadwick, Natalie Joyce, Doris May, Natalie Langham, Barbara Bedford, Ann Pennington, Marjorie Daw, Sally Blane, an’ many others whose names for the moment escape me.

For the benefit of some of the women folks who might be inquirin’, I tried just now to figure out how many of my Pauline Starke, Kathleen Keyes, Helene Costello, Clara Bow, Myrtle Sedman, Colleen Moore, and other leading ladies I’ve had the pleasure of working with. I think I ’m just about through the list.

I have been married to a gentleman.

From time to time my income was increased until I was popularly supposed to be receivin’ quite a large salary. I am admissin’ to that, although I will say mebbe it was not as large as the publicity department tried to make out.

In fact, at one time there arose quite a trillin’ dispute between me an’ the fellers who pass on the income tax. Tryin’ to decide who was a tellin’ the truth, me or the payroll agent.

Money came in, I’d admit faster than I could spend it. An’, one day, as I stated in the last chapter, Bill Steinkamp, pay master at the Fox Hollywood Studios, could not that high, helped me figure it up, and we discovered I had a million—mebbe more. Again, that is a matter between me an’ the income tax man.

From a little three room shack at Neshall, California, which I built myself and where Mrs. Mix an’ me set up house keepin’, we moved into a rented bungalow on Golden Gate Avenue, Los Angeles, not more than a mile and a half from the little home at Carlton Way, Hollywood, where Mrs. Mix an’ I lived and where our little Tommy was born.

In spite of all that has been printed, my married life has been a very happy one, although twice a year the newspaper boys and magazine writers whenever news gets dull, print a story about me that Mary’s gotta gettin’ a divorce. Twice a year, for ten years, we have both denied it.

SOMETIMES when they are a little slow startin’ the rumor I start it myself so I can have my secretary deny it and get the regular semi-annual denial out of the way.

I have often been asked what future I have in mind for my little Tommy, who is now between six and seven. I have none. She is goin’ to public school, where I think all children should be. I aim to give her a good education and a education. She is a health’s good an’ a good mother. Mebbe I am old fashioned, but to my mind that is the highest aim any father can have for a child, an’ that is our aim for little Tommy.

All that I have gained, however, has not come easy. I reckon I have paid as great a penalty, at least as great a physical penalty for success as any of the women stars of the kind I turn out are frequently attended with accident. I have had a hundred and fifty-six stitches taken in my body. I have, during my picture career suffered 23 broken and cracked ribs. My right arm has been broken in five places, my left in three. I have had three fractures of the leg, in addition to two clean breaks of the legs. I have suffered numerous bruises and pains, but have never snapped an ankle, due to the fact that my spur straps are always tight and protects ’em.

Old broken fingers and toes I have never kept a record since they have been too numerous to record. I have been an annoyin’ patient an’ worn plaster casts in hospitals in Mexico, California, and Arizona, and in young Tommy, an’ in young Tommy.

Frequently I have escaped injury through the surefootedness and nimble legs of Tony.

When the money got to comin’ thick, I moved from the Carlton Way house to my present estate in Beverly Hills, which is said to be a very fine one. It has a nice swimming pool and very nice tennis courts. I have a butler and my wife plays bridge. I hope by the time little Tommy grows up she will be able to act like the ones there.

But often in the evening I look back an’ think of the nights when I rolled over in my blanket an’ went to sleep, soothed by the rumble of the long-horns as they milled them’selves down for the night.

Often again, I picture once more the mornin’ when the sun was just breakin’ over the eastern foothills an’ we started the trail-herd on the long, long road to the north. Then it was that the broad prairie stretched away, green an’ invitin’ before me; the wild flowers noded a cheery good mornin’, an’ with the blue sky above me, the mornin’ was there under me, I was a King—the richest of the men.

Just how rich, I didn’t then know.
ARE YOU ONE WHO KNOWS there is a NEW FASHION in use of ROUGE?

and in your estimation is it a fashion to last?

FRANKLY, we want your opinion. You doubtless know that Princess Pat—with a new kind of rouge—is solely responsible for the new rouge fashion which captured America, then Paris, then London—and to finally become the subject of widespread newspaper and magazine comment.

We say "solely responsible" because, as yet, no one has discovered the exclusive Princess Pat secret upon which the new rouge depends for its very existence. For we found a way to make rouge with this startling characteristic: you can become only use all shades, instead of the usual one-to-match-the-skin.

Then, we suggested that women could select rouge differently—possess a number of shades, and use them to secure beautiful new effects based on having complexion tints harmonized with costume colors. Rouge you gives set such opportunity. You have to be satisfied with just one shade—to match the skin.

Evidently We Had Hit Upon Something Women Really Wanted

In our fondest hopes we comprehended the startling success of our idea. All the while, though, it was assured. Consider a typical instance. Most women, you realize, look too pale in costume of bright red, despite usual rouge. But with just the right amount of Princess Pat Rouge, there women becomeliing truly trying red. Again, with costumes of deep oranges, our English Tint brought glowing complex beauty, even to pale blondes. And so it went—always a Princess Pat shade that magically gave new, essential beauty of complexion, no matter how trying the costume color.

Not only were all six shades of Princess Pat available to every woman, but the shades could be blended together upon the skin—to produce the subtle in-between-colors essential to harmony with the most subtle costume colors.

And That You May Form Your Opinion More Intelligently

You would like to know how such a different rouge is possible. Here is the explanation. This new type rouge is not "pale," does not obscure and blot out the natural skin tone. To understand, imagine that you have for experiment small sheets of some transparent substance in various colors. Place these transparencies one at a time upon a neutral background. Each transparent sheet gives to the neutral background a perfect new color without having to be matched to any hue. Thus it is in Princess Pat Rouge shades. The skin is never blotted out. Instead, color is imparted by each shade so naturally that it actually seems to come from within. Princess Pat uses new, marvelously delicate tint colors to secure this wonderful result.

Just a few suggestions: With frocks of gay, brilliant color, use Vivid, English tint or Theatre. With deep, rich, harmonies, Squash is a wonderful touch, either used pure or blended with Vivid or English tint. And to enjoy perfect results from Princess Pat Medium, you must see how subtly it accents your sheer, pastel shade frocks. Under artificial light, use Nite—with any color of gown. Nite responds with a precious, pearly blush—a ravishing hue, too exquisite for words.

You must see Nite on your own cheeks under artificial light to understand its loveliness.

And remember, you can blend Princess Pat shades at will, thus securing the subtlest gradations of color to make you beautiful individually.

Frankly, we want your opinion. Do you prefer this new beauty, or reliance upon usual rouge of which you can use only one shade.

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for von ecore and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Hue Powder and 613 other beneficial Princess Pat preparations. Paired in a beautifully decorated box. Please get promptly.

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PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done, Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that make moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Daintily channeled metal box.

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That’s the great advantage of buying your wardrobe through an Olovnit Style Counsellor. Conceived in Paris, transmitted to America and like a flash adapted in the great Olovnit designing plant—each trend of fashion reaches you weeks and months in advance of its showing elsewhere. Why? Because you buy direct. That’s the secret! Through the Style Counsellor you are assured of satisfactory fit in a mode and color that becomes you. For she has been chosen by Olovnit for her own good taste. Hence her reputation is at stake. She dare not sell you what you ought not wear!

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And remember—this personalized service costs you, not more, but actually less! Because you buy direct! Your selections come to you fresh and unhandled from the great Olovnit plant.

If you have not yet met the Olovnit Style Counsellor in your neighborhood, make it a point to do so—soon! You are missing an opportunity with every day’s delay.

Write us and we will have her call— indie. She has much lovely things besides dresses, too—costume lingerie, bathing suits, and hosiery in the latest shades—and all of Olovnit quality!

The Shaughnessy Knitting Co.
Watertown, New York

Not a terra cotta statue, but a Mexican hairless dog. Dynamite was the mascot of “Wings.” The company found him in Texas and Richard Arlen took him back to Hollywood as a pet.
Sadder But Wiser

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

boiled is suicide, pure and simple. One day on the way to Lahore, fifty miles from our station, I drank a cup of tea which had not been prepared by my own servants. In three hours I was near death. As I lay in the hospital, waiting for the doctor, I looked up at the ceiling—twenty-four feet high as another heat protection—and saw a mammoth scorpion glaring down at me.

"My God—it was eight days before I was out of danger.

"Of course you are inoculated once a year against cholera and typhoid fever.

"People think because you have so many servants and are not allowed to raise your hand for the least personal service, that you are lucky. We had twelve servants for the two of us. But they, too, are a deadly menace. Venerial disease is not a crime in India and it's dangerous to have servants in the same abode with you.

"Then imagine an American girl, used to energetic work, not allowed to lift a forefinger. I used to go against every convention and sneak out to the cook house and teach the natives new dishes.

"It was one way I kept myself from going crazy.

"The food of India has no nourishment, anyway. Canned asparagus is the rarest delicacy you can purchase. There is no flesh on any fowl in that country.

"The servants are thieves by profession. You must take out that fat under their fingers. Leave it there." A week later it is on another table.

"If you do not notice it has been changed—then don't. If a week going you ample time to take notice—they move it to another table.

"It remains there three days—goes to another. Until it makes its final disappearance.

"You must remember where each possession belongs and see that it is in its regular place every morning.

"There are so many natives that death means nothing to them. In 1925—the year I went out there—19,000 were killed by snakes. They are fatalists, with a hatred so gruesome, that if they can implicate a person to whom they have taken a dislike they will kill themselves and consider it a glory.

"Oh, yes, they grow wonderful fruit, but just try and pick it. The grapes are marvelous, but the birds swoop down in such swarms that humans haven't a chance at it. The fig trees are loaded. But try and pick a fig and soon you find the place where there is no fruit does not bear to it. The servants are stationed beneath the trees to cling upon pans—that they may frighten away the droves of parrots.

"They saved enough that we had a few helpings from our garden.

"Have you read 'Mother India' by Katherine Mayo? What she says is the truth, the stark truth, about that heartbreaking country. I only met one other American woman to lived there—There are few girls foolish enough to suffer such a harrowing experience.

"Oh, yes, there is a bright side for those passing through the country. The odor—the weird music—the mystical spirit—they are fascinating until you live with them. Then they become devastating.

"And as she finished, relaxed on the low lounge from the strain of her recital, eyes closed as if picturing Hollywood with its grandeur and its glory, its comforts and its luxuries, its warm friendly feelings in lieu of the centipedes and the scorpions, the mad dogs and the snakes, the oil lamps and thieving servants of the land she had so recently left—a land of heartbreaks that had already told her story.

Daily Massaging with Forhan's keeps gums healthy and teeth alive

MAKE THIS MINUTE TEST

STAND before your mirror. With your forefinger press against the lower gum. Increase the pressure gradually. Then quickly lift your finger. Its shape is outlined in white on the gum. Gradually the blood returns and the gum feels inaugurated.

That is what happens when gums are massaged with Forhan's night and morning. The gums are kept youthful, healthy. And as a result, teeth remain alive and sound, provided they are submitted to dental inspection at regular intervals.

Why Gums Must Be Exercised

Neglected gums pull away from the teeth. They soften and soon become a favorite breeding ground for such insidious troubles as Pyorrhea, Gingivitis, and Trench Mouth—enemies of good health. As your dentist will tell you, to keep gums firm and free from infection, you must brush and massage them.

First thing in the morning and the last thing at night, massage your gums with Forhan's for the Gums. Just apply Forhan's to the index finger and thumb. Rub upper and lower gums both inside and out, rub the roof of the mouth until you feel the exhilarating glow that comes with increased circulation. Directions are in booklet that comes with each tube.

Don't Be Among The Unlucky 4 out of 5

Protect health against the grim foes that strikes 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger, dread Pyorrhea. Use Forhan's as a massage, as a dentifrice.

It cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. It protects them against acids which cause decay.

And in addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them youthful and sound. This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., is compounded with Forhan's Astringent used by dentists in the treatment of Pyorrhea.

Don't wait for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen in their sockets. Begin using Forhan's for the Gums, today. At all drugstores, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

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The Shadow Stage

STOCKS AND BLONDES—FBO
GOLD-DIGGING blondes and knights of the ticker tape are here mixed in an entertaining tragi-comedy. Jacqueline Logan is cast as a night-club entertainer. She loves a good-hearted booh, Skeets Gallagher, whose big business ideas make him an excellent stock exchange messenger boy. To make him happy, she unknown to him, supplies him with straight tips on the market, which she gleans from tired business men. Complications follow. Pretty negligence in spots.

THE DEVIL'S CAGE—Chadwick
The "Devil" wasn't a devil, however, until he got out of his cage, but he didn't get out soon enough to make this a good picture. The villain holds a gun two feet from the heroine—she falls dead, then wakes up uninjured! Such are the inconsistencies of this picture.

