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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

JANUARY  
25 CENTS

Madge  
Bellamy

Diet, the  
Menace  
of  
Hollywood

Winners of  
\$5,000<sup>00</sup> Contest



▲ ▲ ▲ Never, never has  
the freshness of a Candy  
been Guaranteed  
like *this*



Look for these Baby Ruth Racks  
—everywhere—  
Every Baby Ruth purchased from  
them is sold with this unprecedented  
guarantee of absolute freshness.

**W**HEREVER you buy  
Baby Ruth you are  
guaranteed a candy whose  
freshness is unmistakable.

Freshness—savory with the  
mingled flavors of nature's tastiest  
and most recently harvested delica-  
cies. Freshness—swiftly captured and pro-  
tected by the most modern methods known  
to the confectioners' art.

A guarantee like this has never before  
been possible because no one candy has  
ever before enjoyed such tremendous  
nation-wide popularity, nor been sold in so

many millions every day  
so rapidly as Baby Ruth.  
Only such enormous  
daily sales make it possible  
to sell such a dollar-a-pound  
quality candy for 5c, and to guar-  
antee its absolute freshness everywhere.

These inviting "Help Yourself" Baby Ruth  
Racks on over a million counters are your  
positive assurance of getting this freshest,  
purest and most delightful candy at all  
times. Always buy from one of them.  
Treat yourself to *guaranteed fresh* Baby  
Ruth today. 5c does it.

MADE IN BILLIONS FOR AMERICA'S MILLIONS

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# How can I escape this modern plague of gum disorders?

Questions:

*by You*

Answers:

*by the Dentists*



YOU: "This morning when I brushed my teeth, my gums felt tender and bled a little. Do you suppose I could have pyorrhea?"

DENTISTS: "Probably not. The chances are it's nothing more serious than a soft and tender spot somewhere on your gums."

YOU: "But what could be the cause?"

DENTISTS: "Lack of exercise, more than likely. In this day of soft foods your gums grow weak and flabby because they have no vigorous chewing to do."

YOU: "But I can't change the household arrangements about meals."

DENTISTS: "No need to. Simply massage your gums twice a day at the time you brush your teeth. Use your brush or your fingers, whichever is more comfortable."

YOU: "What good does that do?"

DENTISTS: "It stimulates the flow of

blood through the gum walls. It builds up and tones the tiny cells. It makes your gums firm and healthy."

YOU: "Sounds sensible."

DENTISTS: "It is. And if you want to get better results, use Ipana Tooth Paste for the massage as well as for the regular cleaning of your teeth. Brush both your gums and teeth with it, thoroughly, twice a day. If you do this conscientiously, you'll see an improvement within a month. Your gums will be firmer in texture, pinker and healthier in color."

Ask your own dentist about Ipana. Let him point out the benefits of its marvelous cleaning power, the refreshing sense of health it brings to the whole mouth. And, most important, let him tell you why he sees it as a weapon in the fight against gum troubles.

For Ipana contains ziratol, a stimulating antiseptic and hemostatic long used by the profession. Its presence gives Ipana the power to tone and invigorate weakened gums—to build them back to sound and sturdy health.

### *Ipana deserves a full month's trial*

The coupon offers you a ten-day sample, gladly sent. But the full-size tube awaiting you at the nearest drug store makes the better test. For it contains 100 brushings, more than enough for a month. So get a tube today and let Ipana start tonight on its good work for your teeth and gums.



An imaginary dialogue, you say? Yes—in form, perhaps, but not in substance. For Ipana's amazing growth rests upon its professional support—the clearest proof that thousands of dentists are daily speaking to their patients in the vein of this conversation.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. I-19  
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.....



# now it's on the screen—with talking, singing and sound!



⌘ Thrill to the magnificent voice of Jean Hersholt! ⌘ Hear Nancy Carroll as she sings, while Charles Rogers accompanies her on the piano!

**T**HE wonder play that shattered every record in theatrical history, greater than ever as a Paramount Picture — all its laughs, thrills, tears . . . intensified a hundredfold! Something you must see and are sure to enjoy, "silent" or with sound. ⌘ Only an organization commanding the resources of Paramount could first of all secure this most valuable property, and then make it even greater as a motion picture than it was as a play! ⌘ "Silent" or with Sound, "if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

## ANNE NICHOLS' "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

With Jean Hersholt, Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll. A Victor Fleming Production.

And watch for!  
"INTERFERENCE"  
The first QUALITY All-Talking Picture  
♦  
Emil Jannings in  
"SINS OF THE FATHERS"  
♦  
"THE CANARY MURDER CASE"  
With Sound and Dialog  
♦  
"THE CASE OF LENA SMITH"  
Starring Esther Ralston  
♦  
Richard Dix in  
"REDSKIN"  
Sound and Technicolor

**Paramount**  
PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORPORATION



**Pictures**  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT PICT., N. Y.

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
January  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 2

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# As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute  
News  
from  
East and West

**MAURITZ STILLER**, director and discoverer of Greta Garbo, died suddenly in Stockholm. Miss Garbo was prostrated by the news and work on her new picture has been held up.

**WALTER BYRON**, the young English actor, and Carolyn Bishop have announced their engagement. Miss Bishop, a cousin of Frances Marion, was once reported engaged to Gene Tunney.

**BYRON** has just been loaned to Gloria Swanson for "King Kelly." Tully Marshall plays the heavy. Erich Von Stroheim is rushing (yes, *rushing*) work on the film, working night and day, and Hollywood is holding its breath. Miss Swanson is living at the studio in a suite of rooms, so that she can be on hand for Von Stroheim's rapid fire shooting schedule. Will wonders never cease?

**FINDING** no producer ready to sign him up at his figure, \$3,500 a week, Rod La Rocque has gone ahead with his plans to leave the picture business. He is opening up a brokerage business in Los Angeles and is already dealing in bonds and mortgages.

**ESTHER RALSTON** and her husband, George Webb, start a European vacation this month.

**RICHARD DIX** gets his wish. He is back in New York, to work at the Famous Players' Astoria, Long Island, studio. It will be a talkie version of "Bulldog Drummond" and Victor Schertzinger will direct.

**OUR GANG** is back at the Hal Roach studios after a tour of 287 of the country's theaters.

**NOW** they're talking of doing "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" over again at the Fox plant. Remember the superb Harry Myers version of some years ago? This time it will be an all-talkie and Will

Vilma Banky takes time out to become an American citizen. She recently signed her first citizenship papers in Los Angeles. The freckled observer is Carter J. Vermillion, United States Naturalization Examiner. Miss Panky was born at Budapest, Hungary

Rogers is mentioned for Mark Twain's hero from Bridgeport.

**FRED THOMSON** and Frances Marion celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary on October 13th as "Denial Anniversary." In other words, they deny all rumors of an impending divorce.

**LUCILE MENDEZ** isn't going to divorce her husband, Director Ralph Ince. They're reunited again.

**JOAN CRAWFORD'S** first starring vehicle will be Josephine Lovett's sequel to her highly successful "Our Dancing Daughters." The sequel is "The Brass Band." After this Miss Crawford will star in Adela Rogers St. Johns' "The Single Standard."

**SHARON LYNN'S** playing in "Red Wine" won her a five-year optional contract with William Fox.

**JUNE COLLYER** is spending Christmas with her parents in New York. Rumor persists that the Fox studio will not renew its contract with Miss Collyer.

**CHESTER CONKLIN** has purchased a yacht. This tops a collection which includes a swimming pool and a pipe organ.

**TIM McCOY** is spending Christmas with his wife and children abroad. The children are in school on the other side.

**YOU** will see Betty Compson opposite Richard Barthelmess again in "Weary River." She was with him in "Scarlet Seas." "Weary River" has patches of dialogue and song.

**THE** temptation to change a Barrie title is over-powering. Paramount has just shifted Sir James' "Half an Hour" to "The Doctor's Secret." This is an all-talkie with Ruth Chatterton featured.

**A DOLPHE MENJOU** and Florence Vidor will appear in a talkie version of Leo Dietrichstein's success, "The Concert." Lothar Mendez will direct. After "The Concert" the Menjous start on a vacation.

**BACLANOVA** and Nicholas Soussanin may be married by the time you read this page. The wedding takes place this month.

**REGINALD DENNY** and Betsy Lee were scheduled to be married on November 24th as this issue went to press. The Honolulu honeymoon will be held up until Denny finishes "His Lucky Day." By the way, Universal has just taken up its option upon Denny's long term contract for another year.

**THE** Fox Movietone powers are planning an annual picture to be called "The Movietone Follies." This will be modelled after the Ziegfeld Follies.





# ~~FUNNY~~ IS NO WORD FOR IT...

You need "HILARIOUS," "RIB-SPLITTING," and "UPROARIOUS" to describe Colleen's latest laugh success.

Brisk and bubbly, swift and sprightly, it's the kind of a hit you've been hankering for ever since "Her Wild Oat" and "Oh Kay!" . . .

\* \* \*  
She was too Good to be Famous—so she HAD to be Bad!

She wanted to Sin and Suffer—and get it over with! . . .

"I'll show Don Anthony I can be Crushed and Broken!—Then he'll *have* to make me leading lady in his new play!"

A gang war and a misleading lady give her her Big Chance . . . But her only "crushing" opportunity comes in a rôle she never expected to play!

## You Can HEAR It!

If your theatre shows "Sound" pictures, you'll HEAR a beautiful musical accompaniment by a famous orchestra, and exciting sound effects in "Synthetic Sin." You'll see handsome Antonio Moreno, too, as leading man, in this William A. Seiter production from the brilliant play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton.

**JOHN McCORMICK**  
*presents*



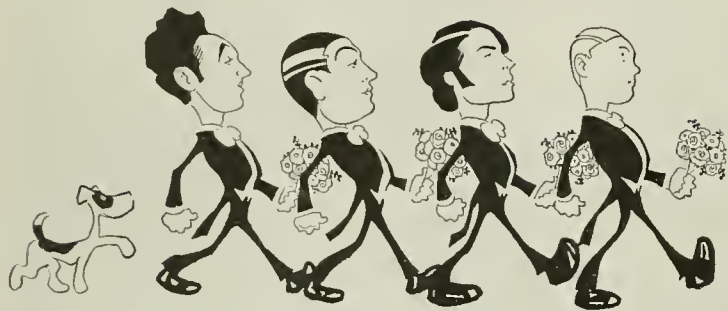
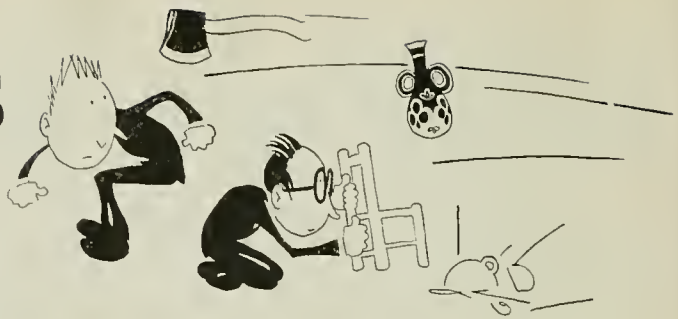
**A First National Picture**

Takes the Gueswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

# Brickbats

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

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

THE Talkie situation still has the center of the stage. PHOTOPLAY's readers would like theater managers to differentiate more sharply between pictures with spoken dialogue and pictures with incidental noises. Also there is a demand for more music, singing and dialogue and fewer distracting incidental noises. And now that the novelty is wearing off, the mechanical imperfections are beginning to jar on the nerves of audiences.

Since "The King of Kings" has been presented at popular prices, it has become one of the leaders in popularity. "Wings" still remains a favorite while, among the newer films, "Our Dancing Daughters" and "The Singing Fool" are by all odds the most popular.

Richard Arlen, Nils Asther, Joan Crawford, Creta Garbo and John Gilbert received the greatest number of bouquets.

And PHOTOPLAY's Life Stories are the most discussed feature of the magazine.

What have you to say about the movies? This is the place to air your opinions, grievances or enthusiasms.

### \$25.00 Letter

Grand Rapids, Mich.

It is too bad we hear so much about IT and the sex appeal of movie folk, for it gives some persons unacquainted with photoplays in general the impression that the main function of the movies is to depict red hot love scenes. As a club woman associated with many organizations having unofficial movie censorship committees, I regret this. And I have been interested to note that among the movies I have seen during the past year or more, the biggest drawing cards had nothing to do with sex appeal—some of them did not even involve a man and woman romance. Among these were: "Stella Dallas," "The Patriot," "The Jazz Singer," "Beau Geste," and "The King of Kings."

In "Beau Geste," for instance, that powerful drama of courage and brotherly love, there was the merest suggestion of a boy and girl romance—and no love scenes. Yet so moving and appealing was this splendid picture that, as the lights went on, I could not see a dry eye. Quite a compliment to the "morons" who attend the movies! The major theme of the popular "Stella Dallas" was mother love; of "The Jazz Singer," the religious passions and lofty domestic ideals of a colorful race. "The

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

"Patriot" depicted the love of a man for his oppressed country. The affair with his mistress was the merest incident. And "The King of Kings" speaks for itself.

MRS. PENDLETON STEWART MORRIS, JR.

### \$10.00 Letter

Laconia, N. H.

Visiting at the home of a friend, I was surprised when the daughter, aged eight years, presented me with a typewritten invitation to witness "Seventh Heaven." It transpired that a number of children, eight or ten years of age, belong to a Photoplay Club, under the care of a chaperon. With her, they see certain pictures and proceed to study the principal points and characters. Assigned to their parts, the chaperon teaches them every necessity for a production. An unused garage has been fitted up with everything necessary for producing movies. The Club earned enough by selling PHOTOPLAY subscriptions to furnish the necessities. The boys have been taught how to handle scenic effects and one girl gives her time as pianist.

Benches are used for seats and ten cents for admission helps along the project. The "coach" is fifteen years old, but he knows his business, and the realistic production I witnessed was perfect.

After the show, "stars" and audience were asked for criticisms and plans were made for the next production. And then the mothers offered light refreshments. Worth-while?

Pleasure and instruction and a new good use for PHOTOPLAY. Incidentally, the idea was invented by a crippled child.

MRS. CHARLOTTE HILL TWOMBLY.

### \$5.00 Letter

Chicago, Ill.

When will movie magnates cease to believe that aviatrixes, channel swimmers, football heroes, baseball wizards, *et alia*, can attract fairly intelligent movie patrons? What a pleasure to witness real acting by an artist! But what an insult to the intelligence to see persons of questionable, or even unquestioned, prowess in fields of endeavor far removed from acting exploited because of their "fame"!

Give us an overdose, if possible, of great artists like Garbo, Jannings, Chaplin, Bacalanova, Veidt, and others of their calibre. Spare, oh spare us from "great" flagpole sitters, marathon dance winners and so on, foisted on us as great depictees of all human emotions!

Let the roller-skate marathon winners and the sensations in all allied activities join the side-shows in circuses and get publicity for whatever they excel in. But by all means keep them out of a field in which they have absolutely no place, except, perhaps, as news-reel features.

BETTY BENNETT.

### Going Up!

Chicago, Ill.

Joan Crawford certainly is shooting up like a sky-rocket. Her pretty legs and dancing feet took her to stardom, but her fine acting will keep her there.

HARRIET LAFQUERT.

### Personal to Doug and Jack

Rush City, Minn.

Here's my brickbat to a couple of stars, and I think many thousands of fans will agree with me:

Douglas Fairbanks! Please discard the gypsy outfit for at least one picture, and let's see how you look in a straw hat.

John Barrymore! Please face the camera. Some of us might get a chance to go to Hollywood some day, so give us a chance to recognize you.

ARNOLD W. OGDEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 125]



In the famous loves of History...



Was it always the MAN who paid?

*Delilah's love sent Samson into slavery—  
For Salome, King Herod sold his soul—  
And Pelleas fell at his brother's hand  
in the arms of lovely Melisande.*

....

The world has called these glamorous women great lovers. Yet all of them made sacrifice of the men they loved ....

How much greater, then, is a devotion that dares to sacrifice LOVE ITSELF.... An emotion so mighty that, when Love spells Ruin for the Man, a glorious beauty renounces her last hope of happiness to SAVE HIM FROM THEIR LOVE!

....

No wonder the romance of

luxurious Lady Hamilton and world-renowned Lord Nelson has been called the greatest of all Great Loves . . . One of history's most thrilling sirens and the famous hero of Trafalgar, united in a reckless love pact that was at once the scandal and the salvation of an Empire . . .

No wonder First National Pictures chose this epic story, from E. Barrington's great best-seller, as theme for a vast screen spectacle of unimagined splendor, planned to mark a step forward in picture art . . .

No wonder millions are planning to see—and hear—

See and Hear

The thunder of a hundred flaming frigates at death grips — The most colorful naval combat in history re-enacted in rich detail — The shouts of thousands in breathless battle action. See 5 famous artists in a single picture — Corinne Griffith, H. B. Warner, Victor Varconi, Ian Keith, Marie Dressler. See director Frank Lloyd outdo the directorial brilliance of "The Sea Hawk." — Presented by Richard A. Rowland

A First National Picture

Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"



Corinne GRIFFITH  
IN  
the DIVINE LADY  
with sound



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

\***AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BABY CYCLONE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (September.)

**BACHELOR'S PARADISE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A somewhat rowdy comedy-drama with a little old-fashioned pie-throwing and an invigorating prize-fight. With Sally O'Neil. (July.)

**BANTAM COWBOY, THE**—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

\***BARKER, THE**—First National.—Human and humorous story of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

**BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE**—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

**BEAU BROADWAY**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Sue Carol fight for the affections of Lew Cody. Gay, inconsequential comedy. (July.)

**BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hohoes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

\***BELLAMY TRIAL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (August.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BEYOND THE SIERRAS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Tim McCoy Western that will put the kids to sleep. (July.)

**BIG HOP, THE**—Buck Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

**BIG KILLING, THE**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in a Kentucky feud. (August.)

**BIT OF HEAVEN, A**—Excellent.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BRANDED MAN, THE**—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why not do your reading at home? (August.)

**BROADWAY DADDIES**—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

**BROKEN MASK, THE**—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**BURNING GOLD**—Elbec.—A story of dirty deeds in the oil fields. (August.)

**BURNING THE WIND**—Universal.—One of Hoot Gibson's lapses. (Oct.)

\***BUSHRANGER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rousing tunes on the boomer-ug. (August.)

**BUTTER AND EGG MAN, THE**—First National.—The amusing adventures of a country lad (Jack Mulhall) who becomes an "angel" on Broadway. (August.)

**CAMERAMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN CARELESS**—FBO.—You'll like Bob Steele. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

\***CARDBOARD LOVER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Snappy French farce comedy with Marion Davies—also Jetta Gondal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

**CAUGHT IN THE FOG**—Warners.—The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

**CELEBRITY**—Pathe.—A prize-fighter gets culture. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

**CERTAIN YOUNG MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Romantic two-timing in Arlesque London society. A bit languid, but well played by Ramon Novarro, even if he isn't precisely the perfect Anglo-Saxon. (July.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CLEARING THE TRAIL**—Universal.—Again saving the old ranch. (Oct.)

**CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Help! The Czar's daughter is with us again, this time played by Eve Southern. The picture has its good moments. (July.)

**CLOUD DODGER, THE**—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blonde! (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE AIR**—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE SCARLET**—First National.—Ken Maynard gets his man. Good out-door story. (September.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE**—Gotham.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct.)

**COP, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—Once more the warfare between the cops and crooks. Some good melodrama well acted by William Boyd, Alan Hale and Jacqueline Logan. (July.)

\***COSSACKS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Love, sport and murder among the cowboys of Russia. Jack Gilbert is the lure. (August.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**COWBOY KID, THE**—Fox.—A Western for the simple-minded. (September.)

\***CRAIG'S WIFE**—Pathe.—Splendid drama with Irene Rich as the too perfect wife. (September.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**CROOKS CAN'T WIN**—FBO.—Good celluloid gone haywire. Will someone please stop the film crime wave? (August.)

**DANGER PATROL, THE**—Rayart.—A big wholesome, fresh air drama of the Northwest with three rousing murders. (July.)

**DANGER RIDER, THE**—Universal.—There's a saving dash of originality in the plot of this Hoot Gibson Western. (July.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DAWN**—Herbert Wilcox.—An English production that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the Edith Cavell case. (August.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT BRIDE, THE**—Columbia.—Betty Compson, as a Parisian beauty, raises havoc in the Foreign Legion. (August.)

**DETECTIVES**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Karl Dane and George K. Arthur in a collection of gags—and some of them are not exactly spotless. (July.)

**DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE**—FBO.—Aggravating bunk. (September.)

\***DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

**DIVINE SINNER, THE**—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct.)

**DO GENTLEMEN SNORE?**—Roach-M.-G.-M.—A short farce turned into a panic by the appearance of a real, live gorilla. (August.)

\***DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

**DOG JUSTICE**—FBO.—But the story is a cruel injustice to Ranger, the canine star. (August.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"7th Heaven"  
"The Singing Fool"  
"The Divine Lady"  
"Interference"  
"Mother Knows Best"  
"Street Angel"  
"The Patriot"  
"Four Devils"  
"Wings"  
"The Godless 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.

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CHICKEN A LA KING**—Fox.—More lessons in gold-digging. Funny, but rough in spots. With Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling. (August.)

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 12]



# These Talking Shorts *are* Really Features Elaborately Produced *at* FOX Movietone City



"Tyrant, Beware!—I'll cut you



"Tell me about Mr. Lincoln Grandpa



"Beg Pardon--Is this bawth engaged?"

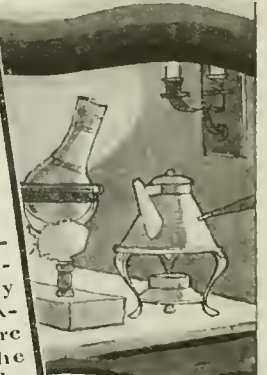
*What are the SOUND WAVES Saying?*

In these talking pictures WILLIAM FOX presents the **ONLY** perfected talking film. The *Sound Waves* are photographed right on the celluloid and you therefore hear **ONLY** absolutely life like sounds. Ask your neighborhood theatre when these Fox Movietone entertainments will be seen and heard.

## Napoleon's Barber

John Ford, director of **FOUR SONS**, **THE IRON HORSE** and other famous Fox productions, now, for the first time, lets you hear his actors in this play by Arthur Caesar.

Packed with wit and Caesarian epigrams, this *all-talking* Movietone comedy makes you tingle with excitement as an obscure barber almost slits the throat of the man who nearly ruled all Europe.



ear to ear"

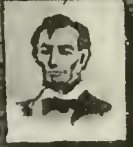
## Charles (Chic) Sale

has given a new meaning to Movietone entertainment in his characterization of the man who knew Lincoln in

## Marching On

Directed by Marcel Silver

What an actor this Chic Sale turned out to be! You've probably seen him in vaudeville, but it takes talking motion pictures to really reveal his talents. You will also enjoy him in **THEY'RE COMING TO GET ME**, **THE STAR WITNESS** and **THE LADIES' MAN**.



and"

## Clark & McCullough

The funniest clowns on the screen! What goofy guys! What irresistible comedy! You never heard or saw a funnier picture than

## The Bath Between

You will probably laugh yourself sick at **THE INTERVIEW**, **THE HONOR SYSTEM** and **THE DIPLOMATS**—but take a chance and see them too.

# FOX MOVIE-TONE

**MORE** *than* **SOUND** — **LIFE** *itself!*



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

**DON'T MARRY**—Fox.—An amusing little romantic comedy that will please the gals. Gayly played by Lois Moran and Neil Hamilton. (July.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**\*DRAG NET, THE**—Paramount.—Vivid and swiftly moving underworld story with grade A acting by George Bancroft, William Powell and Evelyn Brent. (July.)

**\*DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law ex-patriots of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

**DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS**—Anchor.—Gaging the Great War again. (September.)

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

**END OF ST. PETERSBURG, THE**—Sovkino.—What the Soviet wants you to believe. St. Petersburg destroyed by trick camera angles. (August.)

**EXCESS BAGGAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Vivid and realistic picture of stage life. See it. (August.)

**FAMILY PICNIC, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and write your own remedy. (September.)

**FANGS OF FATE**—Pathe.—Klondike, the dog grows through an old story. (September.)

**FAZIL**—Fox.—Proving the sheiks make bad husbands. Torrid necking in the desert. Not for the kindergarten class. (August.)

**FIFTY-FIFTY GOLF, THE**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels inherits half a gold mine. It turns out to be a gold mine of laughs. James Hall is her leading man. Recommended to your kind attention. (July.)

**FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE**—FBO.—Buzz Barton eats up the Western scenery. (September.)

**FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

**FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

**FLEETWING**—Fox.—A story of Araby, a girl, a sheik and a horse. (September.)

**FLYING COWBOY, THE**—Universal.—Fun—and lots of it—on a dude ranch. With Hoot Gibson. (July.)

**FORBIDDEN HOUR, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ramon Novarro is at his best as the prince-at-play. The story of a king who gave up his throne for love. And Renée Adoree is in it. You'll like this one. (July.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

**\*FORGOTTEN FACES**—Paramount.—Underworld story of regeneration and sacrifice. Fine story, fine acting, and 100 per cent entertainment. (Sept.)

**\*FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**\*FOUR WALLS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story of Jewish gangster, splendidly played by John Gilbert. Don't miss it. (September.)

**FREE LIPS**—First Division.—Virtue triumphant in a night club. Just another one of those pictures. With June Marlowe. (July.)

**FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

**GANG WAR**—FBO.—Yep, bootleggers and crooks again. (September.)

**GATE CRASHER, THE**—Universal.—Glen Tryon in a hit-and-miss comedy. (September.)

**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**—Fox-Movietone.—Mr. Shaw entertains his public with an imitation of Mussolini. It's a wow. (September.)

**GIRL HE DIDN'T BUY, THE**—Peerless.—Light story of a Broadway love affair with an original twist to the plot. (August.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GIVE AND TAKE**—Universal.—A silly story but made into good entertainment by the expert comedy offered by Jean Hersholt and George Sidney. (July.)

**\*GLORIOUS BETSY**—Warners.—The romantic story of Jerome Bonaparte and Betsy Patterson of Baltimore. Tricked up with a happy but unhistoric ending. Mildly charming, and decked out with Vitaphonic outbursts. Dolores Costello starred. (July.)

**\*GODLESS GIRL, THE**—Pathe-De Mille.—A vitally interesting and vivid story told with all the force and power Cecil B. De Mille could give it. Incidentally, it takes a poke at reform schools. A real picture with splendid acting by Marie Prevost, George Duryea, Noah Beery and Lina Basquette. (July.)

**GOLDEN CLOWN, THE**—Nordisk-Pathe.—Even Denmark has a clown who laughs to conceal a broken heart. Turgid foreign drama with a fine performance by Gosta Eckman. (July.)

**GOLDEN SHACKLES**—Peerless.—You can't see the picture for the plot. (August.)

**GOLF WIDOWS**—Columbia.—Comedy drama built on one of the terrible consequences of country club life. With Harrison Ford and Vera Reynolds. (July.)

**GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

**GREASED LIGHTNING**—Universal.—Dumb Western. (September.)

**GREEN GRASS WIDOWS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Walter Hagen in a goofy golf story. He should know better. (September.)

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

**GYPSY OF THE NORTH**—Rayart.—A better than usual melodrama of the Northern mining camps. (August.)

**HALF A BRIDE**—Paramount.—Wherein a bride is cast away on a desert island with the wrong man. (August.)

**HANGMAN'S HOUSE**—Fox.—A good drama of Ireland, with some splendid backgrounds, a fine horse race and an excellent performance by Victor McLaglen. (August.)

**HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—What might have been merely tawdry melodrama is turned into fine entertainment by the splendid acting of Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. (August.)

**HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

**HAWK'S NEST, THE**—First National.—An interesting and colorful melodrama of Chinatown, excellently acted by Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon. (July.)

**HEADIN' FOR DANGER**—FBO.—The best Western in months. New plot, new situations, new gags and Bob Steele. (July.)

**HEAD MAN, THE**—First National.—What happened in a small town when the Ladies' Auxiliary drank too much lemonade. (August.)

**HEARTS OF MEN**—Anchor.—And producers ain't got no heart. (Oct.)

**HEART TO HEART**—First National.—Agreeable and original comedy of small town life. You'll like it. (September.)

**HEART TROUBLE**—First National.—Harry Langdon writes his own finish in pictures. (Sept.)

**HELLO, CHEYENNE**—Fox.—That distinguished literateur, Mr. Tom Mix, in a Western that is peppered with new stunts. (July.)

**HELL SHIP BRONSON**—Gotham.—Noah Beery does some of his best acting as a rip-roaring old sea captain who is licked and frustrated by two women. You'll be sorry when virtue triumphs. Swell entertainment. (July.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HIS RISE TO FAME**—Excellent.—Prize ring stuff with night club trimmings. (September.)

**HIT OF THE SHOW, THE**—FBO.—A lot of grief about the hard life of a small-town actor. Just a tear-fest. (July.)

**HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

**\*HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HOT NEWS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels hunts for thrills in the news reel game. And finds 'em. (September.)

**HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE**—Universal.—Dynamite, the new dog star, blasts an inferior story to success. (August.)

**HOUSE OF SCANDAL, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—If you are not sick of cops, crooks and the inevitable girl who reforms. (July.)

**I FORBID**—Fam-Majd Pictures.—An over-ripe Koster film of breaking hearts. (November.)

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

**\*INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

**JUST MARRIED**—Paramount.—Honeymoon farce on a transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (September.)

## 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.

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**KID'S CLEVER, THE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

\***KIT CARSON**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par western. (Oct.)

**LADIES OF THE MOB** — Paramount. — Clara Bow becomes a gunman's "moll" and handles a dramatic story skillfully. (September.)

**LADIES OF THE NIGHT CLUB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A clown and a millionaire are rivals for the affections of a cabaret girl. Synthetic heart interest. (August.)

**LADY RAFFLES**—Columbia.—A mystery melodrama with a real mystery—of all things! And some snappy team work by Estelle Taylor and Lilyan Tashman. (July.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LIGHTS OF NEW YORK** — Warner-Vitaphone.—First all-talkie feature and, naturally, pretty crude. Squawking night clubs and audible murders. (September.)

\***LILAC TIME**—First National.—Thrilling and romantic war drama with enough sentiment to lift it above the run of war plays. (August.)

**LINGERIE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a war romance that you'll like. (Oct.)

**LION AND THE MOUSE**—Warner-Vitaphone.—Partly dialogue with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September.)

**LITTLE SNOB, THE** — Warners. — A Coney Island kid tries to crash society but discovers that the freaks are better company. With May McAvoy. (July.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE**—Hercules.—Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (September.)

**LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE**—FBO.—An awful fuss about nothing at all. (August.)

**LONESOME** — Universal. — Barbara Kent and Glenn Tryon in a good human interest story of young love in modern backgrounds. Lots of trick camera work but, on the whole, worth your while. (July.)

**LOST IN THE ARCTIC**—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

**LOVE OVER NIGHT**—Pathe.—Mystery stuff eased over with some good comedy. (September.)

**MADELON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE**—Paramount.—Mother and daughter in a mix-up of romances. Suave direction and the fascinating work of Florence Vidor put this picture across. (August.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE**—Rayart.—Thrilling and enthralling Secret Service yarn. Above average. (September.)

\***MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

**MAN IN THE ROUGH, THE**—FBO.—Not a golf story. A Western with slimy villain, foolish old man, tomboy daughter—and Our Hero! (July.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MASKED ANGEL, A**—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (Oct.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

\***MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount-Caddo.—Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (Oct.)

\***ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MICHIGAN KID, THE**—Universal.—Thrilling melodrama and beautiful scenery successfully smother a Horatio Alger plot. With Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree. (July.)

**MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE, A**—Rayart.—Something very nifty and baffling in the way of a murder. (July.)

**MIDNIGHT LIFE**—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct.)

**MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE**—Warners.—Bootlegger and hijackers run riot. (August.)

**MODERN MOTHERS**—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Babbitts. (Oct.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

\***MOTHER KNOWSBEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a state mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

**MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo as a spy in a war romance. And, oh what fun for the officers! (September.)

**NAME THE WOMAN**—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (Oct.)

**NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

\***NEWS PARADE, THE**—Fox.—A snappy and original melodrama of the exploits of the news reel photographers. Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps head the cast. Excellent way to spend the evening. (July.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE** — Universal. — Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

\***NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

\***NOAH'S ARK**—Warners.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct.)

**NONE BUT THE BRAVE**—Fox.—Once more the college hero makes good. (Oct.)

**NO OTHER WOMAN**—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for no good reason. (September.)

**NO QUESTIONS ASKED**—Warners.—William Collier, Jr., and Audrey Ferris in one of those "first year" stories. Just so-so. (July.)

**OBEY YOUR HUSBAND**—Anchor.—Horrible moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

**OH KAY!**—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

**OLD CODE, THE**—Anchor.—Heaven help the Indian on a night like this! (Oct.)

**OPENING NIGHT, THE** — Columbia. — One moment of cowardice wrecks the life of an otherwise fine man. A drama worth seeing. (August.)

**ORPHANS OF THE SAGE**—FBO.—Hoss pitcher. (Oct.)

\***OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS** — Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively and very modern romance in the younger set, staged in a luxurious background and ornamented by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. John Mack Brown and Nils Asther also help a lot. (August.)

**OUT OF THE RUINS**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great hand-fuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PAINTED POST**—Fox.—Tom Mix's swan song for Fox. (September.)

**PERFECT CRIME, THE**—FBO.—Clive Brook, as a great detective, is in search of a perfect crime. How he finds it is the basis of an unusually fine mystery yarn. (July.)

**PHANTOM CITY, THE**—First National.—Fun and mystery in a deserted mining town, with Ken Maynard as the spook chaser. (August.)

**PHANTOM PINTO, THE**—Ben Wilson.—Why expect a pinto pony and a flock of horses to furnish all the brains of a picture? (August.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**POLLY OF THE MOVIES**—First Division.—Inexpensive but entertaining film about an ugly duckling who would be a movie queen. (September.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

\***POWER**—Pathe.—Romantic adventures of Bill Boyd and Alan Hale a couple of dam good workers—or good dam workers. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**PROWLERS OF THE SEA**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Devolving effects of a beautiful Cuban girl on the morale of a Navy officer. (September.)

**QUEEN OF THE CHORUS, THE**—Anchor.—Routine. Temptations of a chorus girl, with virtue triumphant. (August.)

\***RACKET, THE**—Caddo-Paramount.—Thomas Meighan, as a lone cop, cleans up a gang of racketeers, headed by Louis Wolheim. Don't miss it. (August.)

**RAIDER EMDEN, THE**—Emelka-Columbia.—A thrilling reproduction of the most spectacular sea exploits of the War. (August.)

**RANSOM**—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 111 ]

# A Christmas GIFT Twelve Times

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

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# Recipes for Party Hostesses



Corinne Griffith takes a cooking lesson from Olive. As a Southerner, Miss Griffith is partial to Dixie cooking. On this page, you will find a recipe for Nut Sticks, as they are prepared for Corinne by Olive

Three good dishes,  
furnished by the stars,  
that your guests are  
sure to like

**M**ANY readers have written to me, asking for suggestions for "something different" to serve at evening parties. They tell me that they are tired of sandwiches and would like to give their friends something special for a change. As a rule, women like salads, especially if they are served attractively, while men want something more substantial. The problem of most hostesses, unless they have several well-trained servants, is to find something to serve that will not take too much last minute preparation. So the three recipes that I am suggesting for parties are all practical for the hostess who, with one maid, must not only prepare the dishes but serve them too.

A very simple recipe which is fine for small evening parties was contributed to PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book by Harold Lloyd. It is called Eggs Dolores. Here are the ingredients but, of course, if you are serving twelve people, you must double the amounts:

1 can tomatoes	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups grated American cheese	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
6 eggs	Cayenne

Strain tomatoes and put in double boiler. Boil up once. Add grated cheese and seasoning and cook until melted. Add eggs, which have been beaten until lemon colored. Cook until eggs are set. Serve very hot on toast.

This, as you see, is a variation of Welsh rarebit and it is invariably popular with men.

**M**ARION DAVIES furnishes another good party recipe to the Cook Book. It is slightly more elaborate, but by making the pie crust the day before, you not only improve the quality of the crust but simplify the last minute preparation.

For the pie crust for Miss Davies' cheese patties:

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour	6 tablespoons shortening
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	A little cold water

Sift the dry ingredients and rub in the shortening very lightly with the fingertips. Add the water slowly, just enough to make a stiff dough. Roll out very thin on floured board and line patty pans, being careful to make pastry come well over edge of pan.

For the filling:

2 tablespoons butter	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated cheese
2 eggs	1 teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup bread crumbs	One third cup milk
	Seasoning to taste

Beat the butter until creamy and add slightly beaten eggs, bread crumbs, cheese, baking powder and seasoning. Mix in the milk. Place a small quantity in each tin and bake for fifteen minutes in a hot oven.

**F**OR Corinne Griffith's Nut Sticks, which are ideal to serve with salad: Work one-half teaspoon butter into a pint of flour into which you have sifted 1 teaspoon baking powder and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt. Mix thoroughly and add enough milk to roll into light dough. Roll out the dough until about one-fourth inch thick. Brush lightly with milk and spread with chopped hickory nuts or almonds, pressing the nutmeats into the dough. Mold strips of dough into thin sticks, place in a shallow greased pan and bake to a delicate brown.

In PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book you will find other recipes which will help you make your parties a success. By filling out the little coupon to your left, you may receive the Cook Book, with its one hundred and fifty star recipes, by return mail.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



Men judge by appearances. And so, like Joan Crawford as *Diana* in "Our Dancing Daughters," the girl who has the reputation of being a flirt sometimes has a hard time convincing a man that she really loves him

ON

# Girls' Problems

## Appearances May Deceive

Is This Month's Problem

**B**Y this I don't mean neatness and smartness and prettiness. When I say "appearances," I mean something very different. I mean the sort of appearances that label one girl "sweet"—and another girl "wild." Sometimes the person that you see—the outside person—is quite different from the inside person. Sometimes unbelievable goodness of soul is hiding under an extremely sophisticated exterior. And vice versa!

And—while we're talking of appearances—remember that I'm ready to help with hair, complexion and clothes problems—as well as with matters of the heart! Beauty, health and happiness are all topics upon which I would like to advise you. Letters enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelopes I will answer by return mail. Those without postage will be answered as soon as possible, in the magazine.

For information regarding the care of the skin, send a stamped envelope. And if you want to weigh less (who doesn't?) send ten cents for my booklet on sane reducing methods. Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York. CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

**D**EAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:  
I am in love! And, though I am twenty, I am in love for the first time. Doesn't it seem a strange statement—coming from a girl who has been called "ultra modern"? Everybody in my crowd, thinks that I have been in love ever so many times!

And, oh, Carolyn Van Wyck, that is my problem! For the man that I adore thinks so, too. He utterly believes that there have been other men—perhaps many of them—in my life. And, because he believes this thing, he has put up a strange sort of a mental barrier between us. And I can't seem to get beyond that barrier.

I'm—well, I'm just dizzy over him! And that's the truth. I can't sleep for thinking about him. And it is not a foolish crush, for I'm a grown woman. I know, too, that he feels the same way about me, for—to be very personal—he can hardly keep his hands off me. And he can't control his eyes at all. But—this is the trouble:

I've always been what people call the "life of the party." I've danced the longest, and laughed the loudest, and stayed the latest. I've told the newest stories and sung the latest songs. I've flirted the hardest! And so I have the reputation of being *speedy*. Only—I'm telling you the truth, Miss Van Wyck—my speed has all been on the surface. I've kept my love, *all of it*, for the man that I would some day marry. I've kept myself clean for him.

Now—I've found the man. But I can't seem to put over with him the fact that I'm the sort of a girl I really am. He is judging me entirely by surface things—just as ever so many others judge me. And before I know it he will go off and marry some little peroxide blonde with big eyes—who lisps. And who does things, in private, that I wouldn't even care to think about!

Can you give me any advice, Miss Van Wyck? This is a vital matter, with me. My

life's happiness is hanging by a thread. And I don't know what to do to make it more secure!

WILMA K.

**A**PEARANCES—said the old adage—are often deceitful. And it is the truth, this saying! Especially so in your case, Wilma—and, I have no doubt, in many another case that is parallel with yours. For you have given so much publicity to your youth and good spirits and desire for fun that you have allowed yourself to be quite misunderstood. And the sort of misunderstanding that you have permitted is the sort that is apt to breed serious trouble.

As, for instance, in the case of *Diana*—the heroine of "Our Dancing Daughters."

Have you, by the way, seen "Our Dancing Daughters"? If you haven't I should suggest that you locate the theater at which it is playing. And that you go to see it, at once. And, if possible, take with you the young man that you love! Seeing the picture—and especially seeing it with you—won't do him any harm.

For "Our Dancing Daughters" is the story of a girl who, in every way, is like you. She, too, has always been the life of the party. And when she falls in love, the man that she cares for distrusts her. And, as a direct result of this distrust, he marries another girl who seems sweet and gentle and innocent.

Needless to say, the marriage is a miserable failure. It works out in a way brutally unfair to the man. The innocent, sweet girl has been hiding from him her real nature. But, after marriage, the real nature comes to light. It is only through blind luck that the story comes, at last, to a happy ending!

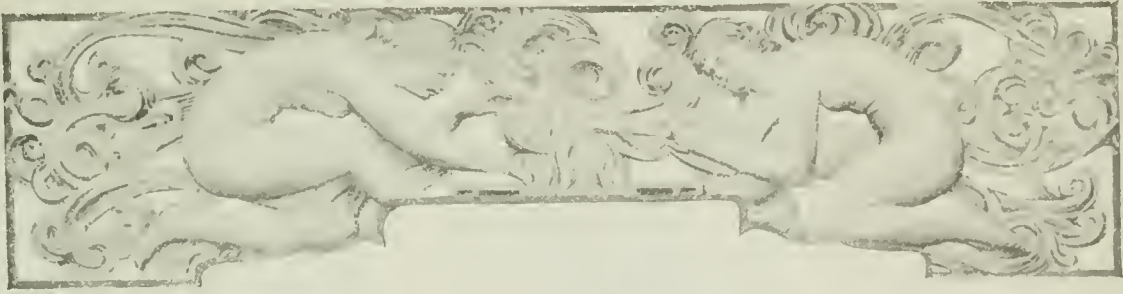
"Our Dancing Daughters" is a vivid picture. It teaches that one's eyes do not always

record the truth—that circumstantial evidence can not be always trusted. It mirrors life with a real fidelity. Except in this: In real life the ending might not have been so satisfactory! In real life the man might have had to be faithful for fifty years—to a desperate mistake.

Wilma, I am going to give you the advice for which you ask. The advice isn't going to be that you curb your high spirits or give up your gayety, or that you cease being the life of the party. But I do advise that you are a trifle more discreet in your actions—that you do not behave, so completely, in a way that can be misunderstood. I might suggest that you try to be more modest and tactful—that you leave no opening by which you may be falsely judged. Folk, especially men, can not be blamed for putting their own interpretation upon too much license. They have only appearances upon which to base their conclusions. How can they, without being psychic, know

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

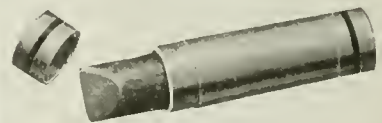




# COTY

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*Assembling  
 the complete  
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COTY INC. 714 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

**How many**  
**other gifts it brings . . .**  
*a Beautiful*  
*Skin!*

**YOUTH, CHARM, LOVE, SUCCESS**—how easily they come to the woman with a beautiful skin!

Have you one of those naturally smooth, faultless complexions that are the envy of the great majority of womankind? Then cherish your good fortune! You can keep your skin lovely all your life long if you begin now to give it just the right kind of regular care.

And even if you are not one of those fortunate women whose skin is flawless to start with—you can make it so!

Six common skin defects are all that keep most women's skin from being beautiful. They are:

*Excessive Oiliness    Blemishes*  
*Dryness    Conspicuous Nose Pores*  
*Sallowness    Blackheads*

Every one of these troubles can be overcome! A famous skin specialist, after years of study, has not only worked out the proper care for normal



*It is an easy thing for any woman to have a beautiful complexion, now that scientists really know about the skin—what care it needs. Thousands of women say they owe their lovely color, the softness, smoothness, brilliance of their complexion to Woodbury's Facial Soap.*

skins, but has developed special treatments for correcting the six skin troubles named above, by means of ice, warm or hot water, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap especially made for the skin.

Thousands of beautiful women testify that they owe their lovely complexion to this care.

You will find the famous Woodbury treatments, including the treatment for normal skins, in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of this wonderful soap today, and begin, tonight, to gain the

charm of "a skin you love to touch!" A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

*Send for the large-size trial set!*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2201 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. For the enclosed 10 cents—send the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2201 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

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A. J. Co.



## NEW PICTURES

*A*LL roads lead to Hollywood. Dolores Costello was born in Pittsburgh and went to kindergarten at the old Vitagraph Studio in Brooklyn. In many of the melodramas of that day, Dolores was featured as the angel child with long golden curls.





Lansing Brown

**D**ON ALVARADO comes from Albuquerque, New Mexico, that way station of Hollywood where Indians sell beads and blankets to California-bound tourists. His mother was Spanish and his father an American. One day Alvarado hopped a rattler and landed in the City of Angels and camera angles at a time when Latin ancestry was in great demand. He's married and has a young daughter, Joy Alvarado.



Lansing Brown

**F**ROM Moscow to Hollywood—Olga Baclanova. If you want to be correct, pronounce it Bah-clahn-ova, with the accent on the “clahn.” The Russian actress received her training at the Moscow Art Theater, at whose productions high brows fall flat on their faces. The lady is now playing in a Western—“Sunset Pass.” With her foreign background and her experience on the stage as a singer, what could be more logical?



Lansing Brown

*M*ARCELINE DAY—a native of Colorado Springs. Five years ago, with her mother and her sister, Alice, Marceline arrived in Hollywood. Her first work was as an extra in Lois Wilson's picture, "Only 38." When there was no studio call, she attended school. Marceline has been leading woman for everyone from John Barrymore to Buster Keaton, from Ramon Novarro to Lon Chaney.





Hesser

*M*ARION NIXON was born in Superior, Wisconsin, and educated in Minneapolis. She came to Hollywood via vaudeville and, like Marceline, served her apprenticeship as an extra girl, ornamenting the background of Mary Pickford and Charles Ray films, before she earned her first close-up. Her new address is the Pathe Studios, where she will be starred in "Geraldine."



Autrey

**C**HARLES MORTON is one of the Fox youngsters whose acting makes "Four Devils" worth your attention. Born in Vallejo, California, Charles was educated at the University of Wisconsin where he played football. He also held the Detroit Athletic Club record for the 220 yard swim. Morton played a season in vaudeville with William Faversham's company before he went into the movies. You'll see him with Janet Gaynor in "Christine."

# ...The GOSSARD Line of Beauty....



**GOSSARD** "step-ins" are IN TO STAY—and they're stepping up in general favor with every season. Considered revolutionary and decidedly extreme when Gossard first brought them out, their popularity has increased by leaps and bounds because modern women have welcomed the ease with which they could be donned—the end of old-fashioned buckling and what not. There is ease and comfort within the gentle confines of a Gossard "step-in." Yet so perfectly does it mould and retain that you have the feeling of being tailor-made right down to the flesh. You enjoy the supreme satisfaction of wearing a foundation garment designed for your individual need. The model pictured here and described below is featured by Gossard dealers the world over. Ask for it.

A fourteen-inch step-in of rich brocade combined with elastic. Wide sections of elastic over hips and a five-inch gore in front enhance the glove-like snugness of this garment. Boned front and back, and trimmed at top with ribbon and flowers. Lacing adjustment at top on one side. This is Model Number 738 . . . Retail at \$7.50.





# Such LOVELY GIFTS

*Each one endorses  
the good taste of  
the giver*



The "Madge Bellamy"  
—an entirely novel and  
exclusive vanity idea  
introduced by Meeker.



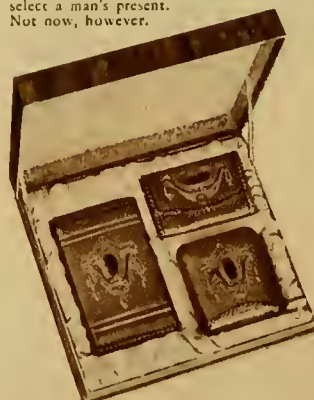
Original shapes and  
styles together with  
their excellent crafts-  
manship give these  
handbags their char-  
acter and enviable re-  
putation.

**A** GIFT for a day? Far more than that! Truly a treasure . . . for months . . . and years! The mingled qualities of beauty, usefulness and duration in Meeker Made distinctive leather goods appeal alike to giver and recipient. Besides the momentary thrill, you may be sure that the day-in and day-out utility of any one of these articles will prove a long-time reminder of your thoughtfulness and judgment. A Meeker Made handbag, underarm or vanity, rich in itself, will complement any costume. Neutral in tone—a harmonizing accessory. A billfold, key case or set of two or three in matched design for the man, well—you just can't give him anything that is more practical or anything he would rather have. The genuine imported steerhide from which Meeker Made goods are fashioned is the choicest of all the market affords. Shapes are smart. Designs, new and exclusive. Beautifully tooled, hand-colored and with hand-laced edges, they represent the leather craftsman's most distinguished effort. At the better dealers everywhere.



The "Meeker Made" imprint in the leather is your guarantee of quality. Look for it. It is the mark of The Meeker Company, Inc., Joplin, Missouri, largest manufacturers of steerhide leather goods in the U.S.A.

It used to be difficult to select a man's present. Not now, however.



There are so many suggestions—Meeker Made—for him. A billfold with his own initial, for instance . . . or his lodge or club emblem. A key case. Cigarette case. An attractively boxed gift set. Also other items.

Bags are suede leather lined. Have exclusive turn lock frames. Appropriate fittings. In general effect and in detail, Meeker Made leather goods are obviously finer.

## MEEKER MADE R

*Finest Imported Steerhide  
Leather Goods*

# PHOTOPLAY

January, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

FOR years we of the photoplay world have been told what we ought to see by the professional snoopers that roam the country. With the coming of talking pictures, it is probable that a lot of human ear-plugs will try to tell us what to hear.

Now, most astonishing of all, a group of people in Hollywood are trying to tell us what to write about Hollywood and its folks.

The Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences is all hot and bothered about what it calls the "scurrilous, degrading and facetious articles published about personalities in fan magazines."

THIS august body proposes, with the help of press agents and a few marines, to establish a "white list" of magazine writers whom it is safe to admit to the studios.

Once in, they can write a lot of pretty, backscratching pieces about the gods of filmland.

Unbelievable though it may seem, it is reported that one famous leading man has actually moved toward the deportation of a British magazine writer who grinds out articles for periodicals in this country and his homeland.



Such astoundingly high-handed procedure against the freedom of the typewriter could only be born in the madder sections of the film colony.

STARS are no longer born in the shadow of the Sphinx, nor do they keep pet doodlebugs, nor do little children run at the approach of vampires as they did in the golden days of fan rubbish.

Can it be that these actors and producers object to a little truth?

No one gets scurrilous at the expense of Hollywood any more. It is both wrong and out of fashion. But the self-anointed censors don't seem to know that. They appear to be living, in misty stupidity, in the days of 1920.

PHOTOPLAY, at least, tries to play the game of Truth with its two million readers and the picture people. And it does not like to see anyone in filmland deal from the bottom of the deck.

AS for the press agents, called in to help the outraged mummies, it is really too bad. Ink is their life-blood, and white paper their world, and if they try to join hands and turn on the writing people, it will be tantamount to neatly slitting their throats with their own



paper cutters. If they are wise, they will cut and run for the deep woods until the fussing Academicians forget this silly peeve and begin fuming and sputtering about something else.

Oh dear! Some people never will learn when they're well off!

**A** LITTLE German girl is going back home from Hollywood.

In this fact is hidden one of the little heartbreaks of the gold coast.

Irving Thalberg, honeymooning in Germany, found Eva von Berne and imported her. They reduced her and redressed her and primped her, and put her across from Jack Gilbert in "Masks of the Devil." Now she is going home.

Metro-Goldwyn says the talkies have made her garbled English useless, but we can take that or leave it alone.

I am afraid the truth is that Eva just wouldn't do. She didn't photograph well, and her acting opposite the star didn't spell anything like hit.

And so a little German girl is going back to Deutschland, probably with a serious crack in her heart. Goodbye, Eva. It's a tough break. Just a little Cinderella on whom the prince couldn't fit the glittering slipper.

**W**HEN Prince George of England played hookey from his cruiser and made whoopee in Hollywood he did a better job of handshaking across the sea than a dozen notes by nervous, high-strung diplomats.

Young George struck the human note on the royal xylophone when he tea'd with Lily Damita, dined with Mary Pickford and danced the morning in at Fatty Arbuckle's night club.

The whole country smiled at his carryings on. Only his captain seemed a little peevish.

And when his girl friends wirelessly the ship at sea, offering condolences on his punishment, the kid had a good-sport answer ready.

"The fun I had in Hollywood was worth it."

**T**HE Soviet Government's newest blow for Art to reach this country is "Ten Days that Shook the World." It ought

to be retitled "Ten Reels that Ruined the Eyesight." And while it seems too bad to dampen the enthusiasm of those who rate the Russian film directors higher than our local talent, may we remind the public of a few facts?

All films made in Russia are produced under the direct supervision of the Soviet Government.

They are pure propaganda and should be plainly labeled as such.

**T**HE Soviet Government is no more inclined to give an unbiased picture of the events of the Revolution than is the Anti-Saloon League likely to give you the straight facts on Prohibition.

For example: in "Ten Days that Shook the World" Trotsky is completely eliminated from the picture, although he was an active factor in the Revolution. But Trotsky is out of favor and the present leaders don't want to give him any publicity.

**S**O when you go to see a Soviet picture, keep a few of these points in mind.

Remember that you are seeing Russian history as the Soviet leaders want you to see it—not as it happened.

Remember you are paying your admission fee, not for a commercial product, but for advertising.

And remember that there isn't a political party in this country that could produce such propaganda and have it presented in theaters where an admission fee is charged.

**I**S the heavy film lover dying with the immortal dodo?

With all precincts reported, Peoria, Ill., votes "yes."

Lon Chaney is cock of the walk in the middle west now. The great Putty King, in "When the City Sleeps," outdrew John Barrymore, Ronald Colman and Rod La Rocque combined in the same length of time.

**C**HANEY is the best bet, with Emil Jannings not far behind and George Bancroft a hot third. The day of the hairy he-man is in, as far as Peoria goes.

You remember the old political saying, "As Peoria goes, so goes the nation." Take heart, male fans! Perhaps it's out of the boudoir into the logging camps!

# Sonny Boy

Ten years later another film hit comes to the Lee family, as little Davey follows Brother Frankie to fame

By  
*Tad Hastings*



Of course you remember Frankie Lee as the crippled boy of the unforgettable "Miracle Man." Frankie is sixteen now and he goes to Hollywood High. The Warner Studio, forgetting that boys grow up, called him for the rôle in "The Singing Fool"—but Davey walked right into the part

**T**HIS is a story about a little boy and his big brother.

Credit for the little boy's discovery has been given to Al Jolson. It belongs, instead, to a woman and to an obscure casting director.

The woman knew long before anyone else that this little boy was a remarkable child. It is not strange that she knew, however, for she is his mother. And mothers know a great many things long before other people know them, and often are not given credit for the knowledge.

The name of the lad is Davey Lee. He will be four years old exactly fourteen days after this story goes on all newsstands—on the twenty-ninth of December, to be specific.

So you see, he is a sort of combination Christmas present and New Year's greeting—one that people will cherish forever if he continues his present cinema pace.

Davey plays the part of *Sonny Boy* in Al Jolson's new picture, "The Singing Fool." And he fairly tears the heart out of you, too, when, dying, he asks his daddy to sing him to sleep.

The story of how Davey became *Sonny Boy* is one of those strange tales for which Hollywood is famous. It is part and parcel of the bizarre fabric that makes the town unique. It is another case where truth is stranger than fiction, where fact is more potent than fabrication, where the press agent's conception falls far below par. The real story is saturated with shattered hopes, with doubts and disappointments; it brims with heartbreak. For it is the story of how an older brother was called, but a younger brother chosen.

Frankie Lee is the older brother. Frankie, the little crippled boy of "The Miracle Man"—not a real cripple, of course, just the youngster who acted the part. That was ten years ago. Yet it left an unforgettable impression, one that survives to this day.

And the tragedy of this story is that Frankie was called first for the part that made his baby brother famous.

But Frankie is now sixteen. He has been going to Hollywood High for

several years. He is tall and gangling, and he does not even remotely resemble that whimsical little fellow with the wistful smile in "The Miracle Man."

Yet in the minds of producers and directors, Frankie Lee has never grown up. He is still, to them, "that little Miracle Man kid." Thus we see how indelible was the imprint of his work. Its effect upon memory produced a picture that cannot be erased.



You'll be touched by little four-year-old Davey Lee's sincere playing of Al Jolson's son when you see "The Singing Fool." As soon as Jolson saw Davey he exclaimed: "Come to Uncle Al!"

**A** SHORT time ago, Frankie was called to take a test with Lois Moran for "The River Pirate." William K. Howard remembered him. In fact, Howard proved himself the exception to the rule by actually daring to consider that possibly Frankie had grown up. He wanted Frankie, not for a child part, but for a full-fledged young man's rôle. Frankie, however, was a little too immature, so the part went to Nick Stuart.

But that test put the celluloid virus back into Frankie Lee's blood with a vengeance.

"Mother," he said, "I'm all steamed up and want to get back into the game."

So mother, in the rôle of manager once more, undertook to restore Frankie's career.

And here's where the heartbreak begins. Wherever Frankie went, he found himself surrounded by little children, kids often less than half his size—all called for the one part.

It was most embarrassing.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 101 ]



# DIET-

By

*Katherine Albert*

**Wrong**

A typical "star" luncheon, so fatal to health and happiness, demonstrated by Josephine Dunn. Crackers, 100 calories; cottage cheese, 50 calories; consomme, 13 calories; pineapple, 50 calories. Food fit for neither man nor beast!

Why the average woman risks her health when she attempts to achieve a movie figure

Unwittingly, the producers are modern Shylocks who, when they demand a pound of flesh, also demand a part of the life-span of the star; without realizing the grave responsibility they assume the producers point the way to the hospital and set an example that threatens to produce a race of anaemic, tubercular weaklings.

**H**OSPITAL reports show that there is more tuberculosis among women than ever before and that this is the direct result of diet!

The foremost physicians declare that they treat thousands of cases of anaemia. Diet—a death's head wearing the mask of beauty—is again responsible!

The stars have set the styles in slim figures.

The correct weight for a girl five feet two inches tall is 119 pounds. The average screen player of this height weighs only 108 pounds.

A survey of all the studios embracing the film plants of Culver City, Burbank, Westwood and Hollywood and including one hundred fifty of the most famous, most envied film celebrities, resulted in the compilation of a table of heights and weights showing that the players are from ten to fifteen pounds underweight, according to medical standards.

This means that they have starved themselves for pictures, for personal whims, or to be fashionable until they have lowered their physical resistance to the danger point and are unfit to do the strenuous, nervous, emotional work required of them!

Barbara LaMarr died of tuberculosis brought on by weight reduction. Kathryn Grant ruined her career and was made an invalid from starvation. Lottie Pickford took her life in her hands when she resorted to quick reducing medicines and is today virtually an invalid. Eva von Berne collapsed on the set after trying to lose ten pounds; Flobelle Fairbanks, niece of Doug, caused her family much concern and endangered her health by indulging, secretly, in a lime juice diet. Lina Basquette has just come out of a gruelling, enervating reducing process. Molly O'Day, now one of the most famous of those waging the battle against avoirdupois, is convalescing from an operation for the removal of surplus flesh—an operation which has resulted disastrously for others. Excess weight ended the film careers of Clara Kimball Young, Mrs. Sidney Drew, Leah Baird and Katharine McDonald.



**Right**

A satisfying meal for a girl who wants to lose two or three pounds a week—roast beef, baked potato, spinach, pickled beets, cucumbers, buttermilk and fruit cup. Remember, you can't do good work on a starvation diet

**D**IET! It has put one world famous star in her grave, has caused the illness of many others, has wrecked careers and has become, largely through its practice in Hollywood, the Great American Menace!

For as Hollywood does so does the rest of the world.

It is a grim problem—this matter of diet—and it concerns not only every Hollywood studio but every home in the United States as well. High school girls of fifteen or sixteen, who need wholesome, body-building food, are actually putting their lives in peril when they cut down their rations and refuse everything but a hard boiled egg and an ounce of spinach, or attempt to live on nothing but lamb chops and pineapple.

The wife of the household prepares well cooked, savory meals for her husband and then nibbles on a few "health" crackers in order to have a sylph-like figure!

The fault may be laid at the doors of the studios!



# The Menace of Hollywood

A girl may be the reincarnation of Duse, she may have the histrionic ability of Bernhardt, she may be able to touch the heart of humanity, but if she is five pounds overweight according to screen standards—that! for her career!

Why this mad search for slimness? Why must the stars starve themselves?

There are two reasons.

According to Dr. H. B. K. Willis, one of Hollywood's best known physicians who daily turns down dozens of women who beg to be reduced quickly, it is a mistaken idea on the part of the producers. They think that the public demands stream-lines in stars and,

believing this, set the dangerous example to women of the entire world who blindly attempt to copy Hollywood's prevailing figure.

The second reason concerns only the picture girls and no other women.

If a practical stereoscopic camera lens were perfected these all too rigid diets would be unnecessary.

When a woman steps in front of the camera she adds from five to twenty pounds to her figure. The camera photographs but two dimensions. This tends to flatten a round object. Look at a pipe. Then shut one eye. The pipe immediately widens and appears several inches broader than it really is.

Hollywood may slowly return to the natural figure. Anita Page, for instance, is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 118 pounds, which is a sane weight. Anita prefers to follow health charts rather than camera lines



## CORRECT DIET

*Compiled by Dr. Willis from works of the most famous authorities on diet*

### BREAKFAST

1/2 large grapefruit	
Scalloped codfish	
Stewed tomatoes	
Saltine crackers	
1 cup coffee	
1 teaspoon butter	
1 teaspoon sugar	
	<b>374 Calories</b>

### LUNCHEON

2 large slices lean roast beef	
Tomato or mushroom sauce	
1 medium baked potato	
2 heaping tablespoons spinach	
2 heaping tablespoons pickled beets	
8 slices cucumbers	
1 glass buttermilk	
1 teaspoon butter	
1 fruit cup	
	<b>654 Calories</b>

### DINNER

1 slice cold roast lamb	
2 heaping tablespoons squash	
Mint sauce	
1 tablespoon green peas	
3 heaping tablespoons mustard greens	
Medium sized tomato salad	
Mineral oil or vinegar	
2 small biscuits	
1/2 cantaloupe	
1 glass skimmed milk	
	<b>524 Calories</b>
	<b>1552 Calories</b>

*(This must be varied every day. It will reduce you from 2 to 3 pounds per week)*

## STAR DIET

*This is what the stars eat—it's wrong!*

### BREAKFAST

Hot water.....	000 calories
----------------	--------------

### LUNCHEON

8 tablespoons consomme.....	13 calories
2 saltines .....	100 calories
1/4 pound tomatoes.....	25 calories

### DINNER

Cottage cheese.....	50 calories
2 ounces pineapple .....	50 calories
1 glass buttermilk.....	67 calories
	<b>305 calories</b>

### Sometimes

1 hard boiled egg.....	100 calories
6 ounces spinach.....	100 calories
	<b>505 calories</b>

# How the Camera Lies About Figures.



Don't envy the unnaturally thin figure of your favorite star. Remember, that it is usually achieved by a dangerous diet. In trying to reduce her weight too quickly, Barbara La Marr contracted tuberculosis. She paid for her beauty with her life

A skillful cameraman may arrange his lights so that this condition is helped, but only the three dimensional lens will alleviate the necessity of the stars being underweight.

Dr. Willis declares that it is detrimental to reduce more than two or three pounds a week.

That's a nice idea. A physician can sit calmly by and make this truism, but—and this is large and vital—when a producer sits back in his leather chair, looking out across his mahogany desk and says to a girl, "You may have the leading rôle in my next super-epic if you will lose ten pounds in the next ten days," what is the girl going to do?

Before her lies fame and fortune, luxury and acclaim. Is she going to think of her health? Is she going to heed a doctor's advice? Not much! She has heard the ultimatum. "Lose ten pounds in ten days." A career against her health. The career always wins.

Twelve hundred calories is the minimum prescribed by Dr. Willis. And this is used only in extreme cases, for excessively fat women. The sensible, balanced diet has 1552 calories per day. The average picture girl receives no more than 500 calories a day! Impossible for her to do the kind of work required on that!

I have seen Joan Crawford make an entire luncheon on a few tablespoonfuls of cold consomme, a dish of rhubarb and a half dozen crackers thickly spread with mustard. And this is a day after day performance.

Is it any wonder that Joan is constantly under the care of a doctor? She knows that such a diet is none too good for her, but what is she to do? She has to keep thin.

Alice White reduced from 126 pounds to 96 in a few weeks. What a shock to the nervous system! She began by going on a lamb chop and pineapple diet for a few days and then had "just a sensible diet," consisting of salads and fruits amounting to all of 400 calories, no doubt!

**P**OLA NEGRI took off ten pounds with an egg and spinach diet. Six ounces of spinach contain 100 calories, one hard boiled egg is another hundred. It was the critics who forced Pola to this extreme measure. The Negri just won't be told by producers. She had to be convinced and, when "The Woman of the World" was released, almost every newspaper commented upon her excessive weight.

Renee Adoree's work in "The Big Parade" stands out as one of the classic gestures of the screen. Never before or since has she reached greater heights. At that time she weighed more than she ever did, 125 pounds. The producers did not complain then because she characterized a French peasant girl, but immediately that the picture was finished they insisted that she lose. A few days ago the scales pointed to 97 pounds.

She has paid dearly for an intensive course in diet and steam baths and massage. She has paid with illness and ragged nerves.



Kathryn Grant had a beautiful figure, but she was just a little too plump for the eye of the camera. Kathryn tried to reduce in a hurry. Trying to undo the mischief of a foolish diet, she spent months in a sanitarium. Today she is an invalid and studio work is out of the question



# Don't Be Guided by Star Weights!

Without being given a chance to show what ability she had, Dimples Lido was shipped back to Germany because she gained weight that she could not seem to take off. She was discovered by Carl Laemmle on the Riviera and brought to Hollywood. Naturally buxom, she added several more pounds to her figure and was given her *congé*. She might have been the world's greatest actress—who knows? She might have had the subtlety of a Mrs. Siddons but she was overweight! Finis—enough—out!

Perhaps Dimples is one of the fortunates. Better for her, no doubt, to have been forced to give up her career than to put herself through the rigid demands of diet.

Eva von Berne's entire future rests upon just ten pounds. She is only eighteen years old and is built along generous, continental lines. At the time of life when she needs good, substantial food, she is dining upon lettuce salad and sliced pineapple. She looks pale and haggard and her cry is the same as the others, "But what am I to DO? What am I to do?"

**P**ITIFUL, lovely Barbara LaMarr—her search for slimness cost her her life. She resorted to the most drastic means of taking off weight—methods too horrible even to recount. This struggle so depleted the energy of "the girl who was too beautiful" that she was an easy victim of tuberculosis.

And then there is Molly O'Day! What will be the fate of the O'Day? A part of the story was recounted in the August issue of *PHOTOPLAY*, but what of this recent development? Molly is overweight even for a non-professional. At the beginning of "The Patent Leather Kid" she was twenty pounds heavier than she should have been for the screen. Her test showed acting ability and she was told that she could play the part if she would lose twenty pounds. She did at the rate of half-pound a day.

But Barthelmess hurt his foot soon after the picture was started and Molly, playing opposite him, was left at home while the company went north for war scenes. Thin and svelte she was when the company left, as the sequence at the ring-side showed her. But when the troupe returned she was fat and chunky.

In discussing her case, Al Santell, director of "The Patent Leather Kid," said, "The real reason for flesh is self-assurance. Molly O'Day was acclaimed the great find in years and she believed it. She was sent away to lose weight and finally a wire came saying she was thin and ready to start a picture. When she walked into my office, she was pathetically fleshy."

And then she resorted to a drastic method. Dr. Robert B.



Molly O'Day is recovering from a drastic surgical operation that removed the flesh that threatened her career. But will the fat return? And what will be the after-effects of this strenuous and painful treatment?

Griffith, who claims that quick reduction is harmless (a large part of Griffith's clientele is made up of women who want to "take it off" at any cost), performed an operation on Molly.

**T**HE knife made long incisions on either leg and across the stomach and the fat was removed. Electric needles to melt the fat away were used, also.

Molly remained under the ether for an hour and fifteen minutes while the operation was performed. She has suffered acutely, but the doctor assures her that there will be no scars left and that she will be from twelve to fifteen pounds lighter.

Will there be any ill effect from this? Will the fat return? That remains to be seen. Al Santell believes that the operation will do no good, for there is fat all over Molly's body. She is a splendid actress. Her director, her producer, her public know this. But unless she is more than sylph-like her art will be completely wasted. This is the demand of the screen!

She has high hopes now. Wan and convalescent in the hospital, she smiled and expressed the wish that this drastic measure would allow her to continue her career. Some of the stars are really sensible about diet. Mary Pickford, for instance, often takes the milk cure, prescribed by reliable physicians. Lillian Gish is practically a vegetarian.

The "Miss Los Angeles" of a few years ago was Kathryn Grant. A film career was assured when she was given a long term [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

## Why it is dangerous to copy a movie star in finding your correct weight

Height	Health weight	Star weight
5 ft.	114 lbs.	96 lbs.
5 ft., 1 in.	116 lbs.	104 lbs.
5 ft., 2 in.	119 lbs.	108 lbs.
5 ft., 3 in.	122 lbs.	111 lbs.
5 ft., 4 in.	125 lbs.	115 lbs.
5 ft., 5 in.	128 lbs.	119 lbs.
5 ft., 6 in.	132 lbs.	122 lbs.



# GIRL WANTED—

*By Cal York*

Charlie Chaplin went to a Los Angeles fight recently. He saw Virginia Cherrill, a blonde Chicago visitor to the coast. He signed her immediately for his forthcoming comedy, "City Lights"

**J**UST what does it take to be Charlie Chaplin's leading lady? If you can figure that out, you can be Mayor of Beverly Hills and dance the first seven dances with Clara Bow.

For Charlie's leading women have been the sensation of Hollywood and, later, of the movie-mad world. Hollywood wakes up every morning, stretches, yawns and asks the clerk what the latest quotation is on Charlot's Lead, Preferred.

There's no answer. Evidently, all a gal needs is a lot of luck, all good.

Recently Chaplin saw a Chicago girl named Virginia Cherrill at a box fight. Before you could say Waladek Sbyszko she was made leading woman of "City Lights," his new film. She probably didn't know a Kleig light from an assistant property man, but, P. S., she got the job.

Of course, if you are a nut on hunches, believe in numerology and once played the Ouija board, you can go for the "A" hunch.

Look at the list.

Edn-A, Lit-A, Georgi-A, Mern-A, and now Virgini-A.

But let that go.

Chaplin, himself, carried it further.

**H**ERE are the characteristics he wants in one of his leading women—

Appeal, adaptability, ambition, amiability, and attractiveness.

The eyes seem to have it.

Where other stars hem, haw and figure, Chaplin picks his girls out of thin air. If he knew of thinner air, he would go to it.

If you girls think you are all broken out with a rash of "IT," don't bother about a Chaplin job. He places physical appeal last in his list of qualifications.

Hear the Little Grey Clown himself on the subject.

"To be a leading lady for me," says Charlie, "a girl must have appeal, but not necessarily sex appeal. She must have youth, but not necessarily screen experience.

"In fact, I prefer that she have no picture experience. Without it, she has fewer faults to correct. She must be adaptable, too, in order to take direction. She should have some appreciation of music in order to be

The very first scene of Charlie Chaplin and his new discovery, Virginia Cherrill. Charlie says his leading women must have appeal, adaptability, ambition, amiability and attractiveness. All A's—and Virginia fills the bill. Charlie's leading women last one picture and then depart. But they're famous





# No Experience Required

“To be a leading woman for me,” says Charlie Chaplin, “a girl must have appeal but not sex appeal”

susceptible to vibrations. When one becomes absorbed in a part one is only a sounding board reflecting the play of emotions.

“Also, a girl must be ambitious. Otherwise, she will not take her work seriously. And to succeed, one must be intensely serious, particularly in pictures.”

All the Chaplin leading women have possessed these qualifications.

Run down the list. Edna Purviance, Lita Grey, Georgia Hale, Merna Kennedy and now Virginia Cherrill.

**N**OTE well that there has been something dramatic—something really romantic, about the bolt of lightning that has hit these unknowns, from first to latest.

In 1915 Chaplin went to a dance in San Francisco. He didn't crave it, but he went. There he met a blonde girl from Lovelock, Nevada, who was learning stenography in the Golden Gate town. He danced with the girl, and liked her. Her name was Edna Purviance.

Today that same blonde girl, who never had a written contract with Charles Chaplin in her life, who received other offers and could have left him flat on the lot, who never took advantage of her position as the great comedian's lead—is still on the Chaplin payroll at precisely the same salary she enjoyed during the height of her popularity.

Chaplin's intimates say that whether Edna Purviance makes a picture or never postures for the camera again she will still be on that salary list at full pay.

That's the Chaplin sense of loyalty.

Charlie first met Lita Grey when she was doing an extra bit in “The Kid.” She was just a spindly kid then, less than 12. She and her mother both worked in that one, and in “The Idle Class.”

Then, when Charlie began “The Gold Rush” without a leading lady Mrs. Grey brought Lita over to show the comic what a big girl she was now.

She wore an organdie dress, and its simplicity caught Charlie's eye. He made a test of her, bundled in furs. After all, he might need a head girl before the film was through. The rest is in the book.

**G**EORGIA HALE was discovered along with Joe von Sternberg. She was the leading woman in “Salvation Hunters.” George K. Arthur, then a cocky little Britisher doubling from the grocery business into films, wangled Charlie into taking a look at the picture.

That great story, too, is in the book. Arthur got a swell job with Metro-Goldwyn, and Chaplin made Miss Hale leading woman in “The Gold Rush” after his marriage to Lita Grey. And Georgia is Chaplin's staunch admirer and friend today.

Oddly enough, Merna Kennedy was introduced to Chaplin by Lita, who recommended her for the lead in “The Circus.” That, of course, was pre-war, before suits and counter-suits had turned Chaplin's hair grey, and no pun meant.

The story of Virginia Cherrill remains to be told. Time will tell it. The beginning is dramatic and romantic. What the end will be is in the lap of the gods.

Since Purviance's day, no leading woman for Chaplin has made more than one picture. They come and go, like the seasons and the family bootlegger.

They are not too beautiful, these children of chance. They are without experience.

What to do, girls? Carry a rabbit's foot, probably.

And yet the rabbit once had four of them, and what good did they do him?

Edna



Lita



Georgia



Merna



# The Studio Murder

Two conflicting confessions baffle the Hollywood Police—Try your skill at solving the startling crime and win \$3,000

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

*Dwight Hardell, one of the foremost players of the Superior Films Company, is found dead on Stage Six. Hardell, who has played heavies, has been something of a scoundrel in his private as well as his make-believe life. He has an unsavory reputation as a ruthless philanderer.*

*Chief of Detectives Smith quickly takes over the investigation. The search for clues starts. It is revealed that Hardell and Director Franz Seibert left the studio together at 12:17 a. m. after working together for three hours on close-ups in an otherwise deserted studio. It also develops that Billy West, Seibert's assistant, and Yvonne Beaumont, a French actress, were in the studios on the night of the murder—on mysterious errands outside their film work.*

*The coroner's examination of Hardell's body tends to show, strangely enough, that the actor must have died before or shortly after midnight. The death weapon was a rapier used in the film scene. This weapon is without finger prints of any kind, although other prints are found on the murder set.*

*The investigation continues. Now go on with the story.*

FOR a moment the president sat looking back unblinkingly into the detective's grey eyes. Then he said thoughtfully, "Four people you say. Vell, there would be Seibert, and Hardell . . . and maybe Billy Vest, but I do not think so. Seibert sometimes works absolutely alone. Vell, then there would be Seibert and Hardell. That is two. You mean two more besides them, then?"

"I mean four besides Hardell, the murdered man . . ."

"You mean four people vere mixed up in that murder? You mean you got four suspects?"



"That's more like it, when I identify the fourth . . . who at this point is just 'another woman,'" returned Smith.

"Another woman. You haff then von woman already?"

"Proof positive that Miss Beaumont came out here last night to see Hardell, and evidence tending to show that she . . ."

He was interrupted by Rosenthal, who made a low moan of protest.

"I could not to believe it! You do not know her! No, there iss something the matter vid your evidence!" he stuttered, and then, "And already ve are going to star her! Already ve haff bought a story, just for her, and Bonet is to direct it! Ve haff the news stories in all the papers, last week, and in all the fan magazines . . . ve haff our releases all set . . . I tell you, Mr. Smith, this is terrible! I do not believe it!"

"Sergeant Clancy has the case all cut and dried," said Smith, grinning reminiscently. "To his mind Miss Beaumont is the guilty person. But so far she is really just a possibility." Then he told Rosenthal of the note taken from Billy West, and written to Yvonne.



# Mystery

By  
The EDINGTONS

Illustrated by  
C. A. BRYSON



"Billee! Why have you the handcuffs on?" Yvonne burst into the room, her grey, dusky-lashed eyes wide with terror, her sweet red mouth quivering. "Billee! Talk to me! I have heard when I come on the lot that Dwight is murdered! Tell me! You . . . didn't." She stopped and her great eyes, now tear filled, questioned him. "He said he did, Miss Beaumont," said Chief of Detectives Smith, quietly

Hardell, or, he left, and returned a few minutes later. If this is the man I think, and if the evidence of the gate-man shows him to have been here in the studio at that time, he will have to have a darn good alibi. . . . Now, as to the fourth person. We will call her the 'unknown woman.' I say fourth, but this person may turn out to be the same as the writer of the note . . . Miss Beaumont.

"OUR unknown woman was also on the set at the time of the murder. She either committed it, or witnessed it. How do I know? I shall have to keep some of these tale-telling clues to myself, but you shall know them all in time. She was frightened . . . forced to hide, at one time. Later she must have gone to the body of Hardell, and, in an attempt to find if he were dead or not, leaned down and touched him. She got blood on her hand, which evidently terrified her, for she fled the set. I know that she was terrified, and that she fled, because she left her finger marks, in blood, on the canvas door. A person in a normal state of mind would not have done that. If the finger prints on the door, and the ones on the letter paper are identical . . . you see

"Vell, and because she writes a silly letter, you make of her a murderess! That man Clancy is a dumb bell . . . a fool!" exclaimed Rosenthal angrily.

"Ah . . . but . . . there were finger prints on the set . . . a woman's fingers marked in blood on the canvas door . . . plenty of other finger marks . . . and when these are matched up with the ones on the letter, I am afraid . . . but, we will go to the third party, a man who wore rubber soled shoes, bull-dog grip. Does your night watchman wear such shoes?"

ROSENTHAL held out his fat hands protestingly. "Mr. Smith, how should I know vat my night vatchman wears? I do not look at the feet of my people. It is their faces I should look at!"

"Forget the question. I was only thinking of identifying the man . . ." Smith looked up and smiled. "But, such shoes were certainly on that set!" He described the trail left by them, adding, "If the wearer of those shoes is the murderer, we know that he was on the set for several minutes after he killed

what we have? Beaumont. Also, other things carry out the theory. She was angry at him. Perhaps afraid of him. Anyway, furious because he persisted in his attentions. A furious woman sometimes acts . . . and thinks afterwards. That the murder was unpremeditated, if committed by this woman, is probable . . . most likely. She killed him, and then, became horrified, and hysterical . . . in short, rushed away.

"Now, as I said, we have four suspects: Seibert, who was undoubtedly the last man to be with Hardell the night he was murdered; the wearer of the rubber-soled shoes, who has left his bloodstained evidence for all to see; Miss Beaumont, who wrote Hardell that 'tonight she would end all between them.' (Rather a significant remark, don't you agree?) And then, this third party . . . a woman, from the small finger prints, who . . . dipped her hand in Hardell's life blood!"