PHANTOM OF THE TURF—Rayart
The plot of this race-track drama follows the ancient formula. Rex Lease is the stalwart young hero on the verge of being gyped out of his estate, his girl, and his boss by Forrest Stanley, who plays the villain with pre-war thoroughness. Helene Costello is appealing as the girl, and a fresh novelty pug of switched horses, proving Major a super-equine, pull the picture out of banality. If you like horse-races, see this.

FASHION MADNESS—Columbia
A FROTHY society debutante, rolling in wealth, very beautiful and very snobby, seems to thrive completely on sensation. Her fan, to make a human being of her, shanghais her on his ocean and takes her to his cabin in the Canadian woods. She balks indigantly, but finally faces the situation, turning a frivolous yarn into a stirring drama. Claire Windsor is beautiful, as usual, and entirely convincing in her most dramatic role in months.

WILLFUL YOUTH—Peerless
A DRAMATIC story of the tall timberlands, where brotherly love doesn't mean a thing. One of those men who "always gets what he wants" gypsy his young brother out of the family fortune and pine lands. So they have to fight over, and a pretty girl, besides. You'll like Kenneth Harlan as the two-fisted younger brother, and Edna Murphy, the blonde interest, who refuses millions for love. Fair enough, if you like outdoor stuff.

OUT OF THE PAST—Peerless
A MELODRAMA that should not have been dragged "out of the past. A marriage arranged to please an avaricious mother rarely proves satisfactory, and Dora Prentiss' was no exception. Her husband cannot forgive her virtues because her vices are unattractive. A re-amped "Enoch Arden" that helps neither Mildred Harris nor Robert Frazer, who play the principal roles.

THE CHORUS KID—Gotham
VIRGINIA BROWNE FAIRE, who looks like a million and is just as hard to get, is a little chorus girl who grew up too soon. She strikes oil and decides to drop five years and enter boarding school. Imagine her embarrassment when she falls in love with her roommate's father! Goofy story, but highly entertaining, with titles that make you laugh out loud.

FIRE AND STEEL—Elbee
A NOTHER red hot steel yarn about yawn- ing furnaces and liquid metal; it might as well be a Pittsburgh or Birmingham travelogue as far as plot is concerned. There is the time-honored formula, of course, of the noble young steel worker with a passion for inventing things; he gets the inventor's prize, the girl, and a hearty handshake from the big boss at the finish in spite of the jealous foreman's dirty work. Not terribly important.

American Beauties Recommend MELLO-GLO
A new exclusive French process makes new wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder stay on longer, and causes it to spread so smoothly that not a single pore is visible. If your favorite store is out, ask them to get MELLO-GLO Face Powder for you or send us one dollar for a full-size box and Beauty Booklet. Address MELLO-GLO, Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

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Why work on "The Patsy" stopped for the day. Milton Works, bridge expert, visits the studio and gives a lesson to Marion Davies, Jane Winton and King Vidor. Wonder what the orchestra is playing? That's a new idea.
Sexes and Sevens

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]
down to Mr. Hector Cavet and in another minute we’re sitting down to dinner, up to our
neckbands in movie stars and school graduates.

“I didn’t get the name,” I says, by way of
acting dumb.

“Cavet,” he says, “back home they called me
avity, but I’m not as hollow as I sound.”

When he pulls that wheeze. I gets a look from
Madge and busts out laughing.

Later I learn that was his foremost and only
laugh provoker.

Well, Madge is sure got him steamed up.

“What do you think of Madge?” he says,
and before I get time to answer, continues,

“As a screen subject, don’t you think she’d
be wonderful?”

Ignoring his answering his own question, I
says, “Well, anytime she wants to start, I
can tell her where there’s a big fat salary dying
to join her family exchequer.”

Hector beamed.

“I think she’d be wonderful,” he reiterates,
and I been telling her all along. I’d like to
start a company with her as its only star—
modestly at first—then if we are successful.
branch out.”

“Nothing,” I says, “like usual beginnings
and an unusual finish.”

“That’s my opinion exactly,” he says.

All the time this is taking place, Madge is
giving me the dilest looks I ever see a
woman give, and I decide for me that I’m going
to do a little catching up myself.

To make a long meal a snack, we had a swell
dinner.

Madge and me both overdid ourselves and
then we went to Madge’s hotel for a talk, and
when we ended Cavet had consented to put up
enough money to make a picture, and we have
a date for a meeting at a lawyer’s office the
next day, which we held and where was formed
the Splendid Motion Pictures Corporation,
with Yours Truly, Vice-President and press
agent in full.

Story? Sure! Hector had one in mind.
He’d read it on the train from the corn belt
to L. A. and what do you think it was? Right?

“Lady Godiva.”

Madge blew to her agent’s office to cancel
her vaudeville looking contract while Cavet
and I went into executive session.

“Now, this here story,” he says, “is got
everything in it.”

“Yes,” I says, “and the leading woman is
got nothing on her.” I comes back.

“Now,” he offers, “I want to have a frank
talk with you about Madge. You know I’m
pretty fond of her, but don’t know her very
well.

“Ask me anything. I’ll shoot straight.”

“Is Madge indifferent?” he queries.

“To what?” I queries right back to him.

“So much,” he says, “Isn’t she somewhat
cold?”

“Cold,” I ejaculated, “why, when she was
in vaudeville, when she came on the stage,
they lowered the asbestos curtain half way
down. Cold, no siree, she’s hot stuff and a yard
wide.

I see a funny look come into his eyes.

“That’s fine. I hate cold people,” he avers.

“You got nothing on me,” I tells him, “I
was married once to a dame who was so cold
she could broadcast on an electric icicle.”

“You must a got my ex-wife,” he says.

Well, we talk over the story and I blow to
see Madge.

Madge asks me how’s tricks with the new
troupe and then the matter of the story came
up.

“Well,” I says, “it’s not a bad story. It’s
about Lord Coventry whose wife was a social-
ist, and wanted him to cut down the income

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by this
BEAUTY BATH SECRET

FASTIDIOUS women who
desire a soft, smooth skin
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It is sensational in immediate
results—no discomfort—no
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warm water—bath in the usual
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bath, we suggest that you make
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After dissolving a handful or
so of Linit in a basin of warm
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Billie Dove is an outstanding screen star whose glorious hair tells its own story of personal supervision.

Do I make it quite clear when I say I have tried many hair rinse suggestions — and invariably return to real fresh lemon juice — immediately. Truly, I do not feel my hair is soft and clean and brilliant until I have rinsed with real lemon juice.

Emil washes my hair, with say two lively soapsings, then rinses and rinses to clear out all the soap. Then into a fresh bowl of water goes the juice of two juicy California lemons.

Emil mixes this vigorously, then gives my hair a great rinsing—and all that disagreeable soapiness is washed out.

Then comes a rinse in clear water—and back comes the glorious gloss—each time, a trifle glossier, it seems to me.

*Four quarts*

Every modern woman should understand the value of fresh lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send the coupon today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars.

California Fruit Growers Exchange, Sec. 1906, Box 350, Station "G," Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me free book, "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in making up, and in beautifying the hair.

Name.

Street.

City... State...
I'm not working this year in the nude and that he can either get a double for that naked steeplechase, or another femme for my part."

"It's terrible," moaned Hector.

Then I open up.

"Now look here," I begin, "Madge is right and Mr. Cavet you ain't altogether wrong. There's two ways of looking at a nude body.

"One is to look at it without seeing it and the other is to see it and act like you ain't looking at it. Now from where I sit, it looks like Madge is one up on you and why, well, here. Nudity is barred from the screen in every state in the union except two, which are in Mexico, and Madge, if she's got complexes against being seen naked, should be respected."

"I KNOW all you are saying is somewhat right," says Hector, "but it's an awful time to discover it, when the picture is practically finished."

"Practically finished, nothing," says Madge.

"As far as I'm concerned, it is."

Madge is wiping the youth and beauty off her face, when I stop her.

"Listen, Madge," says I, "Mr. Cavet's got his rights and I don't think you oughta be arbitrary."

Hector grabbed this life line and starts all over again.

"Whose going to see you that you care anything about? It's all part of a great story, a classic. It's been done by a Ladyship of England and it certainly ain't going to hurt no movie actress."

"All right then, if the Nobility wants to do it, let them, but I'm just common people myself and got scruples."

There the argument hung. Madge took off her make-up and scooted for home and left Hector and I to our own counsels as they say in legal matters.

"Why not let me scour around Hollywood and get me a swell looking double for Madge? I ask him. "Madge is strict that way and no one will know it's a double. We can make the close-ups of Madge and the clothes off the double. Come on, Hector, let's not bust up a swell outfit just for one little scene that we can easy get a double in."

Dinner was almost breakfast when I finally prevails on Hector to let me hire a double, and that same day I lamps one coming out of Mack Sennett's studio. She's just climbing into a Rolls Royce. A millionaire, thinks I, without sex appeal.

She had on one of those maybe skirts with a perhaps blouse and what a coast line! In keeping with custom, I walks up to her, asks her if she's open for some work in a film, gets a positive, and she's hired on the spot.

"We're to shoot the scene the next day. I tells the new double what the scene is all about and breaks the news she don't wear no clothes.

"That's O.K., sonny, compared to what I been doing over on the Sennett lot, I'll be all dolled up."

Well the big day comes on schedule, which is the only thing that was during the making of Godiva.

Madge shows up and has half a dozen close-ups and varmoses and then we clear the set for the big ride.

Everyone is shoed off, but the director and cameraman and Hector, who is to play Tom the Pep. It's put on a scaffold on the second floor behind a "profile."

A "profile" is the front of a building that the studio force is able to build at only twice the cost an entire structure would set the company back.

The double is on her horse behind a canvas. The set is all housed in so that we have only one Tom the Pep to contend with. The orchestra strikes up, the camera is all set and the director shouts, "All right, Godiva, here's where you come on."

And Godiva, looking as serene as a child, rode right out onto that set nakeder than the day she was born.

---

Ralph Forbes, starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

The Leading Man

On your next visit to a motion picture house, take special notice of the clothes worn by the leading man.

You will discover that, whatever the occasion, his clothes are CORRECT.

The leading actors of the screen dress the part. And when the "part" calls for a starched collar—for example, at business, at the club or social gatherings—it is a Starched Collar that is worn.

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To be always "at one's best"!... whatever else that may require of the modern woman, it obviously does require complete freedom from that unforgivable social error, perspiration odor.

"Mum" is the true deodorant cream that gently but surely neutralizes all perspiration odor, and keeps one sweet and fresh for all day and evening.

And with the sanitary pad, the soothing and completely deodorizing effectiveness of "Mum" is welcome to the truly dainty woman. "Mum" is 35c and 60c at all stores.

SPECIAL OFFER

To introduce Ban, the remarkable new non-irritating Cream Hair Remover (50c per tube) we make a special offer in the coupon below.

"Mum" prevents all body odors

Special Offer Coupon

Mum Mfg. Co., 1113 Chestnut St.,
Philadelphia.

Enclosed is...for offer checked. [Special Offer — Ban, 2 oz. personal additions, and Ban Scented Full Size and Neat-It-Self-Using Cream Hair Remover — 8c Worth For this Postpaid. [Offer introductory use "Mum" postpay.

Name
Address

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is protected.
in the shadows of the acacia tree. He could just see the outline of their bodies as they met in a quick embrace.

He summoned his man, Saki, and instructed him to prepare a little supper for two. Then he telephoned Lola.

"Lola, would you be a sweet child and do something for me, if I wanted you to very, very much?" His voice sounded very tired over the 'phone and of course Lola could not see his restless fingers tapping against the table.

"WHY, of course, Mister Frané. You know I would do anything I could for you. You have done so much for me."

"I have been working very hard and tonight I am really ill. It would rest me if you would come over and talk to me for a little while—maybe we could have a little supper here. I'll send a car for you—"

He waited eagerly for her answer, fingers tapping against the table.

"Oh, Mister Frané, I couldn't do that—not come to your house all alone."

He caught sight of himself in the mirror. His eyes were unnaturally bright and his face was flushed.

"Why, Lola?" he asked in a low, husky voice.

"I have to study tonight—and practice my typing. We have an examination tomorrow and I'm so afraid I'll fail and then you would be disappointed in me."

"But, Lola dear, you know I couldn't be disappointed in you. Please come—just for an hour. I want you so much."

He wondered if Lola could sense the desire in his voice.

"I'm just awfully sorry, Mister Frané. Honestly I am." She hesitated for the fraction of a second. "But I don't think it would be right for me to come. Really, I don't."

"Why, Lola, that is absurd—it's not worthy of you—it's childish."