Abraham Rosenthal sat in stunned silence. Accustomed to visualizing a scene presented to him . . . trained by his profession to put life and movement into mere names of persons . . . he was now looking at this dim set, through which dark and



"**I**T was a grand night for a murder, sor, as I said to MacDougal," Lanning, the night watchman, told Chief of Detectives Smith. "I made me rounds and near froze to death with the dirty fog creepin' down me back. Things began to happen. Whin I starts on me 11:30 round I sees a woman's figger runnin' down the women's dressin' rooms. I see it stealin' out of the bushes on the West side of Stage Six, and makin' for the stage door. That was just at midnight."



# 19 Prizes, Totaling \$3,000, Offered for the Best Murder Mystery Solutions

sinister figures flitted, and in which a man has been stabbed to death; it was all frightfully real to him.

"Gott of Abraham!" he finally groaned. "Iss it that all my people are murderers?"

"All men are murderers—yes—Mr. Rosenthal," said Smith soberly. "There is a time in every human's life when the veneer of custom is thrown aside . . . at least in the mind . . . and in such times the taking of another human's life becomes a possibility . . . at least in thought! I believe that a great many people have felt an irresistible impulse towards murder! To some it may come through a desire to strangle . . . with the hands. To some it may be an over-powering impulse to pull the trigger. . . . I fully believe that some men who have become murderers have only yielded to this momentary impulse . . . and then . . . the thing is done. They may never have had another such impulse in their lives. Might never again . . . and yet, for the brief lack of that control . . ."

THE president of Superior Films shuddered audibly.

"No . . . no. That I do not think, I, myself, have never felt like murdering anybody. . . ."

"Think carefully. Back in those difficult days when you were climbing up from the gutter . . . oh yes, I know your history . . . when life seemed a hard and bitter struggle . . . when other humans with money and power seemed cold and selfish beasts . . ."

"Vell, mebbe a couple of times there was low-lifers I vished would die," admitted Rosenthal naively.

Smith smiled. "And if you had had those 'low-lifers' at your mercy, at a time when you resented their power, their existence, most . . . what then? My theory is not improbable. Men and women, as they exist today, are but the sum total of the genies of their ancestors, plus the variations and inhibitions which civilization has instilled in them! Take away the inhibitions. Man killed in the beginning, and the only code he had was whether it was right or wrong to himself! Today we are living under mass determinations of right and wrong, which have laid down a code barring killings, except as safeguard for the masses. Yet, today as in the leopard skin days, man thinks . . . and acts . . . individually! Instinctively, he is a killer! He may go through life without being aware of it. He may not. He may be aware of it, and draw away in horror from the idea. That is because of his culture, up through the ages!

DAILY TIME REPORT		SUPERIOR FILMS STUDIOS		DAILY TIME REPORT		
NAME		A. M.		P. M.		REMARKS
In	Out	In	Out			
				9.03	12.17 a.m.	
				9.03	12.17 a.m.	
				11.33	1.30 a.m.	
				11.40	1.40 a.m.	

The tell-tale studio time sheet of the murder night. This plays an important part in solving the puzzling murder mystery

"I have studied human nature . . . especially that human nature which has yielded to the killing impulse . . . and I am convinced that all humanity contains in itself the impulse to take life, should occasion arise that makes it necessary. Wars prove that. Murders prove that humanity contains this impulse, also, when occasions arise that create the killing thought, even when it is not necessary."

Rosenthal shivered, and shrugged his shoulders as if to shake off the unpleasant philosophy.

"Vell, you haff had more experience in that line than myself, certainly . . . but I am very glad, Mr. Smith, that I do not believe such things! It would make me very miserable. I should look at efferbody like they vas already murderers!"

Smith smiled, and said, "Well, maybe it's a good thing a lot of us who have decided ideas about things, don't go around preaching them . . . or thinking of them all the time! I assure you I do not go around looking at people as though they were murderers! Only . . . when I'm on a case like this . . . and . . ." he pulled out his watch, "Clancy ought to be along pretty soon with your watchman."

Rosenthal did not answer. Smith reached over and took a cigar, and for a little while each man sat with his own thoughts.

There was a knock on the door, and Smith opened it to admit Clancy, propelling before him a [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

## Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in PHOTOPLAY in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of the March, 1929, number, on February 15th, 1929, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less.

They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize . . . . .	\$1,000
Second Prize . . . . .	500
Third prize . . . . .	350
Fourth prize . . . . .	150
Five prizes of \$100 . . . . .	500
Ten prizes of \$50 . . . . .	500

In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of PHOTOPLAY and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.



# Here Are Winners

## The Prize Winners

First Prize \$1,500—Ruby Album

MARGARET MYERS  
11718 Browning Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Second Prize \$1,000—"Starlit" Wedding

MRS. A. LAURITZEN  
1236 Churchill Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

Third Prize \$500—Gilded Fan

BERNARD FINKELSTEIN  
1491 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fourth Prize \$250—Stage

MRS. J. HOWARD GREENE  
Cherrywood Apts., 2315 Alice St., Dallas, Texas

Fifth Prize \$125—Train

MRS. J. A. REISSER  
633 Keel Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

[ADDITIONAL PRIZE WINNERS ON PAGE 78]

## Fifty cash prizes awarded for cut puzzle solutions

correct solutions ran into the hundreds, thus intensifying the labor of the judges. The manner in which the solutions were presented was so varied and so ingenious as to call for the most minute comparisons and the most careful consideration.

THE preliminary preparations required even more time, since, among the thousands of entries made, the incorrect ones had first to be sifted from the others. This task was particularly unwelcome to the judges, inasmuch as often a splendidly presented solution had regretfully to be set aside because of one or more errors.

Among the commoner errors was that of dropping the "e" in spelling Adolphe Menjou's first name. Another error, though perhaps not occurring as often as in some of the contests in previous years, was the placing of hair on the wrong head. The male were oftener guilty of this than the feminine entrants, apparently indicating that hair has more significance to a woman than it has to a man.

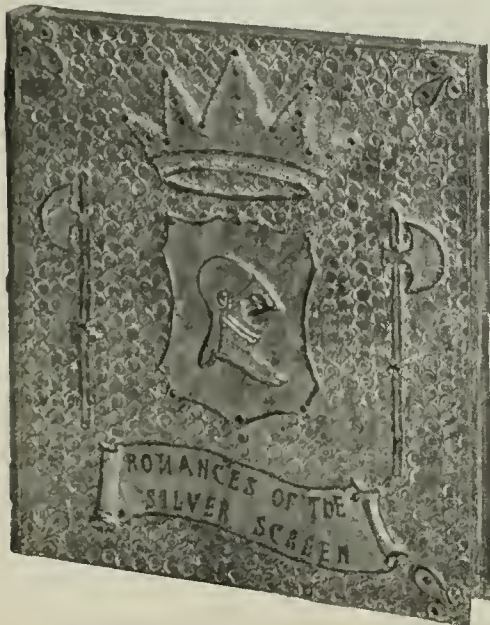
That PHOTOPLAY's annual Cut Picture Puzzle Contest is regarded somewhat in the light of a classic by its readers is evidenced from the fact that many who fail to capture a prize one year come back the next with renewed enthusiasm and determination. And in a number of instances it is a matter of gratification to note that ultimate success has crowned this persistent effort and self-confidence.

Certainly the vast majority of contestants—whether newcomers or veterans—made a very sincere bid for success, if imagination and cleverness in working up a novel plan of presentation and painstaking care in executing it are criteria. The grouping of the solutions in the several special rooms that had to be set aside to house them was comparable to an exhibit or bazaar, international in scope, for not only was every section of

ALL the returns are in and the judges have made their decisions in PHOTOPLAY's Fifth Cut Picture Puzzle Contest. Simultaneously with the appearance of this issue of PHOTOPLAY on the newsstands, the five capital and the forty-five lesser awards are placed by Uncle Sam's mail carriers in the hands of the winners.

Previous to this published announcement, only the "Big Five" had any inkling that their solutions were being considered. This advance information could not be kept from them, if their photographs and letters were to be received in PHOTOPLAY's editorial offices and printed in the same issue with this announcement. But in no instance did any one of the five have the slightest clue as to what rank his or her entry would take. So that they, too, have shared in the suspense as well as the prize money with the other lucky forty-five.

When at midnight, September twentieth, the gong sounded, closing the entries, the work of the judges began. Every entry was carefully opened, examined and tabulated. The number of



The solution of Margaret Myers, a hand made Ruby Album shown open, and closed, won for her the first prize of \$1,500



# of \$5,000 Contest



Mrs. A. Lauritzen, winner of second prize, \$1,000, with her "Starlit" Wedding and the correct pictures on the lanterns around the garden



The beautiful Gilded Fan, the work of Bernard Finkelstein, won for him the third prize of \$500



this country represented, but Canada, Mexico and even far-away Australia were not backward in entering their champion puzzle solvers. Indeed, with the exception of Asia, not a continent failed of representation.

Our own Pacific Coast, though relatively closer to Hollywood than the rest of the country, was not so well represented as one might think. The Mid-Westerners were heavy contenders, as were noticeably some of the Southern States, particularly Texas. But sweeping the country from north to south and from east to west, not a single state was found that was not without a really creditable quota. As one of PHOTOPLAY's readers wrote, in submitting her entry: "This is not just another one of those contests; it's a national institution."

EVERY possible type of presentation seems to have been entered. The world of the motion picture and the theater; of business and of invention; of adventure and of play; the new and the old; the prosaic and the romantic; the bizarre and the commonplace—jostled each other. Here a dance pavilion, with the faces of the stars in the Contest gazing upon the scene from the walls, there a Spanish galleon; Charlie Chaplin dances with a fair charmer; the stars gaze upon you from chess and checker boards, from packs of cards, from footballs, from baskets of flowers, from automobiles, trains, steamships, windmills, from books, fans, crazy quilts and cushions; they dangle

from the neck of a great toad made of green silk; they peer at you from chests of drawers; they ride in chariots. They

represent characters and events as thrilling, as romantic, as lovable, as fascinating, as the world of the motion picture.

Here in tabloid we catch a glimpse of the vast realm of the screen. We begin to understand something of what it has done for the ideals, the emotions, the lives of us all. And all this packed away in the scanty quarters of three rooms!

The first prize—\$1,500—is awarded to Miss Margaret Myers of 11718 Browning Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, for her Ruby Album.

She writes: "My solution under consideration for a prize! What news could be better to 'pep' me up just now, while convalescing from an illness?"

"It seems as if I have always been a movie fan—as long as I can remember. Following up all the news, pictures and chats about my favorites of the screen, I have come to depend on PHOTOPLAY to keep me well informed. The announcement of the Cut Picture Puzzle Contest in the June issue proved too tempting to resist.

"My time is rather limited because I work in an office all

## The Thirty-Two Correct Cut-Puzzle Answers

June	July	August	September
Sally Rand	Charles Rogers	Marceline Day	Dolores Costello
Alice White	Raoul Walsh	Laura La Plante	Greta Garbo
Alice Joyce	James Murray	Phyllis Haver	Aileen Pringle
Louise Brooks	Ramon Novarro	Ruth Taylor	Estelle Taylor
George O'Brien	Sue Carol	Gary Cooper	Rod La Rocque
Neil Hamilton	Madge Bellamy	Adolphe Menjou	Harold Lloyd
Ralph Forbes	Nancy Phillips	William Powell	Ben Lyon
Harry Crocker	Lois Moran	Don Alvarado	Antonio Moreno



# Photoplay's Fifth Cut Picture Awards



This elaborate thirty-two compartment stage, one for each star in the contest, is the work of Mrs. J. Howard Greene, and was awarded the fourth prize, \$250

a setting which would involve both a knowledge of gardening and the knowledge of making and dressing dolls.

"If I should be one of the prize winners, I know exactly for what I shall use the prize money. My lifelong ambition has been to have a children's ready to wear shop combined with a doll shop."

And this from Mr. Bernard Finkelstein, 1491 St. Johns Place, Brooklyn, New York, winner of the third prize—\$500—for his Gilded Fan:

"On picking up the July issue of PHOTOPLAY I noticed the prizes offered for the solution of the Cut Picture Puzzle and decided to enter the Contest and when I did, I certainly acquired a great deal of knowledge regarding the personalities of the screen stars, and I spent many hours at this task after a hard day's work during the sizzling hot days of last summer, cutting, matching and assembling the different faces.

"My son, who is now attending high school, will soon have to enter college, and the prize money would be a great help in that direction. Also, I have a daughter, who is five and wants to take dancing lessons, because she wants to play in the movies. The prize money might go a long way toward helping achieve this goal."

day, besides managing our home for dad, brothers and sister. So I decided to use my vacation in making an old gold volume of French design taken from the Fifteenth Century."

In reply to a telegram from PHOTOPLAY, in which she was asked what she would do in case she won one of the principal prizes, Miss Myers said: "I would like to send my sister through college.

"To be able to travel, visit places I've read about and want so much to see. To continue studying music.

"To be able to do, oh, a thousand and one things in a future as golden as my book, with days as shining as its pages—if I should be one of the fortunate ones!"

THE second prize—\$1,000—goes to Mrs. A. Lauritzen, 1236 Churchill, St. Paul, Minnesota, for her solution presented as "A Wedding in a Starlit Garden."

She says: "Various contests conducted by PHOTOPLAY have aroused my interest, but not until this latest one did I decide to submit an entry.

"I was thinking of the various possibilities for settings for these screen faces when suddenly the idea of my 'Starlit Garden' flashed through my mind. Ever since I can remember I have loved to sew, dressing dolls being my specialty, and since my husband is a florist, it was only natural that I should make

THE winner of the fourth prize—\$250—is Mrs. J. Howard Greene of the Cherrywood Apts., 2315 Alice Street, Dallas, Texas. She presented her solution in the form of a set of theatrical stages. She writes: "I have eagerly watched PHOTOPLAY's Contest every year with longing and it was only this year that I could muster the courage to try an entry.

"If I happen to be one of the fortunate 'Big Five' group, I shall use the prize money to advance my study of art, which I began in school but have never continued although I have always wished to. If I am real fortunate I will study interior decorating and later open up a little art shop all my own."

Mrs. J. A. Reisser of 633 Keel Ave., Memphis, Tenn., takes the fifth prize—\$125—for the "Starland Limited."

Here is her letter: "Being a movie fan, I naturally buy PHOTOPLAY each month and knowing quite a few of the stars I became interested in the contest.

"To say what I would do with the money is impossible, not knowing which prize I might be [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]



Here are the stars in the Cut-Puzzle Contest riding in a train. This novel solution was submitted by Mrs. J. A. Reisser, and was awarded fifth prize, \$125





Ruth Harriet Louise

**W**HY girls want to go into the movies—just to wear gowns like this. Carmel Myers swishes around in this creation of taffeta and tulle in “Dream of Love,” a picture originally called “Adrienne Lecouvreur.” Miss Myers plays a French countess who gets all mixed up in one of those glamorous Balkan romances. And, in “Dream of Love,” Joan Crawford and Nils Asther will again share the same close-ups.

# Chinese New Year

The picture ended in a question mark. But those in the studio knew what happened behind that closed door



## The STARS *that* Never

YOU remember him, don't you? A rare member of that curious, exhilarating, pathetic group—the stars that never were! You remember him surely—the old Chinaman who sat so silently in the doorway of the joss house—in the very last episode of “Other Gods”? That episode in which the Oriental star, discredited, slinks down the silent, slum street and enters the joss house—and vanishes.

You remember how the old Chinaman raises his head—and stares, inscrutably, into the passing star's face? And then at the very last, with only a few feet more to run—how he rises suddenly and stiffly. And whips out a narrow knife, from inside of his ragged garments. And follows the star into the joss house?

And how—at that moment—the film breaks?

The critics called the unanswered question of that ending a

bit of sheer art. They applauded the strange fatality of the old Chinaman's last gesture. “A daring finale,” they said—and asked, loudly, to see the shabby, bowed figure in other pictures. But they never saw him again. *Never.*

Neither, for that matter, did they ever see again the man who was the star of “Other Gods.”

For the daring finale—it was not written into the script! It just happened. . . .

THE star had come up out of the darkness of Chinatown. He admitted that, affably, when the special writers questioned him. Furthermore—he admitted this, also, in his careful, slightly lisping English—he had not bought a home in Beverly Hills, nor a house in Los Angeles. He still lived in Chinatown. And—



Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



"You talk," said the director, "as if you're in love with him. Well, it's not healthy for a girl like you to get crazy about a fellow like him. Even if he wasn't Chinese, there is nobody in Hollywood that knows a thing about him." "If I am crazy about him," answered the blonde star slowly, "it's my own business"

super spectacle. Which—because in fiction stories inter-racial alliances are *de trop*—must end on a note of wistfulness.

You remember the picture? But of course you do. How the young Chinese boy, rising from the gutter, brings his great talent as an artist into society. And is accepted. And is revered. And how, involved in a tong war, and a world war, and a romance, he allows himself to be, at last, beaten. Rather than to make the golden haired heroine of the screen unhappy. Rather than involve her in an unpleasant chain of circumstance. He is the one—not she—who breaks their engagement. Do you remember his stark, lonely face, in the final love scene? He is the one who goes stumbling down a Chinese street, past shuffling, incurious, black sateen coated figures. He is the one who reverts to type, even in his own shuffling walk, as he enters the joss house—passing so close to an aged, stupid-eyed

# Were

By Margaret E. Sangster

"My life upon the screen?" he said, very charmingly. "It belongs, wholly, to the public. But my life, among my people, is my own. . . ." And, saying this, the dark curtain of his race's inscrutability shut down over his eyes. And the special writers were forced to be content. For that matter the special writers rather liked his reticence—although it defeated their purpose, it was a rare motion picture quality! And even the public did not object, too vehemently, to the mystery that shrouded one of the Orient. In fact, they rather enjoyed it.

FOR the public had, forgetting race prejudice and religious intolerance, taken the star, who was yellow, to their hearts. They had accepted him, and given him the boon of their favor. And the public, than this, can go no farther!

And so, in "Other Gods," the producers had planned a

Chinaman that their garments touch!

He it is that the aged Chinaman suddenly follows—with a knife in his hand!

WHEN they were casting for the street crowd—for the joss house set was a built one, in the studio—the old Chinaman presented himself. With a mumbled word, in pigeon English, at the director's window.

"Me—" he said, "I good—actor!"

The casting director recognized a type. And—

"Sure you are, big boy!" he agreed, affably, and gave the old man a magic slip of paper—the magic slip which, to the stars that never were, spells open sesame.

And so the old Chinaman entered the studio—and stumbled past the wardrobe room, and blinked [CONTINUED ON PAGE 121 ]





Eleanor Boardman used to wear her hair long and straight. It was different and conservative—but not becoming. Now Eleanor has one of those new shoulder-length bobs, curled off the face and ears. This picture proves that a good coiffure makes a pretty girl prettier

*The Hollywooden Santa Claus  
Distributes presents without pause.  
A gallon here, a gallon there,  
His Klaxon snorting on the air,  
And kiddies hear, as midnight tolls,  
The busy humming of his Rolls.*

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new home in Brentwood Park has been christened "El Jodo," a contraction of Joan and Dodo, the pet name of Doug Fairbanks Jr.

Joan has changed considerably since her engagement, or some say marriage, to Doug. The gay, dancing feet are still and Joan is cooking and sewing—yes, actually—and managing her home in an economical manner. The other day a linen salesman called at the house with his wares.

"This," he said, "is a beautiful tablecloth, exactly like one I sold to Mrs. So and So. The price is \$175."

"Out of my class," said Joan, "absolutely out of my class. Show me one for \$40 and sell the others to Mrs. So and So."

A year and a half ago Joan would have bought six of the expensive linens without the faintest notion of how she could pay for them.

**W**HILE Ramon Novarro was abroad, he visited two of his sisters in the Canary Islands who are now nuns. One of them was caring for an insane woman. Ramon and his sister sat on a bench in the arbor. The patient came and peeped through, calling to the nun:

"Sister, you gave up this brother and all your family to come here, didn't you?"

"Yes," Sister replied.

"Then it is you who are crazy and not I."

**I**T is rumored that two hearts have been caught on the rebound. The return of Eddie Sutherland to the Paramount fold to wield the megaphone in the next Bebe Daniels picture

# Gossip

By Cal York



International Newsreel

Lita Grey Chaplin and her stage-door Johnny, Mr. Roy D'Arcy. In spite of a heavy settlement from Charlie, Lita has gone on a vaudeville tour. It costs money to build a big house in Beverly Hills. Roy is waiting for one of those leisurely California divorce decrees, to ask Lita to become the second Mrs. D'Arcy

is not entirely a business arrangement. Bebe, whose engagement to Jack Pickford seems at an end, and Eddie, who recently received his divorce from Louise Brooks, have been seen frequently together and the wise ones say that Eddie may assume more definite directorial duties in a matrimonial way.

**N**ILS ASTHER wins the Swedish herring for being Hollywood's most perfect host.

The other evening he entertained a group of friends in his new hillside home. A merry fire crackled on the hearth, the friendly smell of cigarettes filled the room and good talk flowed freely along with the coffee.

Finally, one of us remarked:

"Now if one could only hear the sound of rain against the windows everything would be perfect."

Nils excused himself and returned a moment later. Suddenly the windows shook with the sound of water.

He had instructed his house boy to stand in the garden and turn the hose against the side of the house!



# of All the Studios

On her toes for a back flip. Esther Ralston's swimming pool is more than a mere ornament in the yard of her home. When Esther puts on a bathing suit, she really swims. Incidentally, while more temperamental stars flash in—and out, Miss Ralston has just signed a nice, new contract to star in Paramount pictures



**TOM MIX** will not allow his wife to get a Paris divorce. Not that he objects to a divorce, so far as we can learn, but merely that he thinks American courts are able to handle any of his affairs that need legal adjustment. He politely returned unanswered the questionnaire sent him from the French city. Incidentally, maybe Tom is wiser than he appears. The Paris divorce would permit him to marry at once. Likely he is insuring protection against himself in a weak moment, for under a California divorce he cannot possibly be married under twelve months.

I cannot talk, I cannot sing,  
Nor screech, nor moan, nor anything.  
Possessing all these fatal strictures,  
What chance have I in motion pictures?

**GRETA GARBO** to sail for Sweden, *without* signing a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. And she lets it be well understood that she doesn't know whether she is coming



Cinderella and her lucky slippers. These battered pumps were worn by Janet Gaynor in "7th Heaven." And they are Janet's most treasured possession. She makes a point of wearing them, if only for a few minutes, in every one of her pictures—just for luck

back or not, and that she doesn't care whether she ever makes another movie.

From some of the stars, this would be written off as plain bluff.

But Greta is such a strange soul that there is an awful chance that she might mean it.

Greta cares nothing for money; the lady lives in Spartan simplicity.

Fame hasn't made her particularly happy.

**AS** for John Gilbert, he has signed with United Artists. Just how things stand between John and Greta, nobody knows. When John was in New York, he met Dorothy Parker, one of the wittiest and most attractive of lit'ry gals.

And shortly after John departed from the coast, Mrs. Parker signed up to write dialogue for M.-G.-M. Just a lot of gossip, but there you are!

**LOU SEILER**, who is directing "The Ghost Talks," a Fox talkie, was talking to a "culud gent" who had been called for a test.

(By the way, if you've heard this one, stop me. Lou swears, however, it's the gospel truth.)

"How are you on lines?" Lou asked.

The colored boy looked at him with widening eyes before answering.

"Boss," said he, "I ain't a-goin' to be in this picture if there's lions in it."

**WE** are beginning to understand why Jack Gilbert could nonchalantly decline an offer of half a million dollars a year, now that we know about the money he has made on the side.

Heretofore Jack's business adviser has never permitted him to invest in stocks or bonds, but recently the rule was broken and Jack was permitted to buy a nice slice of Montgomery



Horrible effect of the talkies on a dog's life. John Loder's pup, Tangy, had a way of following his master on the set. When Loder went into the talkies, Tangy broke up several scenes with his barks. This invention silences all growls. It doesn't work on supervisors



This mechanical age hands another wallop to art. It takes no long hours of practice to learn to play the Rolmica. You simply insert a roll, turn the crank and blow—as demonstrated by Blanche Le Clair

Ward stock with the result that he cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars.

**WHAT** are the movie stars to do, now that producers are engaging the girls and boys from the stage to play in the talkies? Well, the movie stars are getting right back at them by going on the stage. Some of the stars are trying vaudeville, where the salaries are large but there isn't much glory. Others are venturing into the little theater companies in Los Angeles, where there isn't much money but lots of chance for artistic *reclame*.

**BROADWAY**—that's a street in New York—is hard on movie stars. The dramatic critics on the local newspapers polish up the axe and lay in wait for them. The only movie star to get kind words from the old grouches is Dorothy Gish. Dorothy is playing with her husband, James Rennie, in a piece called "Young Love." It isn't so much of a play but it has established Dorothy as a stage comedienne. The girl is really good.

"**YOUNG LOVE**" is not the lily-white play you might expect from a Gish. In fact, Dorothy has some lines that are a little "What Price Glory." This disquieting news must have reached Lillian in Austria, because on opening night she sent Dorothy the following cablegram: "No matter what you do, remember your family still loves you."

However, Dorothy is sitting pretty. She has been studying voice culture for two years and has developed a splendid speaking voice. And so she is all set for the talkies. "Either that," says Dorothy, "or announcing trains."

**THE** other day the Jap gardener was weeding the flower beds next to the offices of the writers in the movietone section of the Fox Studio. Eugene Walters, the playwright, who has gone movie, watched him for a time and then remarked laconically, "Better watch out, Hashamaru, you'll weed out a couple of writers if you aren't careful."

**EVA VON BERNE** has returned to Vienna. There was no blaze of glory to mark her departure. She was sent back because she would not be a success in the talkies! She couldn't learn perfect English in two months.

She will, no doubt, have a chance to work at UFA abroad but that does not alleviate the hurt she feels at going back. The episode was as tragic as it was avoidable. Irving Thalberg and his bride, Norma Shearer, have received thousands of dollars' worth of publicity from the Viennese "discovery."

This is in sharp contrast with a discovery that Harry Rapf brought over, one Mona Martenson, who was given no publicity at all and who, therefore, went back without a heart-break.

**CLOTHES** that make a noise with their beads and bangles are barred from talkie stages.

A ringing bell sounds like a fire alarm. All bells must be muffled in the talkies.

Special heavy cardboard is put in the panel of the doors on the set when a knock is supposed to sound.

One of the few noises that records perfectly is the scratching of a pen.

In "Sal of Singapore" one of the most interesting sounds is the beating of a baby's heart.

How doth the little clarabow  
Improve each shining hour?  
By turning Brooklyn's buttercup  
Into a passion flower.

**THE** difficulty about Tui Lorraine's passport has been cleared up. Tui's only claim to fame is that she is Clara Bow's stepmother, having but recently married Clara's father. When the marriage was announced immigration officials found that the gal had entered the country illegally from New Zealand.

But the difficulty is solved when she goes to Mexicalli and returns under her status as an American citizen, which she acquired by marriage.





With just ten minutes between appointments, Billie Dove eats a taxi luncheon. It's a good trick but only recommended to those who live in communities with bumpless, skidless roads. Driver, go slow!

**M**AYBE the reason that all the gals in Hollywood are mad over Gary Cooper is because he is so very mysterious. Everybody wonders who is the little blonde nonprofessional seen with Gary at all those quiet little restaurants and tea places.

**JIMMY MURRAY** stole a march—a wedding march at that—on the film colony and married a little extra girl named Lucille McNamee. For five weeks the marriage was kept secret. It occurred, strangely enough, just after Jimmy found himself without a contract at M.-G.-M. Are they just an old-fashioned couple who believe that two can live as cheaply as one?

I met her on the palace set.  
Her eyes with glycerine were wet.  
I seized her hands, John Gilbert-fashion,  
And Vitaphoned my deathless passion—  
And when she whispered "Yes!" (the sweet!)  
I kissed her for 5,000 feet.

**M**E, oh my! It fairly puts one all out of breath keeping up with the affairs of some of these Hollywooders. Now there's Merna Kennedy and James Hall who, according to the newspapers, are supposed to be disengaged. But somebody who knows them told me all this paper talk is camouflage. They are scheduled to be married in about three months, so my informant says, and it will be very, very secret.

We understand also that Merna and Mamma Kennedy are not getting on and that Jimmy is the bone of contention, but the funniest one of all is this:

**M**ERNA and Mrs. Kennedy, and Lita Grey Chaplin and Mrs. Grey all live in the same apartment house but neither couple knows that the other is there! What a problem the landlady must have keeping this tragic information from the various mothers and daughters. You remember it was Lita who introduced Merna to Charlie.



Clara Bow's birthday present from her boss, the Paramount Studio. Clara couldn't get the picture in her dressing room, so she gave it to her dad. And Papa Bow is now looking for a house with rooms as big as those sets in a society drama to accommodate it

It is interesting to note, too, that Roy D'Arcy also has an apartment in the same house. At present Lita is on a vaudeville tour and there are rumors of strife in the Grey household. It seems that mother and daughter have had words concerning one Mr. D'Arcy.

By the way, the two little Chaplin kids are too cute for words—growing into right sturdy youngsters.

**ROLAND DREW** may be called upon to sing French folk songs when he plays opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Evangeline."

The other day he asked a friend, who was anxious for a rôle in the new picture, "Do you speak French?"

Said the friend, "Just in the long shots, my boy, just in the long shots."

**MARION DAVIES** is back in Hollywood, after seeing all Europe had to offer. She received the decoration of Academic Palms in France and Pour Le Merite in Spain, but Hollywood would not be outdone in its welcome.

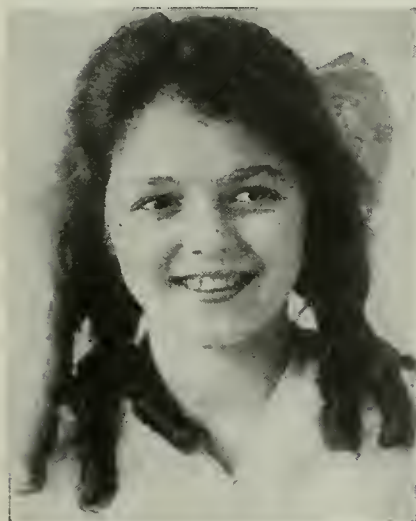
The first night after Marion's arrival, she was given a surprise party at the Ambassador hotel that is rarely surpassed. The joint hosts and hostesses were Charlie Chaplin, Bebe Daniels, Joe Schenck, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leonard, Harry Crocker, Louella Parsons, George K. Arthur, Harry d'Arrast, and Matt Moore. About two hundred guests were present.

**ROD LA ROCQUE** has announced his intention of retiring from the screen. Some folks tell me this may be a case of "sour grapes," but Rod's tale is much to the contrary. He announces that pictures bore him because of inartistic stories and needless excitement over small details.

Producers seem to feel, however, that Rod has put too high a value on his services. M.-G.-M. once asked him to bring his make-up kit to their lot, but the officials thought \$1,500 a week was about enough in the way of stipend. Rod, having been paid \$3,500 a week as a star by Pathe, naturally didn't cheer over the M.-G.-M. offer.

With other producers feeling much the same way about the La Rocque popularity, it is not astonishing to hear that Rod plans to retire. He will not need to stand in the bread line, however, as the stock market has [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]

# MY LIFE —



Janet Gaynor at the age of twelve. The World War was then in progress. About this time Janet gained local fame as an elocutionist, acquired reciting to sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago

Jonesy's dream comes true and *Diane* of "7th Heaven" becomes a film immortal



Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien in "The Johnstown Flood." This was Janet's first dramatic rôle. She gave up a regular \$50-a-week salary at Universal to take it. It was a venture. "I shall never forget how hard I tried," she says. "I was giving all I could to succeed"

Harry Jones, Janet's stepfather. "Jonesy" saw Janet always as a potential screen star. He lived to watch the glory of the opening night of "7th Heaven," when his Janet stepped to fame from among the screen's unknowns



Simply and directly, Janet Gaynor told last month of her early life. She was born in Germantown, Philadelphia, October 6, 1906. At eight her father and mother separated. There was a divorce. This was the first tragedy of her life. With her mother and sister, Helen, Janet moved to Chicago. Janet spent her winters in Florida with her aunt. These were war days. Janet and her sister gave recitations to sailors at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, north of Chicago. Janet began to gain a little local fame as an embryonic actress.

Then "Jonesy" entered the life of the Gaynors. He was Harry Jones, a mining promoter from the West. Jones was married to Mrs. Gaynor.

Janet's stepfather was destined to play an important rôle in the future star's career.

THOSE days under Jonesy's protecting heart are very sweet and fresh in my mind. Here, at last, were three lone women gathered into the warmth of a good man's embrace. Jonesy with his maps, with his dreams of wealth when this mine or that yielded its treasure. And they never seemed to. His room was stacked high with prospector's tools, with gauges, with blue-prints, with books on ore. His dreams of a generous earth sharing her riches with him never materialized. He lived in a tomorrow bright with promise.

I should not say they never materialized. One dream did. His blessed persistent dream that some day I should be an actress. "Oh, Jonesy, you silly! Don't be absurd. I'll never be an actress. One must be very beautiful to be an actress. Now look at Helen, she is beautiful. She should be an actress. Anyway, I'd rather be a teacher—or a lawyer."

And so I entered Poli-Technic in San Francisco to finish my high school training.

The first summer I was there I decided it would be well for me to work. I might as well be self-supporting. Poor little me, bashful, shy, I went out one morning with a chum to get employment. She had a list of three places to which she was to apply. The first place was the one she took, without looking at the other two vacancies. I was to see if I couldn't land one of the other jobs. "You do this, Lolly, and do that," she in-



# So Far

as told to

Dorothy Spensley

by

JANET GAYNOR

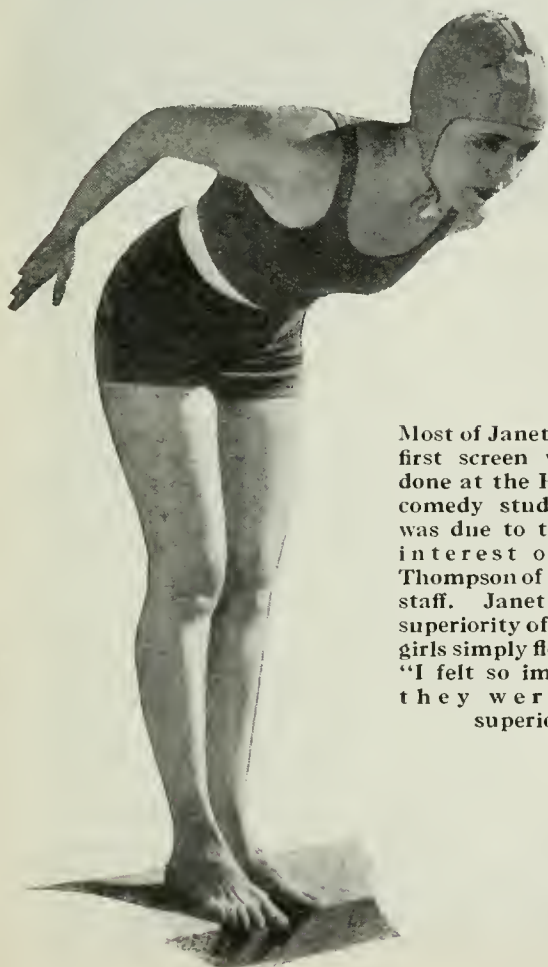


structed. "Don't be shy. They won't bite you."

My first call was at Frank Mores' Shoe Shop on Geary Street. I was offered eighteen dollars a week, to start, for office work. It was three dollars more than my friend had accepted, so I took it immediately. For three months I worked at Mores'. I thought I was terribly clever. And perhaps I was. I checked salary lists and finally made up the payroll. I deposited company money in the bank. It's a wonder someone didn't knock me down and step off with the money. It would not have been difficult.

Sometimes, during a rush period or at lunch, I would enter the cashier's cage and take charge of things. I felt very im-

**Janet Gaynor and her mother. Mrs. Gaynor's marriage to Harry Jones shaped little Janet's career, for it was "Jonesy's" faith in his step-daughter that led her to stardom. Jones lived just long enough to see his hopes realized**



**Most of Janet Gaynor's first screen work was done at the Hal Roach comedy studio. This was due to the kindly interest of Molly Thompson of the Roach staff. Janet says the superiority of the other girls simply floored her. "I felt so immature—they were most superior"**

portant. They raised my salary to twenty dollars a week. I felt even more important. My self-confidence increased in proportion to my success. Soon I was answering the telephone in the adjustment department, telling irate customers that their shoes would be delivered immediately; telling theatrical stars that the satin sandals would surely reach them for the evening performance.

No one ever told me I had nice eyes. That I should be in pictures. Only Jonesy, at home, said that.

**S**EPTEMBER came and with it school and soon I returned to Florida for the winter. It was that year—the family had lived in San Francisco for four years—that they decided to move to Los Angeles. They took a house in Hollywood where I came on my arrival from Melbourne.

Of course, Hollywood was a thrill to me. At every turn I embraced make-believe land. The stimulating fairy stories of my youth were alive in Hollywood. One never knew at what corner one might see the glamorous siren of last night's motion picture. A gleaming limousine might bear the hero of today's romantic drama.

My life was uneventful, save for those chance contacts. I entered the Hollywood Secretarial School, bent on becoming a stenographer. Helen was already a tremendously capable one, commanding a nice salary. After a week or two of study I gave it up. It was too humdrum. But Helen had discovered a new occupation. She had discovered that the casting offices of the studios were open to her. It was before the Hays organization had formed the Central casting office. Casting was done by the individual studios.

One day I went along with her when she had a call from the Hal Roach Studio. She put my greasepaint on, covered the tan freckles, rouged my lips, darkened my brows. I was tremendously thrilled, and equally as embarrassed.

After that I went the rounds of the casting offices myself, bashful, timid. I worked most of the time at the Hal Roach Studio. I felt the friendly interest [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]





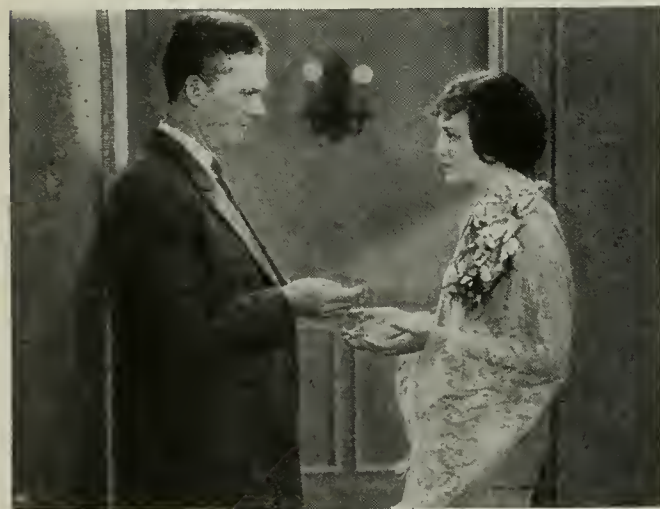
OUTCAST—First National

THIS picture is not a million-dollar production, such as "The Divine Lady," but is vastly more interesting and far better acted.

This is the third time "Outcast" has been filmed. Ann Murdock did it first, to be followed by Elsie Ferguson, who had played it behind the footlights. This time the locale has been switched from London to San Francisco (possibly to save expensive studio-built exteriors), and Director William Seiter has kidded virtue quite considerably during its length.

"Outcast" is the story of a rich young bachelor who picks up a girl of the boulevards in order to forget a lost love. Then the girl falls in love with him.

Corinne Griffith makes a lovely *Miriam*, her best rôle in a long time, and Edmund Lowe is excellent as the wealthy bachelor, *Geoffrey*.



ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD—Fox

ADAPTED from the late Paul Armstrong's passably popular stage play, this develops into one of the best of the underworld avalanche of films. We credit this to Irving Cummings' taut direction.

Briefly, "Romance of the Underworld" is the story of a little entertainer in a speakeasy who raises herself to become an expert stenographer—and then the bride of her rich young employer. She never tells him of her early days, and her past comes up to smash her happiness, via an unscrupulous gangster. The girl is saved by a shrewd detective who helped her in the old cabaret days.

Mary Astor is good as the ex-speakeasy charmer, but the honors go to Robert Elliott, as the smiling, gum-chewing, cool Irish detective. Even in the face of scores of underworld pictures, this stands out above par.

# The Shadow Stage

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

## A Review of the New Pictures



SINS OF THE FATHERS—Paramount

NOT a "Patriot" or a "Last Command" and, of course, not a "Last Laugh"—but an eminently distinguished parade of prohibition and its evils. And it provides the superb Jannings with great opportunities for the complete characterization of another of those mellow German-Americans.