"But I'm a good girl, Mister Frané. It wouldn't be right for me to come to your house—all alone. Please don't ask me to do that."

Mr. Frané hung up the receiver and gulped down the drink which Saki had brought for him. At that moment virtue seemed very much overrated and he was half inclined to catalog Lola as being just a little dumb. He ordered the mauve roadster and drove recklessly across town, trying to run away from his confounding thoughts. He drove for hours. Finally he stopped at the club, picked up a few cocktails, and at midnight he found himself in the Coconant Grove. He suddenly noticed when the waiter placed the menu before him."

"What will it be, sir?"

Mr. Frané glanced at the card with unseeing eyes.

"Oysters."

"What style, sir?"

"Any style." he replied indifferently.

It was a curious thing that had happened to Mr. Frané, of all people. He who prided himself upon keeping his emotions so carefully leashed. He wondered if by chance it could be love. A mental flash of a headline in the movie magazines shot through his mind. Celebrated screen writer marries'at last'. He almost blushed. Still, he could depend upon his publicity man to take care of Lola's past."

"Hello, Gerry. All alone?" Kirk Smith, a technical director from the Over-Production lot, flopped down into the chair opposite Mr. Frané.

"I'm working on a night club sequence for my next story. Thought I might get an idea watching these morons dance." Mr. Frané was quick to aliobi himself.

"Well, I guess there are plenty of stories here if you know the inside. A lot of tricks picture contracts have originated in this setting," Smith lighted a cigarette and ordered some black coffee.

"Say, talk about stories," he smiled suggestively, "wait till they start dancing. I want to show you 'Stepping' Stone's new find."

Those lovely heroines of happy-ending books—have you ever heard of one described as "dub" or "plain"? Imaginary characters perhaps—or possibly some man's ideal, pictured in words of a memory . . . a romance that was, or might have been!

"He" reads those books. How do you measure up?

* * *

FICTION is life! You may be tomorrow's heroine! Romance, popularity may be but around the corner. . . . But not if dull, lifeless hair is dimming your charm!

Why not rid of this depressing note? Why not banish dullness tonight—in one shampooing? You can do so—as millions do—with Golden Glint.

The "Shampoo-plus" it's called—for it does much more than cleanse. In one shampooing dullness flees—those youthful lights return. It gives your hair a special charm; a finish! It is as "cold cream" and "powder" and "rouge"—all three—translated to your hair!

Rich, copious lather—faintly fragrant—removes the film that hides the natural color of your hair. Two lathers and your hair is clean, gloriously im-
maculate!

You rinse, remove all trace of soap, and your hair appears shades lighter. Then you apply the extra touch, a special rinse—the "plus" that makes this shampoo different. Your hair takes on new gloss—a new finish. Its natural color, now revealed, is enhanced by sparkling lights. You are reminded faintly of your childhood's tresses. Now your hair is worthy of the face it frames!

Millions today use this modern "shampoo-plus." It brings much of the skill of the master hairdresser to your own boudoir. No harsh chemicals to bleach or change the natural color of your hair. Just a wonderful shampoo, plus an extra touch that brings back youth! Your nearest toilet goods dealer can supply you. Money back if not delighted.

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the SHAMPOO,plus
MAGIC KEY TO YOUTHFUL 'LOCKS'

If you have never before tried Golden Glint—and your dealer cannot supply it—send 25c to J.W. Kohl Co., Dept. F, 604 Rainer Ave., Seattle, Wash. Please mention dealer's name —and if you choose, mention also color and texture (or send sample) of your hair, and a letter of valuable advice will be sent you.

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And of an odour distinctive—gratifying to the most fastidious—individually Lablacque.

Attractively packaged—in the large dollar box.

In the original Lablacque size

Lablacque in the fifty cent box—the original size—is more delicately perfumed to accord with the taste of those who prefer the old formula in use since 1871.

Your dealer has Lablacque in the one dollar and the fifty cent size. Generous trial box sent for ten cents. Mention shade desired.

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The Face Powder with a million friends

The orchestra struck up a syncopated wall and Mr. Frane saw the narrow-shouldered, slender-waisted "Stepping" Stone leaning over a slip of a girl whose face he could not see—just the fluttering chiffon of her frock of lettuce green. Mr. Frane had the feeling that it was familiar. Somewhere he had seen a lettuce green frock trimmed with daisy petals.

"Get this," Smith nudged him as "Stepping" Stone executed an elegant pirouette, while and side which brought him in line with Mr. Frane's table. Smith did not notice that Mr. Frane had suddenly paled and that his fork slipped and sent an oyster skidding into the little glass of catsup which was sunken in the cracked ice.

"Now there's a gal that uses her sex appeal like nobody's business," continued Mr. Smith.

"Stepping" Stone is certainly a wizard for picking 'em. Did you ever see such big, innocent eyes as that kid's got? Say, I'll bet she could fool even a sophisticate like you.

"She ought to screen like a million," Smith babbled on.

"Classy little dress. She makes it look like Paris. She ought to go far, that kid."

Mr. Frane had occasion to know that the lettuce green frock which had seemed so familiar had come from a certain Hollywood shop. Incidentally though he remembered that the statement for same was still on his desk. He drew a crisp bill from his monogrammed hillfold and handed it to the waiter.

"You're not going, Mr. Frane remonstrated.

"Yes, I think I'll take the air. These dance places bore me to tears," shrugged the sophisticated Mr. Frane.

It was perhaps two weeks later that Frane encountered Roger Clayton.


No sooner was my burning desire communica-
ted to my father than a letter was despatched to Walter Edwards, then a director of pictures for Thomas H. Ince, of the New York Motion Picture Corporation at Inceville, Santa Monica. Two especially posed photographs were enclosed. A week of foodless days and sleepless nights, awaiting a reply. I was consumed with my ambition and was completely "movie-struck."

I absorbed all the magazines containing news of pictures, I went to as many shows as I could cram into a day, I was feverish and delirious with hopes and fears. Then came the answer, brief, but exploding like dynamite!

"Mr. Ince says he can give the boy fifteen dollars a week if he cares to come down."

I am afraid I became a bit hysterical. That night I dreamed dreams and planned plans, and being very human, I forgot all about God and didn't thank Him all two days later I left for Los Angeles. Ariel had begun to play for me, and I, sure of his capture, chased madly after him. But I did not catch him. I never will.

SAN FRANCISCO, and several hours, to wait for a southbound train. Time in the morning for a trip through the Exposition Grounds, the great World's Fair of 1915. Magnificent buildings, designed and erected by the greatest architects and builders in America, but for me—unimportant. The Tower of Jewels, radiant in the sunlight, reaching far into the heavens. Insignificant. The exhibit of machines, massive, cool and naked, alien in their inactivity. Stupid and tiresome.

"What are you doing now, Frane?" questioned Clayton as they waited for coffee in the club lounge.

"I'm working on an original," Mr. Frane twisted the wavy tip of his little mustache. "A sort of an stunt. I'm calling it 'The Virgin of Hollywood.'"

"Sounds great," commented Clayton, his eyes following the smart little waitress who had just poured him a pot. "New waitress, isn't she?" He indicated the little blonde child who was just gliding through the doorway with the silver coffee pot. "Cute little number. Beautiful good in pictures."

Mr. Frane made no comment. He was apparently still thinking about his epic.

By the way, Frane," continued Clayton, "the way you're dressed, I would swear you're a little waiteress?"

Mr. Frane lighted one of his Russian cigarettes, carefully flicked a bit of ash from his sleeve.

"No, there was an unusual little girl, Clayton. She taught me a great deal. In fact, I might say she renewed my confidence in women." Mr. Frane watched a ring of smoke spiral toward the ceiling. "I sent her a typewriter to use—my own, in fact. The kid was broke and I suppose there were plenty of times when she could have hooked the typewriter. Now just to show you what she was. I will show you—"

"Well, of course, Frane, it's not every man who can size women up the way you can. You know so darned much about them."

"I suppose it's a gift," remarked Mr. Frane wisely as he finished his cigarette and said goodnight to Mr. Clayton.

Jack Gilbert Writes His Own Story

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)
The very food you serve at the table can aid him in avoiding a condition that holds men back

A WIFE, in a sense, is custodian of her husband’s health. The food she selects can help him in his daily battle for success.

To many men, the luncheon table is merely a place to discuss business. Food is a secondary consideration. It is at home, therefore, that the proper precautions must be taken against the menace of constipation.

To this unnatural condition, physicians trace a high percentage of all illness. But they admit freely that it could often be prevented by including more bulk food in the daily diet.

By eating Post’s Bran Flakes every morning for breakfast, millions of people avoid constipation. This delicious cereal provides necessary bulk, and yet is so good to eat that it delights the palate every day.

You owe your family’s health this two weeks’ test

Constipation must not be neglected!

Start our test now. Mail the coupon for a free sample which shows how delicious this food is. Or order a large package from your grocer. Don’t expect the one serving from the sample package to correct constipation. To be effective, bran must be eaten regularly.

Every day for two weeks, eat Post’s Bran Flakes with milk or cream. Its crispiness and flavor will delight you. Vary the dish, if you like, with fruit or berries. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

We predict that after two weeks you will find this delicious bulk food a natural regulator, and will notice a big difference in the way you feel. Then follow the example of millions of healthy people who eat Post’s Bran Flakes every morning.

How you can help him WIN!

I Climbed into the bus and slipped into a dust-covered seat. I shut my eyes and dreamed a little bit. I was not aware that nothing ever turns out as we have planned. Inside of me was a dull ache, and Ariel was silent.

I heard the sound of hinges squeaking. The gate was being opened. A man walked toward the bus. The name was Herschel Mayall, leaped upon him. He did not recognize me. I told him who I was, then he remembered. I explained my predicament and he was entirely sympathetic.

The gateman said nothing as Herschel led me through and into the forbidden territory. I was taken to Walter Edward’s office. I was so voluble and excited that I tried to mouth three words at a time. Then I was brought before Mr. Ince and his business manager,
What Makes You Laugh?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

Usually you are able to be the conqueror in that conflict and in the main you succeed in having enough to eat, in caring for those who are near and dear to you, in a measure, in fulfilling your ambitions and at least realizing a few of your long-cherished dreams.

But in many, many ways you are not the conqueror. You are the vanquished. The poverty and misery of others may upset you but you are powerless to help.

Disappointments you have aplenty but you can, apparently, do nothing about it.

Your love-life may be thwarted.

You may be harassed with illness and debts.

Under manifold circumstances and conditions life gives you—everyone of us—its hard and often brutal blows.

AND just here it is that laughter steps in to soothe the pain or to submerge and belittle the sorrow as though it were non-existent.

That is why a sense of humor has always been credited as one of the greatest of personality assets. To see the funny side, the ridiculous side—this is worth more than a million.

With the threshold of your laughter instinct properly placed you are indeed a lucky individual. Yes, when you are fit, physiologically and psychologically, you find your capabilities tickled over trivialities that might even annoy you under other conditions.

When you are properly and normally equipped with the armor of laughter you may even smile when a man steps on your own toes.

Then you don’t take the world at its face value. You feel so good that you rise superior to the world. You laugh it out of court in an attempt to belittle it. But to get back to the deeper analysis of laughter.

Laughter, I said before, acts as a safety valve for pent-up emotion. That is why a girl giggles when she is embarrassed. You laugh when you see a situation on the screen that is embarrassing to the actors.

Undoubtedly that explains why pictures dealing with sex topics one ordinarily does not discuss in polite society draw such large audiences.

IN the darkness of the theater we feel sort of protected and unseen. We therefore dare to laugh at compromising situations which might make us blush ordinarily or make us want to hide our faces in shame. If this pent-up emotion is very great you will find that the laughter becomes rather hysterical.

Under such circumstances the individual not only laughs to work off his embarrassment, but finding himself laughing and therefore responding to the embarrassing situation, he becomes further embarrassed because of his sense of guilt and he laughs still harder in order to try to cover it.

Indeed, laughter may very easily become weeping. And perhaps you have noted that from the facial expression it is often difficult to determine whether a person is laughing or crying.
It is a curious psychological fact that we also invariably laugh at the misfortune of others, provided that misfortune is not very marked. In other words, if you see a person tripped up in the street so that he falls you laugh, but should you see him knocked unconscious or break a leg you would not laugh.

In this instance it is not the situation as much as the result of the situation that determines the laughter or the sorrow. In the one case you are pleased at seeing somebody else get the worst of it while in the other you feel sorry because the suffering to the other is too intense and you are ashamed of taking pleasure in that.

What always brings a laugh is someone sitting on a hat or slipping on a banana peel.

Here we have an unusual and unexpected situation coupled with loss of dignity of the person involved. We get a kick out of that.

It gives a filig to our ego.