The story is simple, if a little slow of movement. *Wilhelm Spengler* is a waiter, happy in his home life and his Saengerbund. He becomes the owner of one of those old-fashioned restaurants with its gilded bar. Prohibition wipes aside his small success and, step by step, *Spengler* is drawn into the army of bootleggers. He knows no other way to maintain his existence and that of his son.

Then the son, just back from college, drinks poisoned liquor and goes blind. Thus the title. That crushes *Spengler* and sends him to prison, a broken old fellow.

"Sins of the Fathers" savors just a bit of "The Way of All Flesh." There is the same home life, although *Spengler* is not quite the social partner of the bank worker, *August Schiller*. "Sins of the Fathers" hasn't the sharp emotional tug of several Jannings characterizations, but it is a carefully conceived and beautifully acted portrayal.

Ruth Chatterton makes a vivid screen appearance in an unsympathetic part and her work is intelligent and forceful. She is excellent. Barry Norton gives a fine performance as the spoiled son who loses his sight.

Be sure to see this film. It is a worthy Jannings effort, which means it would be an extraordinary picture for almost anyone else.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

SINS OF THE FATHERS                      OUTCAST  
A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS                      SCARLET SEAS  
RED WINE                                      ON TRIAL  
ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD

## The Best Performances of the Month

Emil Jannings in "Sins of the Fathers"  
Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs"  
Ruth Chatterton in "Sins of the Fathers"  
Richard Barthelmess in "Scarlet Seas"  
Betty Compson in "Scarlet Seas"  
Conrad Nagel in "Red Wine"  
Robert Elliott in "Romance of the Underworld"

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



*A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS—M.-G.-M.*

DESPITE the change of title, despite the Hays ban, despite new names for old characters, it is still Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." And it is corking. Clarence Brown atones here for his directorial sins in "The Trail of '98."

The story is a study in emotions. A girl sets out to uphold the wild reputation of her family because the father of the man she loves won't let him marry her. Her life becomes a whirl of escapades. Also one tragic marriage. Through it all, however, she clings fast to her first love. And the beauty of this love story lifts the picture to exalted heights and purges it of any possible tang of sordidness.

As *Diana*, the self-sacrificing heroine, Greta Garbo gives her greatest performance. Jack Gilbert, in spite of an eternal dress suit, plays the difficult rôle of lover with dramatic repression. Lewis Stone lends fine British dignity as the family friend and Hobart Bosworth makes a splendidly austere English father whose stupid stubbornness wrecks *Diana's* life. Dorothy Sebastian, the hero's wife, presents an interpretation brief but classic. John Mack Brown as *Diana's* crooked husband blights his characterization with one over-acted scene. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is almost too wayward as the wayward son. Miss Garbo's interpretation is all the greater because she puts it over without a single clinging dress or a single Garbo slink. Those who read the story will remember the heroine's big motor car. Also a certain green hat she wore. Both are conspicuous in the picture, though without reference to the color of the lady's hat.



*SCARLET SEAS—First National*

THIS is a picture of blood, brutality, cave-man love-making and drama that reeks with the thing called "guts." The story is typical deep water trader stuff—hard-boiled skipper in love with hard-boiled maid, mutiny, booze and murder, and in the end regeneration for the rough, tough skipper and his gal. Betty Compson and Barthelmess give excellent performances. Photography is splendid, with a kick for those who like full-rigged ships. The picture grows De Mille-like and "gets religion" in the middle, but the Bible scenes are handled with a delicacy and humanness that should hold any audience hushed. It's patent, however, that the director never spent three agonizing days becalmed on a tropic sea in an open boat, suffering the hell-torture of heat and thirst. On the whole, however, it's good strong stuff, with plot variations that give quality.



*RED WINE—Fox*

HERE'S a charmingly whimsical little comedy that will inspire intellectual laughter. The slight story concerns a perfect husband who is led to a wild party, becomes gloriously bunned and thinks that he has kept dates with any number of girls, when, in reality, it has been a frame-up.

The delight of this simple yarn lies in the sophisticated direction of Raymond Cannon and in the faultless performance of Conrad Nagel. Nagel, himself an abstemious man, does one of the most perfect drunk scenes we have ever witnessed.

June Collyer is attractive as the stay-at-home wife who is almost "wronged." This is rare entertainment worthy of comparison with Lubitsch at his best. Dialogue is to be inserted later and this should help, too. You mustn't miss it.



# Watch Photoplay's New Sound Reviews

**SOMEONE TO LOVE—**  
Paramount



**B**UDDY ROGERS' second starring vehicle is a clean, delightful comedy drama that any audience will enjoy. He is supported by Mary Brian, whose feminine charm becomes more apparent in each picture. A young man with honest intentions becomes the victim of a fortune-hunting scheme of his associates, and as a result very nearly loses his sweetheart. The picture is a story of young and innocent love.

**NAUGHTY BABY—**  
First National



**N**AUGHTY, naughty! Li'l Alice White and Jack Mulhall make bad picture. Li'l Alice White doesn't wear any clothes, just like Clara Bow, but that isn't the naughty part. It's naughty for producers to bore you and make you waste the nicest evening. Oh, there's a cloak room girl and a rich boy. And maybe he isn't rich, but just a badie. Yes, he's rich. No, he isn't. Well, yes, he is. And what of it?

**ADORATION**  
—First National



**T**HIS is the love song of a Romanoff prince and princess, written by Lajos Biro, author of "The Last Command." It rises above the chaos of revolution and is drowned for a while in the clatter of post-war Paris. It is unique in that both principals are of the same social cast. A perfectly constructed picture, in which Billie Dove's acting is second only to her exquisite beauty. Stimulating entertainment.

**AVALANCHE**  
—Paramount



**T**HE combination of Zane Grey and Jack Holt means good the-man opera—and this picture is no exception. Holt is a "square" gambler who goes crooked in order to send his younger brother to college. Baclanova all but takes the picture with her splendid work as a dance hall girl in love with Holt. John Darrow, as the younger brother, and Doris Hill as the girl sweetheart, are both good. A high-class Western.

**GERALDINE**  
—Pathe



**T**HIS is about a gal who needs to know the ways of men. It's by Booth Tarkington, and light and funny. Marion Nixon is the gal, and Eddie Quillan the industrious youth who undertakes her education. Gaston Glass is the man she needs to know about. The plot doesn't matter. A cafe, liquor, laughter, a raid, jail, then the girl and the right young man find their love. It's good—and watch Eddie Quillan.

**THE RED MARK—**  
Pathe



**O**NE of those depressing affairs of abused prisoners in a tropical penal institution. The cruel governor wants to marry the daughter of one of the prisoners. She, however, has a weakness for a handsome young prisoner who is about to be paroled. When the horrid villain discovers this, he cancels the parole and has her lover led to the guillotine—only then to discover it is his long lost son! Can you BEAR it?



# for the Latest Talkie Developments

**RILEY  
THE COP—  
Fox**



**J** FARRELL MACDONALD'S first starring vehicle is an episodic account of the adventures of a Quixotic policeman sent to Europe to bring back a young embezzler.

*Riley* and the boy are dear friends and the lad manages the trip for both.

MacDonald gives a real, honest characterization, which is all that can be said for the picture.

The obvious gags are lacking—thank heaven—but in spite of this the picture is a bore.



**THE VIKING  
—Techni-  
color-  
M.-G.-M.**

**T**HIS is the first all-color sound picture. It brings to the screen a historical romance dealing with the discovery of America by Lief the Lucky, son of Eric the Red, ruler of Greenland's hardy Norsemen. It is vital drama against a background of tapestry-like beauty made possible through recent improvements in color photography. Pauline Starke, in the rôle of heroine, is a provoking armful. This is the first full-length color film since Fairbanks' "The Black Pirate," so don't miss it.

[ Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 92 ]

## Sound Pictures

**ON TRIAL—  
Warners-  
Vitaphone**



**"ON TRIAL"** was one of the dramatic successes of the stage, and the cinema version is one of the best talking pictures made to date. Elmer Rice, the author, did a daring thing with the play when he conceived the idea of portraying an entire murder trial and using for his stage technique the movie flashback. By this, all the related incidents—childhood, courtship, every action leading to the crime—were introduced. The result was a sensation. By the same means the all-talking picture becomes tremendously effective as we see the past and present and are moved by the voices of the characters.

The story opens in a court room on the first day of a murder trial. The accused was the friend and debtor of the murdered man, and has confessed to the crime. Nevertheless, the testimony goes on and unfolds a great dramatic story.

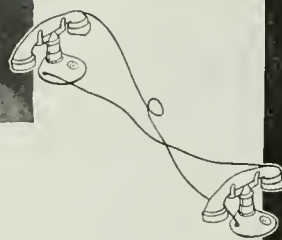
Pauline Frederick is the featured player and it marks her introduction to the talking pictures. She is supported by an unusually fine cast, including Bert Lytell, Lois Wilson, Holmes Herbert, Jason Robards, Richard Tucker and others. Also Vondell Darr, a little girl, gives a beautiful performance.

Archie Mayo is not a new director, but this definitely places him in the class of those who know how to direct.

See this at your earliest opportunity.



**PHOTOPLAY GOLD MEDAL  
AWARD—Fox-Movietone**



**H**ERE'S a picture of real interest to PHOTOPLAY's readers because, for the first time, you may see and hear the results of your voting for the best picture of the year. And this year, the Gold Medal Presentation was a transcontinental affair.

James R. Quirk, editor and publisher of PHOTOPLAY, telephones from his office in New York, to Winfield Sheehan, production head of the William Fox Company, at the Fox Studios in Hollywood.

Mr. Quirk notifies Mr. Sheehan that "7th Heaven" was voted the best picture of 1927 by PHOTOPLAY's readers. That's the scenario.

And to furnish the happy ending, an airplane pilot delivers the Gold Medal to Mr. Sheehan at the conclusion of the conversation.

This is the first time that the Gold Medal Award has been recorded in a newsreel. And so readers, whose careful and conscientious voting has made this award such a high honor in the film world, will be interested to see and hear the actual ceremony.

Out of modesty, both Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Quirk declined to accept "best performances."

[ Additional reviews of sound pictures on page 93 ]



**S**UPPOSE you made mental whoopee by playing a game of dominoes with a celebrated author. Suppose you woke up the next morning to find yourself famous. Suppose you thus became the living Hollywood symbol of a Great Mind. What would you do? Yes, that's what Aileen Pringle does. But what do protests get her?



# What Do You Mean— Intellectual

Aileen Pringle has been tagged “the darling of the intelligentsia” but, gosh, how she hates it!

*By Katherine Albert*

**W**HEN Aileen Pringle hears the word “intellectual” something curls up inside her like a permanent wave.

You’d writhe, too, if you were tagged “the darling of the intellectuals.” Suppose you were twenty-four-sheeted as the wittiest woman in Hollywood? Put yourself in Aileen’s place, if you can. Think how you’d feel. So does Aileen—the victim of a phrase.

Suppose you made mental whoopee by playing an innocent game of dominoes with a gentleman who happened to be, in addition to a bum domino player, one of the finest writers of fiction in America. Then suppose you woke up one morning to find yourself all over one of the country’s biggest periodicals as having been the domino partner of a literary bonfire? You’d feel badly about it, too, just as you would if you had been caught playing stud poker for matches with your pastor.

Suppose, on a sweltering day, you remarked, “Well, is it hot enough for you?” What would happen? Practically nothing. Yet if Aileen Pringle were to crack this chestnut, all Hollywood would be whispering, in a half hour, that the First Wit had slipped.

You can add “like olives,” when anyone mentions an acquired taste, without blushing. Can Aileen? Not by a jugful of split infinitives! She has a reputation to sustain. She can never indulge in a

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 105 ]

**Aileen Pringle isn’t a social lion chaser. She makes no effort to be known as the pet of the typewriter pounders. She just likes ’em. “I like the people I like,” she says. “One doesn’t have to be clever with clever people”**



# Conrad *in* *Quest* *of a* VOICE

Wherein Mr. Nagel  
proves that a "phonetic  
voice" may be just as  
important as a photo-  
graphic face

*By Mark Larkin*



The camera underestimated Mr. Nagel. It represented him as a small, slender man. But the microphone, by catching the intensity and sincerity of his voice, brings his real personality to talking pictures. And since he found his voice, his "fan" mail has increased twelvefold

**S**EATED at a luncheon table on the screened porch at "The Masquers," which is to Hollywood what "The Lambs" is to New York, Conrad Nagel told me that talking pictures have brought out a new kind of personality—the personality of voice.

"Not that we haven't had voice personality before," he admitted, "but we have never been so acutely conscious of it.

"Did you ever stop to consider how great a bearing upon personality the voice has? Think of the various persons you have met, consider how their voices influenced you. A stranger, for instance, in a group of people: You have never heard him speak, you know nothing of the sound of his voice. In outward appearance and general characteristics he is inconspicuous. Perhaps he is under-sized, plainly garbed, or otherwise unimpressive. But suddenly he speaks. You are startled. Your whole impression of his character changes. He may rise in your estimation, he may submerge. At any rate, his voice has affected you—its vibrant pitch, its magnetism, or possibly the lack of these qualities—has crystallized your opinion. Had he remained silent, had he gone out of the room without speaking, you would have retained your original impression—good or bad, as it happened to be. His voice personality, however, is what fixed your idea of the man.

"And so it is with the screen player appearing in talking pictures today. His voice personality will be largely responsible for his success."

There is probably no one in Hollywood better qualified than Conrad Nagel to discuss the influence of voice upon personality. It so happens that the quality of his own voice—its "phonetic value" as the director of talkies would say—has brought about a phenomenal increase in the Nagel popularity. In fact, since the advent of cinema conversation, Conrad Nagel's daily fan mail has increased twelvefold. Whereas, in the past he could carry it in his two hands, he now finds it impossible to carry the daily grist of letters in his two arms.

"But do not get the impression," he hastened to explain, "that all you need to achieve talking picture success is a good voice or voice personality. Far from it! The talkies levy the most exacting tax upon ability that has yet been placed. And for that reason, players from the legitimate stage, with their wider experience, are signally successful in the speakies."

For this, it seems there is one outstanding reason.

"Actors and actresses who have had screen experience only," Nagel explained, "are not schooled in maintaining audience tempo. A screen scene that runs one hundred feet is a long scene. Yet it passes [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]





Ruth Harriet Louise

ON the opposite page you will find a story on "voice personality." The speaker is Conrad Nagel. He tells you that many people are afraid to speak correct English, because they might be accused of putting on airs. And he predicts that, just as the screen has given us a new standard of personal appearance, so will it improve the quality of our speech.

# Clothes

Some Paris costumes that show the excellent taste of Marion Davies' personal wardrobe



Don't try to wear a helmet hat with a strap, unless you have a well-shaped chin — and only one. This Lewis hat is of gray felt. With it, Marion Davies wears a gray cloth coat, from Jenny, with a wide collar of white fox flecked with black tips



The trousers of this Lelong lounging costume are almost as wide as a skirt. The pajamas are of white satin, made all in one piece. And the coat is black velvet with large white dots and edged with white satin



This Jenny evening coat is of thin, shimmering gold cloth, with an interwoven design of blue and gold. Around the uneven hem is a narrow fringe of gold beads. It has a collar of silver fox. With it, Miss Davies carries a flat gold bag from Milgrim



# that Speak *French*



Marion is most charming in this Lelong evening gown of white lace. Like all good evening dresses, it has a decided dip, with a tight waist-line and a bit of fullness at the hips. The waist is bolero effect, plain in front but full and dipping at the back

Another youthful evening gown—this one from Lanvin. It is oyster white satin, and here and there on the full skirt are medallions of pearls and brilliants. A jewelled band falls from the high neckline to the edge of the ankle-length skirt



There's a dash about this Callot creation that suggests a Russian military coat. It is three-quarters length, with a tight-fitting back and flaring skirt. The color is ash rose, embroidered in gold, and luxuriantly trimmed in sable





Autrey

**B**ARRY NORTON'S parents wanted him to enter the diplomatic service of his native country, the Argentine. Barry wanted to see the world before continuing his studies. In the course of his travels he arrived in Hollywood. In the story on the opposite page, you will find Barry's own account of how he broke into the movies.



# Doug's Office Boy Makes Good

Who says that the modern boy has no spirit of adventure? Read the lively story of Barry Norton's career

*By Cal York*



Casting directors told him he "wasn't the type." They advised him to go home. But when the public saw him in "What Price Glory," it voted him very much the type. So he's staying



Alfredo Biraben — at the age of four. This photograph was taken in Buenos Aires, where Alfredo was born. You know him now, of course, as Barry Norton

**T**HREE years ago he was Douglas Fairbanks' office boy. Today he is one of Hollywood's best actors.

Tomorrow—do we dare predict about tomorrow? In Barry Norton's case, yes, for tomorrow is rich with promise, the promise of stardom for this lad, despite the fact that three years ago it was a big day's work when he opened the Fairbanks mail.

Alfredo Biraben rebelled at the idea of being a diplomat, and, because of that, Barry Norton became an actor. You see, Alfredo Biraben and Barry Norton are one and the same. At the age of nineteen, Alfredo, living in Buenos Aires, the city of his birth, found Fate and Firpo in a conspiracy to shape his destiny.

That was five years ago.

Firpo, if you remember, came from the tall grass of his native country to the city of New York to battle Jack Dempsey, then world's leading leather-pusher. And accompanying Mr. Firpo—or at least hovering close enough to reflect his glory—were twelve snappy young Argentine lads, all about twenty, constituting themselves his rooting section. They were eager to see the Wild Bull of the Pampas knock the Dempsey block loose from its moorings, and it was no fault of theirs that he failed.

In South America—particularly in the Argentine—education is dispensed quite differently from methods employed in our good old U. S. A. Many educators claim the South American systems are more thorough, which is a point we will not argue. At any rate, these twelve young men had reached that period in their education where they were to decide upon various and sundry life callings, and to pursue, thereafter, specific training for their careers.

But Barry Norton had not been allowed to choose his career. His parents had done it for him and, unfortunately, their selection had not pleased the lad.

His father was a government geologist who had dreamed of diplomatic service, and he was anxious, therefore, to see the dream fulfilled in the chosen work of his son. And, too, it was the earnest wish of his mother.

But the boy's leaning was toward architecture.

So he looked with gloom upon the prospect of returning to the Argentine.

"I had my passage home," he said, "in fact, it is still rotting in the office of the Argentine consul of New York. In addition [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

# Photoplay

By

*Frederick James Smith*

## Summary of 1928—Fifteen stars and players scored more than one best performance



John Gilbert was given four best performances during 1928, in "Four Walls," "The Cossacks," "Man, Woman and Sin" and "Masks of the Devil"

**N**INETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT will go down in film history as the year of the talkie. The advent of the synchronized sound picture has dented the Hollywood histrionic ego in no mean fashion. Instead of new personalities, we have new methods of reproducing sound.

Right now Hollywood is looking for young women with the IT of Greta Garbo and the voice of Julia Marlowe. Young actors with the appeal of Rudy Valentino and the enunciation of Walter Hampden can get a job any time in the celluloid capital. Since none of these combinations have been found yet, the sound pioneers may be said still to own their complete set of worries.

Out of all the hysteria of synchronization just one personality has emerged—Al Jolson. There are no other big dialogue-and-song hits yet.

One new silent star climbed into the firmament—Joan Crawford.

It has not been a very successful year for the old line luminaries, such as Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and Lon Chaney. Pola Negri has withdrawn from view.

Baclanova and Camilla Horn top the new and glamorous personalities. A little further back we have Lupe Velez, waiting a real opportunity to flash.



George Bancroft  
"Docks of New York"  
"The Drag Net"



Richard Barthelmess  
"The Noose"  
"Wheel of Chance"



Betty Compson  
"Docks of New York"  
"The Barker"



Gary Cooper  
"Legion of the Condemned"  
"Beau Sabreur"



Joan Crawford  
"Four Walls"  
"Our Dancing Daughters"



Marion Davies  
"The Cardboard Lover"  
"The Patsy"



Louise Dresser  
"Mother Knows Best"  
"His Country"



Greta Garbo  
"Mysterious Lady"  
"The Divine Woman"



Janet Gaynor  
"Street Angel"  
"Four Devils"



Jean Hersholt  
"Jazz Mad"  
"Abie's Irish Rose"



# Reviews

## The

# FILM YEAR



Emil Jannings registered three best performances in Photoplay's Shadow Stage, in "Street of Sin," "The Patriot" and "The Last Command"

The big five in popularity are still John Gilbert, Emil Jannings, Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Harold Lloyd.

Janet Gaynor climbed a little closer. Pretty soon she may be one of the big six.

The comedians have had a tough year. Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd maintain their preëminence, but such comic figures as Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon and Doug MacLean have passed into eclipse. In Langdon's case it has been a total eclipse, observed in all parts of the Northern Hemisphere.

The year ran chiefly to one style of story—underworld.

The screen was surfeited with Russian stories, chiefly phony, and there was an avalanche of sea films. War pictures, mostly of aviation, continued. But 1928 was principally a year of gunmen.

**D**OLORES DEL RIO climbed into the best sellers with "Ramona" and now, due to varying performances and ill-judged publicity, seems to be climbing right out again. 1929 will tell whether or not Miss Del Rio was a flash in the pan.

Look at the case of Gloria Swanson. Months have passed and she has not started on her next, to be directed by Erich Von Stroheim. Her 1928 record rests upon "Sadie Thompson," a good effort and a much talked about one. But Miss Swanson can not afford to let the months roll around without pictures.

Consider Lillian Gish. No picture at all, save an old one, "Wind," just released by Metro-Goldwyn. Her next, to be handled by United Artists, is still far away. Yet Miss Gish is considered by many to be the screen's most distinguished actress.

Such consistent stars as Adolphe Menjou, Richard Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky held their own during 1928.

The directors? Clarence Brown crashed up against his first big disappointment, "The Trail of '98." D. W. Griffith added nothing to his glorious record with "Drums of Love" and "The Battle of the Sexes." Cecil De Mille contributed a second rate sermon, "The Godless Girl." Erich Von Stroheim's "The Wedding March" died on the cutting room floor.

The big megaphone laurels go to Ernst Lubitsch, for his

"The Patriot"; F. W. Murnau, for his "Four Devils"; Josef von Sternberg, for his "The Last Command"; Paul Leni, for his "The Man Who Laughs"; and Lewis Milestone, for his "The Racket." King Vidor followed his noble experiment of last year, "The Crowd," with a neat comedy, "The Patsy." Harry D'Arrast continued to show improvement in the field of high comedy.

The best of the year's bumper crop of crook dramas was "The Racket." This did a lot to help Thomas Meighan.

Marion Davies did the best work of her career in "The Patsy," already noted.

The popular success of "Our Dancing Daughters," which made a star of Joan Crawford, is likely to start 1929 off with a deluge of lively pictures of youth and jazz.

1928 completely washed up on Western melodrama. This means that such high paid stars as [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 111 ]

## PHOTOPLAY'S Honor Roll for 1928

Players and Number of Best Performances

- John Gilbert, 4
- Emil Jannings, 3
- George Bancroft, 2
- Richard Barthelmess, 2
- Betty Compson, 2
- Gary Cooper, 2
- Joan Crawford, 2
- Marion Davies, 2
- Louise Dresser, 2
- Greta Garbo, 2
- Janet Gaynor, 2
- Jean Hersholt, 2
- Thomas Meighan, 2
- William Powell, 2
- Fay Wray, 2



Thomas Meighan  
"The Racket"  
"The Mating Call"



William Powell  
"The Drag Net"  
"Interference"



Fay Wray  
"The Wedding March"  
"Legion of the Condemned"

By  
Alice L. Tildesley

# GOOD GIRL

ELLEN saw Ken Laurel's shadow before she met him. Afterwards, she used to wonder if that didn't somehow symbolize their relationship,—his shadow darkening the bright pattern of her life, yet not affecting him at all. She was a sentimental little thing.

The shadow incident occurred in the big living-room wherein Hollywood's favorite hostess was serving Sunday afternoon tea. Ellen's backless antique chair was set close to a great studio window that opened on a patio; sunshine pouring in made her modest slipper buckles gleam. She drew her prim little hat down on one side because of the dazzle in her eyes. . . . And then she saw the shadow on the polished floor, a grotesque thing sprawling across the bright blotch from the radiant window.

"Ellen, darling, I don't believe you've met Ken Laurel. Ken, this is Hollywood's shining example,—a girl who doesn't drink or smoke or pet."


The hostess's svelte figure blotted out the shadow; she bent over Ellen, a long scarlet cigarette holder almost touching the prim little hat.

Color rose in a painful flood from Ellen's pretty throat to her bright brown hair. She put her fingers into those outstretched to receive them and veiled her eyes with her lashes. But she saw him distinctly—big and broad and self-confident, with sea-blue eyes and the ruddy tan of a sailor. . . . He had a private yacht.

"Have you no vices?" he asked, whimsically, and though it was an old line, she laughed.

"Don't tell anyone—I *cat onions!*" she retorted, dropping her voice as though imparting a tremendous secret.

He sat down by her and the rest of the afternoon became a rosy blur. It was the only time so far as she could remember later that their conversation turned on her. He had seen her picture, "The Home Girl," which had earned her a long term



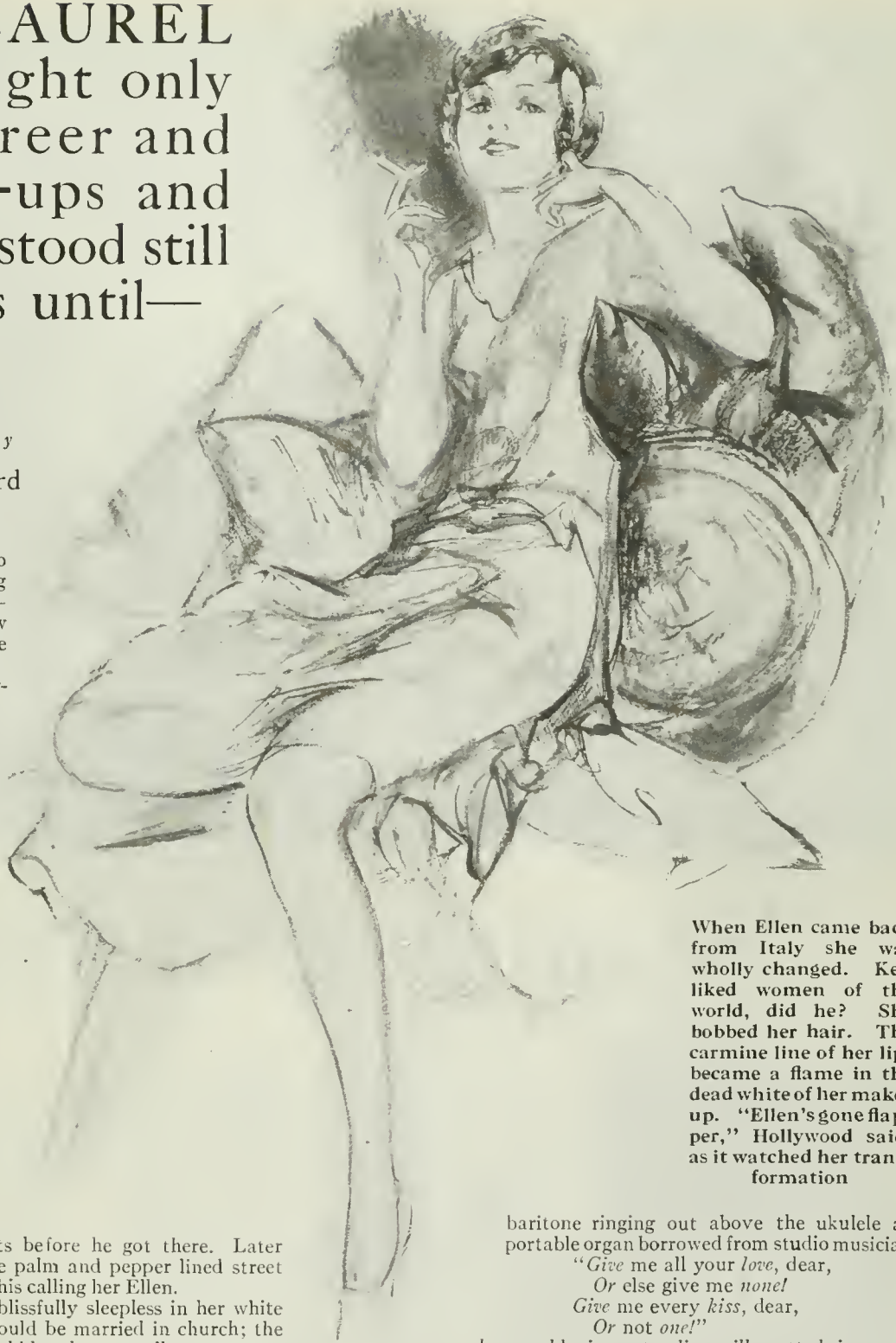
Ken Laurel had seen her picture, "The Home Girl," which had earned her a long term contract. In real life Ellen was just the girl she had played. Once she had even taken a prize for making chicken pie



# KEN LAUREL

thought only  
of his career and  
his close-ups and  
her heart stood still  
for years until—

Illustrated by  
O. F. Howard



contract, and he listened to what she said about Big Brother and their rose-colored bungalow and how she had once taken a prize for making chicken pie.

Big Brother himself interrupted the *tete-a-tete* by putting his head into the room and calling: "Paging Miss Ellen Field!" in stentorian tones. Brother always took Ellen to and from parties; she couldn't drive; besides he thought of her as someone inexpressibly precious.

Ken walked to the car with her, handing her in with an air of deferential adoration familiar to his fans, and stood for several minutes looking into her eyes.

He called up just as she stepped into the bungalow to know if he might come over that evening. She asked him to supper and made some featherweight biscuits before he got there. Later they took a walk down the palm and pepper lined street and he asked if she minded his calling her Ellen.

She decided, as she lay blissfully sleepless in her white bed that night, that she would be married in church; the bridesmaids should wear orchid and carry yellow roses. . . . Pale blue with apple-blossoms would be lovely, but it would be so long before there were any apple-blossoms. . . .

The company that starred Ken Laurel borrowed Ellen to play opposite him in his next picture which was made on location in a mountain wilderness. The principals lived in a lodge by a silver-shining lake that rippled almost to the edge of the rustic veranda. Ellen could hear the waves lap-lap-lapping below her window as she lay in the dark telling over the rosary of hours of the too-brief days.

**SHE** was happy—rather determinedly happy. Ken saved a place for her beside him at the table and made a great to-do over whether or not her coffee was hot.

He called her "Our Nell," caressingly, and put great fervor into their love-scenes.

He even organized a band to serenade her, his own passable

When Ellen came back from Italy she was wholly changed. Ken liked women of the world, did he? She bobbed her hair. The carmine line of her lips became a flame in the dead white of her make-up. "Ellen's gone flapper," Hollywood said, as it watched her transformation

baritone ringing out above the ukulele and portable organ borrowed from studio musicians.

"Give me all your love, dear,  
Or else give me none!  
Give me every kiss, dear,  
Or not one!"

he would sing, standing silhouetted in manly beauty against the rising moon.

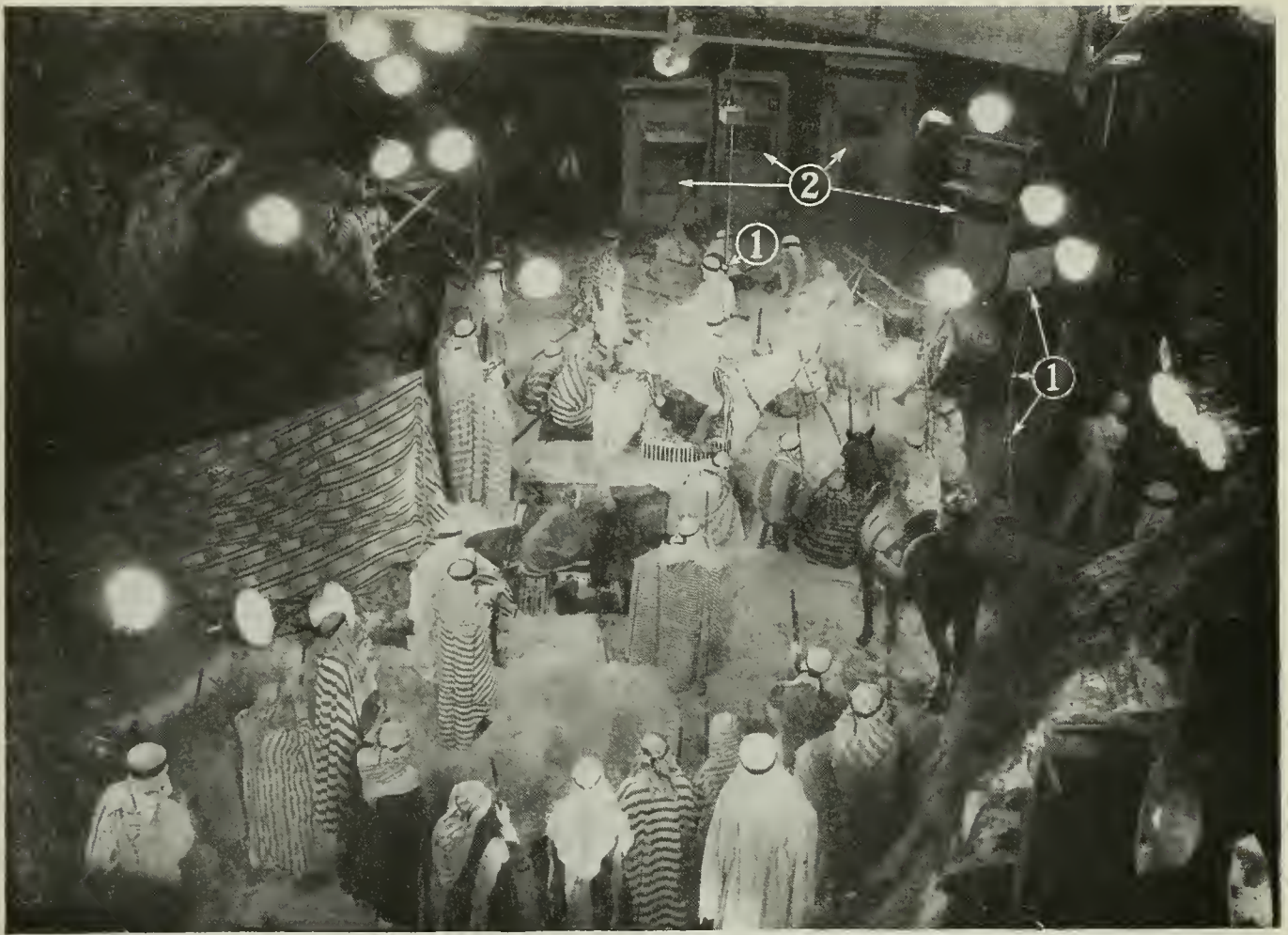
She listened from her window, a darkened window, of course, so that no one might see her modest negligee. The trouble was, she decided, that they were never alone—an assistant director, a camera man or a character woman was always within earshot. But the last day of the eight weeks brought opportunity. . . .

The script called for a "long shot" of Ken and Ellen in a canoe far out on the lake. She sat facing him, the breeze ruffling her pretty hair, her shy brown eyes pleading: "Oh, tell me you love me!" But he, leaning on the oars, developed an interest in fish and insisted on explaining the difference between fresh and salt water sport.

"It's the first time we've been alone together since we came," she managed to observe when he had finished a tale about a swordfish.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 100 ]





# “Sounding” a Song



LOOK over these pictures revealing the inside of a sound film studio in action. They're the last you will see for some time. The producers have banned disclosures of the talkies.

Here you see “The Desert Song” in the making at the Warner Brothers Coast Studios, with the same scene from above and from behind the camera booth lines. The cameras are within glass windowed sound proof booths. They bear the numeral 2 in both pictures. Look close for the microphones hanging in lines and on stands just above and out of reach of the camera lens. Also behind the camera booths and fronting the orchestra. Thus you get the dialogue, the songs and the background music. A sound film set still is a pretty cramped place—but the talkies are in their infancy.

Incandescent lights are used for the talkies. Sound film photography still is handicapped by the fact that the cameras have to be out of sound range, so that the microphones do not pick up their whir.



# REELING AROUND

with

## Leonard Hall

### The Gag of the Month Club

By Walter O'Keefe via Mark Hellinger.

Rin-Tin-Tin, the dog star, was given a talking picture test recently.

He failed to pass, as he was found to bark like a Pekinese.

### Laughing It Off

Gilda Gray has a birthday . . . Shake, Gilda! . . . Frank Keenan, at 70, marries a third wife . . . and they called his first movie "The Coward"! . . . Tex Guinan, back from Hollywood, says that if her night club racket fails she can always get a job as bridesmaid for Peggy Joyce. . . . Uncle Carl Laemmle tells his directors, "Sure, I want sex . . . but I want CLEAN sex!" . . . Favorite greeting of movie managers in New York . . . "How's business, you liar?" . . . Lya de Putti, in New York, shopped \$1,900 worth in one day . . . Just reviving the old game of Putti and Take. . . . Sixty four hundred people attended "La Tosca" in Los Angeles . . . That is, 6,399 ordinary people and Norma Shearer. . . . Eddie Nugent says a parrot is just a canary that has taken up Vitaphone. . . . Fox lines up 103 theaters in New York . . . Originating the old saw about "Dumb like a William Fox."

### The Star

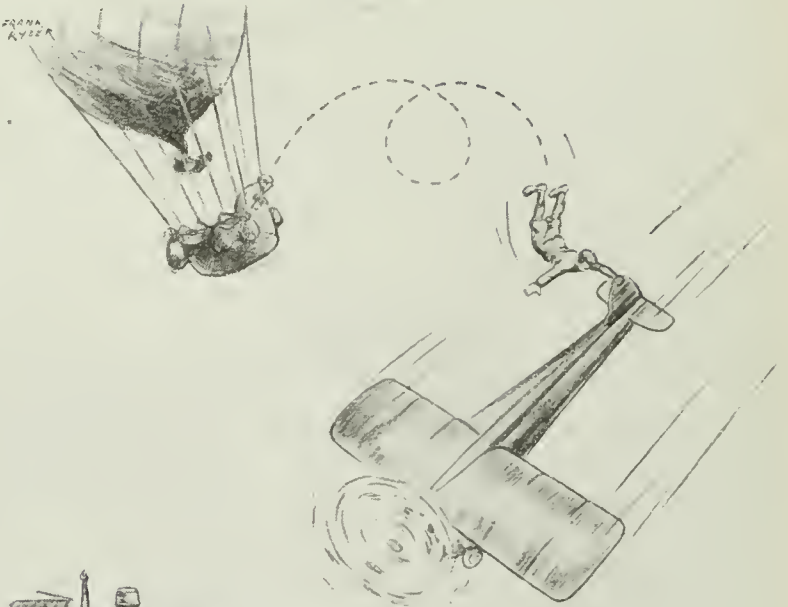
*At parlor games I admit I'm rank,  
At Ritzy gabble a total blank,  
At parties I never cause a stir—  
But goodness me, how I register!*

### Hearts and Flowers

James Hall and Merna Kennedy have ceased bleating . . . Jack Gilbert, on his New York visit, is said to have gone overboard for Dorothy Parker, wit and poet . . . Don't tell Greta. . . . Marceline Day announces that she has never been really in love . . . which cinches it that it Can't Be Long Now. . . . The Evelyn Brent-Gary Cooper crooning seems to have suspended. . . . Bessie Love and Eddie Foy, Jr., are Being Seen Places. . . . Joan Crawford's anklet, gift from Doug the Younger, says "To darling wife from Dodo" . . . Dodo! . . . If he writes like that it certainly is love and no fooling!