In a psychological sense we rise superior and, symbolically, we are the conquerors of reality.

Anything that is striking or bizarre may also make us smile or laugh.

In "The Circus" and "The Gold Rush" Chaplin invents many such situations.

Bernard Shaw has a way of turning things upside down, putting them in peculiar, strange relationships and that is one reason why his comedies are so effective.

All farces are built upon similar lines. It is still funny when a man unwittingly enters the wrong bedroom and prepares for a quiet, peaceful sleep. Unfortunately, screen humor started at the wrong end.

All sorts of slap-stick comedy of the most ordinary and obvious variety received prominence and was commercialized with unflagging zeal. We still see this sort of thing on the screen today, but happily real comedy and humor is being presented more and more frequently in recent years.

The screen no longer seems to depend for laughs upon such situations where the gentle lady lover is surprised at his courtship by his tough-looking rival who threatens corporal punishment.

When papa is forced to walk the floor with the baby at night the picture-makers cannot be so sure of a laugh response from its audience as they could ten or fifteen years ago.

The reason for this is not because the public has changed regarding its laugh mechanisms but rather because these situations, so A B C like and childish, have become hackneyed and stale from over-use. We still respond to slap-stick comedy because, in the last analysis, we are all children at heart.

No matter how old or experienced or worldly wise we may be, childish mischievousness and delight in beholding such mischief lies not very deep down under the skin of each and every one of us. But nowadays this sort of comedy must be novel and somewhat more subtle than it used to be if the childhood responses in us are to be elicited. You may laugh if a brick falls off a piece of scaffolding and hits a man on the head. That is, you will laugh the first time you see it. But you won't laugh at so obvious an accident if you see it for the second or third time.

The one thing you can be sure of about the why and wherefore of laughter is that it always caters to your pride, your self-assurance, your ego. When you laugh you feel, by comparison, superior to the person you laugh at.

When you laugh you are the winner in the conflict of life!

But when all is said and done, what does it matter which of these theories of laughter is the most satisfactory so long as you actually do laugh? Let your laughter put you on the back all it can. Laugh all you can and whenever you can.

And may the day soon dawn when movie comedies will be so prolific and ingenious that you and I and anyone of us will be able to buy all the laughter we require for a mere pittance.
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to guard your beauty against freckles, sunburn, tan, coarse pores and "squint lines"! And the only sane, respectful way to do it, is through the Valaze Scientific Beauty Preparations, created by HELENA RUBINSTEIN, world-renowned beauty scientist, after a lifetime devoted to studying the effects of climate upon the skin.

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By morning, most, if not all of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounces bottle will cost only 25c. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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Rubinstein beauty preparations are dispensed by trained beauticians at all Valaze Beauty Centres, or may be ordered directly from Dept. P6.
LOVELORN, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — The tale of two sisters who could have avoided a lot of tragedy by heeding the wisdom of Beatrice Fairfax. Not for the sophisticated. (January.)

LOVE MART, THE—First National.—Picturecolorful fine romance of old Louisiana, with Billie Dove and Gottlieb Roland. (February.)

LOVE ME AND THE WORLD IS MINE—Universal.—Dreamy story of war-time Vienna, with a Dandy Browning romance between Mary Philbin and Henry H. Walsh. Betty Compson is the only live thing in the show. (April.)

MAD HOUR—First National.—Elinor Glyn proclaims a new and convincing story on the folly of jazzmania. Snappy acting by Sally O'Neill. (May.)

MAIN EVENT, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Prize-fight stuff. The story is old; the directorial twists are new. The acting is above par. That's all. (January.)

MAN CRAZY—First National.—Dorothy Mac- ball and Jack Mulhall in a comedy about a couple of Down East high-brows who go in for adventure. Pleasant light fiction. (January.)

MAN WHO LAUGHS, THE—Universal.—Delight version of a classic that may interest the hounds for art. Conrad Veidt's acting is the high spot of the film. (May.)

MAN, WOMAN AND SIN—Metro-Goldwyn- Mayer.—Scene in a Washington newspaper office, with some good capital atmosphere and some conventional movie melodrama. John Gilbert does well, but Jeanne Eagels is no Greta Garbo. (January.)

MOTHER MACHINE—Fox.—Get out your handkerchiefs; this is a tearer. The story of the Irish mother is conventional but Belle Bennett's performance slacks at the heart strings. And little Pauline de Lacy will delight you. What a boy! (May.)

MUM'S THE WORD—Fox.—Another two-reel comedy with Nick Stuart and Sally Philps that deserves your kind attention. (January.)

MY BEST GIRL—United Artists.—Some of Mary Pickford's best comedy and a romantic episode, played by "Buddy" Rogers, that is Mary at her greatest. The children, of course. (December.)

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

NAMELESS MEN—Tiffany-Stahl.—Claire Windsor rattles through a story of the secret service. Don't cry if you miss it. (May.)

NEST, THE—Excellent.—Pauline Frederick brings her great gifts to the sincere portrayal of a mother rôle. (December.)

NIGHT FLYER, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Big doing among the railroadsmen, with William Boyd's character playing a dirty face. (April.)

NIGHT LIFE—Tiffany.—An engrossing drama of Vienna, before and after the war. The crook stuff is original and Eddie Gribbon, Jonnie Harrison and Alice Day contribute some fine acting. (January.)

NIGHT OF MYSTERY, A—Paramount.—Adolphe Menjou involved in the romantic dilemma of a captain of the French-African Chasseurs. One of his most attractive pictures. With Evelyn Brent, Adolphe Menjou. (March.)

NO SPOUSE, THE—First National.—Richard Barthelmess again gets a picture worthy of his talents. An extra-fine melodrama that will hold you spellbound. (March.)

NO PLACE TO GO—First National.—Fun on a South Sea Island, with Mary Astor and Lloyd Hughes. (December.)

Fred Freitas Gets His $500 Check

When the judges in the $15,000 PHOTOPLAY-Paramount-Lasky Corporation Idea Contest named their winners, the sixth prize, of $500, was awarded to Fred L. Freitas. Mr. Freitas neglected to give his full address and he was requested to write to PHOTOPLAY, giving his address and identifying himself.

Mr. Freitas has identified himself to the satisfaction of the contest judges and his check for $500 has been forwarded to him. Mr. Freitas lives at No. 504 Fortieth Street, Sacramento, Cal. He has the belated congratula- tions of PHOTOPLAY upon his success.

Grunts. Scowls. Mutterings. What's it all about?
Oh, nothing much—just the way the Joneses start the day.
Don't they like each other?
Oh, yes—but they probably won't if they keep on this way.
Well! what's wrong with the Joneses?
Probably something that isn't usually mentioned in polite society: Intestinal sluggishness.

You know how intestinal sluggishness ruins the sweetness of disposition, how it saps energy, invites disease. Yet you probably share the distrust of most intelligent people for ordinary laxatives.

Now, in a deliciously cool, mint-flavored tablet—Feen-a-mint—modern Science has answered this perplexing problem of modern life!

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RESULTS are amazing. A new vitality and sense of fitness—a fresh, clear-eyed, up-in-the-morning-early feeling, as hundreds of thousands of men and women know. You will find this wonderful laxative at your druggist's now. Take a Feen-a-mint tablet at any time, confident of feeling a different person in six to eight hours.

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Send me free samples of Feen-a-mint—also a free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet, or 85% of America."

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
NOW WE'RE IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton show signs of weakening under the strain. They need a fresh line. (Dec.)

ONE RONALD HOGAN—Warner.—Wherein love saves the championship for a piffler in a thriller with Monte Blue and Lella Hyams. Not so bad. (Dec.)

ON TO RENO—Pathe-De Mille.—Pretty good comedy, but Marie Prevost, spied by James Cruze, should do better than this. (Dec.)

ON YOUR TOES—Universal.—Well, there's a good origin fight episode. With Reginald Denny. (March)

OPEN RANGE—Paramount.—Lane Chandler and his horse are the stars of the best Westerns now leaping across our screens. (January)

OUT ALL NIGHT—Universal.—Reginald Denny does his best to put spontaneity into a machine-made farce. (Dec.)

PAINTED TRAIL, THE—Raymond-Budd-Roosevelt in—bo-ho!—a Western. (May)

PAJAMAS—Fox.—Oliver Borden as one of those terrible movie Extra girls who ought to be slapped to sleep. (February)

PARIS OR URBAN—Universal.—Glenn Tryon as a boy who knew he was a thief because his mother gave his father the air. Anyway, you'll laugh at it. (December)

PARTNERS IN CRIME—Paramount.—Beery and Hatton in the underworld. Mostly gags. You know the type. (May)

PATSY, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies is charming in a modern update of Sketches. You'll love her impersonations of famous screen gals. Your money's worth. (May)

PHANTOM OF THE RANGE—FBO.—Not the kitchen range, Gertrude, but the wide open spaces. However, don't let the title fool you; it's a good film and it features Tom Tyler and Little Frankie. (April)

PIERCE SCOUT, THE—Paramount.—Fred Thomson and Silver King in a Western that strives for variety by having Thomson play a dual role. (May)

PLAY GIRL, THE—Fox.—Mudge Bellamy in a gold-digging farce. Reasonably diverting. (May)

POWDER MY BACK—Warners.—Irene Rich in an inscrutable and sophisticated comedy. It has a political background. (May)

PRETTY RABBIT—MGM.—Moral: Don't let a man give you a charge account. (February)

PRICE OF HONOR, THE—Columbia.—An old-time, tear-jerking, heart-stirring melodrama, well presented and well acted. Better than a lot of more widely touted extravaganzas. (December)

PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY, THE—First National.—An adaptation of Eden's novel, but a movie barogue of Homer with wise-cracking titles. Maria Corda is a fascinating new type. (January)

RACING ROMEO, THE—FBO.—Red Grange in a motor maniac fantasy. A weak one. (January)

RAGTIME—First Division.—Just a lot of celluloid. (January)

RAMONA—United Artists.—A pictorially lovely version of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian girl. (March)

RED HAIR—Paramount.—Clara Bow's hair in natural colors! Also an Elvor Glyn story of a gold-digger who gives up all for love. For the Bow fans. (May)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. (December)

RIDERS OF THE DARK—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy in Western Plot Number Four. Roy D'Arcy's teeth in the foreground. (May)

RAT TIME—First Division.—Just a lot of celluloid. (January)

RAMONA—United Artists.—A pictorially lovely version of Helen Hunt Jackson's novel of early California. Dolores Del Rio is excellent as the Indian girl. (March)

RED HAIR—Paramount.—Clara Bow's hair in natural colors! Also an Elvor Glyn story of a gold-digger who gives up all for love. For the Bow fans. (May)

RED RIDERS OF CANADA—FBO.—Heroic stuff about the Great Northwest. (December)

ROAD TO ROMANCE, THE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Joseph Counsil makes it out as an unreal movie. Not congenial stuff for Ramon Novarro. (December)

ROAD TO RUN, THE—Cliff Broughton.—Sponsored by the Juvenile Courts, this film should only be shown to selected audiences. A sensational portrayal of a juvenile delinquent, with nothing real evil, which nothing to do with the imagination. If you like this sort of thing—(May)

ROSE MARIE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Adapted from the musical comedy. Exciting doings and lots of romance are the order of the day. (May)

RUSH HOUR, THE—Pathe-De Mille.—Conventional stuff, ornamented by Marie Prevost and Seena Owen. Oh, dear, these eternal working ails! (April)

SADDLE MATES—Pathe.—Wally Wales indulges in a lot of rough and tumble fighting. You've guessed it—it's a Western. (May)

In a hurry?  

take your bath 

dressed

HURRY dressing—no time for a refreshing bath to make your skin dainty and sweet. That means the dreadful chance of offending with body and perspiration odors.

But there's a new way that gives absolute protection from this danger. Use Deodo, the deodorant in powder form—it neutralizes and absorbs all body odors instantly. Use it daily, bath or no bath!

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Delightful CANDLEMAKER GIRLS are among those who have been using Deodo for years. They know how pretty it makes their skin, and how pleasant the effect on their clothes. It is something for all seasons, and for every age! Use it now and keep your skin lovely all year round.

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N women—shape-ly, graceful—men, straight and powerful. The attractiveness of your entire figure depends upon attractive legs. Why be bow-legged or knock-kneed when you can have legs that charm—In two months?

My new "Long Straitliner" Model 18, U.S. Patent, straightens uniformed legs in only two months, without discomfort or distress. You merely attach it to your legs at night, so light and small you don't know it's there. Endorsed by thousands of men and women.

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Write today, for full particulars.