### Getting Personal

Doug and Mary lunch with the President . . . Mr. Coolidge, it is reported, said "Yep!" three times, and "Nope" eight . . . Doug stunned Washington with a trick beret. . . . Sue Carol is now 21. . . . Japanese film kisses are limited to 30 seconds . . . In that time Jack Gilbert could barely



MOVIE STUNT MAN—"Darn it!  
There goes my fountain pen!"

take a breath and pucker up. . . . Betty Bronson weighs 98 pounds. . . . With the Sunday papers under her arm, probably. . . . Vilma Banky is to make a talkie . . . Like "Darlink, I loaf you." . . . Since the Strand, New York, went all-talkie, the orchestra of 18 men plays exactly 16 minutes a day . . . at full salary . . . and I sassed my mother when she wanted me to take up the oboe! . . . Don't call a failure a "flop" any more. . . . When a show or a romance blows up, it is now said to have "laid an egg." . . . In South Africa is the "Bio-Tearoom" . . . Admission, the price of one cup of tea, and you can watch moom pitchers as long as you like. . . . Reliably reported that Fairbanks will quit as an actor after present picture . . . That act is called "Pulling a Patti" . . . Juanita Hansen, former serial star, was scalded in a hotel shower bath and sues for \$250,000 . . . Hot mamma! . . . Nils Asther is in training to be Metro's Heavy Lover Ace when Gilbert goes United Artist. . . . Bill Reid, son of the late Wally, plays the saxophone. . . . Who is the male star who has been losing all his money at the old army game of black-jack? . . . Dustin Farnum is living in retirement on Long Island with his wife, Winifred Kingston. . . . Pearl White . . . Remember Pearl? . . . is running a swell gambling casino at Biarritz. . . . A girl named Mary Pickford standing for Parliament in England . . . Probably on a Modified Bob Platform.

### The Little Star's Letter

*Dear Santy Claus, I do not ask  
A mess of things from you.  
I'm practically perfect now—  
There's little you need do.*

*Give me a dash of Swanson's nose,  
The leaping legs of Bow,  
A touch or two of Ralston's hair,  
And Lupe's fiery glow.*

*Give me the charm that Pickford had,  
The pep that Moore has now,  
Give me the oo-la-la of Dove—  
And I'll get by somehow.*

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

## Interest Grows in \$2,000 Prize Contest—Many Clubs Preparing Entries—News of Amateurs

**I**NTEREST in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest is increasing steadily. Judging from the notes of information and inquiry, the number of contest films submitted will far exceed the prints presented for the consideration of the judges in the first contest.

Not only is there interest throughout America in the contest, but there will be contesting films from abroad, as well.

PHOTOPLAY wishes to repeat its advice of the past: Be sure to read all the rules with extreme care. Every film, to be considered by the judges for any of the prizes, must conform to every rule.

Send in your contest films early, if you wish, but remember that they cannot be returned until *after* the contest closes. PHOTOPLAY suggests that you hold your film as long as possible. Repeated examination will find many ways of improving it.

PHOTOPLAY has received a number of inquiries from organizations regarding the sort of equipment necessary to do successful 35 millimeter (standard film) work.

PHOTOPLAY suggests that such clubs will find either the De Vry or the Eyemo cameras ideal for 35 millimeter work. Both of these cameras are used continually in the leading Hollywood studios for special and unusual shots.

Both of these machines are equipped with a good all-round lens for general photography, but organizations will need a speedy lens for close-ups and for interior shots. At least three lights will be essential and more will be required if you expect striking interior shots.

It is easy to make your own reflectors. If you don't know how, write this department and enclose a stamp for reply.

A tripod for the camera, a combination rewinder and splicer for cutting and editing, a projection machine and screen for observing the picture and, perhaps, some special lens filters. This will constitute a good working equipment.

Still, all-round outfits are not al-



Filming a scene of "Freshman Days," with the Flower City Amateur Movie Club, of Rochester, N. Y., on location

ways necessary. Some of the best films submitted in the first PHOTOPLAY Amateur Movie Contest—and some of the winners, as well—were made with an equipment that consisted only of a camera and a re-winder and splicer. Step-ladders acted as tripods. Home-made lights served their purpose satisfactorily. Everything depends upon the ingenuity of the user.

**T**HE Chicago Cinema Club offers an interesting example of the way a good amateur organization

should function. "Chicago," a composite film study of the city co-operatively produced by members of the club, has just been screened. Members contributed shots of the city which were edited by a committee into a complete film narrative of the civic and industrial life of Chicago. Joe Symons is now president of the Chicago Cinema Club, Oscar Nugent is vice-president, Dwight Furness is secretary and Frank T. Farrell is treasurer.

**T**HE Amateur Motion Picture Club of Miami, Florida, is getting ready for the PHOTOPLAY Amateur Movie Contest. The club has been holding weekly meetings and shooting short productions in order to gain experience.

The Miami club was lately formed with a membership of fifty. Miami city officials are offering every possible co-operation. The organization recently shot "The Hero" in two Sundays of work, with Dr. Milton J. Benjamin directing. F. H. Arcularious is president.



The Drama Class of the Newport News, Va., High School is making another student film. The Drama Class was well represented in PHOTOPLAY'S First Amateur Movie Contest

**T**HE Cumberland Amateur Motion Picture Club, of Vineland, N. J., is preparing two 35 millimeter productions to be submitted in PHOTOPLAY'S Amateur Movie Contest. The camera work on one of these, an under-world melodrama bearing the working title of "Judgment Fulfilled," is half finished under the direction of Roy C. Ehrhardt. Sixteen hundred

[ CONTINUED ON  
PAGE 110 ]





Thousands of home Christmas trees will be immortalized in amateur movies during the coming holidays. Indeed, the Christmas tree will be probably the first object to fall victim to the new camera. To help beginners PHOTOPLAY presents these two pictures. Here's how you should pose your tree and the belle of your household. You need two lights, placed so that your baby's face will not have bad shadows. Then attach a fast lens to your camera—and shoot. If the room is brilliantly lighted by the sun and your lens is fast enough, you can get your shots without artificial illumination. In these specially posed pictures for PHOTOPLAY—by Eva von Berne, Eddie Nugent and little Evelyn Mills—a Filmo and two of the new home photography incandescent lights are utilized



4378



# How to Make

By Lois Shirley



Buy an unblocked felt shape in the color that is most becoming to you. It may look unpromising, but don't be discouraged. Study it carefully and decide just how you want to drape it to fit your head

**D**ON'T start telling me that the stars are all lilies of the field who walk into the most expensive store in town and pay hundreds of dollars for their dresses and hats.

I've been shopping with them and I know. I shall never forget a day when Joan Crawford and I discovered the grandest sale of sweaters for \$2.95 and Joan was quite as thrilled as I was. She bought two and added to her purchases the most cunning little fifteen-dollar dress you ever saw. You should have seen the look on the saleswoman's face when Joan wrote the check.

"You're NOT Joan Crawford?" she asked in an amazed voice. And Joan had to produce every sort of evidence that it was really she before the store would accept the check. "Well, I never thought that YOU would come into this little shop!"

"Maybe I've shattered an illusion," said Joan, as we went out, "but you can't tell me that these sweaters are not just as good as ten and fifteen dollar ones."

Any number of the stars patronize the smaller shops and some of them are handy with the needle and do much of their own sewing. Eleanor Boardman made six little porch frocks not long ago and Gertrude Olmsted actually invented and patented a house dress.

**N**OW along comes Esther Ralston with a smart winter hat that can be made for \$3.50 and a couple of hours' work. This is not the first time that Esther has made herself useful as well as ornamental. She takes great delight in designing and executing frocks for her little nieces.

But I must tell you about this wonderful hat. Esther was good enough to pose showing just how it is done and you can follow it through picture by picture and stitch by stitch.

I know that you've seen whole tables covered with unblocked felt hats in the department stores. As you know, these can be bought for \$2.50 and up. They come in all colors. It happens that Esther chose one of rose beige because it is the shade that is most becoming to her. How awkward and ungainly the shape looks until skillful scissors and needles do the work!

The first step consists in cutting the brim from the crown. Of



Now, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut the brim from the crown. Leave about an inch and a half of felt on the brim, as you will need this to work on. And be sure that you cut in a neat circle



Next, as Miss Ralston demonstrates, lift the brim from the hat. Cut the brim straight down the center of the back. If the crown is too large for your head, take a tuck in the back. If it is too deep, trim it down until it fits you



# a Winter Hat for \$3.50

It can't be done? Then take a little lesson in millinery from Esther Ralston



Go to a mirror and watch the next few steps carefully. Pin the front of the brim to the front of the hat, so that the brim makes a frame for your face



This is where you show your skill. Roll the front of the brim, bring it down on the sides, and fasten in the back. Experiment to see what line suits you best



Miss Ralston has placed the brim high, to give a bandeau effect, and has shaped it into an upward roll. The brim is fastened to the crown at the back

course, you must remember to leave about an inch and a half of the felt standing to the brim as this gives something with which to work. It leaves a solid body that is necessary to the success of the chapeau.

Now comes the tricky part. Stand in front of a mirror and place the crown well down over your head. If it is too deep, trim it down to the right size. If it is too large take a tuck at the back. These little tucks are very *chic* and sometimes add just the touch of smartness for which you're looking.

**T**HE brim, which has been split at the back, is now turned upside down and pinned to the crown temporarily until you have decided upon the lines.

Esther decided that the upward rolling brim is best for her, so the crown is pinned at the center back in a neat little roll. You will note that the brim is placed rather high on the crown, giving the smart bandeau effect.

The brim and crown may now be sewn together and the ragged edges evened up. With the hands the brim is shaped, a low droop on the left



and an upward sweep at the right, with a short line at the back. The finishing touch is accomplished with an onyx and rhinestone pin at the side front. The pin cost \$1.

And there you have a hat in which you would not be ashamed to lunch at the smartest restaurant in town. The beauty about it is that this is not the only shape that may be made. Felt lends itself to draping and if you experiment long enough before your mirror you may be able to evolve an even smarter, more becoming design of your own.

Here is the finished hat, tricked out with an ornament that may be purchased for one dollar. The total cost is only three dollars and a half, but the effect is that of a hat three times as expensive. Any girl with only a slight knowledge of millinery can easily make one like it for herself

# "Imagine My

By  
Vernon  
Bailey

## *Embarrassment—*



It was Charles Francis Coe, the author, who asked Don Terry if he wanted to take a test for "Me, Gangster." Terry thought he was kidding, but he figured it might give him a chance to see the inside of a studio

**A**NYBODY that has ever read about Hollywood knows about Montmartre, or at least almost anybody. For the benefit of those who do not, allow me to explain that Montmartre is not a tough section of the city, but a restaurant. And this story is somewhat of a free advertisement for that restaurant.

Exactly speaking, it is a dissertation about lunch and the evils thereof, if any. It is the tale of a lunch that paid and paid and paid. A man paid, not a woman.

A statistician with a sense of humor once figured that one out of every eighty-four movie actors was "discovered" while lunching at Montmartre. The yarn is a bit hackneyed and would have been cast into oblivion had not Charles Frances Coe, the well-known author, come to town.

The tale we are about to unfold deals with one Don Terry, of whom you probably never heard before in your life. If things go as Charles Francis Coe expects, however, you will hear much of Mr. Terry.

It so happened that Terry had betaken himself to Montmartre for lunch. And on the same day, Mr. Coe, wearying of his typewriter and the Fox lot, likewise had betaken himself to Montmartre to appease the inner man.

Columnists and humorists have commented so frequently

When I ordered luncheon at Montmartre and got a job in the movies." How Don Terry, tourist, found out that he was "just the type"

upon the matter of screen opportunities offered by the Montmartre, that I hesitate to set forth what actually happened this particular day.

But even at the risk of being ridiculed, I shall tell the harrowing truth. Or I shall do even better. I shall allow Mr. Terry to tell the harrowing truth, in his own words:

"I HAD no idea," Mr. Terry began, stepping briskly up to the microphone, "that anything untoward was going to happen. As a matter of fact, I had written home to tell the folks that the prodigal was returning, and to prepare the fatted calf's liver and onions.

"But you see, during my stay in Hollywood, I had seen no picture stars. In fact, I had found picture stars altogether at a premium. I could not get into a studio. On Hollywood Boulevard I could find only branches of the Bank of Italy, a branch to every corner. Then someone told me about Wednesday and the Montmartre, so to the Montmartre I went for lunch, expecting to glimpse a star or two but finding chiefly Iowans with the same idea as my own.

"Imagine my surprise when a man came over to me and asked if I was in pictures. I thought he was kidding, especially when he said I was just the type. He looked so much like a tourist, however, that I resolved not to hit him. I took his card and read the name, 'Charles Francis Coe,' figuring that maybe it would give me a chance to see a studio. I had only the vaguest idea of what a test was, but I paid my check and set forth for the Fox Studio."

Young Terry evidently believes in the luck of the Irish, for his name is not Terry at all but Loker—Donald Loker. Loker would never do on the screen, however, and Don Terry will do very handsomely.

**T**HE thing Coe had in mind for Terry was the lead in a picture he had just written from his story, "Me, Gangster," which Raoul Walsh directed. Coe felt that Terry was, as he so aptly expressed it, "just the type."

The author took his "find" to the maker of "What Price Glory," and that worthy gave him the up-and-down and said, "Coe, I think you've got something." He made a test and as soon as it came out of the laboratory, Don Terry was, without any previous screen experience, a leading man.

And still they say there's no Santa Claus!

As to whether Terry will remain a leading man is another matter. It will depend upon whether he can act. But for the present he has a job that most folks would give their index finger or toe to capture. And his qualifications for holding it are the following:

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 105]





Richee

**J**UST a little story to show why Lupe Velez is the favorite star of the prop boys, electricians and extras. When Lupe finished "The Love Song," the prop boys presented her with a hand-carved make-up box. The oldest property man made the presentation, and Lupe rewarded him by kissing him on both cheeks. "Every man offer Lupe diamond, which she no take, but no man every made anything for her with his own hands." Whereupon everyone had a good cry

# Dressing A Good Game



Modern golf is excellent for displaying perfect form. Gwen Lee has no sleeves to bind her, no hose to run. She knows her niblicks. But in mother's day girls had things on their minds, particularly those fuzzy Scotch tams and the vague feeling that a spoon shot sounded faintly improper



Gaze on the little water wow, center, ready to launch forth on that abandoned breast stroke. Compare her with the trim young thing illustrating the new freedom of the seas

When a girl arrives at the tennis courts gowned with comfortable distinction, the man behind the net knows she has a beautiful serve. Formerly her costume warned him that the only stroke the poor darling would get was one of apoplexy



*Once it was not so hot.  
Today chic clothes  
make champions*





At sixteen Jane Kendall excelled in riding and every sport. "Beauty and the Beast" this portrait with her Great Dane was called.



At seventeen she studied painting in Paris (for she is gifted as she is beautiful)—and prepared for her "coming out" festivities.



At eighteen came her Washington debut in this Lanvin frock. They called her "the prettiest girl that ever entered the White House."



At nineteen her marriage to a distinguished young New Yorker was the outstanding event of the smart Washington season.

# "The Prettiest Girl that ever entered the White House" MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR.

JANE KENDALL MASON has not long left her teens, but her extraordinary beauty has already made her famous. "The prettiest girl that ever entered the White House" they called her when she made her dazzling debut in Washington. Soon followed her brilliant marriage to a New Yorker of distinguished family.

Clear-cut as a cameo is Mrs. Mason's pale blonde Botticelli beauty. Her purple pansy eyes are dark against her flawless skin, pale as a wood anemone. Gifted and interesting, she is always in demand. From her father's homes in Washington and Maryland to the gay diplomatic circles of Havana where her husband is an important figure, she flits like a butterfly, yet her complexion is ever exquisite.

This perfection of her pale anemone skin she owes to the four simple steps to beauty that so many lovely young moderns follow. "I've used Pond's Creams," she says, "ever since I can remember.

"I dote on them! The Cold Cream is so light and pleasant—leaves the skin really clean and soft. The Vanishing Cream gives such a velvety surface for powder."

Now Mrs. Mason finds Pond's two new products just as delightful.

"The Cleansing Tissues are a lux-



MRS. GEORGE GRANT MASON, JR., was Miss Jane Kendall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Kendall of Washington, D. C. Since her brilliant debut her Botticelli beauty has been famous. Her flawless skin is delicate as a wood anemone.

ury," she says. "They remove cold cream perfectly. And the Skin Freshener gives your skin such a lovely glow!"

USE POND'S Cold Cream for cleansing generously several times a day and every night, patting it over face and neck with upward, outward strokes. It soaks into the tiny apertures; softens and loosens the dust and dirt.

With Pond's Cleansing Tissues, firm, ample, light as thistledown, wipe off the cream carrying the dust with it.

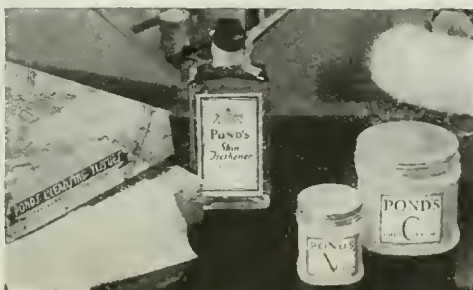
Repeat these two steps until the tissues show no soil.

If you are having a daytime cleansing a dash of the exhilarating Skin Freshener will tone and refresh your face. Apply it briskly. See how it livens and braces the complexion.

Lastly, for the correct completion to perfect grooming, apply just a shade of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder. It protects the skin, gives it fine-grained texture.

Pond's four simple steps mean beauty.

If it is possible that you have not used Pond's four delightful preparations, mail the coupon for a week's test supply.



Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues compose Pond's famous Method, the sure way thousands of young moderns use to keep their skin always lovely.

MAIL THE COUPON with 10¢ for Pond's four preparations.

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# Here Are Winners of \$5,000 Contest

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

fortunate enough to receive, but regardless of the amount, it would no doubt be put to good use in my own home, as the Christmas season is near and I am positive it would make possible a very happy Christmas for the family, which consists of my husband and two sons."

For the number of accurate solutions, the ingenuity of ideas and the neatness with which they were presented, this contest of 1928 led all previous ones.

To those who failed to win a prize PHOTOPLAY says: "May you have better luck next time!" To the winners, PHOTOPLAY offers the heartiest congratulations.

## FIFTY DOLLAR PRIZES

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MRS. E. C. VAN PELT  
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MRS. A. M. BENTLEY  
371 Spring Street, Macon, Ga.

HELEN MARPLES  
3235¼ Descanso Drive, Los Angeles, Calif.

SALLY NICOL  
1928 Kent Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

MRS. S. O. NEILSON  
3001 Portland Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

MISS GRACE V. TROTTER  
4232 Edmondson Avenue, Dallas, Texas

## TWENTY-FIVE DOLLAR PRIZES

DR. T. N. VISHOLM  
Lake Street Clinic, Minneapolis, Minn.

ALMA C. MORLEY  
15 Catherine St., Oswego, N. Y.

MRS. JACK WIER  
Belton, South Carolina

NELLIE CONROY  
23 N. Thorpe, Kansas City, Kansas

CAPTAIN BETTY O'NEIL  
2544 East Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio

MRS. JENNIE A. TAYLOR  
120 State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

MARY O'DAY  
1925 South 17th Street, Omaha, Neb.

KATHRYN MULLEN  
126 North Cecilia Street, Sioux City, Iowa

MRS. CLINT F. OVERMAN  
c/o Block Brothers Department Store,  
Kenosha, Wis.

LOUISE AXTELL  
2900 Prospect Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

MRS. S. I. MOORE,  
402 Park Avenue, Burlington, N. C.

MRS. D. B. JANES  
242 West Main Street, Jackson, Tenn.

GRACE SELLER  
1106 Dodge Street, Omaha, Neb.

CLARA CLARK  
57 James Street, Malden, Mass.

KATHRYN PUMP  
1518 Granger Street, Saginaw, Mich.

ALICE LEE SAGE  
1508 Burlew Street, Dallas, Texas

ELIZABETH WAYMAN  
Ellsworth, Wis.

CHARLES P. AMENT  
57 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MISS MARIE A. SHAPTER  
821 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio

MISS EMMA GIVREN  
1132½ West 40th Place, Los Angeles, Calif.

E. J. MYROSE  
43 Real Estate and Law Bldg., Atlantic City,  
N. J.

MRS. R. J. MATHER  
5118—41st Avenue, S. E., Portland, Oregon

MISS MELISSA WEAVER  
c/o The Roseville State Bank, Roseville, Ohio

MRS. DOROTHY MCAUSLIN  
16 Phoenix Avenue, Waterbury, Conn.

RUTH CURRY  
1100 Winfield Avenue, Topeka, Kansas



A large storeroom was necessary in which to keep the thousands of solutions in this year's Cut-Puzzle Contest. Here is a section of the great mass after the judges had selected the first five prize winners





## Her hair is oily

*She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.

## Her hair is dry

*She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.



## He has dandruff

*He should use Packer's Tar Soap*

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



## Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

<b>Check Sample Desired</b>		Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16 A, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York City: Send me offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.	
For 10c enclosed send sample of Packer's		Name _____	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Olive Oil Shampoo	Address _____	
<input type="checkbox"/>	Tar Shampoo	City _____	State _____
<input type="checkbox"/>	Tar Soap		

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]



The megaphone for directors goes on the shelf and earphones take its place. This picture shows the new technique of recording talkies. Roy Pomeroy is directing Evelyn Brent and Doris Kenyon in a scene from "Interference." The microphone, over their heads, is just outside of the range of the camera

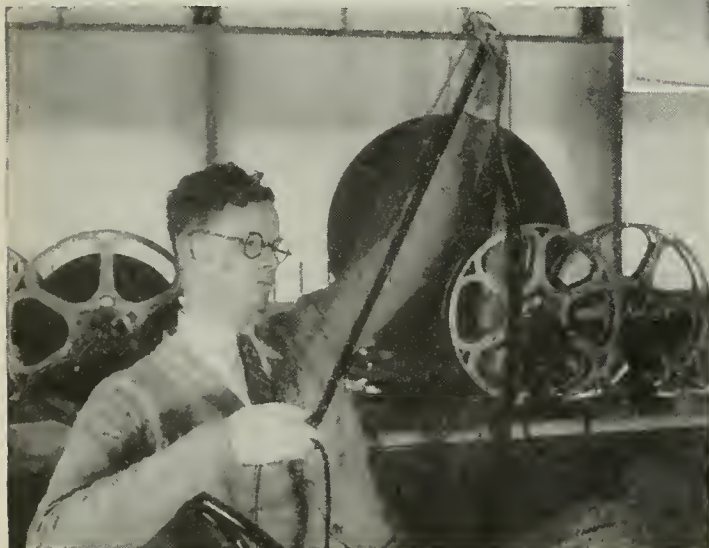
done right well by him. He is one of those lucky lads who invested heavily—to the tune of \$125,000, we are told—in Bank of Italy stock and got out just eleven days before the crash.

**A** RISING young star, laden with letters, met Polly Moran on the M.-G.-M. lot.

"See," said the r. y. s., "this is my daily fan mail."

"I haven't been to get mine yet. Walk over to the post office with me," said Polly. At the window she said:

"Come on, boys, don't hold out. Give me that postal card."



In the talkies, the cutter must work on two films, the visual picture and the sound track record. Merrill White inspects a scene and its vocal accompaniment for "Interference"



In the air scenes for "Gold Braid" the recording apparatus was carried aloft by the planes. Ramon Novarro is holding the microphone that caught the roar of the motors

**C** HARLIE CHAPLIN and Charles Furthman were driving along the boulevard in their respective cars. Being famous film folk they saw no reason why they should not park double while Chaplin went into a store to make a purchase.

Upon his return he discovered a lordly cop standing over the car.

"Parking double! What's your name?"

"Charles Chaplin," said the little comedian.

The cop looked him over. "Maybe yes, maybe no. How can you be Charlie Chaplin? Where's your moustache?"

Where are the stars of yesteryear?

Where are the worshipped ones, and dear?

Where are the old gods, fine and fair?

Wait—don't answer me! I don't care.

**R** EMEMBER the old wheeze about what's in a name?

Well, lend ear to this:

Muni Weisenfrund, famous

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]



# After exposure—avoid Sore Throat

## LISTERINE

*Checks it quickly  
because powerful  
against germs*

Sore throat is a danger signal of oncoming trouble—a cold or worse.

It usually develops after sudden changes in temperature or exposure to others in overheated offices, germ-ridden railway trains, street cars and buses. Wet feet also encourage it.

The moment your throat feels irritated, gargle with Listerine full strength. Sore throat is usually caused by germs—and Listerine full strength kills germs.

For example, it kills even the virulent B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds, as shown by repeated laboratory tests. Yet it may be used full strength in any cavity of the body. Indeed, the safe antiseptic.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it attacks the disease-producing bacteria that cause you trouble. And unless your sore throat is a symptom of some more serious disease, calling for the services of a physician, Listerine will check it in an amazingly short time.

For your own protection, keep a bottle in home and office. It's an investment in health. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*To escape a cold  
use Listerine  
this way:*

You can materially lessen the risk of catching colds by rinsing the hands with Listerine before each meal, the way physicians do. The reason for this is obvious:

Listerine attacks the germs of cold on the hands, thus rendering them harmless when they enter the mouth on food which hands have carried. Isn't this quick precaution worth taking?

“GREAT!”

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!



MADGE BELLAMY, Fox star, in the quaintly charming bathroom—one of the finest built in Hollywood—which so effectively combines richly veined marble with natural grained paneling.

"The 'studio skin' a star must have demands a soap that leaves the skin smooth as a rose-petal—and Lux Toilet Soap does!"

*Madge Bellamy*



Photo by C. Hewitt, Hollywood



Photo by E. A. Bachrach, Hollywood

The very next time you see tiny OLIVE BORDEN in a close-up, notice how exquisite Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. "It's so important for my skin to have the smoothness we mean by 'studio skin,' and Lux Toilet Soap is so splendid for it that I am delighted with this daintily fragrant soap," she says.



Photo by L. Thomson, Hollywood

MARY NOLAN, Universal star, gives such intelligent care to her beautiful skin, both at home and in her dressing room on location. "I am utterly enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap," she says.

# Lux Toilet





Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

IRENE RICH, in the bathroom built in Hollywood to combine classic luxury with modern charm. "Lux Toilet Soap gives the skin as beautiful a smoothness as the famous French soaps do," she says.

## Both at home and in their dressing rooms

### 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap

**E**VERY GIRL knows how attractive she is when her skin is really lovely.

Experience has taught movie directors that an exquisite skin gets an immediate response from people.

"Smooth skin is the first essential of charm," says Paul Leni, director for Universal. "To become—and remain—a popular screen

star, a girl *must* have a skin so flawlessly smooth that even in the glare of the close-up it is perfect."

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, 442 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap because it keeps the skin so smooth and soft. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms. You, too, will be delighted with this white fragrant soap.



Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

PHYLLIS HAVER, Pathé star—"Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin so gently smooth that I have no fear of the high-powered lights of the close-up."



"Under the new incandescent 'sun-spot' lights a star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth," says SEENA OWEN.

# Soap

*Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps  
at 50c and \$1.00 the cake—Now*

# 10¢

# Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics

## Proclaim the Artist!



Mme. Helena Rubinstein  
World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

*For color, for texture, for staying quality, for wholesomeness, the cosmetic creations of Helena Rubinstein are unquestionably the finest in the world.*

### The Basis of a Chic Make-up

Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse the skin with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the soothing, revitalizing, protective cream. It molds the skin in beauty (1.00). Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream makes rouge and powder doubly adherent, doubly flattering. An ideal powder foundation (1.00, 2.00). Now your skin is ready for—

### A Powder Masterpiece

Valaze Powder. Clinging, exquisitely textured, subtly fragrant. In a rich variety of smart and enhancing shades, *Novena* for dry skin. *Valaze* for average and oily skin. 1.50, 3.00.

*It is essential that you visit Helena Rubinstein's Salons at this trying time of year, so that your beauty may present a harmony of perfection—skin, contour, eyes, hands and hair all exquisite. Here you will receive the last word in scientific beauty treatments and expert guidance on home treatments and make-up.*

THE secret of a successful facial ensemble? . . . Make-up that is as perfect in texture as in color . . . lipstick that lends satin smoothness as well as luscious tone . . . rouge you can blend with ease . . . powder so gossamer it becomes one with the skin . . .

Such are the cosmetics of Helena Rubinstein. For they are the creation of one who is artist as well as scientist . . . one who for years has divided her life between laboratory and atelier . . . studying constantly to bless all women with the wondrous coloring of immortal beauties.

When you touch the new Cubist Lipstick to your lips, when you bring the glow of Red Raspberry Rouge to your cheeks, when you clothe your skin with the gentle fragrant radiance that is Valaze Powder, then you realize the magic that lies in make-up.

### Ravishing Rouges

Valaze Rouges (compact or en creme) impart a luscious bloom that actually protects the skin! For daytime you will choose gay piquant youthful Red Raspberry and for evening, Red Geranium, the vivid, the provocative. For the conservative woman there is the subtle Crushed Rose Leaves 1.00.

### The Magic Lipstick

Cubist Lipstick—Helena Rubinstein's newest cosmetic creation. Brings to the lips a softness, lustre and beauty rivalled only by the rare loveliness of its coloring. In two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening. To be chic one must have both. Smart, enameled cases, Golden or Black, 1.00.

### Water Lily Vanities

are masterpieces of the jeweler's craft! Enameled in Jet Black, Chinese Red, Jade Green or Golden. Double compact 2.50, Golden 3.00, Single Compact 2.00, Golden 2.50.

### Beautiful Eyes

Accent the Beauty of Your Eyes with Valaze Persian Eye-Black (Mascara)—instantly darkens the eyelashes giving them an effect of silky, soft luxuriance. Wonderfully adherent, yet does not leave lashes stiff or brittle. 1.00, 1.50.

Valaze Eye Shadow [Compact or Cream in black, brown, green or blue] 1.00.

Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener promotes luxuriant growth of lashes and brows. 1.00, 1.50.

### Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skin-food—Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two months' supply—with detailed instructions (3.50.)

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Black-head and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use instead of soap.

LONDON

# Helena Rubinstein

PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

Philadelphia, 254 South 16th St.

670 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Boston, 234 Boylston Street

951 Broad Street, Newark

*Cosmetic and home-treatment creations of Helena Rubinstein are obtainable at the better shops, or direct from the Salons*



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

A. A. LUDER, GERMANTOWN, PA.—Glad to answer your questions about *The Shadow Stage*. The pictures are reviewed by both men and women and do not represent the opinion of one person. They are seen by several members of PHOTOPLAY's reviewing staff. Most of the pictures are seen at pre-views either in New York or Los Angeles. The amount of money spent on a production does not influence the reviewers. Entertainment value is the chief consideration; good acting and unusual direction are other points that place a picture in the "Six Best." But the principal test is simply this: Is the picture worth the time and money of PHOTOPLAY's readers? Thank you for your interest.

TILLIE THE TOILER, OSWEGO, N. Y.—I have no wife; and if I had a wife, her name would not be Buttercup. As for that "most beautiful bozo on the screen," Johnny Mack Brown, his next picture is "The Little Angel," which doesn't fit in with John's six foot figure. You're not Irish, are you?

C. A. J., EASTON, PA.—"Craig's Wife" wasn't released until Sept. 16, 1928. It must have been someone else's wife that you saw in Bethlehem two years ago. Lon Chaney's newest is "West of Zanzibar," which might or might not be "Kongo." Banned stories have a way of slipping by under another title, as witness "Sadie Thompson" and "A Woman of Affairs." Emil Janning's next is "The Feeder."

MRS. IRENE WELLOT, TORRENCE, CALIF.—By film cutting is meant the elimination of superfluous scenes, duplicate "takes" and unsatisfactory "shots." Sometimes several hundred thousand feet of film is exposed to obtain the seven or eight thousand feet of the finished picture. The business of picking the best scenes and building them into dramatic sequence is quite a job. The average salary of an "extra" is seven dollars and a half a day. But an "extra" who gets three days' work a week is in luck. I know of no such juvenile Home in Hollywood. The Studio Club is a home for girls, but it is not limited to girls under eighteen, nor are the regulations as strict as those you mention. Gwen Lee's real name is Le Pinski and she was born in Hastings, Neb. Jacqueline Logan is a native of Corsicana, Tex. Hope you win your subscription.

L. S. C., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your friend wins the bet. Antonio Moreno is Spanish, not Italian. He was born in Madrid, forty years ago.

M. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Gloria Swanson, not Dolores Del Rio, played in "The Loves of Sunya." Dolores is twenty-three years old, five feet, four and one-half inches tall and weighs 120 pounds.

JUST ANOTHER BLOND, CHICAGO, ILL.—Woof, yourself! Also Grrrr right back at you! Don't bother your head about all those Lindbergh matrimonial rumors. The newspapers just must find something to write about Lindy. Don't know where Joyce Compton is at present. Warren Burke was the boy who played in "Roadhouse." Write to Anders Randolph at the Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

MARION B.—Mary Philbin was about fifteen years old when she first went into the movies. She has brown hair. Mary is an American by birth, but her ancestors were poor girls. In fact, most of the rich girls who have tried the movies have been flops.

**AND** still the questions about Anils Asther come bouncing to the desk of the Answer Man. Mr. Asther is twenty-six years old, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Next in the Seven Most Persistent Questions of the Month is Joan Crawford. Joan has red-brown hair and blue eyes.

Where did the rumor start that William Boyd has gray hair? Bill's hair is light brown.

Richard Arlen is twenty-nine years old, has brown hair and blue eyes, and weighs 155 pounds.

Gary Cooper is American, not English. Born in Helena, Montana, twenty-seven years ago.

Evelyn Brent is twenty-nine years old and divorced from B. P. Fineman.

Clara Bow is five feet, three and one-half inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her next picture will be "The Saturday Night Kid."

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

R. H. G., ILL.—I should think it would be practical to install a talkie outfit in your town. Write to any of the motion picture companies for the cost of the installation and terms of the service. I can't give the information in these columns.

S. C., M. S., E. MCC., SAVANNAH, GA.—I don't know why Colleen Moore doesn't curl her hair. Perhaps she thinks that her straight, Dutch bob is distinctive. But here, Colleen, are three girls who want to know how you would look with a finger wave.

HAPPY, SANDY, UTAH.—Write to Ray E. Harris of the Wallace Reid Memorial Club about obtaining a picture of Wallace Reid. Mr. Harris' address is 3625 R. Street N. W., Washington, D. C. Thomas Meighan has dark hair and blue eyes. He weighs 180 pounds and is 49 years old. William Haines has black hair and brown eyes. Mary Pickford has golden hair and hazel eyes.

J. C., SIOUX CITY, IOWA.—If you will write to Adela Rogers St. Johns in care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York, your letter will be forwarded to her. And it is "Mrs."

E. O., NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Fascinating Youth" was Charles Rogers' first picture and not the same as "Red Lips." "Red Lips" was reviewed in the May, 1928, PHOTOPLAY under its original title, "Cream of the Earth."

H. P. F., CANNELTON, IND.—Richard Barthelmess is thirty-one years old and was married to Mrs. Jessica Sargent April 20, 1928. He's five feet, seven inches tall and has brown eyes. Write to him at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

A. G. B., PARIS, TEX.—Well, since you don't care whether he is single, married or divorced, I'll tell you that Ronald Colman is neither single, married nor divorced. He's separated from Thelma Raye, who lives in England. Ronald isn't leaving the screen; you'll see him next in "The Rescue," with Lily Damita as his leading woman.

F. C., AUBURN, ME.—James Hall and Dick Barthelmess related? Positively no!

R. A. H., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Billie Dove is twenty-five years old and has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. She is five feet, five inches tall and weighs 114 pounds. Single-minded woman!

E. M. L., NEW IBERIA, LA.—Elaine Hammerstein and William Haines played in "The Midnight Express." Jack Mulhall is thirty-seven years old and his pretty wife is Evelyn Winans—not in the movies.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]

Yiddish character actor, is now under contract to Fox. Of course a moniker such as Muni Weisenfrund would be ridiculous on the screen, so studio executives went into a huddle and decided to call him Muni Wise. One executive filed a minority vote, however, claiming that the public would quickly change this to Money Wise. Bad psychology, he said. So now they call him Paul Muni.

**NICK STUART** and Sue Carol have had great fun making "Chasing Through Europe." Night after night Sue and Nick rode up and down the canals of Venice, in the most romantic-looking gondolas they could hire. When Director Dave Butler would take them to task for being late next morning, their response would be:



Two exercises, posed by Mary Doran, that should be part of every daily dozen. In this exercise, first one leg is brought forward, then the other; and then both together, so that you reach this position

"We rehearsed our love scenes until quite late last night."

**TOM TYLER** calls our attention to the fact that a number of couples who spent their first honeymoon on the beach are spending their second on the rocks

**LILY DAMITA** speaks English with a delightful French accent. Some of her friends are teaching her the latest slang.



The course is just one long sand trap in this game of beach golf. It's a new gag now adding interest to the scenery along Santa Monica beach. The players are Raquel Torres, about to sink a put; Dorothy Janis, holding the flag; and Mary Doran, waiting her turn

She rattles the words off glibly, but with little idea of their meaning. We suggested that she have Mr. Goldwyn pass on them, as we wouldn't like to guarantee that they are all "correct as hell" . . . this last expression being one of the number she knows.

**LILY'S** mother is in Paris selling her daughter's two establishments. That leaves poor little Lily all alone at the Roosevelt Hotel to battle cruel Hollywood without a mother's guiding hand.

If you can't find Lily and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn in the usual places you can look for them at an ice cream parlor, where Lily sneaks away to indulge in the forbidden sweets.



**A WELL-KNOWN** actor had played the famous Afro-American game of craps for eight consecutive hours. The knees of his trousers showed wear. When his wife questioned him he answered, "I was out with Al Jolson singing 'Mammy.'"

**WHEN** Lupe Velez and William Boyd were playing together in "The Love Song," Boyd's wife, Elinor Faire, spent most of her spare time on the set. It may have been that she was interested in the production and then, again, it may have been that Boyd brought her along for protection against the fiery Velez.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 88 ]

The first exercise helps to keep the legs slender but shapely. This one is your old favorite of touching the floor with your hands. Only most people cheat and bend their knees. And that's no way of getting thin



# “I light a Lucky and go light on the sweets.

That's how I keep in good shape and always feel peppy.”

*Al Jolson*  
Al Jolson  
Famous comedian  
and star of song.

Reach for  
a Lucky  
instead of  
a sweet.



**S**OMETHING sensible. “Better to light a Lucky whenever you crave sweets.” It brings to men the health and vigor that come with avoiding overweight. To women it offers a slender, fashionable figure. And all it means is a few puffs of a Lucky Strike when you are tempted.

20,679 physicians have stated that Lucky Strike is less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. Very likely this is due to toasting which removes impurities. This same process, toasting, improves and develops the flavor of the world's finest tobaccos. This means that there is a flavor in Luckies which is a delightful alternative for the things that make you fat. That's why “It's Toasted” is your assurance that there's real health in Luckies—they're good for you!

Al Jolson  
as he appears in  
Warner Bros.  
Vitaphone success,  
“The Singing Fool.”

Keep fit—reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet. That's what many men have been doing for years. They know the evidence of prominent athletes whose favorite cigarette is Lucky Strike and who say Luckies do not harm the wind nor impair the physical condition.

Why not give it a trial? The next time you are tempted to eat between meals or crave sweets, go light—light up a Lucky instead.

## “It's toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

© 1928, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]

**A** FEW months ago Harry Crocker opened a motion picture museum in Hollywood. He will close it January 1st.

The biggest day's business was \$7.00.

One woman drove up to the place in a fine big car with a chauffeur, stepped out with two friends to visit the museum, but became absolutely horror-stricken when told that the price of admission was twenty-five cents. "Oh, my land," she said, "we're just out for a drive and we thought it was free."

Somebody said to Harry, "It seems a pity, Mr. Crocker, that Hollywood won't support a venture as fine and clean as this." "I guess that's what's the matter with it," replied Mr. Crocker, rather sadly.

**T**HE kitchen in the restaurant at the M.-G.-M. studio caught fire a short time ago and half a dozen fire engines dashed into the studio in response to the alarm. Hose was laid, asbestos



When we were very young. At the age of three months, Mary Brian was not Mary Brian of Hollywood. She was little Louise Dantzler, just one of the neighbor's children in Corsicana, Texas

**M**ARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks journeyed to Washington to settle a little argument with Uncle Sam about their income tax. This unpleasantness over, President Coolidge invited them to luncheon.

When you get in trouble with your income tax, does the President ask you in for a meal? This little incident only proves once more that it's great to be a movie star.

**M**ILTON SILLS is wearing an atrocious beard while playing in "Changeling." As a result, he has let himself in for a lot of good-natured ridicule. Even his wife pokes fun at him. When Doris bobbed her hair, she carefully wrapped that portion which was cut off and mailed it to Milton with the inscription, "For bigger and better beards."

**A**CCORDING to a Poverty Row "fillum magnet," an author is a "fellow with a good remembery."

**H**EADLINES in Los Angeles papers announced the arrival of Wm. J. Locke, noted novelist, as follows:

W. J. LOCKE, 65

LOOKS 45, HERE

AS FILM WRITER

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 103 ]



International Newsreel

When three little girls from Brooklyn faced the camera together for the first time. The baby in the center is Constance Talmadge. At the right is Norma, then five years old. And at the left is Natalie Talmadge Keaton, three years old

blankets were jerked out of fire trucks and extinguishers were rushed to the scene, but the chief of each company had his own idea of how to extinguish the flames.

They all stood on the roof of the burning building, arguing on how to proceed.

"Well," said W. S. Van Dyke, M.-G.-M.'s traveling director, as he watched the row, "looks like another story conference!"

**L**AURA LA PLANTE pulled a fast one on Universal this week. It seems their contract with her makes allowance for a few weeks' lay-off in the year. She had just finished "Show Boat," and was scheduled to begin "The Haunted Lady" very shortly. She was all primed for wardrobe fittings for the new picture, when notice came that she could have two weeks' vacation. Nothing pleased Laura more. A few hours later she had chartered an airplane and was on her way to New York.

This was the last thing Universal had expected, as their plans, it appears, had been for

a lay-off, without pay, with Laura standing hours every day for fittings.

I was faithful without  
swerving,  
Norma, since your star  
was born!  
Then you up and married  
Irving!  
You the Shearer—  
I the shorn.

Cecil De Mille, with his big brother, William. Cecil is the four-year-old lad with the curls and the flowers. and William, aged eight, is holding the dog





# “The Shady Lady”

*A New Pathé Production*  
Featuring

**PHYLLIS HAVER**

See Phyllis Haver at her best in this new Pathé production. Note in particular her marvelous skin—how well it shows up in the picture.

Then read below how she cares for that skin—with Boncilla. Many a star on the stage and screen could tell a similar story. For the women whose careers depend on charm and beauty do not omit this supreme aid.



PHYLLIS HAVER, Pathé Star, in “The Shady Lady”



**PHYLLIS HAVER**

Preparing for “The Shady Lady”

The first step in preparing for a picture is Boncilla clasmic pack. That cleans the skin to the depths, gives a rosy glow and an animated look. When that is removed, Boncilla Cold Cream is applied. Then Boncilla Vanishing Cream as a powder base. Then the exquisite Boncilla Powder of the shade desired.

**PHYLLIS HAVER Says:**

“I use Boncilla regularly. With all the arduous location sets we have to make, the exposure of the skin to all elements, the constant use of cold cream and greasy paints, Boncilla keeps my skin soft and velvety.”

## The Pretty Lady

*Prepare for Your Part—Tonight*

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# The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

dried up wisp of a man in rough clothing. Over the latter's shoulder, suspended on a heavy string, hung a circular machine, which identified the man immediately as the night watchman. Lannigan, for it was he, stood with his sharp little eyes peering monkeywise from Rosenthal to Smith. The president motioned him to a chair, and he sat down, plainly overcome at being admitted, and seated in the holy of holies. At Captain Smith's words, however, his shifting glances came to rest steadily upon his questioner.

"You're Lannigan?"  
"Yis sor. Patrick Lannigan."  
"You are the night watchman of this studio?"  
Lannigan straightened his bony shoulders, and there was an air of truculency in his manner as he replied,  
"I am thot!"  
"Is that the time clock you used last night, on your back?"

"SURE, it's the wan I always use. Yis, it's me time clock. . . ."  
"Can you open it and take out the tape?"  
"That I cannot. 'Tis the head fireman who does that."  
"All right. Clancy, take that clock over and have it opened. Bring back the record."

As Clancy reached for the clock, Lannigan swung himself away. His face instantly took on that expression so typical of his sort . . . a sullen, closed look. Smith saw he was to have trouble prying anything out of this man. Neither would it do any good to tell him "police business." That would only seal his lips the tighter. His kind had an instinctive and instant resentment of the law.

"Lannigan!" spoke the president of Superior Films sharply, "I wish you to give your clock to that officer!"

"Oh . . . and an officer, is it now?" said Lannigan, with drawling sarcasm.

"I wish, also that you answer what questions Mr. Smith will ask you. He is Captain of Detectives," added Rosenthal sternly. But this announcement made no apparent impression on the little Irishman. He only darted one of his swift bright glances at Smith, and his long upper lip tucked down tighter over his nether one.

"I'll be answering no questions till yez tell me why the likes of him is after taking me clock away, and what for I am hauled out of me bed to come here this time o' day!"

Rosenthal started to speak, but Smith held up his hand, silencing him. It would take tact to handle this belligerent little Irishman . . . not bulldozing.

"Lannigan, get this straight. I don't believe you have anything to do with this matter . . . with the reason why I am out here. But I do believe you can help me a lot! A detective, Lannigan, is at the mercy of the people he questions. You could tell me a long string of things that didn't happen at all, and it would cause me a lot of time and trouble to get the truth of it. I'd get it. Never fear that. But it

would considerably inconvenience me. I don't think you want to do that, do you?"

Lannigan did not answer. It was evident it made no difference to him how much he inconvenienced the detective. Smith continued to look pleasantly at the man, tapping his chair arm thoughtfully with his pencil, his little red notebook open on his knee. Musingly, his eyes went down to it. Then, when he looked up there was a quickened expression in them.

"Lannigan, I've always wanted to hear a banshee. Did you ever hear one?"

The watchman looked at him searchingly, quick to detect if the other was poking fun at him. He found only serious and sincere curiosity in Smith's face. For a moment he struggled with the resolution to keep silence, then, as if to burst involuntarily from him, came the statement, in a lowered voice,

"Well, sor, and what would you think if I was to tell you I've heard one meself?"

"I'd believe you, Lannigan. Where was it you heard it?"

"On this very lot, sor. So late as last night, sor!"

"Hm . . . I thought so," mused Smith. "I've heard that sound described many times, Lannigan, but never by a person who'd heard one so recently as you say you have. I'd appreciate your telling me what it was like."

"There's nothing like it, sor, except maybe the scream of a woman scared half out o' her wits . . . or maybe the yowl of a domn cat. It fair raises the hair on yer head, sor!"

"I . . . thought so . . ." murmured the detective again. Then, "Lannigan, what time did you hear the banshee?"

"Well, it must have been around 12:30 this mornin'. I had just started on me 12:30 round. I usually ends me

round at Stage Six on the hour, sor, but this time I struck straight across the lawn, and over to Stage Six first, to see what ailed the light at the East entrance, which had wint out the round before. . . . I found 'twas a burnt out globe. So I straightway turns back to the store room to get a new one. Just as I reached the end of Stage Six, I heard the banshee."

"AND you're sure it was 12:30?"  
"Yis sor, but more likely it was 12:40. Anyways, it was not beyond that time, fer I had just come back from me lunch across from the studio, which same I wint over to eat right after Seibert and Hardell left the lot, which same time was at 12:17. . . ."

"How do you know that?"  
"By me clock, sor. I laid it by whin I wint to eat, it bein' heavy and in the way. When I laid it down I glanced at it like I always do, sor."

"Lannigan, how are your rounds scheduled?"  
"I leaves the gate, where I starts, on the half-hour. I goes straight around, and makes it back to Stage Six by the hour. Then I cuts straight back to the gate, and chats a bit with MacDougal. Usually, though, sor, me time between is taken up doin' odd jobs about, so that me time at the different stages isn't always the same. Sometimes I makes it right on schedule, and sometimes I don't."

"What kind of odd jobs, Lannigan?"

"Oh, pickin' up after them domn spalpeens . . ." he stopped to shoot a defiant look at Rosenthal. "Begging yer pardon, sor . . . but they do be domned careless. Some of thim leaves lights in their dressing rooms and offices. Electric fans goin' in the summer, and electric heaters in the winter. And, would yez believe it or not, many's the time I have to shut off the faucets in the lavatories. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I understand, Lannigan. Some people are very careless. Now, I want you to tell me exactly what happened on this lot last night, from the time you came on until you left."

"May I ask, sor, what it's all about?"

"I'll tell you later. It was a nasty night out here, and plenty of opportunity for things to happen. . . ."

"It was a grand night for a murder, sor, as I told MacDougal!"

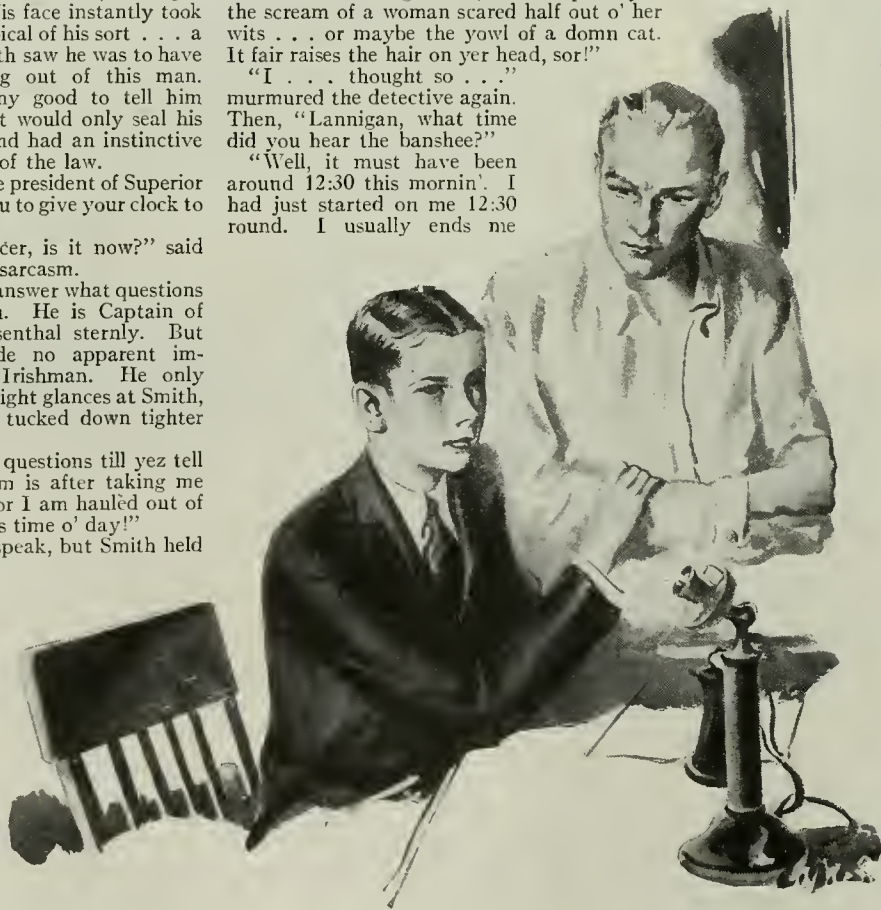
Smith laughed.

"You said that, did you Lannigan?"

"I did, sor, and I meant it!"

Smith checked a desire to banter further with the little man. He sat back, and composed himself to listen. Lan-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



Jimmy, the office boy, worshipped Billie West. Billy was a war ace and he had killed the enemy from the air. He was a being set apart. But today Jimmy failed to note West's approach, as he sat hunched strangely in a chair behind the rail which divided the privileged from the unprivileged in Rosenthal's office. "I promised not to tell anyone," Jimmy whispered . . . "Hardell's murdered on Stage Six. I . . . kicked him!"



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# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

## THE LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING— Swedish Biograph

THIS was the only European film appearance of Greta Garbo before she was sold down the river to Hollywood. Moreover, it was directed by the brilliant Mauritz Stiller, who discovered her. It need only be said that Hollywood has made the Glamorous One. In this picture she photographs execrably, and acts like an anemic clam. Stiller work is in evidence, and there is a good performance by Lars Hanson. You won't die in vain even if you miss this one.

## SINNERS' PARADE—Columbia

A VERY smart picture of modern life in which we have flappers and reformers and bootleggers and cabarets and cops and the ritzy part of the underworld. The picture is well cast, with Dorothy Reviere and Victor Varconi in the principal parts. John Adolph's direction is flawless. The story goes as follows: A high school teacher, forced to care for a wayward sister, works daytimes at school and nighttimes in a night club. The mother of one of her pupils is a reformer and sets out to clean up the night clubs. This brings complications. And such complications! The lady reformer's daughter is discovered as one of the club's drunkards, while her son is the power behind the rum ring. An O. Henry finish ends the story!

## SILENT SHELDON—Rayart

MOST Westerns are quite irritating, but this one isn't, probably because it makes no obvious attempt to set the world on fire. It ambles along most amiably, through the most palatable plot in the horse-opera category. A rich young sportsman from New York goes West to pull his father's ranch together. The villainous foreman objects, and the hero falls into all the trouble in the world—including love. Starlight and a cute collie furnish the animal relief.

## KING COWBOY—FBO

THIS pestilential Western sheds the last vestige of logic when the one-and-only Tom Mix leads a cowboy band into the Arabian Desert to find his one-and-only's father. The sheik's a lustful old meane about the girl. While Tom, in a burnous—can you cope with it?—goes to her rescue, his rival sells out to the Arabs. Customary Mix-isms stem the tide of tragedy, but the whole thing is utterly ridic.

## THE POWER OF THE PRESS— Columbia

ANOTHER newspaper story about the same cub reporter making the same big scoops. You've seen it over and over again, yet this is so skillfully done that you find yourself absorbed to the very end. Without its being done obviously, you'll get a perfect idea of how a big newspaper is "put to bed." Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jobyna Ralston are a charming couple, the personification of the spirit of youth. You'll enjoy this.

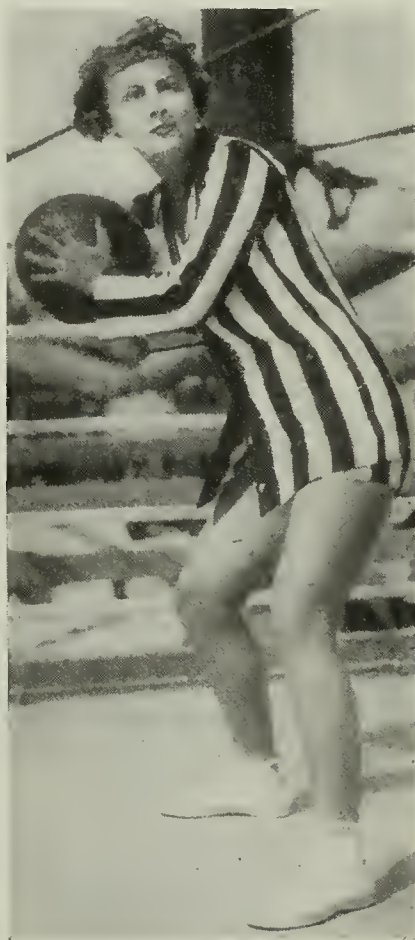
## CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS—Rayart

OCCASIONALLY small producers bite off enough drama to choke an elephant, but somehow Robert Frazer manages to handle this story in a convincing manner. It's built around the wheat pits of Chicago. A man, nearly ruined by the influence of a radical girl, is eventually inspired to great accomplishments by the wheat king's daughter. Barbara

Bedford is excellent as the radical, and Jacqueline Gadsdon is adequate as the wealthy girl. Fair entertainment.

## THE HEAD OF THE FAMILY— Gotham

WE knew it was coming. After the "butcher boy" came into his own as a gay Lothario, we knew plodding husbands would take notice. The husband in this picture is



Why the trip to Hawaii is such a popular way of spending a vacation. Dorothy Mackaill keeps up her exercises on the deck of the S. S. Los Angeles, on a location trip to the Pacific island to film scenes for "Changeling"

taunted by his plumber for being such a namby-pamby, whereupon the henpecked man calls the plumber's bluff, installing him as head of the family, pro tem.

## SOUTH OF PANAMA—Chesterfield

CARMELITA GERAGHTY and Eduardo Raquello in a gay, fast-moving adventure picture that seethes with suppressed revolutions. Things are slow in the gun-running business, so an American profiteer sends his darkly romantic underling to a fly-by-night Latin republic to stir up a war. He almost succeeds when he falls in love with the president's daughter. Then he goes into reverse gear and tries to undo all the dirty work.

## THE AVENGING RIDER—FBO

THIS picture is nothing to write home about. A man and a girl inherit a ranch jointly, but suspicion points to the man as the murderer of the former ranch owner. The picture relates how he clears his name and exposes the murderer. There is an engaging boyishness about Tom Tyler's smile, and a sincerity in all that Frankie Darrow does, but this story is an obvious one, too thin for adult audiences and not thrilling enough for children.

## SIoux BLOOD—M.-G.-M.

ARE the movies in their second childhood, or is history merely repeating itself? Indians and prairie settlers after each other's scalps, bloody tomahawks, torture fires, buckskin-clad whites, rescuing beautiful blondes, wholesale bloodshed . . . epic stuff, fifteen years ago. But Colonel Tim McCoy can disinter the stalest movie plot and show you what grandpa should have done. Made on the Federal Indian Reservation in Montana, extras were recruited from local redskin circles.

## THE HARVEST OF HATE—Universal

THIS picture had possibilities, but the star, Rex, the wild horse, is again pushed to the background to develop romance between a boy and a girl. Rex should have had his chance with the pretty white horse, *Starlight*, but who is going to fight for the horse's rights when Jack Perrin and Helen Foster are playing in the picture? The result is an opus that is neither fish nor fowl. Only children will be interested in this.

## KING OF THE RODEO—Universal

A FEW more pictures of this type and Hoot Gibson will be playing a lone hand in the field of Westerns. This is crammed full of rodeo thrills—and real ones at that. Not a new story but refreshingly handled. A ranger father desires a different life for his son and plans it accordingly, but the boy loves horses and stays with them. Delightful comedy throughout and the best picture Hoot has made in a coon's age.

## DRIFTWOOD—Columbia

A PALE shadow of *Sadie Thompson*, in which Marceline Day portrays a lady of uncertain past and even more doubtful future. She wanders to the isle of Luva, inspiring the white king who owns it with the desire to add her to his possessions. To defeat his shady plans, she marries the community drunkard. A derelict and an outcast—flotsam and jetsam on the tropic tide. A mediocre picture, with a plot as aimless as driftwood.

## THE QUEEN OF BURLESQUE— Tiffany-Stahl

ANOTHER story of show folks. The attempt at poignancy falls short. After all that has gone before, can you get excited over a clown with a broken heart? With the immortal "Stella Dallas" to her credit, it seems a pity that Belle Bennett should be given such a slight situation upon which to work. Joe Brown is best in the vaudeville act, which is part of the story.

## MAKING THE VARSITY—Excellent

A DYING mother exacts a promise from her older son that he will stand by baby brother until he "makes the Varsity." This



was much too much, for the Varsity shouldn't have been "made." Notwithstanding the fact that the football sequence was directed by an experienced coach, the balance of the story is so preachy, you had better stay home and get your game over the radio.

#### THE AMAZING VAGABOND—FBO

BOB STEELE'S newest picture dwindles off to a disappointing finish. The agile Bob plays a daring fellow with a flair for the high places, such as aeroplanes and parachutes. So his disapproving father packs him off to the family lumber camp to cure his aviation complex. Which cures the kid, but spoils the picture.

#### THE SHAKEDOWN—Universal

JAMES MURRAY in a realistic yet picturesque story of crooked fight promoters in an oil town. The young promoter adopts a fresh, freckle-faced orphan, to get in right with the townfolk whom he plans to "gyp." Jack Hanlan, a ten-year-old actor, hitherto unknown on the screen, walks away with the picture. Barbara Kent, completely winning, as usual, shares honors with Murray.

#### THE CAVALIER—Tiffany-Stahl

THIS is another of Richard Talmadge's frenzied attempts to out-Doug Doug Fairbanks. The sturdy star, as a Spanish-American Robin Hood who robs the Dons and protects the Indians, does impossible leaps and climbs—all to save the pretty person of Barbara Bedford from an odious marriage to a wealthy nincompoop. A pretty picture, with some hot riding, but old-fashioned and imitative. There is a synchronized Photophone score by Dr. Riesenfeld. Its feature is the astonishing feat of Mr. Talmadge who, as the Spaniard, sings a love song in perfect English without opening his mouth.

#### THE BLACK ACE—Pathe

IT'S a difficult proposition for a professional gambler and thief to mend his ways and right about face for twenty years without a slip. That's what our hero does, only to be confronted with his past record at the most critical point in his career. Certainly he stands the test. Don't Western pictures all end properly? Love interest furnished by Jeanette Loff and Don Coleman. Okay for inexpensive amusement.

## Sound Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

#### NAPOLEON'S BARBER— Fox-Movietone

WE hope that they make a lot more talkies like this one and then—goody, goody!—maybe they won't make any more! Now wouldn't that be just dandy? It is all very crude and unreal. The characters, as usual, seem to speak from their vest pockets. Otto Matieson gives an interesting performance as *Napoleon* and his voice is better than the average. There is but one real consolation—it is only a two-reel picture.

#### A MAN OF PEACE— Warners-Vitaphone

THE feud in the Ozarks never dies. It probably never will while there are movies to keep it alive. Hobart Bosworth permits his singularly fine voice to wax eloquent over such whinings as: "Y'all bumped off mah pappy, yo' duh-ty skunk!" "We knows as how to love in these h-yre hills, an' we knows as how to hate!" Of course Mr. Bosworth is good, but it's a bit disappointing to us that his first Vitaphone sketch is not quite worthy of his capabilities.



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# My Life—So Far

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

of dear Molly Thompson. But the superiority of the other extras simply floored me. So suave, so elegant, so unperturbed, so beautiful in their smooth make-ups. The lovely rounded bodies of the girls. I felt so immature in my high-waisted frocks, spanning a flat little bosom. They were most superior, these creatures, with their castes, their little secrets. There were those who knew the best place to lunch, where one could get the most for the least money. They knew, too, how to apply make-up so it would be as smooth at the end of the day as when they first patted it on in the morning.

By the time eleven o'clock came my make-up was usually sadly streaked. I was quite miserable. Really too self-conscious of my defects.

It can't be vanity, and if it is, it must be quite human, but, now, when I walk on a set assembled for Janet Gaynor, I cannot help but give a fleeting thought to those other days. To think that the "some day" has come when those same people are called to work in a picture in which I am the star.

It was just after I had answered a call to do extra work at the Roach Studio the next day, that Fred Datig of Universal telephoned and asked me to report to the studio the day following to play a lead. A lead!

"But, oh, Mr. Datig, I can't! Oh, I can't. Isn't it too bad? I've just promised Mrs. Thompson at Hal Roach that I will do extra work tomorrow. Oh, isn't it a shame?"

His laugh comes to me now. "Don't worry about that. When you have a chance to play a lead, don't bother about extra work. We can fix it up."

The next day I became leading lady for Peewee Holmes and Ben Corbin, Western comedians, and in five days my first picture, a two reel comedy, was completed. I recall the opening shot, me with my forefinger beneath my chin, and the opening title which read "Little Susy Harper . . ." And the closing shot, me with my forefinger beneath my chin, and "So little Susy Harper . . ."

I had done some work with Alberta Vaughn in an FBO series. I had done a bit. But never had I done a lead. Wesley Ruggles, who was directing Alberta, told me that I "had something." I blushed and didn't believe him. Jonesy did, though.

You can imagine my delight when at Universal they told me that I was to make five more comedies with Peewee and Ben. Heretofore they had changed leading women with every picture, but they liked my work. I received fifty dollars a week, and the days I did not work in my Western comedies, I worked as an extra on some Laura La Plante pictures and others. I was not under definite contract, but I was in stock. So was Fay Wray.

GRADUALLY I was becoming accustomed to the studios. I felt like a more intrinsic part of them, now that I was leading lady. I was engaged at that time to a sweet, a darling boy, Herbert Moulton. He was a young journalist on *The Los Angeles Times*. With him I would attend the theatrical openings. I would go with him when he covered pictures and plays. Seated, at night, in the newspaper office while he wrote his criticisms for the morning paper, I would look over the stacks of pictures with which his desk was deluged. I studied the pictures attentively, thinking to myself "this is what I would not do if I were posing" and "this girl should make good."

And I would wonder to myself if I would ever, ever make good in the films. If my pictures would be published in the papers. If critics would gather to discuss my latest picture.

One day a call came from the Fox studio. They were to film "The Johnstown Flood."

A second lead was needed to play with George O'Brien and Florence Gilhert. They were considering me. I took some tests with Irving Cummings, who was to direct, instructing me. He was a never-tiring, a sympathetic, good friend. They offered me a contract to play in this one picture, or, if they chose someone else, I was to play the lead in a comedy. At Universal I was getting fifty dollars a week, regularly; yet I gave up that definite salary for the chance to play an emotional part.

It meant severing my relations with Universal. It was daring. Nevertheless, I took it, without qualms. "You are right, Lolly," said Jonesy.

I got the part in "The Johnstown Flood." I shall never forget how hard I tried to do well. I would tremble so before I went into a scene that the property boy would grip me tightly by the arms, lest my trembling show on the screen. I was giving all I could to succeed. We worked in water almost all of the time. Irving Cummings was a prince. Nevertheless, I went into each scene super-charged with emotion. I was worn out by the time night came. I have learned since to conserve emotion. Not to force it for the first camera shot. Emotion is not to be driven. It will come.

Nowadays, if the first shot is not as it should be, I do not worry. I know that in one of the succeeding shots the great flood of feeling that is demanded will go over the flood-gates. The

**In her life story, Janet Gaynor mentions Lydell Peck as a young man "I adore as a fine friend." Rumors report an impending engagement, for little Janet is a frequent visitor at the home of the young attorney's parents in San Francisco**



International News



**The first home of the Gaynors in Hollywood. From the house Janet went daily to the Hollywood Secretarial School, little dreaming of future film stardom. She wanted to become a stenographer—and a good one**

camera can wait. The director wants to wait. He knows, as I do, that eventually we will get what we are striving for. On "The Johnstown Flood" I was constantly at the highest pitch. I would come out of the scene hysterical, and go home, quite spent, to go immediately to bed.

Irving Cummings liked my work. So did Mr. Sheehan. He gave me a contract which paid one hundred dollars a week. "I knew it," Jonesy said, and went around to his friends telling of his little Janet.

Then came some lighter pictures. "The Shamrock Handicap," which John Ford directed. "The Midnight Kiss," which first was

called "Pigs." "The Blue Eagle," in which I again appeared with George O'Brien.

With "The Return of Peter Grimm" came my second dramatic rôle. Oh, how I worked to make that a good picture, to justify the high hopes that Winnie Sheehan had for me. I worked so hard that I collapsed on the set and had to be rushed home where the doctor told Gaynor that, unless I was taken away immediately and within the week, something far more serious than a temporary breakdown might occur. The studio arranged that all my scenes be made in one day, and I left for a vacation at Del Mar, south on the California coast, the following day.



But there was more than good care to speed me on my way to recovery. While I had been making "Peter Grimm," Frederick Wilhelm Murnau, that splendid German director, had come to the Fox organization and was going to make "Sunrise." I was going to play in it.

Never will I forget the day that I went to his office. It was a very warm day. I had shoved my hair straight back from my brow, I never have been one to fix, and pulled a large black hat well over my eyes. The hat was protective. I knew it would shield me somewhat from those piercing, penetrative, blue eyes, kindly, but nevertheless awesome.

Rochus Gleis, his art director from Germany, was with Murnau.

"Will you take off your hat please?" asked Mr. Murnau, and off it came. My big hat availed me nothing.

Murnau and Gleis stood side by side, Murnau with his hands to his face, lips pursed, while Gleis chattered violently in German, of which I knew not a word. Then Murnau spoke, in German. They circled around me, nodding, gesticulating. Murnau approached me and stroked my hair: "Nice, nice," he said and smiled. They had forgotten I was alive. I was more a clinical exhibit than anything. Suddenly he remembered.

"You do not like it, *nein*? Well, so, perhaps it iss not so pleasant."

I admitted it was not so good. "It is not very pleasant to sit here and have you talk about me," I answered. "Especially when I do not know what you are saying."

I was going to play "Sunrise." This was what Winnie Sheehan had told me. He had also told me two other glorious things.

The second was that my contract was to be torn up and a new one at three hundred dollars a week was to supplant it. And the third. . .

All during the making of "Peter Grimm" the studio had been agog with rumors of who was going to play *Diane* in "7th Heaven." Every actress of importance in Hollywood had taken a test. Day by day limousines would draw up to disgorge another celebrated contestant. Rumor was that even Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford wanted to do it. Unknowns were being photographed for the part.

Between scenes we would gossip about whom we thought should be *Diane*. My choice was Dolores Costello.

I WAS doing the wedding scene in "Peter Grimm" when Frank Borzage, that grand person who was to direct "7th Heaven," and, later, "Street Angel," came to our set. No one introduced me to him. He sat about, silently, and then left. I consoled myself with the thought that *anyway* I was wearing my most beautiful costume. But even that had not seemed important enough for someone to present me to him. Afterward he told me he had come on the set for the express purpose of seeing what I looked like.

"Oh, I'd love to play *Diane*," I confided to the cameraman.

"Your eyes are too bright, Janet," he said. "Too much life in them. *Diane* was a poor, beaten, drab little thing. You haven't lived enough to know how to act that."

The third thing that Winnie Sheehan told me was that I was to play *Diane* in "7th Heaven." I had never even made a test for it.

Did ever any girl go away on a rest with brighter prospects awaiting her return?

Making "Sunrise" under the gentle and kindly direction of Murnau was a tremendous experience. George O'Brien and I made a pact when we started that we would do anything and everything that this man told us to do. I worked in water all day long in some of the sequences, worked until I seemed to have not a spark of life in me. Murnau would thank me simply, and when I arrived home there would be a great bunch of red roses, expressing his appreciation. And when we were on location at Lake Arrowhead he sent to Los Angeles for a huge birthday cake with sixteen candles and

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 123 ]



WHO can doubt that the debarking Mrs. Noah, with the blood of Eve in her veins, did not regard in some deluge-born pool the state of her complexion?

Her descendants have elaborated on her simple technique. Yet with all their skillful use of creams, modern women by the thousands are guarding their skins as well as their health by keeping internally clean—by the saline method with Sal Hepatica.

### A Back-to-Nature Beauty Aid

Sal Hepatica keeps the system clear of the poisons and acids that cause blemishes and dullness. It is a modern back-to-nature beauty aid.

For years the drinking of salines to improve the complexion and restore health has had the wholehearted sanction of physicians. And in Europe fashionable resorts have grown up around the health-giving spas.

Sal Hepatica is the European equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by elimi-

Every woman  
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nating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

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SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



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Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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# Doug's Office Boy Makes Good

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

to that, my folks sent me each month a small remittance, so I put off returning home, upon first one excuse and then another, because I knew I would have to go back to school and specialize for diplomatic service."

**B**ARRY remained a year and a half in New York, with no thought whatever of pictures. In fact, one night in the Pepper Pot, a Greenwich Village cafe, Bijou Fernandez, scouting for types for Paramount, offered to enter the boy in the Paramount School for Pictures, that novel institution which gave us Buddy Rogers and Josephine Dunn. But young Mr. Norton, quite satisfied with life as he found it, rejected the offer with considerable scorn. There followed, also, opportunities to go on the stage.

"But I never *could* remember lines," he said, "so I was afraid of these offers."

Finally a time came when he went to Chicago, to settle the estate of a friend of his father. Despite the parental admonition against further travel, he continued on to Hollywood, the wanderlust whispering that he could boast he had traveled from coast to coast. Even then he intended returning to South America.

"I was confident," he explained, "that I could work my way back to New York through the Canal. And I was light-hearted and without care."

It had been necessary in Chicago to pawn practically everything he owned in order to obtain money for the fare. And, when Barry Norton arrived in Los Angeles, he possessed just fifteen dollars, an Argentine valise and an extra suit of Buenos Aires clothes.

"**W**HAT do you think my first job was?" he asked, his eyes alight. We did not know.

"Carrying lumber!

Oh, boy, what a job!—in a lumber yard. Boards, planks, scantlings, posts, —tons of 'em! It nearly broke my back. I was too light for the work, so they fired me, and that about wrecked my pride. I went to the boss and begged him to let me keep on. I told him I'd carry twice as much. I didn't want to fail. It's always bad to fail—the psychology is demoralizing. But the boss shrugged and shook his head. His coldness offended me. Maybe I was sensitive. All my life I have been sensitive, and I felt it was unfair not to give me a chance. But that is America—cold, businesslike. Great opportunities if you are competent, but no room if you can't hold the pace. In my own country, I think they would have helped me. Yet I did not leave that job with the feeling that I was useless; I merely felt I had learned that this was not my sort of work.

"In South America I fear I had gained a rather imperialistic outlook. For instance, I felt, until I came to this country, that individuals were born to their station and should

be treated accordingly. A servant was a servant, a chauffeur a chauffeur, a waiter a waiter and nothing more. Under all circumstances they should be made to realize their places. But I have found that the world is not like that.

"There is no such thing in life as 'station.' One of my very good friends, for example, is a young Canadian with whom I worked in the lumber yard. He is not intellectual, I admit, but he is human, and he has a heart. And today he is a taxi driver!"

After the disaster of the lumber yard, Barry Norton turned his gaze screenward.

"I remembered what Bijou Fernandez had told me in the Pepper Pot," he said, "so I knew it would be a cinch." His eyes twinkled and he smiled oddly. "Yes, I knew it would be an absolute cinch!"



Barry Norton's mother and father. They haven't seen their son since he left them five years ago, to come to this country as a member of the cheering section for Firpo, the Wild Bull of the Pampas. But the Biraben family plans a reunion in Paris soon

The assurance of youth! Its tenacious arrogance!

From studio to studio he trudged, his feet blistered, occasional relief grudgingly granted by passing motorists. But at every casting window the same answer was inevitable—"Not the type." So it was just the old story without variations.

**F**INALLY, however, persistence won. Barry Norton got a break.

A picture at FBO. "It was interesting," he said, "because of one experience. I was introduced to the star. Very condescending indeed, that star, struggling desperately to keep her high hat on. Two years later I signed a contract with Fox. My first 'opus' was 'The Lily,' made mostly with free-lance players.

"In fact, I was the only contract player in

the cast. Belle Bennett topped the list of players.

"Far below me was billed the ritzy lady who had worn the high hat of stardom at FBO. A strange place, Hollywood!"

**T**HIS "big opportunity" at FBO, however, developed into just another extra job. But out of it Barry Norton made enough to buy a new pair of shoes with which to continue his marathoning.

And again he heard the wolf cry—"You're not the type."

But one morning he got a call from an agency in the Taft Building—the very building where PHOTOPLAY now has its Hollywood headquarters.

"The United Artists studios want you," he was told. "Douglas Fairbanks."

Douglas Fairbanks! His heart gave five extra thumps. A break at last!

So he marched boldly to the United Artists studios, expecting nothing short of the juvenile lead, and receiving instead an offer to go to work as office boy.

What a blow to high hopes, to visions that soared in the clouds.

But Barry Norton, still Alfredo Biraben, mind you, did some fast thinking. It was a job.

It paid money. It was with Douglas Fairbanks and that meant prestige and maybe a chance to learn about pictures.

He took it.

And, roughly speaking, he remained there four months, learning about pictures. At every opportunity he was on the set, studying. In fact, he devoted so many golden hours to observation on the set that it was his eventual undoing.

Clarence Erickson, manager, a practical soul with no feeling whatever for higher art, finally discovered how the office boy spent his time . . .

"But I learned much," says Barry. "I learned timing there, the great

secret of screen acting." After being detached from the Fairbanks payroll, Barry took up the great trek again, consumed this time with an even greater determination to act.

"**I**KNEW I'd be set if I could just get a test," he said. "But casting offices were always broadcasting that favorite jazz number, 'Not the type.' It was like static, forever interrupting the song of hope.

"Casting directors used to advise me to go back home.

"They said there was nothing in Hollywood for me, that it would be infinitely better to take up some other line."

He paused for a moment and looked away.

"One thing I will never do," he said finally. "I will never discourage anyone. I will never tell anyone not to try. You never can tell. Let people learn for themselves. They will



find out eventually if they are not suited, and when they learn it for themselves they are more apt to stay convinced."

No matter what the breaks were, Barry Norton never considered the possibility of quitting.

"You see," he remarked, eyes twinkling again, "I knew I was good! I had a hunch. I felt that it was merely a matter of getting a test.

"The break came one day at the Fox Studio. Irving Cummings saw me. 'Just the type I'm looking for,' he said. That casting office dirge came back to me—'You're not the type, not the type!' I almost laughed out-loud, for right here in front of me was a flesh and blood director announcing me as *just* the type.

"Strange town, indeed, this Hollywood."

THAT test won Barry Norton a contract, and with the signing of that contract, he lost his South American name.

Studio executives ruled that it was too unwieldy and that he must adopt an American name in its stead.

From a list he prepared, the name Barry Neilan was chosen, and it was under this *nom de cinema* that he received his first screen credit.

But to avoid being confused with Marshall Neilan, Barry selected Norton for his last name.

He is being carefully groomed now by Fox for bigger and better things. The latest development in his career is a trainer. Leo Houck, ex-fighter, actor, stunt man and assistant director, has been assigned by Winnie Sheehan to build up the Norton neck and thus add character to the Norton face.

And from what I know of Leo, he will either build up the Norton neck or unjoint it, if you know what I mean!

Barry is now twenty-four, and a large hunk of actor, providing you do not mind the delicate cast of his features. You will remember, of course, that in "What Price Glory" people spoke of him as that beautiful boy. He is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-four pounds. And when he is not in costume, his favorite apparel is a pair of whipcord riding breeches, tan boots, light tan camel's hair sweater, light yellow shirt that blends smartly, and a slightly darker tie with small brown polka dots.

This get-up sounds like a Hollywood pose, and hard-boiled grips and prop men frequently yell, "Hey, Barry, where's your horse?" But for all that, it's on the level, and every opportunity finds him bridle-pathing his favorite steed over the Hollywood hills.

JUST now, Barry's great ambition is to see his folks—his mother, his father, his only brother.

"I have not seen them since I left Buenos Aires," he told me. "But I do not expect to visit them in my native city. I think I shall see them in France. It takes too long to go to the Argentine—thirty-one days on the boat alone.

"So we will meet in Paris, the birthplace of my mother."

And it is just possible that Barry will take a woman with him—a beautiful woman, talented, clever. If she goes, it will be as Mrs. Norton.

We can't say for sure, of course, because *he* wouldn't say for sure. But when we asked him about Myrna Loy, he grew silent. And when he finally spoke, it was with caution, each word carefully weighed.

"Myrna and I go together, yes," he said. "She is wonderful. But marriage—" He shook his head.

"Bad for your careers?" I suggested.

He nodded.

Which is always a good omen.

And therefore this actor who once was an office boy looks forward to two things—

STARDOM and, unconsciously perhaps, MATRIMONY.



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proclaimed  
"the world's  
most beautiful  
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Have  
You

## "Symmetrized" your figure this 15 minute way?

AT LAST there is a really pleasant way to keep your figure youthful and slender. Exercise without effort—a scientific vibratory-massage—banishes every pound of overweight, invigorates your entire body, keeps you slim and supple.

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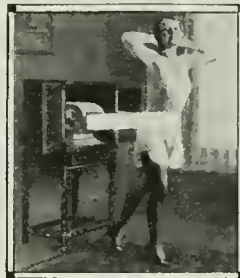
Joan Crawford & Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen favorites; Dorothy Knapp, proclaimed "the world's most beautiful girl"; Mary Eaton and Irene Delroy, Musical Comedy stars, are among the hundreds of famous women who enthusiastically endorse the Health Builder.

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Keeps You Slender



# Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

whether your appearances are the deceitful kind?

So I advise you—*first*. And then I go back to what you have told me in your letter. For you have written—"My life's happiness is hanging by a thread." And if such is the case, if the matter is so desperate, then surely you should not pause in taking a direct course to straighten it out. So long as you are so sure of your man's love, you should go to him. And be frank. You should explain to him just how appearances have labeled you with an unpleasant tag—how they put you in a wrong position. And you should explain that the ultra-modern veneer with which you have covered yourself means less than nothing. You should explain to him that underneath the veneer you are as old-fashioned — that you have as high ideals and right principles—as his own mother, and the girls who lived in his mother's time.

If the man is worth while, Wilma, he will understand you — and, what is even more important, he will believe you. And if he doesn't understand—and doesn't believe—then he isn't worthy of your affection. And you would do well to forget him. As soon as you possibly can.

**B. A. S.:**  
You are of the Gloria Swanson type. Your coloring is almost identical with hers. You can wear, as she does, subtle shades—strange greens and ambers and blues.