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*Sadie Thompson*—United Artists. — Gloria Swanson triumphs over the censors. A racy, ironic and dramatically fine story, with a swell performance by Lloyd Barymore and Gloria’s finest acting to date. Not for sixth-grade intelligences, but real stuff for persons of normal, healthy mentalities. (April)

**Sailor’s Sweetheart**, A—Warner. — They have served to call this “comedy.” Don’t do it again, Louise Fazenda! (December)

**Sailor’s Wives**—First National. — A fumigated sequel to “Flaming Youth.” A couple of suburban orgasms enliven it, but it is mostly dour. Mary Astor does her darest to act wild. (May)

**San Francisco Nights**—Gotham. — Mae Busch, as a cabaret girl, rescues Percy Marmont from life in the underworld. Mae’s a good trooper. (April)

**Satan and the Woman**—Excellent. — Shewing how a narrow-minded small town can be made to see a pretty girl like Claire Windsor. Pie on them! (April)

**Scarlet Youth**—S.S. Millard. — Supposed to have a big social message, one of those medical films that plays to “men only” and “women only” audiences. Don’t let them kid you. It’s just to get the easy money of anyone simple enough to take in by the sensational advertising. (April)

**Secret Hour, The**—Paramount. — A white-washing of that fine play, “They Knew What They Wanted,” which proves that you can’t make pictures to please the censors and have ‘em good. (December)

**Serenade**—Paramount. — Holding a stethoscope to the fluttering heart of a musician. One of Adolphe Menjou’s best, and brightened by the presence of Katiyana Carver. (February)

**Shepherd of the Hills**—First National. — Pure Harold Bell Wright and very sweet and clean. But just as tuny, worse hit slow. (March)

**She’s a Sheik**—Paramount. — Bebe Daniels is great as a Wild Arabian gal who captures his man and tames his proud spirit. A swell evening. (January)

**Shield of Honor**—Universal. — Help your- self, if you like crook stories. (December)

**Showdown**—Paramount. — A good pic- ture of life in the depressing Mexican oil fields. Not exactly cheery but well acted by George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. (May)

**Silk Legs**—Fox. — Madge Bellamy demonstrates how to sell silk stockings. Whipped cream. (March)

**Silver Slave, The**—Warner. — How mother saves daughter from the clutches of a villain by vamp- ing him herself. Ah, these self-sacrificing mothers! (February)

**Silver Valley**—Fox. — Tom Mix as a re- formin’ sheriff. Tom has IT. (December)

**Simba**—Martin Johnson Corp. — These charming Travellers of the Marshalls, have made another one of their entertaining jungle pictures. Great studies of wild animals in their native haunts. (April)

**Skinner’s Big Idea**—FB.O. — After a long time-lapse, Bryant Washburn continues the adventures of your old friend, Skinner. (May)

**Sky-Scraper**—Pathé-De Mille. — Love among the riverboats. The locations are stunning, although the plot is hackneyed. With Sue Carol and William Boyd. (April)

**Smart Set, The**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — William Haines takes up flor. Always the same, fresh kid. But good, if you go for flippant youth. (April)

**Soft Living**—Fox. — Adventures of a stenog- rapher who finds that it is easier to get alimony than work for a living. But he learns all. With Madge Bellamy and Johnny Mack Brown. (April)

**Something Always Happens**—Par- amount. — Exceedingly in a haunted house. Good comedy thrills and lots of action. With the eye-scooting Esther Ralston. (May)

**Sorrell and Son**—United Artists. — Herbert Breslin made a touchingly beautiful picture of this story of a father’s love for his son. Superbly played by H. B. Warner and a fine cast. (January)

**Speedy**—Lloyd-Paramount. — Harold Lloyd cap- tures all the dash and excitement of Manhattan. An ingenious and high-spirited comedy. For the whole family. (May)

**Sporting Goods**—Paramount. — Richard Dix plays an enterprising salesman in one of the most successful light comedies. (March)

**Spotlight, The**—Paramount. — How the bu- colic Lizzy Stokes becomes Katya, the Russian star. Nice adding of our own foreign names and temper- ment. With Esther Ralston. (January)

**Square Crones**—Fox. — Original variations of the usual crook business lift this comedy above the ordinarily. Jackie Coombs, a three-year-old kid, runs away with the angles. (April)

**Stand and Deliver**—Pathé-De Mille. — Rod La Rocque plays a French Army and goes on a hand- hunt. Once more Lupe Velez registers a hit. (February)

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face powder and new compacts

As enticing as a riddle

—as alluring as mystery—with a strange, seductive charm unknown 'til now. That’s *Charmal*, TRE-JUR’s newly created odour for Modern Eve

You will find it in a new series of TRE-JUR’s exquisite compacts . . . in the ‘Little One’, with its gracefully curved edge and watch- clasp spring (the price just 50c) . . . in the new ‘Thinset’, no deeper than a dollar (and that’s precisely what it costs). And in this lovely slender compact, you will see a choice of beautifully lacquered colors attuned to your costume and to Modern Art. (Rich gun-metal too, should your dignity prefer.)

**Did you know that TRE-JUR’s Face Powder is now Pre-blended?**

Two powders, a heavy and a light, pre-blended in perfect proportions—a secret union that yields the smoothest powder ever known. A powder that never cakes or flakes—a powder that stays steadfast in its loyal ad- herence to your skin.

Pat a puff of TRE-JUR’s pre-blended powder on your face. Now look closely in the mirror. Note how evenly, how delicately it satinizes and perfects! And if your reflection seems to flatter, remember that mirrors tell the truth.

This unique powder and all TRE-JUR Toilettries, in both Charmal and Joli Memoire fragrances, are sold at leading stores everywhere.

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$1 "Thinset" Compact

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youthful... fair... attractive in the same way

Sisters? No,—not even the same name—actually married and separate. Neither have wrinkled, crow-feet or town lines. WHY?

PARISIAN FLESH FOOD
is the one cream you’ve ever used. Beauty married to time, illness or neglect soon reveals its tender nourishment. Your skin becomes smooth, soft and beautifully attractive. Thousands of women welcome this remarkable discovery for it gives firmness to underlying tissues, fills hollows of face and neck; develops.

Send TODAY for trial sample and "Beauty Secrets". Enclose 2¢ to cover cost of mailing.

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399 Parisaian Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Old Town Canoes"

$5,000
IN CASH PRIZES

By popular demand another great Cut Picture Puzzle Contest starts in this issue of
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

STRANDED—Sterling. A little girl goes to Hollywood to make her fortune... It’s hard to believe that Anita Loos wrote the story. (December.)

*STREET ANGEL—Fox. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell continue to remain in Seventh Heaven. A human, appealing story, admirably acted. By all means see it. (April.)

STREETS OF SHANGHAI—Raymond St. John. Dirty work in China and slightly reminiscent of a lot of better rags. Not so much. (May.)

*SUNRISE—Fox. F. W. Murnau makes the camera do everything but talk. Short on story interest but long on beauty. (December.)

SYMPHONY, THE—Universal. Rather wooden story that tries to be another “Music Master.” Redeemed by a good performance by Jean Hersholt. (January.)

TENDERLOIN—Warner. This time the dirty crooks blame the robbery on Dorothea Costello, the robbery giving her an excuse to register a lot of anguish. (March.)

TEXAS STEER, A—First National. Will Rogers as star and title-writer, puts fun at our politicians. A picture that papa will enjoy. (January.)

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE—Universal. Or the story of a Popular Song. A comedy with an original idea and, incidentally, Laura La Place’s best. (December.)

THIRTEENTH HOUR, THE—Metrop-Goldwyn-Mayer. In spite of trapdoors, secret panels and underground passages, Napoleon, the crafty canine, outsmarts the villains. (February.)

THOROUGHBREDS—Universal. Once again the innocent country lad falls in with a gang of wild women. Good direction and some race-track scenes help some. (May.)

TIGRESS, THE—Columbia. How much Dorothy Revier looks like Gloria Swanson! (February.)

TILLIE’S PUNCTURED ROMANCE—Christie Paramount. Rare antique that has been restored for no good reason. Even with the hard work of Louise French, it is mostly just plain silly. (May.)

TRAGEDY OF YOUTH, THE—Raymond St. John. Pretty Ruth Miller and Buster Colliver in an ultramodern comedy showing the folly of youthful marriages. Smooth and sophisticated. (May.)


TREE OF LIFE, THE—Zenith. The story of the Eastern, later on, with the assistance of the University of California, prepared the scientific data. Educational and worth your while. (April.)

TRICK OF HEARTS, A—Universal. Hoot Gibson in a simple-minded story. Rather puerile. (April.)

TURN BACK THE HOURS—Gotham. All right, turn back the hours and what does it get you? Just a quickie, with a lot of well-known players filling in between more important pictures. (May.)

TWO FLAMING YOUTH—Paramount. Introducing a new co-starring team—W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. Great fun for all but the chronic weepers. (March.)

TWO GIRLS WANTED—Fox. Adapted from Jack Gilford’s stage success, it’s a nice, amusing story about a modern working girl. With the adorable Janet Gaynor. (February.)

TWO LOVERS—United Artists. Some direction, magnificent acting and fine settings cannot disguise the fact that this is the same old plot. But Ronald Colman and Vivien Leigh are simply swell. (April.)

*UNCLE TOM’S CABIN—Universal. Harriet Beecher Stowe’s story rewritten to include the Civil War. Sherman’s March to the Sea. An effective picture, if you don’t mind the violence done to the old favorite. (January.)

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Flash, "the wandering dog," shows that the doggies did their share in fighting the war. (March.)


UPLAND RIDER, THE—First National. Ken Maynard rides the winning horse in the race that saves the old homestead. A routine plot but a grand boss-race. (May.)

*VALLEY OF THE GIANTS, THE—First National. —Spendidly presented drama of the Big Tree Country, stirringly acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (February.)

VAMPING VENUS—First National. A "Connecticut Yankee" comedy designed to get back some of the money spent on the "Helen of Troy" sets. Cock-eyed enough to be popular. Thelma Todd is lovely and Charlie Ruggles funny. What else would you want? (May.)

Puzzle—Each advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
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Hurried hours like split seconds—pleasure hours. Tennis fades to tea and tea blends to a gay foursome of flashing clubs. Dusk...then homing...for dinner and the dance!

Winton Watches—gleaming on wrists that pilot rakish roadsters...flashing with the swing of whirling clubs...glowing to the rhythm of softest music. Beauty like a flame...in cases with the lines of a master etching...new...modern...with the dash and verve of youth. More—movements with the dependability of thoroughbreds—true to the second...finely jeweled...the creations of one family for over one hundred years. At better jewelers—of course!—where you'll instinctively choose a WINTON.

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NAROLA Freckle Soap penetrates the pores, softens the skin and removes freckles and skin spots surely, completely. It simply washes them away. Narola soap not only rid you of freckles, but it reveals the fairness and beauty of your skin, bringing you the charm and beauty of a clear, soft, unfreckled skin—an attractiveness rightfully yours.

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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing. We snip, Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklef free. No today, enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture. 25 years in business.

266-C Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.
had languished for her hand and for—but we
won't go into that.
She could stun, stupefy, astonish, amaze, petrify, confound, bewilder, flabbergast, stagger,
throw on one's beam end, fascinate, 
turn the head, cause the tongue to cleave to
the roof of the mouth, annihilate, etc., etc., etc.

Did anyone accuse me of madness? Not
anyone. On the contrary, they rallied to the
needy risen star by the gross and wrote her
letters that took three secretaries working
on day and night shifts to answer. They told
her that it was "simply grand" to be able to
see the grand-daughter of a Belted Earl who
had been born on the right breast of the
Sphinx, and no wonder she could surprise,
astonish, amaze and astound.

NOW comes my point:

Attracted by me by the reports of my
success I was, in the nature of things, be-
sieged by this one and that one to take him
or her "on."

"Make me a star, too," was a part of my
daily bread.

Well, there came my way a quaint appearing
little man desirous of doing character bits. A
small stern person, he was, with a shifty eye
and a pocket full of inferiority complexes.

With my perspicacious eye I saw at once
that he had possibilities; that he was, or could
be, a type. And the first steps to be taken were
the eliminations of the shifty eye and the
inferiority complexes.

This I did and lo, Napoleon emerged.

I am telling you the simple truth. The man
was Napoleon Bonaparte.

Naturally, in pursuance of my duty, my
job, I announced to the world that I had
found Napoleon.

I didn't go into a lot of hokum about re-
incarnation and all that stuff.

I am sane enough to know that I don't know
the ins and outs of all that. I can't account
for a great many things. I don't try to. Nor
can I account for the phenomenon of Napoleon
living again in this, our age.

Just as naturally I went about informing
friends and foes of the astounding discovery.
I talked convincingly and at length to directors,
producers, exhibitors and interviewers. And
where, but yesterday, they had believed me,
today they call me mad.

I can't understand it. It is very unfair.
You see, the man IS Napoleon. They be-
thieved me about Florence and Morgan and
Flavia.

About Napoleon they will not believe.
Yet one is as true as the other. It is very
strange.

And I am asking you, is it fair, is it right,
is it just?

---

Chew

DENTYNE

...and smile!

You can't help liking the man who has a
winning smile. And somehow he gets things
done! Teeth count a lot in a real smile —
Keep them sparkling white with delicious
Dentyne. It's a quality gum. Chew Dentyne
... and smile!

K E E P S  T E E T H  W H I T E

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PHOTOPLAY now offers its readers the opportu-
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homes in your community—are prospective subscribers
for PHOTOPLAY. Who, today, is not interested in
moving pictures—the chief recreation of the
American public?

Be the first in your com-
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I am interested in your money-making offer
to your readers. Send me the details at once.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Amateur Movies

[continued from page 67]

Taylor-Hobson Cooke E.3.5. Universal lens. He used Cine-Kodak film, made all the titles on Eastman positive stock and developed the film.

The chief 9 millimeter prize, of $250, was awarded to Clarence R. Underwood, of 3938 Kennerly Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. This was a well photographed and smoothly assembled study of the famous St. Louis Zoo. Mr. Underwood is twenty-three years old.

His film was made under trying conditions with a Pathex. Most of the scenes were photographed in December. The interior shots, of the reptile house, were made without the use of artificial lights. A movable celluloid letter title board, with two 500-watt lamps for illumination, was used in making the captions. The lead title was a double exposure one.

The special award, also of $500, went to Kennin Hamilton, of 28 Maitland Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, for his visualization of Hood's "The Dream of Eugene Aram" in 16 millimeters. Mr. Hamilton played the principal role of Eugene Aram, disclosing a graceful pantomimic skill. The photography was handled by R. A. Mackenzie. A Cine-Kodak, using Kodak Safety Film, was used.

Mr. Hamilton had no special lenses or equipment and yet he achieved some singularly beautiful shots. Nature supplied his lighting, even for his interiors. A step ladder served as a tripod.

Mr. Hamilton is twenty-three years old and was educated at Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ontario. He is now employed in a Toronto stock and bond house. Most of the scenes of "The Dream of Eugene Aram" were shot at Lakefield.

"In making the picture," says Mr. Hamilton, "I used a scenario first, then made a list of what I considered appropriate backgrounds. The titling and cutting involved some time and thought and scenes which seemed too ponderous were cut down. In attempting to make a smooth continuity, one or two unanticipated scenes were made and injected. Each scene was rehearsed and the positions of the players made as effective as possible."

After deciding upon the winners of the three divisions—35, 16 and 9 millimeter—the judges had considerable difficulty in arriving at a de-
Hollywood Knows
Movie Cameras

And Hollywood says
DeVry Is Best!

Today there is scarcely a studio in Hollywood that does not use the DeVry for filming "difficult shots" in feature productions. In fact, so many famous cameramen and directors use and acclaim this magic camera for professional and personal movie making, that the DeVry has come to be known as "Hollywood's Own" movie camera.

If you take your own precious movies with the chosen camera of experts and be assured of professional results? Anyone can take perfect movies with the DeVry. It's as easy as taking snapshots. All you have to do is point the camera and press a button—the movies take themselves.

And DeVry-made movies are just as sharp, as perfect, as true to life as those you see in the theatre. For the DeVry embodies advanced features found in no other amateur camera and it makes movies are recorded on professional 35mm film. See the DeVry at your camera store or write for Free Book.

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"We Buy You What The Stars Buy" (Reg.)

Do you know that Hollywood styles are a year ahead of New York and that daily Hollywood's film stars shop in the specialty stores of Hollywood? We will buy for you in these shops any article you desire without additional cost to you.

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**Even a Wall-Flower**

Even a wall-flower can become an American Beauty. For Po-Go is a French, handmade rouge that transforms! Its smooth touch, in your own becoming shade, results in that rose-like blush that once was the secret of Mother Nature! Po-Go's three colors are universally desired; The new Vié—a bright touch that mates with every complexion; Brique—the favorite for fair skins; Rose—a luring raspberry tint that all brunettes adore!

Po-Go ROUGE
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Say, "Po-Go" to your druggist. He'll say, "How clever." Or we'll admire your judgment by mail. Just send us the 50c.

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**How Corns**

Calluses are ended now

*This new way stops pain in 3 seconds*

**SCIENCE** has perfected new methods in ending corns and callus spots. No more paring. That is temporary; that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with this amazing liquid which acts like a local anesthetic. The pain stops in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort... instantly!

Then Soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off with your fingers like decaf skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Ask your druggist for "GETS-IT!" Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" World's Fastest Way

---

**The New QRS Combination Camera and Projector**

AFTER an extended investigation of the amateur movie field, the QRS Company of Chicago has announced that it will market a movie camera and projector at a total cost of $98.50. This is a combination machine, the camera and projector being one and the same. By the attachment of a lamphouse and electric motor, the camera becomes a projector. The QRS Company believes that, if a film is run through the same mechanism for projection as the one photographing the picture, a more perfect result will be obtained than by utilizing two separate machines.

The camera department of the QRS Company is a new departure. This organization holds a supreme position in the music and radio activity, being famous for its QRS music rolls and QRS radio and rectifier tubes. The complete resources of the company are behind the making of the new movie camera and projector.

Mr. Hammond is twenty, and at present engaged as a stenographer. He used a Cine-Kodak B, with the regular F 3.5. lens. His only attachment was a Wolfensak vignetter. Two Tauet-Minima arc lights were tried and later a 100-watt Mazda was added. These were used for close-ups only.

A number of other interesting films were received, many of them getting into the finals. Dr. H. A. Heise, 23 Delaware Avenue, Uniontown, Pa., sent in two 16 millimeter films, one of them a fantastic story of a surgeon and a lost soul, which attracted the attention of the judges. It was well-photographed, with numerous near-UF A touches. Mrs. Heise did some good acting in this, playing a young woman who loses her soul under an unscrupulous surgeon's scalp.

The Rochester Community Players, of Rochester, N. Y., submitted their drama "Fly Low Jack and the Game," which has been much talked about in amateur circles. It was very workmanlike. (16 mm.)

MYRON ZOBEL, of 8 Strathmore Drive, Berkeley, Calif., entered a scenic, filmed in the South Seas, showing a fantastic native burial. It was striking and deckedly professional in its handling. (16 mm.)

The Drama Class of the Newport News High School, Newport News, Va., presented a football story in which most of the students seem to have taken part.

It was done with a lot of spontaneity and *Photoplay* wishes to congratulate the Newport News boys and girls upon their work. (16 mm.)

A reel showing many interesting shots of the tragic Dole air race to Hawaii, submitted by C. S. Morris, of 240 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Calif., had much merit. Mr. Morris caught close-up of all the lucky and unlucky participants. (16 mm.)

Vanrick Frissel, of 132 East 72nd Street, New York, submitted a very interesting Canadian scenic, "The Lure of Labrador," made during an exploring trip. (16 mm.)

A MYSTERY story came from the Motion Picture Club of New Haven, 175 Orange Street, New Haven, Conn. This was well filmed, smoothly acted and of unusual merit. (16 mm.)

Thomas Cardoza, of 43 East 99th Street, New York, went to great pains in filming the 35 millimeter division, a flower study. This was done in slow motion with many beautiful close-ups. This entry was of striking excellence.

The Cinema Crafters, of 1619 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa., presented an interesting 35 millimeter experimental film which revealed unusual treatment.

The Cinema Crafters are doing a lot of pioneer work and their contest film had interesting possibilities.

*Photoplay* regrets that it cannot tell in detail of many other unusual contest films. These were of a high standard, revealing care and skill, as well as a great interest in amateur cinematography. *Photoplay* congratulates each and every contestant upon his or her work.

*Photoplay* also wishes to thank the Amateur Cinema League for its co-operation and specifically to thank Major Roy W. Winton, Stephen V. Voorhees, John Beardslee Carrigan, Arthur L. Gale and Walter D. Kerst of that organization for their interest and personal aid in examining and studying the contest films.

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**Persistency Wins**

*(continued from page 101)*

"Getting signed was nothing compared to getting them to use me! I saw Mr. Mayer every week until he made a place for me," she told me. Once as an extra in a Western.

"Now I want a role where you don't have to use make-up, where just a flicker of an eye lash shows your dramatic ability," is her frank ambition.

"And I'll get it. Persistency wins in this game, I tell you."
Misinformation
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

truth of the matter is, he saw the Countess three times, always at large social gatherings. Last Thanksgiving Dick had dinner with his former wife and her new family. No paper printed anything about that. It was such an evident expression of friendliness and fair play, that no one saw enough news value to carry the story.

THERE is one man in this city who is called The Saint of Hollywood because of his unlimited kindness to friendless girls in this city. Yet even this man is not exempted from these stories of misinformation. When Barbara La Marr died, she left him as guardian of her child. Immediately the claim went forth that he was the father of the child. Yet ZaSu Pitts, who has since adopted the youngster, has a letter from a Texas orphan asylum where Barbara La Marr found the infant, which should prove the adoption story. Of course, no star in the city can adopt a family without immediately being heralded as the parent. Yet adoption among other folk is not an unusual situation.

Another cinema youngster, one of the pathetic young women who came out here without sufficient funds to maintain herself, was trapped in a wild party on the bogus premise that the people concerned would assist her to a motion-picture position. The revelation was too much. She went into hysterics and was confined to a psychiatric ward by the frightened party-givers. She would undoubtedly have been sent to the insane asylum had not this same man heard of her plight and furnished thirty-five dollars a week for her recovery in a mountain sanitarium. But if this had been printed, do you suppose people would have believed that he had ever seen the youngster? She would simply have been added to the list of young women he is supposed—because of Misinformation—to have helped for personal reasons.

The girls in Hollywood many times lose chances for splendid marriages because misinformation is given out in advance that they are engaged to the men paying them attention. I know of two cases recently where young feminine players were going about with well-known actors. Some over-seas newspaper reporter flashed the word of the engagements across the country. The men did not call again. And neither girl had actually made an engagement. One was depending upon playing opposite the man, and through this bit of misinformation lost a position which she very much needed.

LOS ANGELES evening newspaper carried the headlines that Irene Rich was married by a great film star. The girl in the mountains who might have been trapped, had she not escaped, was Alma Q. Nilsson. Immediately the report was set in action that Miss Rich herself had given out the information that she might get her name in the papers.

A few days later came the story that Miss Rich had been severely bitten on the wrist by a dog in a picture. The tale added that in the fracas Miss Rich had also resorted to biting and chunked off a piece of the animal's ear. But Miss Rich was so afraid that people would again clamor after another role by the story that she did up her arm in a bandage before she went out to a party.

She would rather have the world believe the first bit of misinformation than to believe that she had made it all up to get her name in the papers.

Of course, we would go on and write a book on this subject, so multifarious are the misinformation stories. Conrad Nagel was working nights and met his own wife at midnight at a little restaurant for dinner. Soon the word

Keen Your Armpits Dry and Odorless!

YOU can do it! It's easily and quickly done! A few drops of NONSPI (an antiperspirant liquid) applied to your underarms about twice a week will keep your armpits dry and odorless.

NONSPI, used and endorsed by physicians and nurses, does not actually stop perspiration—it destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation. There is no excuse for anyone being annoyed by underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. NONSPI will correct it! NONSPI will keep your armpits dry and odorless—also save your clothing from destructive perspiration stains.

NONSPI is more than a deodorant. It is an old, tried and proven, dependable preparation which for many years has brought relief to men and women from excessive underarm perspiration and its disagreeable odor. Many women with a millionth of an inch keep their armpits dry and odorless and protect their clothing by using NONSPI.

NONSPI should be used the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. It is an absolute toilet requisite. No one who is victim of excessive underarm perspiration can feel at ease where this condition exists. Why let it exist, when it can be so easily prevented?

Try NONSPI! Purchase a bottle from your Toilet Goods Dealer or Druggist for 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer Accept our 1¢ Trial Offer (several weeks' supply)

The Nonspi Company
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Name
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City

No more perspiration ruined clothes!

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a real size bottle of NONSPI

How I Lost
97 Pounds
in a safe easy way

You stult folks will be interested in the story of my reduction.

I took no exercise courses in dieting or exercise, no drugs, no thyroid or glandular extracts, no sweat baths, lotions, soaps or creams. But I did lose 97 pounds.

Today my weight is normal, I feel better, have more vigor and vitality. I have no wrinkles or flabby skin. My insurance companies who examined me before and after reducing now say I am an excellent risk, that I have probably added years to my life. As a consequence my premium's have been reduced over $1,000 a year.