**ETHEL S.:**  
Oily hair is a problem. It requires infinite care and patience. If you can manage to stand it in its oily state over the time when you usually shampoo it, you will find that the oiliness decreases. Oftentimes oily hair comes from over-shampooing. Sometimes, however, oily hair is successfully treated with oil itself—in the form of hot oil shampoos. Ask the hair dresser in your town for her advice.

**NANCY:**  
I think you have proved that your more carefree methods of living (which you refer to as "wildness") have decreased rather than increased your popularity. Go back again to your old standards. Be the sweet little girl that you used to be and I am sure that you will regain your one-time charm.

**J. V.:**  
Is there no one in your town to whom you can go for advice about singing? Certainly there is a choirmaster in your church or a song

leader in your high school who at least could tell you to whom you should apply for help in realizing your ambition.

**LAURA K.:**  
Are you sure that your teeth are in good condition? Sometimes skin troubles come from an infected tooth. Apparently you are healthy in every other way, and your method of caring for your skin seems a wise one. I would suggest

natural, that you should be as unaffected with boys as you are with girls. If you find it hard to talk, let the other person carry on the greater part of the conversation and show your interest by your understanding and intelligent silence. The most popular girls I have ever known have been the best listeners.

**PATSY:**  
See my advice to Jane and follow it. Read good books and be able to comment intelligently on them. Also keep up with current events. You evidently lack something in conversation.

**LOIS:**  
You should wear straight-line dresses with skirts slightly longer than the average, and low waist lines. You must avoid ruffles and frills. They will make you seem heavier. Dress your hair high—as high as possible. Brush the little curls up to a loose, soft knot at the top of your head. This will give you height, charm and slimmness.

**A. R.:**  
Massage your legs with a good tissue building cream. This should make them a little less thin. Drink a glass of cream and milk three times a day—half cream would be best. Do not take over-hot baths and do not exercise too violently if you want to gain weight.

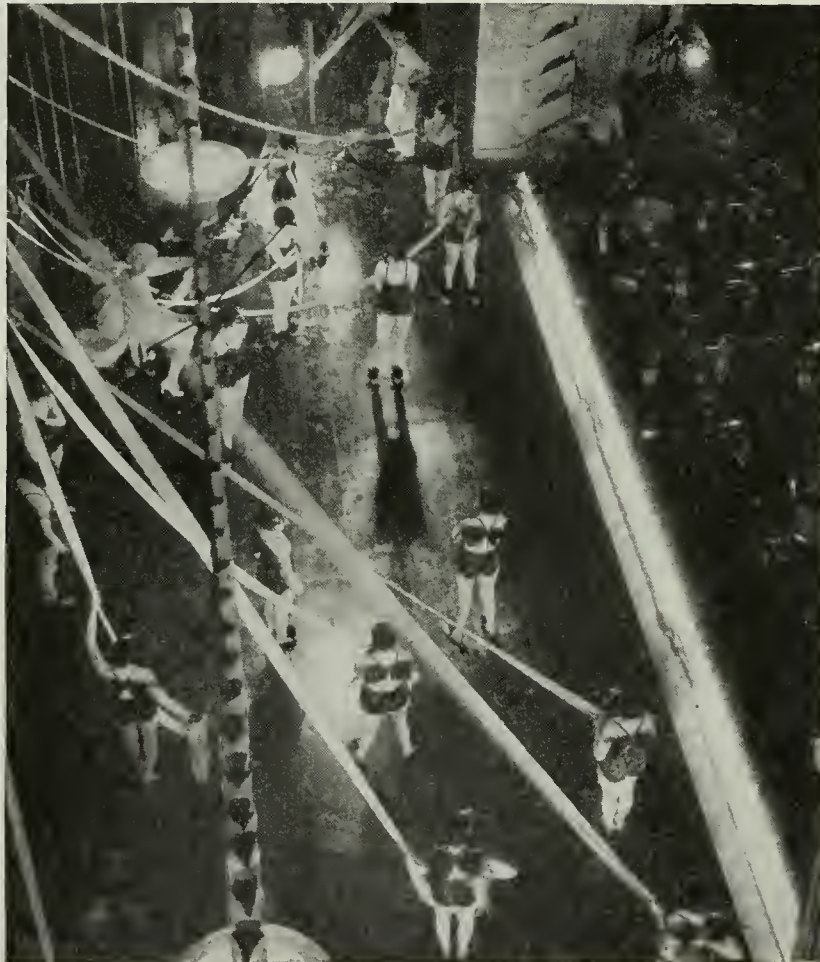
**PAULINE:**  
Never sacrifice your looks to a ruling style. If you look best with your hair short, be sure to keep it short, no matter how popular long hair may become. Individuality is more important than the thing that fashion dictates.

You will be prettiest in straight dresses, and your best colors will be different shades of blue and greens. You will also be quite lovely in beige.

You are just a trifle overweight, but at your age it is quite easy to control one's weight by exercise. Your letter makes you sound very attractive. Don't worry about any minor defects.

Last of all, I want to thank you for one of the loveliest compliments that has ever been paid me. You will understand what I mean.

**JOBYNA K.:**  
Beige is a good color for you. You can also use the strange off shades—queer reds and mauves and greens. Personally, when one can wear such colors, I prefer them. They stand out from the average thing. Use ashes of roses rouge and Rachel No. 2 powder. They will be best for you.



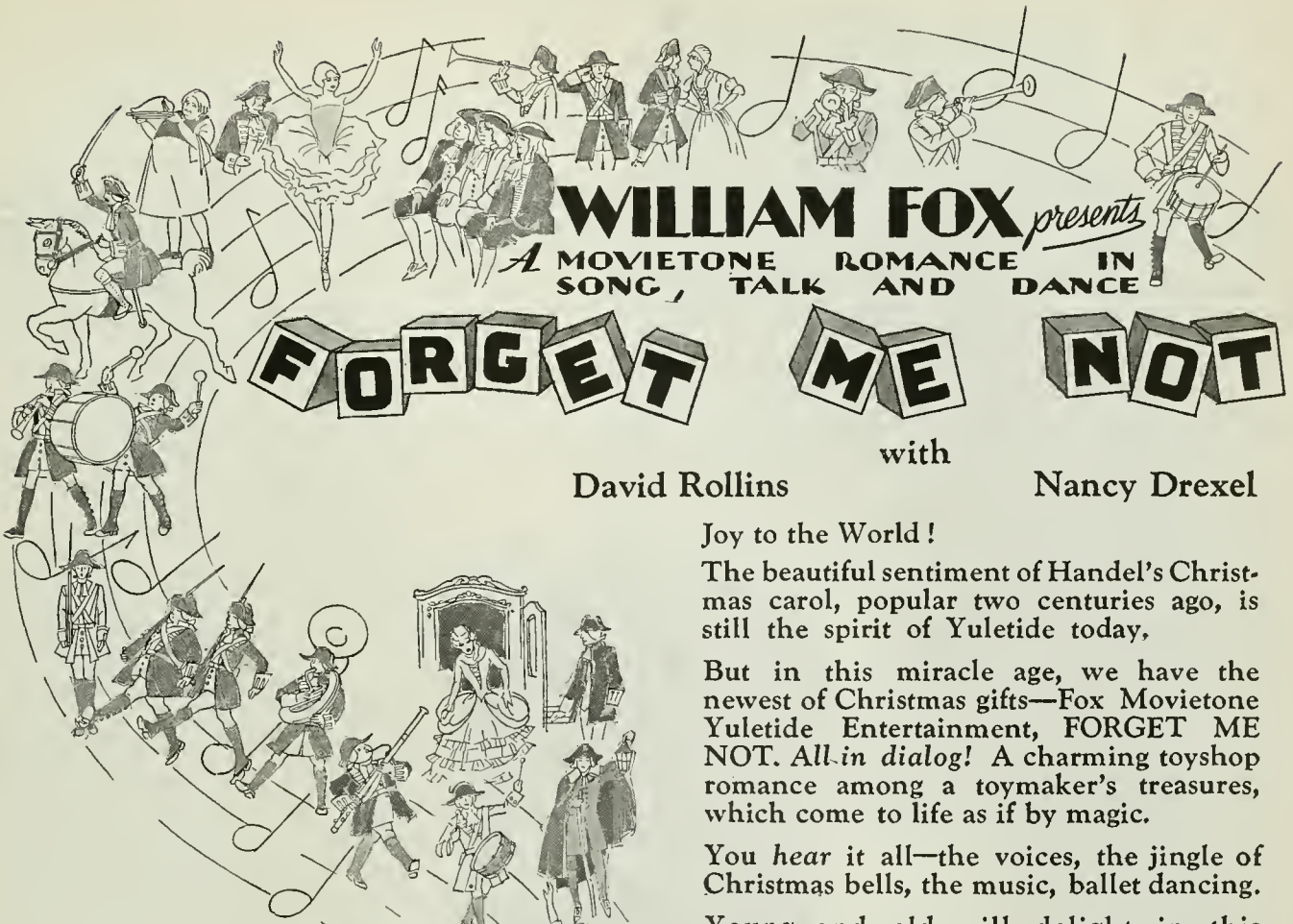
How a big girl and music show looks to the man in the fly gallery. An unusual shot of a stage scene being made by Malcolm St. Clair for Paramount's production of "The Canary Murder Case," the S. S. Van Dine mystery story. Louise Brooks is the girl in the swing

that you have your teeth X-rayed. Perhaps you would find also some good suggestions in my booklet on the care of the skin.

**P. L. S.:**  
Some people who find a cream too heavy for their delicate skins are pleased with the results obtained from using a good skin lotion. Indeed daily sun baths would help you in your second trouble. They are found most beneficial by many people.  
As to your weight, you should weigh about 125 pounds.

**JANE:**  
An inferiority complex is a hard thing to battle. I don't know quite how to advise you. I can only say that you should try to be





**WILLIAM FOX** *presents*  
 A MOVIE-TONE ROMANCE IN  
 SONG, TALK AND DANCE

**FORGET ME NOT**

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Joy to the World!

The beautiful sentiment of Handel's Christmas carol, popular two centuries ago, is still the spirit of Yuletide today,

But in this miracle age, we have the newest of Christmas gifts—Fox Movietone Yuletide Entertainment, **FORGET ME NOT**. *All in dialog!* A charming toyshop romance among a toymaker's treasures, which come to life as if by magic.

You hear it all—the voices, the jingle of Christmas bells, the music, ballet dancing.

Young and old will delight in this lavishly produced Holiday Entertainment, presented by William Fox, developer of Movietone.

Story and direction by  
**MARCEL SILVER**



*Another De Luxe*

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**MOVIE-TONE**  
**X**  
 Entertainment



# Good Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

"Yeh, great little old trip!" His eyes slid past hers. "See the rushes of my fight scene? Pretty hot, what?"

She went home, divided between hope and despair. He hadn't said anything, but surely there had been meaning in the way he had pressed her hand when they had said goodbye. . . . She wasn't a girl who let men kiss her, but he hadn't tried. . . .

"Ken Laurel's not the marrying type," Marjorie Ford, who played vamps, observed. She was using a lipstick and small mirror and wasn't looking at Ellen, who flushed at mention of the star.

"Don't you think so?"

"WELL, he always dodges before they get him to the altar. There was that Madam Whatyoucaller who made 'The Green Sin,' and Lou Leslie and that blonde that married the Jew bootlegger,—oh, a lot of 'em have tried to get him. . . . Dearie, if you've any designs on him, forget 'em and go after the Prince of Wales or the Astor offspring or somebody easy. And don't look at the word 'designs.' Only them as has 'em are going to land rich and handsome husbands in these hard times."

Ellen rearranged a pin in a soft coil of hair and tried to speak casually. "He asked me to dinner tonight."

Marjorie flashed an upward glance at the self-conscious little figure by the dressing-table. They were attending a "cat" party.

"Well, listen to Gramma, dearie. If you really want him, you'd better can the sweet, domestic type and develop some pep. You've read that men may pay attention to the giddy girls, but it's the good ones that grab off the wedding rings. Take it from me, that's the bunk! Nothing will drag some men to the J. P. but a couple hottles of bad gin."

But Ellen had gone downstairs. Connie Lane was there and Bess Pretty, both newly engaged, discussing Christmas presents for the fiancé.

"What you got for your best bean?" called Connie, lighting her cigarette at one of the table candles.

"It's finished," confessed Ellen. "I was afraid I wouldn't get it done, we've had so many night calls. It's a—" she lowered her voice—"a lounging robe."

Marjie, on the stairs, commented: "My Gawd, she made it!"

But no comment could touch Ellen's pride in her gift—shining black satin without, vivid crimson silk within, beautifully quilted, every stitch a memorial to Ellen's convent days. It lay in its holiday box, the special silver-starred paper and wide scarlet ribbon for its wrapping beside it. There was a card, too, that read: "Ken from Our Nell."

SHE sent the gift to him by special messenger so that it would reach him Christmas Eve. He had told her his family celebrated then. . . . She hadn't seen him for eight days, but he wasn't out of town. Bess Pretty, who was in his picture, said they were working every day.

None of the packages that came to the bungalow before Christmas were from Ken. . . . but he'd probably bring it himself on the day. . . .

Ellen was up so early that Brother pretended she still believed in Santa. She was unusually gay over the gifts. "How lo-o-vely!" she kept crying.

"You're awfully easy pleased!" grunted Brother, when the exclamation came after the opening of a box of knitted washrags from an Idaho aunt. But he didn't pursue the subject. Ellen's eyes looked misty.

Noon. Afternoon. Evening. Eight o'clock. Nothing from Ken. Not even a card or a

telephone call. Ellen slipped out to the garden to get away from the indignant pity in Brother's face. All the shades were up, revealing the lighted tree, the holly wreaths, the hopeful sprig of mistletoe on the chandelier. Beds of blooming poinsettias, that made a flaming wall around three sides of the house, were picked out by the electric lamps across the street.

Perhaps she could tell the girls Ken had given her the turquoise pin of Brother's—or the silver candlesticks from the Wheatleys—or the—no, not the dress from Cousin Jane! . . . Was that a car turning the corner? Yes—lights—it was stopping! She had reached the



International Newsreel

**Flashing one of those famous Del Rio smiles, Dolores the Dangerous came home from her European jaunt on the "Paris." The other lady is her mother**

sidewalk before she had seen it was a delivery wagon. A boy came staggering up with a box.

"I knew he wouldn't forget!" almost sobbed Ellen, as Brother signed the boy's book. She could hardly get into the house with the box.

Flowers. . . . They won't keep but you can press them. . . . Why wouldn't the silly box open? . . . There! Now the paper—. . . *Poinsettias!*

She read the card, a florist's card written by someone at the store. He'd telephoned the order. . . . "Christmas greetings from Ken Laurel." . . .

Her brother admired them perfunctorily, but when she had taken them to the kitchen for vases, she heard him growl: "Forgot all about her until he opened her present and then forgot we have sixty million of those in the yard! The low-lifer!"

She laughed mirthlessly. . . . You can't press a poinsettia. . . .

The tragedy of it was that Ken never quite

dropped her. In the years that followed he was always coming back from New York, where he made a picture or so, calling her up and saying with that inflection that seemed to mean much and meant nothing: "How's the pride of Hollywood? Coming to dinner with an old flame?" or "That Our Nell? Know who this is? How about a bite and a show?"

She always went—always put on her prettiest frock, had her hair marceled and mentioned his taking her to the other girls.

PEOPLE were sorry for her. "Poor Ellen!" they used to say, with more or less of a shrug. "She's mad about him. I wish he *would* marry her!" with the intonation that means there's nothing less likely.

There were times when it seemed possible Ellen might capture him. After his ardent affair with the Dane girl, for instance. . . . He had seemed actually in earnest over that and he was as much amazed as anyone when she announced that she had been married all the time to a French count. Ellen was seen everywhere with him for the next few weeks. "A French count, my dear," she would say, scornfully, to anyone who listened. "They don't have counts in France. It's a republic!"

Then there was the time a boat was blown up before the director expected the explosion, and Ken, who had been on it, was taken to the hospital. His eyes were bandaged and there seemed grave doubt as to whether or not he would see again. Ellen was the only one who could keep him quiet. His mother, weeping in the corridor, said so herself. Good little Ellen, giving every spare minute to the furious invalid.

He must have said things to her then that worried him when the doctors found that his eyes would be as good as ever. He was fond of Ellen, but. . . . At any rate, it was arranged that Ellen should go to Italy with a movie company before Ken was ready to work.

"Why, you ought to be jumping for joy!" he cried, when she came to him in tears. . . . She'd be away a year! "I think it's *great!* Look at the *opportunity!* Why, Ellen, it's *marvelous!*"

"B-but you won't be there!"

"A year's no time at all," he assured her, ignoring her piteous little wail. "Think of the *education!* . . . Gee, I wish they'd send *me* to Italy!"

Ellen was twenty-seven by that time. Education seemed to her something to be considered in connection with her children. "But I'll never have any!" she told Connie Lane, who went to Italy, too. They told each other a great deal just then. They were both frightfully homesick and neither of them liked spaghetti.

"MARRIAGE isn't everything," returned Connie, gloomily. She had divorced the fiancé of that long-ago Christmas and was said to be on very poor terms with her second husband.

"With the right man—" argued Ellen.

"There isn't any! Why don't you forget Ken Laurel and take someone else? There's the chap who's business managing us—whatsaname Peters. He's always giving you the glad eye. . . . Oh, don't get mad! . . . Believe me, I'm not going to act like an inmate of the old ladies' home while we're here. If I see any likely prospects—"

The director sent Connie home six weeks later. She was a disturbing influence, and besides he'd had the script rewritten and cut her part out. She repeated Ellen's confidence to some of the people at home.

"I promised never to breathe a word, so of course I'm telling *you!*" she giggled.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 107 ]



## Sonny Boy

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 ]

"They just can't seem to forget," Frankie told his mother, "that I'm not a little boy any more."

Then finally came the call from Warner Brothers for the part of *Sonny Boy* in "The Singing Fool."

**N**OW, mind you, this call was for Frankie, not for Davey, but Mrs. Lee had formed the habit of taking Davey along whenever they answered a call, thinking that possibly some day some one would see something in him and give him a break.

"I wanted somebody else to discover it," she told me. "I wanted them to see for themselves, because I knew if they found it out without being told, his chances would be much better."

As usual, when Frankie and Davey and their mother arrived at the casting office, it was teeming with urchins, and nary a one was more than half the size of Frankie.

He looked them over with his sixteen-year-old superiority, sniffing his contempt.

But at that moment, the casting director caught sight of Davey . . .

We must pause here to tell you wherein the true story of Davey's engagement differs from the press agent version. What the publicity department was after, evidently, was copy that would paint a glowing picture for Jolson as the star of "The Singing Fool." The adventure they invented for Davey ran as follows:

Davey eluded his mother for a moment, squeezed through the half open door of the casting office and stepped out on the lot, almost into the arms of Al Jolson. Jolson picked him up, yelled "Mammy" in a loud voice, and instantly Davey received a five year contract. These are the highlights, minus the verbal garnishings, of course.

But the facts are as follows:

The casting director said to Mrs. Lee, "How old is this baby?" And when she told him, he asked, "Can he act?—has he ever had any experience?—will he take direction?"

The answer, of course, was no.

In spite of that, however, the casting director, being much impressed by the child, announced that he was going to take him over to see Jolson.

"And when he said that," said Mrs. Lee, "I wish you could have seen Frankie's face."

What she meant, of course, was that all the disappointment in Frankie's heart, all of the dreams, all of the air castles that he had built so high under the urge of imagination and ambition, came crashing down in a heap. And the effect was apparent in his face.

But Frankie swallowed the lump in his throat and, with his mother, followed the casting director at a discreet distance as he and Davey led the way across the lot toward the sound stage.

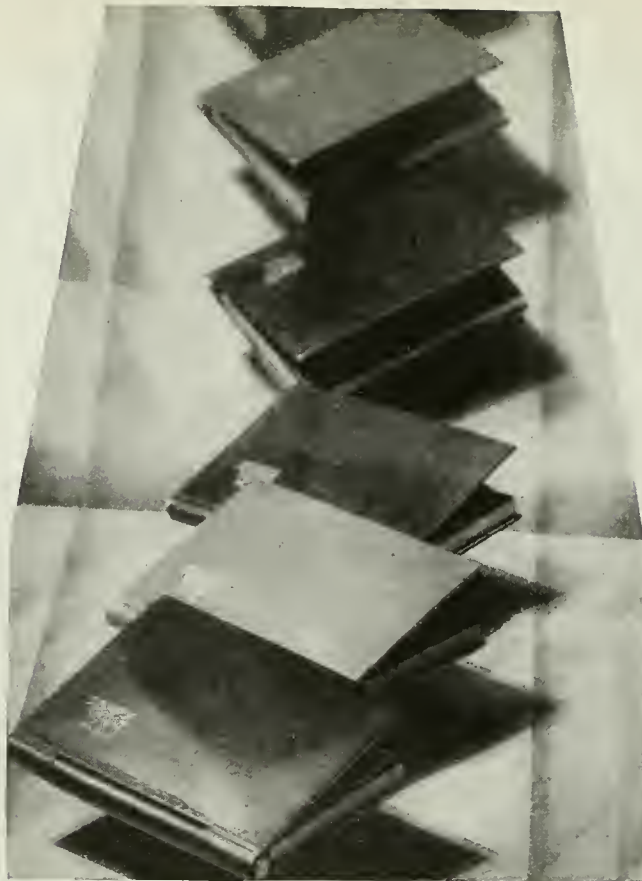
"**T**HIS kid has never been in pictures," the C. D. told Jolson, "but I wanted you to see him." Al looked down at the youngster, smiled, then extended his arms.

"Come to Uncle Al," he said.

Davey hesitated a moment, then went into Jolson's arms. Jolson hugged him tight and laughed. Then Davey laughed. They kept laughing. Just laughing about nothing. And from that moment on, Jolson was Uncle Al to Davey. One day after they had gotten well into production, Mrs. Lee asked Jolson why he had been so sure that Davey was the right boy for the part.

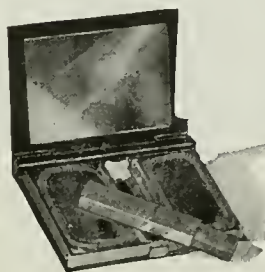
"I got it right in the heart the minute I saw him," he said. "And that, in a sentence, is the secret of this four-year-old's success . . ."

But Frankie says this is not the end of the story. He says that his dreams will yet come true. And just to prove it, he's rebuilding his shattered air castles.



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"**T**HINGS are not always what they seem!" This slim, demure little book contains the magic formula of feminine allure—a compact of velvety powder, soft and clinging as a caress — deceivingly natural rouge —and a provocative little lipstick! And now—a revised edition of the Terri book vanity with convenient clasp and a more generous supply of cosmetic comes in Buddha Red, Bleu Moderne, Goldenrod, Woodland Brown, Chinese Green, Black and Gold, or Black. Only \$2.50! Refills at your favorite shop.



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# Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 85]

G. F. I., OMAHA, NEB.—These weird and fantastic tales, told by returning Hollywood tourists, keep this old boy busy. Your friend is "warpish," all right, because Douglas Fairbanks is six inches taller than Charlie Chaplin. In fact, you guessed Doug's height exactly—five feet, ten inches. And Doug weighs 145 pounds while Charles tips the scales at a mere 125. Show this to the girl friend and put her to shame!

MAUDE S., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Okeh. It was the late Nat Goodwin who appeared in "Business Is Business."

W. C., BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Joseph Schildkraut played *Judas* in "The King of Kings" and *Pontius Pilate* was enacted by Victor Varconi. I don't think that Nils Asther is going to retire.

M. R. L., OMAHA, NEB.—"7th Heaven" was written by Monckton Hoffe, and "What Price Glory" was adapted from the play by Lawrence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Is that what the movie director told you?

"SUNNY TENNESSEANS"—Clara Bow's very first picture was "Beyond the Rainbow," released Feb. 26, 1922. What a great day in history! Billie Dove's real name is Lillian Bohny. James Hall's first picture was "The Campus Flirt." No, he never has played with Mary Brian. Richard Dix entered the movies in 1921. Mary Brian hasn't told me about any engagement. And Clara's hair is red.

K. MCG., CARTHAGE, TENN.—Larry Kent played in "Her Wild Oat"; Ralph Forbes in "The Latest From Paris"; Richard Arlen in "Figures Don't Lie"; and Orville Caldwell in "The Patsy." Always glad to help out the owners of scrap-books.

F. J. G., PUEBLO, COLO.—Here's where I take a deep breath. Dolores Costello is about twenty-three years old and unmarried; five feet, four inches tall and her newest picture is "The Madonna of Avenue A." Madge Bellamy has dark brown eyes and is five feet, three inches tall. Her newest is "Mother Knows Best." Alice White's next picture is "Bad Baby." John Mack Brown is twenty-three years old and has black hair. He's six feet tall. Whew!

MARTHA S., MICHIGAMME, MICH.—Greta Garbo was born in Stockholm, Sweden, twenty-two years ago. She has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. No, I don't think she is going to marry John Gilbert. Pearl White is very much alive, even if she isn't playing in the movies. When last heard from, Pearl was operating a Casino at Biarritz, which is a very Biarritz place. And it is a big Casino, not a little Casino. Write to Greta and John at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

"PESTY," CHICAGO, ILL.—Dorothy Sebastian's real name is just that. And Joan Crawford has blue eyes. Am I prompt, or am I not? What cause, please, to get so sarcastic?

A. C. R., TORRINGTON, CONN.—Billie Dove and Bebe Daniels are both American, although Bebe has a mixture of French, Spanish and Scotch ancestry. Baclanova is a Russian—born in Moscow. Eugene O'Brien and Mae Murray are both on the stage.

E. F. R., DALLAS, TEX.—Janet Gaynor and Nancy Drexel aren't sisters. I have no record of the actress you mention.

P. F. K., BOISE, IDAHO.—Anita Page's real name is Anita Pomares. She was born in Flushing, L. I., Aug. 4, 1910. Blue hair and blonde eyes—I mean blonde hair and blue eyes. Olive Borden was born in 1907. She is half an inch shorter than Anita, being only five feet, one and one-half inches tall. Jet black hair and dark brown eyes. And neither Anita or Olive is married.

BEN W., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—"Satisfying other people's curiosity" is not only my bread and butter, but also my cake. Bring on your questions! Clive Brook is thirty-seven years old—a fascinating age. Walter Byron is Vilma Banky's new leading man. And Phyllis Haver's new pictures are "The Shady Lady" and "The Office Scandal."

PATSY CHANDLER, LIMA, O.—Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms, his first and only wife. Ramon Novarro is single. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Calif. You have a lot of accomplishments, but I can't give long distance screen tests.

## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

WELL, Santa Claus—disguised as Mr. Adolph Laemmle Loew—is bringing good little stars pretty new contracts, and we have disposed of the enemy overseas. Now we are socking toe to toe with a new foe—the little Spanish Influenza bug.

The flu epidemic has knocked the movies for a row of ice-packs.

Picture houses all over the country are nailed up by the plague.

And as fast as players finish current pictures, they are being given four week layoffs while the photoplay catches up to itself.

The flu has already taken its greatest toll. Harold Lockwood has just died—fine, big, handsome Hal; the first prime favorite of filmland to pass at the top of his game.

His going breaks up one of the happiest of co-starring teams. May Allison has been his teammate in many pleasant pictures.

And Bryant Washburn has been a mighty sick boy, too, but is on the mend.

THEDA BARA, first of the great movie man-maulers, has just crashed out with her "Salome."

Mr. Julian Johnson (now editor of Paramount Pictures) takes a long, looping hay-maker at it in the current "Shadow Stage."

"As Salome," says the learned Johnson, "Miss Bara does not resemble the tigerish princess of Judea so much as a neurasthenic taking sun baths."

OUR leading editorial takes a ringing smack at the pretty leading men who funkled out on the war, parading the boulevards while less sturdy stars massaged warship decks or did squads east with the doughboys.

And there is mention of the gold star for young S. Rankin Drew, who died on active service with the air service in France.

THIS month also turns loose a picture about the death of Edith Cavell, the English nurse executed by the Germans for aiding the escape of prisoners.

Dr. Johnson gives it okay, praising the



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

At the crest of his career, the popular Harold Lockwood died ten years ago, a victim of flu. He was the first prime favorite of filmland to pass

work of Miss Julia Arthur, legitimate actress, in the lead. Little did he reck that in 1928 an English picture on the same theme, with Sybil Thorndike in the lead, would strike American screens and rebound without a sound.

MADGE KENNEDY is a popular star for Goldwyn, and Mae Marsh is starring in "Pride of Kentucky" for that outfit . . . Alice Joyce's new picture is "The Captain's Captain," and Maurice ("Dimples") Costello is already relegated to a character part . . . Two pages of Sennett bathing beauts, with Phyllis Haver, Harriet Hammond, Virginia Warwick, and Ethel Lynn leading the skin parade . . . Who's this in the picture gallery but one Texas Guinan? . . . She's making Westerns . . . Others—Marjorie Rambeau, a Peggy Hopkins (Joyce) and Betty Blythe, all curves . . . Billy T. of Toledo is breaking her heart over Jack Pickford . . . Want to be an old meany and check up ages? . . . In January, 1919, Bryant Washburn is 29, Billie Burke is 32, Mary Miles Minter is 16, Kenneth Harlan is 23, Dorothy Dalton is 25 and the Answer Man is going mad . . . John Collins, Viola Dana's husband, has just died of the flu . . . He was only 28.

THE big smash picture of the month is "The Squaw Man."

Actors? Oh, a few ham and egggers.

Elliott Dexter, Thurston Hall, Katherine MacDonald, Tully Marshall, Noah Beery, Ann Little, Theodore Roberts, and Jack Holt—the last as that varmint, *Cash Hawkins*.

NO, B. A. G. of Providence, Mr. Chaplin is NOT married to Miss Purviance. More than that, Miss Purviance is NOT married to Mr. Chaplin.



## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88 ]

If Mr. Locke meets with the characteristic adventures of authors in Hollywood, headlines such as the following may announce his departure:

W. J. LOCKE, 65  
LOOKS 95, OUT  
AS FILM WRITER

**S**TRANGE and tragic circumstances surround the death of Arnold Kent. He had struggled hard for success and the chance of making his mother and sisters in Italy comfortable. He took out an insurance policy of \$45,000 to go into effect on October 1, Monday. The accident occurred the Friday before. He died Saturday. Had he died at midnight Sunday, his family would have been well provided for.

At the time of his death he was playing an important rôle in "Four Feathers" and, according to Dick Arlen, was stealing the picture. Dick appreciated the boy's worth as an actor. Rumor has it that the reason Norma Talmadge's picture, "The Woman Disputed," was entirely re-made was because Kent stole every scene from Gilbert Roland.

He was on the verge of buying a beautiful home in Taluca Lake Park and his money was so tied up that at the time of his death he had but \$60!

**A**FTER completing his final shot for the "Redskin" at Chin Lee, Richard Dix arrived at Gallup, New Mexico, late at night, tired and weary, grabbed a pen and signed the register at El Navajo hotel thusly: "Richard Dix—Chin Yourself, Arizona."

**I**NSTEAD of the command "Camera!" the word "Interlock" is used on a talkie stage when a scene is to begin.

The other day William de Mille was directing a romantic moment for "Half an Hour" with Ruth Chatterton and John Loder, the young English actor.

"Interlock," said the director.

Loder took it seriously and immediately entwined his arms around Ruth.

**L**ESS than a year ago Hugh Herbert, former vaudeville headliner, and prolific writer of sketches, was under contract to Warner Brothers, furnishing material for Vitaphone sketches. It was during the lean days, financially, and Jack Warner asked Herbert as a favor to him to take stock in lieu of salary. Herbert did. He took a block of stock when it was listed at 17. He sold it when it was 139.

**R**EMEMBER Doris May, the little girl who played ingenue leads a few years ago? She married Wallace McDonald and retired from the screen and now she has her interlocutory divorce decree.

Doris was bored with home life generally. She wanted to go abroad and she thought a trip to Europe would be much more interesting if she made it as a single woman, so Wallace obligingly allowed her to get a divorce. He will make her a comfortable allowance while she is away. All the time he is hoping she will have a yen for home life again before the divorce is final.

In the meantime, Wallace is more in demand, both as director and actor, than at any previous date, to say nothing of his popularity with the ladies. We suggest that Doris make her stay in Europe brief, if she hopes to find him unattached on her return.



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Twinkle, Twinkle, little star—  
I don't wonder what you are,  
I know all about your capers  
Just by reading Sunday papers.

AN executive walked into the casting office of a well known "talkie" studio and advised the casting director in this manner, "Got a new talking find for you, Joe. He's playing Movietone now at the Cathay Circle. Fellow named Shaw."

"Yeah? What's his other name, what sort of an act's he got?"

"George Bernard. Does a monologue."

"Not interested in monologues."

"But this guy is good. I understand he plays Hillstreet next week."

The casting director called the manager of the Hillstreet Theater and asked if he had an act of George Bernard Shaw, a guy with a monologue.

"Nope," was the response. "We haven't any Shaws booked, but if he plays our time I'll give you a buzz."

SOME time ago Dorothy Sebastian played for a short period as John Barrymore's leading lady in "Tempest." Then something happened and Miss Sebastian was no longer leading lady for John Barrymore in "Tempest." Just what it was that happened, no one ever knew for sure. Those in the know, however, say that it was a political conspiracy between Sam Taylor, who joined the Barrymore company as director after finishing Mary Pickford's last picture, and Mr. Barrymore himself. It fell upon John Considine's shoulders to let Miss Sebastian go, which he did as painlessly as possible. One of the sops he offered was the two reels of film in which Miss Sebastian had appeared with Mr. Barrymore. And these two reels, by the way, are very, very beautiful.

Now Miss Sebastian gets quite a kick out of showing the reels upon occasion.

Those who view the reels get a kick out of comparing the work of Miss Sebastian with the work of Camilla Horn, the German actress who replaced her as the Barrymore lead.

We understand that Mr. Considine's gallant gesture represented the sum of \$100,000, that being what it cost to produce these first two reels.

DICK ARLEN'S dusky man of all work, John, is about to become a bridegroom. He has requested his master to act as best man. There is great excitement in the house! The other day John presented himself before his employer. "Look heah, Mistah Ahlen, Ah was just wonderin' if yo-all had a pair of spats you cud loan me?"

Dick would have gladly complied with the request, but he's probably the only actor in town who doesn't own a pair of spats. The wedding, it appears, will take place at high noon!

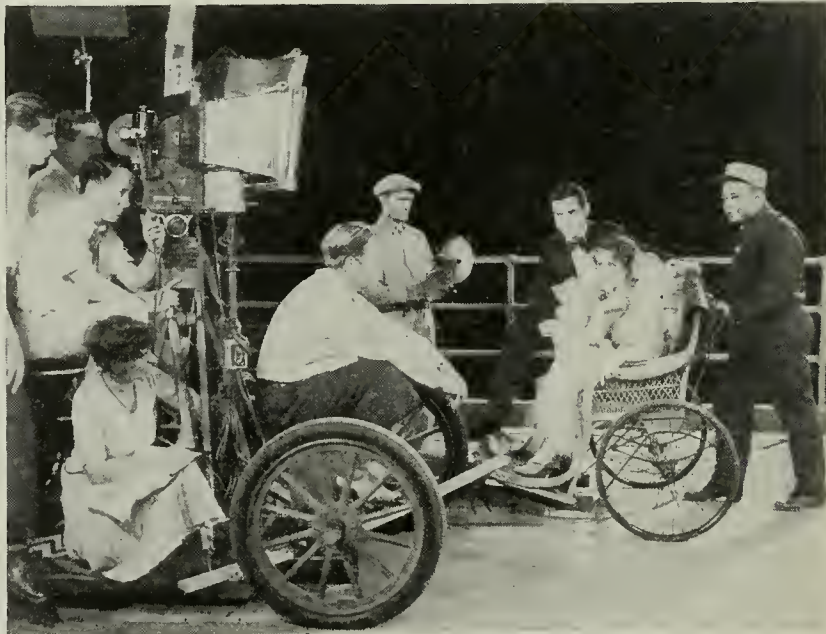
THESE large Swedish gentlemen seem to have the most quaint sense of humor. At a studio party to celebrate the completion of a new Dane-Arthur atrocity, Karl playfully turned a fire hose on the assemblage. Now wasn't that cute and didn't everybody laugh? My dear, it's just too adorable the way these actors carry on.

THE cafe is so close to the sound stage at First National that either the cafe will have to be moved or the soup course eliminated, says Alice White.

FRED NIBLO was recently asked by a well-meaning welfare worker if most film stars found time in their busy careers for homes and housekeeping. The director replied solemnly, "A home! What does any modern girl need with a home? She is usually born in a hospital, educated in college, courted in a car, and married in a church. The routine of those outside of studio duties include mornings on the golf course, afternoons at bridge tables, and evenings at the movies. Apparently all the modern girl requires is a garage!"

ROD LA ROCQUE and Vilma Banky were separated for several weeks while Vilma was in New York doing a picture. Both made a verbal pact that they would keep a motion picture record of all their experiences. They are amateur camera fiends, you know. It was agreed that Vilma was to take movies of everything that happened to her on the trip, while Rod was to give a complete movie account of himself in Hollywood.

It's a thought for separated couples and the camera doesn't lie.



With Director Bob Leonard holding a stop-watch and a property man furnishing sighing sea breeze with an electric fan, how can Norma Shearer and Johnny Mack Brown get hot and bothered on this romantic moonlight chair-ride? It's a scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "The Little Angel." And how do you like Bob's Kamera Kiddie Kar?



## Imagine My Embarrassment

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]

He has that all-essential thing, Youth. And he has personality—just another name for "IT." He has rambled and touched hands with life all over the world—cattle steamers and the like—merely for adventure's sake and the sheer joy of living.

He boxed in the last Olympics. He is a Harvard graduate. An unusual combination, to be sure.

He was born in Boston, the home of the bean, and he is proud of it.

And if he doesn't win with all these qualifications, maybe he will yet have an opportunity to view California in the bumpiest way. When he first arrived in Hollywood he purchased a pepped-up flivver, intending to tour the state and then to drive across the continent to Boston and home sweet home.

But that all happened before he lunched at the Montmartre!

## What Do You Mean—Intellectual?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

good orgy of conversational bromides. It's so comfortable to be able to let off a bromide now and then.

Fancy how you'd feel if everyone you met drew you aside and sounded off one brilliant remark after another. The strain would set you counting your fingers.

Poor Aileen Pringle! She has become a symbol—the incarnation of a Large and Fruity Mind!

Her *bon mots* are passed from mouth to mouth until they lose their quotation marks and are palmed off as originals. People swoon and lie in heaps on Hollywood Boulevard if she makes a remark that doesn't ring like the schoolhouse bell.

And the horrible thing is that it is all a great big hobble!

Aileen didn't go for this sort of reputation as literary lion and pet of the high foreheads. It was wished on her by space grabbers, columnists, smart Alecks and tub-thumpers in general.

If you mention it, Aileen looks at you aghast and says "What do you mean—intellectual?" And means it.

How did La Belle Pringle get that way, and what if she did?

Aileen, a naturally clever person, doesn't crave bores. And you can't sue a girl for that. She discovered early in life that there were a lot of people who made her acutely tired, and so, when they rang the bell she was out. Then she found a group of people who stimulated her, and they were always welcome. Certainly no catch in that.

It just happened that some of the boys and girls who didn't bore her made good livings by writing books and pieces for the magazines.

Suppose the people who didn't bore you were plumbers.

Would you relish being called "The Pet of the Pipe-Pounders"?

But just because Aileen liked people who wrote things she was dubbed "the darling of the intelligentsia." Every time she was caught saying howdy to a pen pusher old meanies whispered that she had added a new lion to her literary zoo.

Aileen isn't a social lion chaser. The only lion that ever cracked her across the conscious-

# 10 minutes ago-



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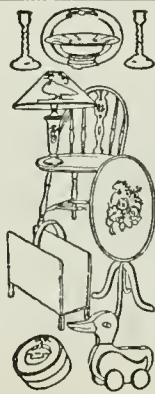


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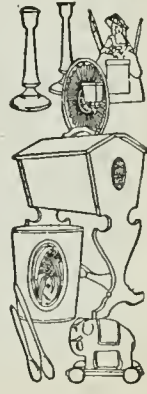
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ness is the M.-G.-M. trademark who snaps at three flies before one of Mr. Mayer's opera unfolds on the screen.