Won't you let me tell you without cost or obligation how easy and safe it is? Just send your name and address today.

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Before 279 lbs.

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When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.
Thick Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week

Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on naturally produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither castrating nor medicine is used for the sole. 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

was out that he was conniving with a strange woman at the midnight supper hour. A girl walked into Hollywood claiming to be the daughter of Lillie Daniels and a well-known male star. She proved to be two years younger than Bebe. A recent screen discovery was seen a couple of times with a director. A reporter dug up the director's flower bill, discovered some of them had been sent to this youngster, and the tale went out that the girl was in trouble and the wife of the man was suing him naming the player as correspondant. Absolute misinformation.

TELEPHONE calls from New York and Chicago newspapers via Hollywood inquiries about false scandals are almost daily occurrences. When Doris Kenyon went to New York to consult a specialist, came the word that she had married from her husband, Milton Sills. Charlie Farrell's marriage to Greta Nissen in Riverside was a two-column headline story which brought Charlie's mother and father to the coast for a visit. Charlie has never been married.

Mary Brian's engagement to George O'Brien was announced in the San Francisco papers. "Father" O'Brien from his position as chief of police of the northern city, said, "I would be proud if it were true," when he read it.

Bebe Daniels was locked up in the Santa Ana jail for speeding. Her friends and her stunts insisted upon sending in food and luxuries. The Women's Clubs took up the matter, claiming that she was being made an exception, when she had only been arrested for publicity. The restaurant where friends had arranged for the food, had a sign in their window, "We feed Bebe Daniels," but Bebe in her cell knew nothing about it.

Clara Bow is naturally vivacious and gets much fun out of living. The stories printed about her would stretch many a mile. Most of them are ridiculous to those of us who know the real Clara.

Joan Crawford was asked to refrain from going out evenings and get to bed early for the sake of her health and her pictures.

She did as requested, but the radios at the various places to dine and to dance continued to announce, "Miss Joan Crawford is now entering." Joan successfully proved again and again that she was in bed on these occasions, but the radios continue to make the statement.

John Gilbert had not seen his father for years. Suddenly a man purporting to be his parent appeared in the city. Without absolute proof of the relationship, John accepted it as a fact and made a liberal allowance for the man who had done nothing for him since John was an infant. The son did not invite him to live at his home—it would have been like inviting a stranger. You know how he has been publicly maligned as either neglecting his father or forcing him to flee himself into an illegitimate son. Falsehoods from every angle.

Reginald Morris, a scenario writer, died from heart failure caused by acute indigestion. Any average driver would simply have passed on this, but that would have been all there was to it. But the next day one paper stated an extra girl had been found in his room, another that there had been another lady discovered, another that the doctor refused to sign a certificate. But the man was buried—and his death was caused by heart failure. No, you cannot die honestly in Hollywood.

AND so on, down the endless list of "facts" given out as truths about the motion picture people. Hollywood is the Mecca for reporters and writers. Undoubtedly none of them make a mistake to give out wrong information, but because it is Hollywood, they make the almost universal mistake of believing what is told them—and pass it on to their readers publishing that which they would believe if a story a week in Hollywood magazine—photoplay magazine.
Hitting the camera line for a closeup. The player to the right is William Haines just about to make a gain of fifty yards—on celluloid. Its a scene from...
Beauty Figure Easily Acquired

In a few weeks, you can have a figure youthful, slender, completely proportioned if you but follow the new weight control system, the result of the Weight Control Conference held in the N. Y. Academy of Medicine. By this method you can both attain and keep your proper weight and take off or put on weight as you desire. You can mold your form to your wishes. No drugs, starvation diets, fatiguing exercises are employed.

Weight Control Program

To prove to what extent you can be FREE for us, we will send you a 30-Day Program (complete with daily menus, exercises). The result, a 30-lb. reduction at least, will convince you that you need not be too fat or too thin. Just Mail Coupon! Nothing to Buy!

This program will be sent you with the compliments of the makers of the Health-O-Meter Automatic Scale that makes weight control so much easier. Weighing daily is an added safeguard against over-eating. We suggest you try this plan if you are beginning to get too fat or too thin.

A Health-O-Meter is procurable at almost any department store, drug store, hardware, or drug store. It is furnished with a complete Scientific Weight Control Course.

Health-O-Meter

Continental Scale Works, Dept. 37-F, 5703 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation to me, send me your 30-Day Weight Control Program.

Name

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Knew-BLONDE

Hair Darkening?

-use this special shampoo

Blonde hair is of such delicate texture that ordinary shampoos are very apt to dull its lustre, darken its color. Blondes, the special shampoo for blondes only, keeps hair light and lovely, brings back the glisten and sparkle to dull, faded hair. Not a dye. No harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Over a million users. At all good drug and department stores.


Fire and Steel—Elmer. From the story by E. A. Porinchak adapted by Herman Bracken. The cast: Anne McGregor, Mary McAllister, Terry O'Farrell, Jack Perrin; Mary O'Farrell, Giggy Fitzgerald; Sandy M. McGregor, Burt Mcintosh; Tom Walford, Paul McCullough; G. W. Bresnan, Frank Newburg.

Fools for Luck—Paramount. From the story by Harry F. Employees. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. The cast: Richard Wilson, W. C. Fields, Samuel Harkness, John Barrymore, Sally Blane; Ray Cordell, Jack Luden; Mrs. Haney, Mary Alden; Charles Gregson, Arthur Homer, Jesse Simpson, Robert Dudley; Mrs. O'Allan, Martha Matlack.

Honor Bound—Fox. From the story by Jack Reben, Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Edward L. Cahn. The cast: Herbert Benson. The cast: Tito, Lon Chaney; Simon, Bert Roach; Segal, Simon; Loretta Young; Graceo, Gay Fitzgerald; Luise, Nina Astier; Diane, Gwen Lee.

L Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

First screening. Directed by John Fox, Jr. Adapted by Beatrice Mirsky. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: Ford, Bertha Bitterness; Old Joe Turner, Nelson McDowell; Mau Turner, N. Tallman; Mattie Turner, Viva Vetter; Della Turner, Pauline. Parent; Doro Turner, Mark Hamilton; Melissa Turner, Molly O'Day; Caleb Hail, William Bertram; Old T Dog; Stuart; Old Colonel; Woman; Tom; Tom; Tom; Diddly; Ralph Leahy; Nellie Cherry; Gustav von Seyffertitz; The Circuit Rider; Robert Baldwin; Jack; the dog; Bump; Major Beke; Charlie Gillingwater; General Lee; Mrs. Lee; Mrs. Doro; Mrs. Tallman; Estelle Benson; Margaret Doro; her, Doris Donaldson; Grant Warden; Victor Roberts.

Love Hungry—Fox. From the story by Randall Tate and Robert Benchley. Directed by Victor Heerman. The cast: Joan Robinson; Louis Sorson; Robert Lowery; Mamie Pat; Marjorie Beech; Mr. Robinson; Edythe Chapman; Pa Robinson; James Neill; Lovey Von Hook, John Patrick.

Love Is Uncertain—Paramount. From the play by Alfred Savoir. Adapted by Ernest Vajda. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Henry Adolph Menjou; The Tiger Prince; Evelyn Brent; Doris Davenport; Stage Manager, Ernest; Guasti; The Doctor, Marce Carillo; The Count, Leonardo de Vese; The Marqués, Jules Baccourt.


Matinee Idol The—Columbia. From the story by Robert L. Howard and Ernest Pugnace. Adapted by Elmer Harris. Directed by Frank Capra. Photography by Phillip Tarantola. The cast: Gig Young; Willam Wilson; Hart; Johnnie Walker, John Bower, Lionel Belmore; Hugues; Ernest Hilliard; J. Madison Walshefore; Sidney D'Albrook; Eric Barrymore, David Mil.

My Home Town—Rav-Ayt. From the story by William Cameron Menzies, adapted by Howard St. John. Photography by Han Depew. The cast: Matt Andrews; Gladys Brockwell; David Warren, Gaston Glass; Francis, Violet Leflaide; The Evangelist; Carl Schock, Edgar Eddy, Henry Sedlak; Joseph Payne; Penman, Wm. Quinn; The Mother, Ruth Cherrington; The Father, Frank Clark.


Out of the Past—Peersless. From the story by John Wray and Robert Pozzi, Continuity by H. Figure Stock. Directed by Dallas M. Fitch. Photofogy by Milton Moore. The cast: Dena Prentiss, Robert Fout, Donald MacNee; Agatha, Margaret Hungerford; Harold Neish, Ernest Wood, Mrs. Prentiss, Rose Prentiss; Jane; Duane; Vincent; David, Mary Prentiss; Sandy, Joyce; Jovian; Captain John Barrister, Harold Miller; Betty Congressional, Joyce Prentiss.

Patroon, the Paramount. From the story by Alfred Newman. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: Paul, Emil Jannings; Assistant, K. Krall, Lewis Stone; Anna Oster, Florence Vidor.

Photoplay Magazine—Adverti sing Section

Skin Without Hair

"I've tried other methods but I give all praise to Del-A-Tone. It's far better than shaving or pulling hair out by the roots, and it tends to discourage regrowth." Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard deplagary for 20 years. Del-A-Tone Cream is now white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use. Removes hair in only 3 minutes from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty. Del-A-Tone Cream or Fowler's is sold by drug and department stores, or sent prepaid in plain wrapper, at U.S. for $1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, Dept. 86. Del-A-Tone Co., 724 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Drake Hotel Chicago

Rooms with bath, $8.00 a day, single; $8.00 double—and up. Located on shore of Lake Michigan, yet within five minutes of Theaters and Shopping District.

Under the famous Blackstone management, known the world over.

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Clear Skin of Blemishes

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin if you will only try pure, liquid detergent D. D. S. B. Booths the times, quickly driving away pimples, blisters and other blemishes. Blemishes instantly. This healing, stainless steel penetrates the skin and dries up almost immediately. A strict halt is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous unguent—or your money back. All drug stores.

D.D.S. Skin Lotion

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Photography has never been more accessible or easier to learn with our PHOTOGRAPHY at Home course. Get started with basic techniques and build your skills at your own pace. Includes a free book, savings on photographic equipment, and 30% off at participating stores. For more information, visit your local home improvement center or go online.

Photography in PHOTOPLAY Magazine is guaranteed.
PHOTOPLOY MAGAZINE—ADVERTISING SECTION

**MAGIC FACE POWDER**

makes skin new, soft, satiny!

"My DEAR, I've never seen your face look so SOFT and SATINY! What did you DO—have your FACE PIGMENTED? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! It CERTAINLY makes you look years YOUNGER, my dear! Let me TRY some of that MAGIC POWDER inMEDIately!"

Kissproof is a new type of face powder made from a secret formula imported from France. That's why it gives skin a new, soft, satiny tone that could never before be obtained with any other face powder!

Kissproof stays on!

But unlike ordinary face powder, Kissproof doesn't wear off like a first love affair! It is only called the Extra Hour Powder—its stings hours longer than any face powder you've ever used!

We urge you to see what NEW SKIN in this Extra Hour Powder will give you! Most French Powders of its type sell for 40c. Kissproof Kissproof can be obtained at your favorite toilet goods counters for only 40c. If you would like to try before buying, send for Kissproof Treasure Chest.

**SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER**

Kissproof, Inc., Dept. A 125
3012 Clibourn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
For 50c enclosed stamps or coins, send me Kissproof Treasure Chest as outlined above. Include Badge, Beauty Booklet. I use—

[ ] Fair
[ ] White
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I rate your favorite Indianapolis, Mo.

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**Skin Troubles**

Clear up—often in 24 hours

You can safely employ gentle powder medicated with this face or body, Barbers' 25c, Enlarged Eyes, 25c. Other by 25c. Over 50,000 users—simply magical in prompt results.

**FREE BOOK**

A "CLEAR-TONE SKIN" booklet that tells every beauty the facts of nature. Also available to all women, $1.00.

*THE WILD WOMAN!* an exciting book by E. G. SIVENS

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Get one of three fascinating, big-pay positions! You can safely employ gentle powder medicated with this face or body, Barbers' 25c, Enlarged Eyes, 25c. Other by 25c. Over 50,000 users—simply magical in prompt results.

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**FREE BOOK**

A "CLEAR-TONE SKIN" booklet that tells every beauty the facts of nature. Also available to all women, $1.00.
"I Will Pay $500 If You Lose 25 lbs."

said my husband to me one day.

This is the story a lady told the writer. She accepted the offer, and started that day on Marmola. The cost of losing 25 pounds was $5. The effort was almost nothing. Her profit was $495.

But think what she gained in new beauty, new vitality, new charm. She is six years younger, and money cannot measure that.

Men and women, for 20 years, have been using Marmola prescription tablets for millions of them. The results are seen in every circle. Almost everyone has friends who can tell them. Excess fat is far less objectionable when Marmola aims to correct a common cause of obesity in a scientific way. Its chief factor is now employed by physicians, the world over in treating excess fat. The complete formula appears in every box. Also the reasons for results. This is done to ward off any fear of harm.

Abnormal exercise or diet is never required nor advised, but moderation helps. Simply take four tablets daily until normal gland conditions bring weight down. Full details in every box.

With fat reduction comes other benefits which will make you doubly glad.

Learn what Marmola means to you. Every tablet is worth its weight in gold if it does what it does for so many. And all results come from correcting a condition that's normal. A help which has proved itself for 20 years, with such results, such a growing demand, deserves a test.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

The Story of Greta Garbo

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

"After 'The Torrent,' I started on 'The Temptress' with Mr. Stiller. But," her voice changed, choked for a moment. "Mr. Stiller is an artist. He does not understand about the American factories. He has always made his own pictures in Europe, where he is the master. In our country it is always the small studio. He does not understand the American Business. He could speak no English. So he was taken off the picture. It was given to Mr. Nilko."

"How I was broken to pieces, nobody knows. I was so unhappy I did not think I could go on. I could not understand the English directions. Week in, week out from seven until six. Six months on the story. More than twenty costumes to try on over and over. That is why I do not care about clothes. There are so many clothes in every picture. I cannot think of them when I am away from a picture."

"I never missed a day. I was never late to work.

"It is not true that I have refused to work and have said, 'I will go home' as the papers have said about me."

"When I had finished 'The Temptress,' they gave me the script for 'The Flesh and the Devil' to read. I did not like the story. I did not want to be a silly temptress. I cannot see any sense in getting dressed up and doing nothing but tempting men in pictures."

"Mr. Mayer called me in and said I was to start right away. My sister had died while I was making 'The Temptress.' My poor body wasn't able to carry on any longer. I was so tired, so sick, so heart-broken."

"I went to Mr. Mayer and said, 'Meester Mayer, I am dead tired. I am sick. I cannot do another picture right away. And I am unhappy about this picture."

"And they said, 'That's just too bad. Go on and try on your clothes and get ready.'"

"If people are not happy, I should think you would try and make them happy. I am sick," was all that I answered.

"I am not the kind of a girl who can powder my nose and say, 'Ah, go on with you.' What wouldn't I have given to have been born an
American girl. To have understood the American language and the American business.

"What could I do? I went to the hotel in Santa Monica and lay down to think. I did not think I could go on. I had heard of a manager. So I got one—somebody who could talk the English language."

"He saw how sick I was, how tired. 'Poor lady, why don't you go home and rest?' he told me.

"So I went home for two days. Then I heard about the papers. They say, 'Greta Garbo go home.'—She is temperamental—she cannot be handled."

"I did not understand that, so I went to my manager and said, 'Maybe I better go back to the studio. I have rested two days. It does not make any difference here whether I am tired and sick and have lost my sister. I do not understand and I will go back.'"

"So I went back and said nothing.

"And there met me for the first time, except to nod to him, John Gilbert. And he was so that it was with? He has such

"And had a letter saying by coming down to see the sketches I had refused to work and they could not pay me. What could I do?"

"Then a very kind friend told me about a man who would understand both me and the people of this country. I had a lawyer to manage me up to this time. But this new man, they said, knew all about the studio and all about the making of pictures."

"He had been in Europe a long time and would sympathize and understand that all I wanted was no trouble and just a chance to make good stories. So I went to see Mr. Harry Edington, and after talking to me every day, almost for more than a week, and coming to believe that I was not all the papers had said about me, he said he would manage my business. My contracts, my money, my work, everything. You do not know what that means to a girl who knows nothing about this big country and this big American studio business.

"Since then, I have not had trouble. Because he understands both their business and understanding of his business."

"But before I employed him I was home seven months without pay. I did not say anything or do anything. And the papers always said I was poor."

"I was terribly restless. I figured out that maybe the next moment I would be packing my trunks. I was so low, as you say, that I could break. Greta Garbo is like when you are in love. Suppose the man you love does something to hurt you. Think you will break it off, but you don't do it.

"Finally, they called and say they have a story. I read it and went out and asked what part I was to play and they said the little part. Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody were to play the big parts. Mr. Edington told me to do it, so I did not say a word, but tried on the dresses and was all ready to play the little part in the picture, when Miss Pringle said she would not do it.

"Then they called me and said I was impossible and could not be handled. For the first time I answered Mr. Mayer back. I said I had all my clothes fitted and was ready to

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physicians endorse as
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Keeps hair curly, live and lustrous.

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Mary T. Goldman, 108-H Goldman Bldg.,
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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit, X shows
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brown (dark red) Light brown.
black (light red) Blonde.

Street.

City.

---Please print your name and address---

Here Comes the BRIDE!

The organ slowly played, the church bell
 chimed. Hundreds of admiring eyes watched
her walk down the aisle, to join the man she
loved. A few moments, a few words and her
happiness would be complete. Many wondered
why she was the bride, when there were others
more beautiful and talented. But her secret
was simple. She had read a new book which shows
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It's all very simple and easy when you know how.

Write your name and address on the margin
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Write for Free Booklet

WM. DAVIS, M. D., 124-D Grove Ave., Woodridge, N. J.

what you are doing? And the other American
people?

"When I was starting 'Anna Karenina,'
the wardrobe department sent me flowers. I was
so pleased that I knew in a big factory-studio they
cannot send you flowers and do things for others

"But—"it made me feel a little closer.

She was lovely. Of course, I have been
in love. Love is the last and a
woman's education. How could you
express love, if you have never felt it? You
can express love, but it is not the
feeling when you haven't been in love? I am
different from the others.

Marriage? I have told many times, I do
not. I like to be alone; not always with
some other person.

There are many things in your heart you
cannot tell to another person. They are you!

Your joys and sorrows—and you can never,
never tell them. It is not right that you should
tell them.

Yes, cheapen yourself, the inside of your-
self, when you tell them.

There is really nothing to my story, as I
told in the beginning. I was born in a
house, I grew up like other people. I have found
my life work, and all I want is to do it and then
travel. I have had troubles the same as other
persons. I was a poor, simple--
tine person, but I found another. Mr. Stiller had
to go back to Europe. How I miss him. He
talked in my own language. I ove
everything to Mr. Stiller. I have not understood every-
thing over here, but now everything is settled
and we are all working together. I cannot
stand trouble.

And I have no plans. After I go back to Sweden, then who knows? My con-
tract is for five years, remember.

I have told the truth. That is everything there.

How? No he will tell a went
smile. "American cities are not covered with
flowers, but I have found many flowers in
America.

And that's all. My little story of my life in a
paragraph—of my whole life as far as that
matters—is finished."

GRETA GARBO drew her grey woolen cloak
`such as we wear in Sweden" around her.
Her eyes sought the windows, as though to
penetrate the dark secrets beyond them. And
as she looked past me, beyond, into a world
which my eyes could not see. There was born
in me a great ambition, an ambition to acquire
this woman as a friend.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by
the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,
of Photoplay Magazine Published Monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1st, 1928
State of Illinois, in

Before me, on 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, so far as she knows, a true statement of the ownership, manage-
ment, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above
statement, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, is given in the
section, captioned "Statement of Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of August 24, 1912,"
hereunto subscribed, which is printed on the face of this page of the
publication for the date shown in the above statement.

Kathryn Dougherty

Photoplay Magazine

M. EVELYN MCVILLY

My commission expires January 15, 1931.

Every advertisement in PHOTPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Photoplay Magazine—Advertising Section
There dashed across my mind a story I had
forgotten. Greta Garbo was on one of her rare party-
gatherings.
A woman told a story about Susan. A story
which left the impression that Susan was not
honest.
“Did you hear Susan was married to
America?”
Greta had inquired.
“Why, we are!” the woman had laughingly
answered.
“But if you are friends you could not say
that of one another.”
You have heard her reference to children.
She understands them because she is herself a
child. In her simplicity, her beliefs, her de-
vo-tions. And as I listened to her life story, I
knew I could not help but believe each word she
was saying. She told it in perfect English,
exactly as it is written,—the English of a child
who is learning.
And I wondered, as she concluded, has
America become so complicated, so civilized,
that it has become difficult for them to love and
to believe in their children?

Nita Naldi no longer like. After a
brief sojourn in New York, Nita
packed her trunks and sailed back
for Europe where a girl may eat
and still play in pictures. You will
notice that Nita is still slender
even to squeeze into a single
column picture.

**Age lines must be erased—
they cannot be concealed**

**Catherine McCune's**

Silk Muscle Lifting Mask

Your mirror knows no suave amenities. It reveals
with brutal frankness just how old—or young—
you really look. That network of wrinkles about
the eyes; the creases from nose to mouth; the
flabby fullness under the chin and the coarsened
texture of the skin cannot be concealed with lavish
makeup. **They must be erased.**

**The Way Has Been Found**

Catherine McCune, one of America's foremost skin
and beauty specialists says: “In all my experience
I have never seen such a safe, sensible and inex-
ensive method of improving the contour of face
and texture of skin. My Silk Muscle Lifting Mask
treatment is so easily applied in the privacy of your
home. Its principle of muscle lifting is at once
helpful in erasing tired lines, pouches, wrinkles, crow's-feet,
double chin and sagging muscles. The gentle mas-
sage induced by breathing while wearing the mask
purifies, brightens and refines the skin, thus restor-
ing a wrinkle-free bloom of youth that requires
little, if any, concealing makeup. My Silk Muscle
Lifting Mask treatment is a natural and inexpensive
way of accomplishing that which required expensive
plastic surgery or deep peel herebefore.

Let Catherine McCune tell you how to regain
and retain your youthful freshness by sending for her
wonderful book "Beauty is Yours to Have and
and Hold."

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Send me your book "Beauty is Yours to Have and
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This course gives—right in your own home
the secret of the most quick and easy method
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There is a constantly increasing demand from
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sessful Screen Career.

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tian, Josephine Donald, Daphne Pollard, Blanche
Manville, Johnny Hines, W. C. Fields, Jack Mul-
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2. Pliant fluffy filler of amazing absorbency.
3. Rounded sides assuring comfort and no clumsiness.
4. A moisture-resisting back giving positive security.
5. Disposable—flushes away.

To Sales Person—
One box of Modess, please
The New sanitary napkin made by Johnson & Johnson

SILENT PURCHASE COUPON

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.
HE'S PROUD OF LEO, JUNIOR!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Greatest of Feature Producers, has become Greatest of Short Film Producers

ALL of the BEST theatres
ARE now showing COMPLETE M-G-M QUALITY programs—
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STAN LAUREL and OLIVER HARDY in "Leave 'Em Laughing" and "The Battle of the Century" established themselves as screen-dom's newest fun-makers.

MAX DAVIDSON never permits a dull moment when he is on the screen in his uproarious dialect comedies.

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M-G-M NEWS within a year has become the most popular of all news-reels. Issued twice each week.

HAL ROACH, THE FAMOUS COMEDY PRODUCER, SAYS:

From letters that come to me, I notice a growing demand for short films in addition to feature length films. Watch these Short Subjects when you go to theatre and see how many of the questions below you can answer. I will give $50 and a handsome case offered by Charley Chase to the man with the best score. The most successful lady will receive $50 and the tiara head-dress worn by Agnes Ayres in the Technicolor subject "Lady of Victories." For the next 50 best answers, the "Our Gang" rascals will present their photographs.

THE TEST
1 How many of the "Our Gang" comedy rascals can you name?
2 Tell in 75 words why the M-G-M News has become the leader of Newsreels.
3 What company produces the Oddities for M-G-M?
4 In what Technicolor Great Events picture does the Father of our country appear?
5 Of what great living national hero has M-G-M made a special short subject?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway. 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 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.

The Czarina's Secret—M-G-M GREAT EVENTS (entirely in Technicolor) are something new in films. Ask your theatre manager about them.

"OUR GANG" chases the blues away. Never pass up a chance to see these rascals at work. If your favorite theatre doesn't show "Our Gang" comedies ask the manager to book them right away.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER "MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"
William T. Tilden 2nd
to protect his throat, smokes Luckies

"The voice is essential to stage work and its care one of the actor's greatest worries. During the course of some of my stage appearances, I am called upon at intervals to smoke a cigarette and naturally I have to be careful about my choice. I smoke Lucky Strikes and have yet to feel the slightest effect upon my throat. I understand that toasting frees this cigarette from any throat irritants. They're 100% with me."

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No Throat Irritation No Cough.

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