She didn't make any effort to be known as the favorite of the smart boys. She has never let out a line of publicity to the effect that writers and wits can be found in every nook of her home.

This greatness has been thrust upon her like a rubber check, and the funny part of it is that her intellectual friends are just great playmates and regular people. They never attempt the high hat with her, and she doesn't play that way either.

She just looks at you wide-eyed and says, "What do you mean—intellectual?"

And I can assure you that I had a rocky time getting Aileen to talk about them at all!

**THIS** is, in fact, the first time she has ever done it!

"The idea is," said Aileen, "that if you meet one of the people who write or paint or make epigrams, you meet them all. They come in bunches, like—"

I held up a warning finger. "Here, my lady," I warned, "if you are going to say 'bananas,' it's out. You can't be bromidic. Think of your public. You must be intellectual or else!"

"Or else, then," said Aileen, and I prayed that she wasn't cross. "I don't know any people who expect me to be intellectual. I don't know any bores. There is a sort of closed corporation here. I like the people I like. One doesn't have to be clever with clever people."

"But your public expects it." I threw this harpoon with deliberation and malice.

Aileen mumbled something which was muffled by the creamed chicken.

I have an idea she was mildly miffed, in a nice way.

So I stopped teasing, and let her talk. That's about the easiest thing anyone can do.

It was probably Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, whose friendship with Aileen started The Great Pringle Intellectual Legend.

She met him in Cuba, it seems. She had almost met him once before. Someone thought she would be interested in the author, and introduced them over the phone. Hergesheimer said he would call at her hotel, but that afternoon Aileen was run down and cornered by a feminine pest, and she said something about another appointment and fled the inn.

Hergesheimer wrote her a note to the effect that he was sorry he'd missed her. It wasn't a clever note at all—just the sort you or I would write if we had missed out on a meeting.

But in Cuba they met, and Hergesheimer made himself known. Probably he merely said, "How do you do, Miss Pringle? I'm Joe Hergesheimer. I'm sorry I missed you that day in New York."

**THEN** Ralph Barton, the caricaturist, wanted her to meet H. L. Mencken, critic and editor. Mencken, oddly enough, bucked. He is a shy bachelor, for all his literary fireworks, and balks at meeting women places. So when Barton arranged a get-together dinner at his home, Mencken suggested another location, and Aileen couldn't be brought along to grace the meal.

Mr. and Mrs. Hergesheimer were coming back from somewhere (Aileen is always somewhat vague about page and number) and people met them at the boat. The Hergeshaimers and Mencken and Aileen all found themselves in the same motor. Aileen got some California climate in her eye and Mencken showed her the most approved method of rolling the lid over a pencil. Oh my



dear, what a lot of things have started like that!

There have been many other friends in the artistic world. The Ernest Boyds, Carl Van Vechten, Theodore Dreiser, George Jean Nathan, Rupert Hughes, Thomas Beer, Konrad Bercovici—just all the people who circle about in that smart set. Aileen liked them—they liked her.

Any cause there for calling her an "intellectual" in some vague, derogatory, high-brow sense?

These people, oddly enough, play just the way we do, only much simpler. They'd rather play lotto than bridge.

Once when Aileen was visiting Joe and Dorothy Hergesheimer, she walked out on the back lawn and found a perfectly divine place for a croquet set.

"You really must have croquet here," she said.

"No, I won't," said Joe, pugnaciously. "You fall over the wickets, and the balls skin your shins. And it's a silly game, anyway."

This didn't slow La Belle Pringle. Back in New York, she sent the Hergeshimers the smartest croquet set she could find. The mallets were red and gold, and each wicket had a candle on top so the game need never be called on account of darkness.

A FEW days later she and Mencken were calling.

"Joe, did you get a little gift I sent?" asked Aileen.

"I did," said the novelist, "but I'm trying to forget it. I think it's under the sink. At any rate, it will be set up over my large dead body."

That afternoon, while the Hergeshimers went off stalking antiques, Aileen and Mencken put up the set themselves. They howled over it, and the wickets were cockeyed and the staves wouldn't go in, but there the croquet set was, up and active. The Hergeshimers gave in.

Anything highbrow about that?

Such are the simple pleasures of the lords of the mind.

Of course, many know the gag that Mencken

and Aileen pulled on Hergeshimer when he arrived in Los Angeles. They met him at the train with a domino, and conducted him with much fanfare to his hotel, where his room was decked with crepe paper and bunting.

Cigars were passed and speeches made—in short, a regular greeting of the sort that delights Mencken in his studies among the "Boobus Americanus" tribe.

FOR the most part, however, Aileen finds her chief pleasure with her friends in good, pleasant talk about everything in the world. (When Mencken gets to a town he looks first, not for the leading literatus of the place, but for a good glass of beer.) Van Vechten entertains for her in New York, and she for him in Hollywood. The parties are small, and the evenings are talkfests, and not tall millinery talk either.

Now, the point of this story, if it has a point, is that Aileen Pringle is a really intelligent woman. There is nothing I'd rather do than spend hours with her.

When you're bidden to luncheon you seldom go into the dining room. You eat from trays in the sitting room, where the talk flows fine and free.

Her conversation is genuinely witty and tremendously absorbing. She is very clever. She was once offered an editorial job on "Vanity Fair."

But remember that she's not a posing high-brow. Remember that she's no publicity beagle.

She has never talked about her writing friends before, and she never collected one genius for mere collecting's sake.

She likes them, that's all, and they like her. They talk the same language, and they do amusing, ordinary, homey things.

The intellectuals are good playmates, and just because a gal happens to be an actress is no reason why she can't pick her friends from sparkling minded men and women.

And that's all there is to the legend of Aileen Pringle as Hollywood's Great Aloof Mind.

No more hokey, please, about Aileen as the Pet of the Sophisticates.

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## Good Girl

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100 ]

"Poor old Ellen!" said her listeners. It was "Poor old Ellen" now.

Some unkind soul wrote Ellen enclosing a clipping from an interview with Ken. . . . He "couldn't stand a gaga." His taste "ran to women of the world.

"There was something pathetic about perennial ingenues" . . .

Ellen let Randall Peters, the business manager, take her out that night. Here eyes were very bright, but hard instead of soft, and her smile seemed frostbitten. She asked for a cigarette and drank a second glass of white wine. Mr. Peters was rather slight, his hair was thin and he stammered. But he listened beautifully. He heard all about Ken before the evening was over.

WHEN the year was up, Ellen came back to Hollywood. Ken was standing outside the Athletic Club when she passed. . . . She was sitting on her spine at the wheel of a low foreign-looking car, speeding so that he caught only a glimpse as she flashed by. She had bobbed her hair. The carmine line of her lips was like a flame in the dead white of her make-up.

"Ellen's gone flapper," people said, as they caught sight of her darting into the Ambassador, running up the Montmartre stairs, or hurrying out of a studio. She was always

rushing. Her hair was a little shorter than anybody's and so were her skirts. She said "si" for "yes," "cara mia" for "my dear" and wore a flame-orange sport coat that she called "my Rome rag."

SHE swept her bewildered brother out of the bungalow and into a purple house that sprawled on the side of a hill, bedrooms opening on a lower road and kitchen on an upper one, a devotee of new art "doing" the place so that it looked as if it had been decorated by a persevering child. Randall Peters said it would be a good place for a squirrel to go hunting.

Ken came up to see it and Ellen greeted him with a kiss. "Cara mia, what absolute ages since I saw you! . . . I've been dying to find out who's your bootlegger. Do send him around—we get the vilest stuff!"

She was smoking a cigarette that matched her costume; the costume itself, of poppy-red and black, could have been packed in a vanity case.

She was more animated than Ken had ever seen her, but when he had left she stood at the tiny barred porthole in the purple door very quietly, her carmine lips trembling, the light gone from her eyes.

Narjie and Ellen found themselves chorus-ing, "Have you no vices?" when little Janet



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Gates refused a cocktail at the opening of the newest club. They looked at one another over their own glasses.

"If it isn't little Bright Eyes!" cried Marjie. "My dear, you look like an illustration from some frightful modern book. Where've you been? . . . Oh, yes, that god-awful picture. I saw it! . . . Hope you landed a tame duke over there. . . . Have you heard? But of course you have! Wonder Tim Allingham doesn't tumble. Gertie Allingham was always a perfect idiot, and even if Tim is out of town this week—"

It was five minutes before Ellen knew what she meant. Then Ellen's eyes that had been searching restlessly ever since Randall Peters had brought her, found Ken Laurel. He was bending over Gertie Allingham. Her soft blonde hair was growing and hung in loose curls on her neck. Her dress was long, the white net falling to her ankles, though the silk slip stopped at her knees. She looked like an old-fashioned valentine, and Ken—there was something about the way he looked at her. . . .

"Tim's a jealous beast. . . . This gin tastes like bad varnish. . . . Ken'd better watch his step or he'll find himself on the outside looking in, if not too badly damaged to look at all. His fan mail's fallen off. . . . What? Well, nobody loves a fat man!"

Ken danced once with Ellen. Only Ellen knew that that was because she asked him. And only Ellen knew that while she was in his arms her heart was crying: "Oh, love me! Love me!"

**R**ANDALL PETERS had gone ahead to bring his car to the door when Ken left the club, so that several people saw Ken and Ellen go down the covered way together. Ellen was glad of that until she saw that all his attention was centered on the door behind them. Mrs. Allingham's blonde head was visible through the glass.

Randall made the difficult curves up to the purple house in silence. He had a gift for knowing when Ellen couldn't chatter. She could be her real self with him, not the smart, sophisticated stranger who had come home from Italy.

"Th-that's your phone, Ellen. Shall I answer?" he said, when he had unlocked the purple door. He took the instrument out of its jazz cabinet. "H-hello . . . Who wants her? . . . It's K-ken Laurel."

She seized the receiver. "What is it, dolce amone? . . . Si—si, this Our Nell. . . . Oh! Oh, I see. . . . On the Mulholland Drive. . . . Is she—badly hurt? . . . Yes—yes, I'll come." Yes, instead of si— . . . She put the telephone back in its cabinet, with fingers carefully steady. "What time is it, Randy?"

"T-two twenty. Where are you going?" She shrugged into her white and silver cloak. "Ken's car turned over on Mulholland. Mrs. Allingham's hurt. He wants me. He's been calling for ages. If we hadn't gone to the beach before coming home—"

"I'll go. Don't you—"

She pushed past him and ran out to the car. "Hurry! Oh, don't talk—hurry! Someone else might get there—"

"What if they d-do?" But he was at the wheel.

**H**IS career's ruined, that's what! Tim Allingham would either shoot him or name him in a divorce suit. . . . Can't you go faster? . . . No, I don't think he was drinking! Oh, let us get there!" The high collar of her cloak had ruffled her short hair so that it stood up wildly; she could not keep her hands still.

Through the black night they sped, their lights pricking the dark ahead—curve after curve, hill after hill. . . . At length: "Ken!" on an uptake of Ellen's breath, and Randall slowed under a giant eucalyptus. There was a scratch across Ken's face on which the blood had dried.

"She's back here." Ken lifted Ellen from the car. "Ellen, I knew you would! . . . I don't know how bad she's hurt, but I can't move her. . . . Listen . . . You've been with us all evening . . . You and I—she was just—just along, see? . . . We've got to get her to a doctor. You've got to be with her, see?"

"I won't have Ellen m-mixed up in this!" cried Randall.

But she merely patted his arm and ran toward the overturned roadster. Part of it pinned Gertie Allingham to the asphalt; her fair curls lay limply against the fluff of pink shawl that had billowed up as she fell; the net of her skirts was torn and muddied, and one of her arms was bleeding.

"Move the car," directed Ellen. She tugged at the girl when, between them, the men had managed to lift the weight. "There. . . . Carry her, one of you. I'll hold her in the back seat. We'll take her to my house and call a doctor."



Filming a scene on a new war machine. This big bombing plane, capable of destroying whole cities, is held captive while George Hill directs some scenes for "Gold Braid"



She told Gertie, efficiently and gently, as the old Ellen would have done, but she did not talk as Randall drove through the graying morning. Let Ken and Randall argue. . . . What did it matter? . . . What did anything matter?

Gertie lay in one of the green-and-orchid jazz beds in the spare room of the purple house, clad in an apricot silk gown of Ellen's. The doctor bent over her, absent-mindedly cursing the ruffie-dimmed lamps. In the hall outside, Randall and Brother, the latter in a shabby dressing-gown and slippers, waited and worried. From the hall above, they could hear Ellen's hard little voice telephoning to Gertie's mother.

"She's going to be all right, the doctor says. Slight concussion, yes. He said *slight*. She can come home tomorrow . . . I'm so sorry—"

The first newspaperman called up before the doctor left.

"THIS is Ken Laurel," said Ken, at the instrument. "Yes, most unfortunate. Why—a—Miss Field and I were leaving the new club when Mrs. Allingham called there'd been some mistake about her car—calling her car—so we— . . . Yes, Mulholland . . . The car turned over—hit something and skidded—Mrs. Allingham was pinned under it. Miss Field has a few bruises but nothing . . . Not on the way home! No, we decided to look at the ranch we're thinking of buying— . . . What? . . . Miss Field and I . . . We're getting married—"

"Oh!" cried Ellen, softly. Brother had insisted on putting her warmest negligee over her brief evening gown. The blue feather trimming stood up about her head. She looked like a tired child in her corner of the settee.

"We're giving notice of intention today," went on Ken, eying Ellen over the transmitter with the gaze of one consciously noble.

He was still looking noble when he set down the telephone and came over to kiss her . . .

She didn't go to bed at all, just hopped into a bath and dressed for an early call, dashing off to spend the day being pursued by a screen menace up and down a plank and plaster hill on one of the largest stages. Her legs ached so that they shook when she stood still.

Ken called for her at noon, conspicuous in the rose brocade of a court costume with queued and powdered wig and black beauty patches accentuating his sea-blue eyes.

"We've just time to dash to the license bureau," he said, wrapping a fur coat about her ragamuffin garb.

"But—" she began, and in spite of it found herself beside him in his topless racer.

News cameras, doubtless notified in advance, clicked as they left the car, as they entered the building, and again as they signed their names. Ellen tried to hide her roughened hair, to wipe off some of the grimy streaks her make-up had demanded, to dodge behind Ken at the last instant, but he seemed to enjoy the proceeding. He gave his age as twenty-six, though she knew he was seven years her senior, so she reduced hers to twenty-four.

They reached the studio just as Ellen's scene was being called. It was Randall Peters who remembered she hadn't had luncheon and brought hot soup in a thermos bottle.

KEN'S shadow lay across Ellen's plate as they sat at Marjie's Coconut Grove table—a watery, blurry shadow cast by the gay parrot lamp the other side of Ken. Ellen's tired eyes rested on it, but she couldn't remember what it should have brought to mind. She was so weary. She hadn't wanted to go when Marjie had called up to announce a dinner-dance "in honor of your catching Ken," but the bridegroom-to-be had overruled her.

"It's good business," he said. "Ought to get a lot of publicity out of this."

He was a bit impatient with her for being so tired. After all, he had been up all night, too! . . . He hadn't been running away from a husky villain all day, though. And he wasn't shaken up over being engaged at last. . . .

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"Show Dick your ring, Ellen," he directed, over his shrimp cocktail.

She held out her finger obediently, and the big diamond flashed under the lights. She tried to look pleased, but her dream ring had been a circlet of tiny stones with "Forever" engraved inside.

"Set me back quite a bit," boasted Ken.

He paid little attention to her save for moments of overacted devotion which left her hot with confusion, and jokes directed at her, such as: "She got me at last, boys!" "Wait till after the divorce—"

Ellen made a little noise that passed for laughter at these sallies, but she heard them only vaguely. The vision of bed swam before her eyelids,—white-pillowed, soft and warm and quiet . . . Bed, Sleep—Sleep. . . .

They were laughing again. She didn't care why.

She looked at Ken, seeing him with a sudden frightening clarity,—a man with pouches of dissipation under his eyes, a tendency to a double chin and a paunch—selfish, self-centered, gross . . . *She was engaged to this man!*

The blurry shadow across her plate lifted. Ken was getting up.

"Come on, Marjie, let's do some stepping. . . . Ne'mind the ball-and-chain."

But she did run away.

She slipped out behind the little raised booth that held their table, scurried to the dressing room, retrieved her cloak, and sped on to the hotel desk.

"Dear Ken," she wrote on the paper the clerk gave her. "Here's the ring. I don't want to marry you. I'm sorry. I just don't." She signed it "Ellen Field," and gave it to a bellhop. Then she ran downstairs.

She wasn't so numb with weariness now. She felt free—as if someone had given her wings. She moved lightly down the passage between the lighted shops.

It wasn't surprising to find Randall Peters standing near the revolving doors. It was merely beautiful and natural. He rushed to meet her.

"Ellen! . . . Are you all r-right? . . . Where are you going?"

She put her hand in his and smiled up at him. "Anywhere—with you," she said.

## Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

feet of film for this production has been developed by members in the club laboratory.

The other production will be an all-interior film to be directed by John B. d'Ippolito, Jr. Research work has been completed for this film and the scenery and costumes have been designed. Mr. d'Ippolito states that the scenic backgrounds will be used symbolically to evoke the story's mood.

**FOTO-CINÉ** Productions, an amateur club in Stockton, Calif., is producing a 16 millimeter film under the working title of "Three Episodes" for PHOTOPLAY's Amateur Movie Contest. The plot scenario, written by Robert Burhans, is based upon the World War and the motion picture treatment has been worked

out well within amateur limitations. A moving camera will be used and the story will be told completely without sub-titles.

Wallace W. Ward is president of Foto-Ciné Productions, Edwin Farrell is vice president and supervisor and Alice Buckle is secretary. Mr. Burhans, author of the scenario, is also the director of "Three Episodes."

"PRINCETON," the production of the Undergraduate Motiou Pictures of Princeton University, is attracting a lot of attention among amateurs. Shown to the Chicago Cinema Club at a recent meeting, it was enthusiastically received. The Cumberland Amateur Motion Picture Club, of Vineland, N. J., recently viewed it with approval.

## \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:

### Class One.

- \$500 for the best amateur photoplay.
- \$250 for the second best amateur photoplay.
- \$150 for the third best amateur photoplay.
- \$100 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

### Class Two.

- \$500 for the best non-dramatic picture.
- \$250 for the second best non-dramatic picture.
- \$150 for the third best non-dramatic picture.
- \$100 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in their consideration for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each tying film.

2. CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateurs in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature. CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.
3. In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, lighting, editing and cutting and titling. In Class One, added items of consideration will be direction, make-up and acting ability.
4. All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths: If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.

If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.

If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-inflammable stock with the names and addresses of the senders securely attached to the reel or the box containing the film. Name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

5. Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.
6. Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinematographers are barred, as well as anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur movie contest may compete.
7. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.
8. The jury of judges consists of Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, Philip K. Wrigley, Stephen Voorhees, Colonel Roy W. Winton, Wilton A. Barrett, King Vidor, James R. Quirk and Frederick James Smith.
9. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.
10. As soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced and the films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.



# Photoplay Reviews the Film Year

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Tom Mix and Fred Thomson will not have so much trouble making out their income taxes this year. The minor Western stars have been making reservations at their old ranches.

1928 showed a preference for tough babies, principally blonde. Witness Phyllis Haver's gun-girl of "Chicago," Marie Prevost's belle of the reformatory in "The Godless Girl" and Betty Compson's hard boiled gals of "The Docks of New York" and "The Barker," not to mention Dorothy Mackaill's carnival charmer, also of "The Barker." The advent of Baclanova was in this get-your-man division. On the other hand, more refined blondes, such as the heroine of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," did not win popular favor. Thus Ruth Taylor's debut as *Lorelei* attracted only a ripple of attention.

Every epic film now has its theme song. Unless you own a radio you can't realize what this means. Our favorite theme song is "Woman Disputed, I Love You." 1929 will

have to step some to top this maukish classic.

If you ask me for my personal choice of the twelve best performances of 1928, here they are:

Emil Jannings in "The Patriot" and "The Last Command."

L. M. Leonidoff in "Czar Ivan the Terrible."

Alexis Davor and Olga Korloff in "The End of St. Petersburg."

Sybil Thorndyke in "Dawn."

Conrad Veidt and Baclanova in "The Man Who Laughs."

Lewis Stone in "The Patriot."

Louise Dresser and Madge Bellamy in "Mother Knows Best."

Baclanova in "Street of Sin."

"The Patriot," to me, was easily the best American-made film of 1928. "Four Devils" would be my second choice.

The two best imported pictures were "Czar Ivan the Terrible" and "The End of St. Petersburg," both Russian.

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

**\*RED DANCE**—Fox.—More Russian revolution, dramatically directed by Raoul Walsh. Charles Farrell, Ivan Linow and Dolores del Rio head an exceptional cast. The picture is a real thriller. (July.)

**REFORM**—Chadwick.—Wherein a mush-headed psychologist reforms a good-looking girl crook by teaching her to eat with a fork. (July.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**\*REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

**RIDING TO FAME**—Elbee.—Does the villainous bookie succeed in queering the horse race and wrecking young love? Don't be dumb! (August.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RINTY OF THE DESERT**—Warners.—An appealing and unusual dog story with the one and only Rin-Tin-Tin. (July.)

**RIVER WOMAN, THE**—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

**ROAD HOUSE**—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SALLY OF THE SCANDALS**—FBO.—Bessie Love puts life into a back-stage story that might have been dull. (August.)

**SALLY'S SHOULDERS**—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SAWDUST PARADISE, THE**—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

**SAY IT WITH SABLES**—Columbia.—Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (September.)

**SCARLET DOVE, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Military life in Czarist Russia. Mostly bedroom scenes. Lowell Sherman—the cur—acts grand and wears as many gaudy uniforms as a Roxy usher. (July.)

**SCARLET LADY, THE**—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHIP COMES IN, A**—Pathe-De Mille.—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**\*SHOW PEOPLE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the goof who would get into the movies. Recommended. (August.)

**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**\*SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

**SINGLE MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SIN TOWN**—Pathe.—Just a poor western. (Oct.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKIRTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Syd Chaplin in a soggy British comedy. (September.)

**SMILIN' GUNS**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SO THIS IS LOVE**—Columbia.—Slightly goofy story of a dressmaker's assistant turned prize-fighter—all for love. With William Collier, Jr., and Shirley Mason. (July.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SPEED CHAMPION, THE**—Rayart.—If you can get steamed up over the adventures of a grocery boy. (September.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**STATE STREET SADIE**—Warners.—Can you believe it? Another underworld story. And not among the best. (July.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOP THAT MAN**—Universal.—Arthur Lake in a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch this lad! (September.)

**STORMY WATERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Eve Southern tries a *Sadie Thompson* but this story of love in the tropics doesn't quite come off. (August.)

**STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER**—Defu-First National.—German picture with original plot. Just a bit heavy. (August.)





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**STREET OF ILLUSION—Columbia.**—Backstage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ago. (Dec.)

**\*STREET OF SIN, THE—Paramount.**—Technically a fine picture but the story, a brutal tale of the London slums, is repellent. The least satisfactory of Emil Jannings' American productions. (July.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE—Excellent.**—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

**STRONGER WILL, THE—Excellent.**—Just one long yawn. (August.)

**SUBMARINE—Columbia.**—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN—Rayart.**—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**TAKE ME HOME—Paramount.**—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**TAXI 13—FBO.**—Chester Conklin in the funny adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

**TELLING THE WORLD—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—That comical cuss, Bill Haines, goes to China. More darned fun, in a silly way. Anita Page, who makes her debut in this one, is all to the good. (July.)

**TENTH AVENUE—Pathe-De Mille.**—Boarding house life on the wrong side of Manhattan. Heavy melodrama and vividly played by Phyllis Haver, Victor Varconi and Joseph Schildkraut. (July.)

**\*TERROR, THE—Warners.**—Mystery stuff, well presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)

**THREE RING MARRIAGE—First National.**—Heart interest and comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS—Gotham.**—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**THUNDERCLOUD, THE—Anchor.**—A good scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE—Gotham.**—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN—Anchor.**—Fair enough war burlesque but enough's enough. (Sept.)

**TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE—FBO.**—Cactus epic and simply terrible. (September.)

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN—Universal.**—Originally reviewed in January. Sound effects have increased its box-office value. (Oct.)

**UNDRESSED—Sterling.**—Teaching us not to be mean to our children and also not to pose for strange artists. An odd plate of hash. (September.)

**UNITED STATES SMITH—Gotham.**—Eddie Gribbon and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck but funny comedy. (August.)

**VANISHING PIONEER, THE—Paramount.**—The return of Jack Holt to the Paramount ranch. And the result is a Grade A Western. (August.)

**VARSITY—Paramount.**—The more sentimental side of life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Brian will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

**VIRGIN LIPS—Columbia.**—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**WALKING BACK—Pathe-De Mille.**—Trivial story of the younger generation made interesting by the presence of the charming Sue Carol. (July.)

**WARMING UP—Paramount.**—Richard Dix in an original and really funny story of a bushleague pitcher. Family diversion. (July.)

**\*WATERFRONT—First National.**—Jack Mullah proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE—Paramount.**—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE—Paramount.**—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellent scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**\*WHEEL OF CHANCE—First National.**—Richard Barthelmess does some good acting in a dual rôle. You forget the improbabilities of the story in your interest in the star's acting and the dramatic situations. (August.)

**WHEN THE LAW RIDES—FBO.**—Something better than the conventional Western plot. With Tom Tyler and Frankie Darrow. (August.)

**WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Lon Chaney *au naturel*. Swell crook story. (September.)

**WHIP, THE—First National.**—Dorothy Mackaill in an English sporting melodrama that just misses being thrilling. (September.)

**WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**—Just misses being a remarkable picture. Its weakness of story is atoned for by some of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever filmed. (August.)

**WIFE'S RELATIONS, THE—Columbia.**—Naive romance of an heiress who finds a job and a husband in a department store. (August.)

**WILD WEST ROMANCE—Fox.**—Some thrills in this Western but Rex Bell, the newcomer, will never fill the Stetson of Tom Mix. (August.)

**WIN THAT GIRL—Fox.**—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**\*WOMAN DISPUTED, THE—United Artists.**—Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in a stirring drama of Central Europe during the war. (September.)

**WOMAN FROM MOSCOW, THE—Paramount.**—Pola Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

**WOMAN'S WAY, A—Columbia.**—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris. (August.)

**WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT—Warners.**—Charming Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

**WOMEN WHO DARED—Excellent.**—Slumming party to the lower East Side, as the movies picture it. (August.)

**WRIGHT IDEA, THE—First National.**—But gone wrong. (Oct.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND—Pathe.**—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YELLOW LILY, THE—First National.**—Concerning the bad habit of archdukes of falling in love with ladies who live on the other side of the tracks. Billie Dove and Clive Brook are the principal reasons why you'll want to see the picture. (July.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE—FBO.**—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)



"An apple a day keeps the director away." It's the oldest form of vamping in the world. The girl playing *Eve* is Greta Garbo and the head man in the picture is Victor Seastrom, her director



# Diet—The Menace of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

contract with the Hal Roach Studios. Pretty, talented—but overweight!

The order came. She must lose. Those pounds HAD to come off!

She went on a diet, so strenuous that she collapsed and was rushed to a sanatorium. Today you do not see her on the screen. Hollywood has forgotten her.

She has dropped out completely from the film world.

There are dozens of stories of this kind to be recounted. There is hardly a star in the business who has not, at one time or another, been sentenced to diet. Their own ideas on the subject are almost identical. In the first place they must do it and they, themselves, do not realize what effect it will have upon their health. They are not convinced enough of the danger from diet to make an effort to change things.

There is but one beam of hope. "The girls could stop all this nonsense if they would," said Dr. Willis, "but they don't know they're being harmed by it. They could band together and refuse to take off this ridiculous amount of weight. They seem to get the sort of clothes they want at the studios. They make a big enough howl about dressing rooms and lighting and publicity. Why don't they start a campaign about their figures? Because of this

stupid, atrocious style they are affecting the health of women the world over."

Will there be a new woman? Will these slim princesses disappear from the silver sheet? Anita Page has gone right on playing leading rôles and Anita is one of the few girls who is average weight. She is five feet two and she weighs 118 pounds. That is just one pound below the correct weight. Her fan mail increases. There have, as yet, been no criticisms in the papers about her figure. She is a novice to the screen and she may be the herald of a new era in filmdom.

Recently it was reported that eighty per cent of the women who took out marriage licenses in a given month were plump, so maybe the producers are wrong and maybe men do like 'em a trifle hefty after all.

At any rate, one thing is certain. The stars cannot keep up when they are underfed. Tragic, isn't it, that they should work so hard for luxury and, when it comes, be too starved to enjoy it?

But this battle of fame versus health is bound to bring the dawning of a new screen era. The pendulum, no doubt, will swing to the other extreme. And you'll be drinking milk and eating large quantities of mashed potatoes yet to be in style. In the meantime, however, don't copy the stars' figures nor their diets if you want to be well and happy.

# Conrad in Quest of a Voice

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

before the lens in a few seconds. And even at that, if it sags, it can be saved by cutting. In making sound pictures, however, a scene cannot be cut. The conversation must carry through, the tempo must be sustained. Thus, the experienced stage actor has a distinct advantage, for he is in the habit of holding his audience for as long a period as twenty-five minutes, the length of an entire act.

"Due to this lack of stage experience, there has been an inclination on the part of screen players to talk their lines. By that I mean they forget to act their parts, they forget to be natural and at ease; they step out of character to speak. But experience is rapidly changing this, and players are learning that all they need to do is be absolutely natural before the microphone—as natural as though they were talking on the telephone."

In the first pictures employing conversation, Nagel admits that he and all others made the same sad mistake of speaking with exaggerated emphasis, each word enunciated distinctly and by itself.

"That of course was artificial. It registered just that way on the recording device. It destroyed all semblance of personality, of individuality.

"With the perfection of reproducing methods, however, with the development of a 'vocal technique,' the voice is bound to take on a new significance, to become a dominant factor.

"In fact, I feel sure that the time will come when players will be known by their voices. There will be 'voice fans.' People will go to see certain players because they like to hear them speak. There will even be sex appeal in the voice."

Conrad Nagel was the first male star ever to appear in a full-length talking picture. Al Jolson, of course, launched the speakies by his bit of conversation in "The Jazz Singer." But Jolson was not a motion picture actor. And, too, Nagel appeared in "Glorious Betsy"

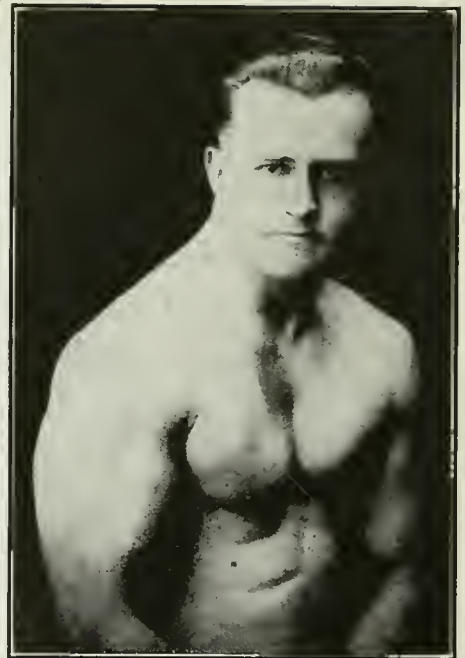
before Jolson brought forth his "Singing Fool." To that extent, then, Nagel has contributed to this new chapter of cinema progress. And when talkie history is written, he will be listed among the pioneers.

If there was ever any skepticism regarding Nagel's magnetism and latent power, that doubt died—or will die—under pressure of his voice personality.

"I BELIEVE," he predicted, "that talking pictures will do much to make correct English popular. Recently I listened to the acceptance speeches of both our presidential candidates and was surprised at the number of words each mispronounced. Yet both are well educated men—especially Herbert Hoover, a college graduate, trained in the science of engineering. The fact that they did not speak correctly is nothing for which to criticize them, however. In fact, correct speech is so novel that probably they would have been criticized for using it. They would have been looked upon as above the common people, as not being down to earth. And that, naturally, would have cost votes.

"As a rule, people are afraid to speak good English. They are afraid of being 'razed,' of being called high-hat. It's the same complex that keeps men from being well-dressed, from appearing at their best instead of their half-best. If a man ever should be correctly garbed, it is when he goes to a banquet. Yet how many wear evening clothes willingly or well? They are afraid of looking ridiculous, of what the other fellow will say. Vanity defeats them. They hide from perfection in imperfection. And so it is with the proper usage of speech.

"But the screen will change all that. Of course, there will be both good and bad English in pictures, depending upon the character one assumes. Incorrect speech, however, will be a part of characterization; correct speech will be the ideal. And where the screen



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When you hear a woman exclaim: "Oh, what a handsome man!" she's not looking at his face alone. She's sized him up from top to toe. Those broad shoulders, that graceful athletic stride, the well-shaped neck and head, those strong, muscular arms and legs. They thrill any woman. Every wife and every sweetheart waits her man to be like that. Are you?

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People call me the Muscle-BUILDER. I make men's bodies strong and healthy. My list of over 100,000 wonderful successes includes doctors and lawyers, bookkeepers and clerks, grandfathers and grandsons, fat men and skinny men, weaklings and nervous wrecks. By a method of scientific body building I go all over your body, strengthening your internal organs, broadening your shoulders, cutting off fat, and generally turning you inside out until you're a healthy, handsome fighting he-man any woman will be proud of.

In just 30 days I add one whole inch of live, flexible, steely muscles to each of your arms and two full inches to rippling, muscular strength across your chest. Your legs will become straight and strong, your head snap back erect, and little lumps of red-blooded muscle will begin to stand out on your broadening shoulders. What a hit you are going to make with that girl of yours. How proud and happy she will be!

### 90 Days and You Have One

But I'm not through with you yet. I don't make men by halves. Give me just 60 days more and then look yourself over. Now you sure are somebody! The pathway to happiness and success is easy.

People will ask to meet you. Successful business men will realize that here is another man to accept as one of their own group. Your boss will treat you with a new respect, and that girl of yours will see that look of love and affection in her eyes that in itself will more than repay you.

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What a picture you'll be in a bathing suit! What a sight in a gymnasium! You'll be a magnet for all women's eyes. That healthy, aggressive, erect stride of the man who knows what he wants and is going to get it, just commands attention.

Wait! Don't stop the story in a nutshell. If you're man enough to work a little for the sake of your strength, success and happiness, just sit right down and mail me this coupon. It won't cost you a penny and you can see for yourself why thousands of men have so much faith in Earle Liederman, the Muscle-BUILDER.

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has created a world-wide desire to impress by appearance, it will now produce an earnest wish to become effective through the medium of words."

With this end in view, Conrad Nagel has approached school authorities in Los Angeles to suggest special departments and courses for voice training and also for specialization in language.

"My thought," he said, "is to originate this branch of education in the city where pictures are made, and to let it spread from the cinema center to the rest of the world."

"Since the world began, there has been pride in speech. Oratory, in fact, is one of the oldest arts. Demosthenes stood by the sea with his mouth filled with pebbles and struggled to enunciate his words distinctly in order that his pronunciation might be the clearer with the impediment removed. It was the study of oratory which in the very beginning developed voice personality."

**FROM** now on, there is bound to be special effort to concentrate on this new angle. Already it looms among screen aspirants as the coming craze.

Like hobbled hair and Oxford bags, it will be the great affliction.

"But this wild rush to voice teachers and elocutionists," says Nagel, "will not accomplish the purpose hoped for. Personally, I think that if all the elocution teachers were rounded up and dropped overboard, it would be a good riddance."

"Elocution teachers concentrate on artificiality. They take naturalness entirely out of the voice. And how unnecessary, for what a simple thing it is to speak correctly and, at the same time, naturally."

"Have you heard Rabbi Wise or George Bernard Shaw on the Movietone? Their English is flawless, their diction perfect, and there is not the slightest suggestion of artificiality in the voice of either."

"I took voice training during my college course, and even after I went to New York to go on the stage. I had a terrible struggle to shake my mid-western twang, and developed a series of exercises for my tongue and

lips that I practiced diligently, all for the purpose of breaking my drawl, and also to place my voice correctly. The enunciation of words along with the tone of the voice means everything."

"Did you ever see Clarence Darrow, famous criminal attorney, slumped down in his chair, half asleep, absolutely insignificant in appearance? Yet when the man rumbles that voice of his to the far corners of the room, its vibrations strike the emotional sounding board of every listener. Without that marvelous voice, powerful in the beginning, no doubt, but perfected through years of training in the practical school of oratory, Clarence Darrow would be anything but the great force he now represents before the bar."

"To my mind, he is one of the most outstanding examples of the importance of voice personality."

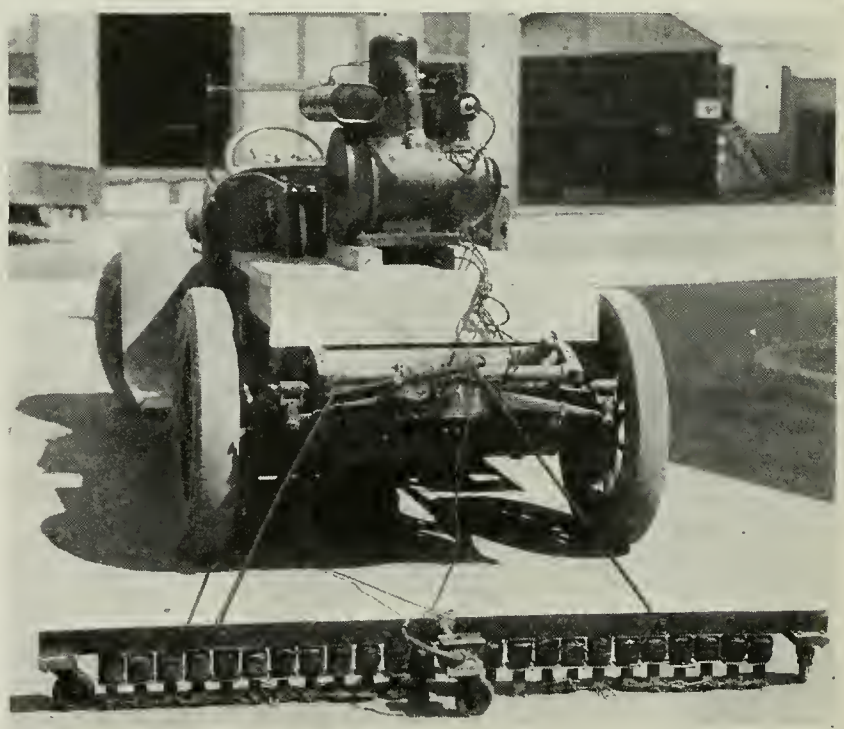
It was Conrad Nagel's voice that brought him conspicuously to the front in public activities of the Film Capital. Resonance and volume give an impression of personality entirely at variance with his screen self. We get no adequate impression of the Nagel physique in pictures, for through some unknown trickery of the lens he is disclosed—as he himself admits—not as a man of unusual stature but much smaller than he really is.

**PEOPLE** are often surprised when they learn that Nagel is more than six feet tall, that he weighs nearly one hundred and seventy pounds, that he has an athlete's body, every muscle a sinew of steel. Taking hold of his arm is like grabbing up a chunk of cement sidewalk.

On his feet, addressing an audience, this man Nagel is a bundle of dynamite. The intensity of his voice completely dominates his auditors. Not only is he eloquent, he gives to his words a conviction that carries unquestioned sincerity.

And as far as he can be heard, his words are distinct, understandable.

It will be interesting to watch the Nagel career, as well as the Nagel predictions. He, with a few others, is a cinema Columbus of the moment, striking out into a new world.



The Universal film lot is puncture proof, thanks to this comical contraption invented by Frank Graves, the studio's boss electrician. The series of magnets picks up all nails, tacks and other metal objects, thus reducing the automobile upkeep, if not the payments



# The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

nigan related his story faithfully as follows: "Well, I come on duty as usual at sivin. I made me rounds, and near froze to death with the dirty fog creepin' down me back. Nothin' happened up to me 9:30 round, whin I heard Seibert carryin' on as usual on Stage Six. Thin later Miss Beaumont comes on, so MacDougal tells me, and Billy West. About that time things begin to happen. . . ."

"WHAT things?" "Well, sor, nothin' you can put yer finger on, and MacDougal he tells me I'm a domned liar. Not in so many words, you understand, but that's his manin' all right! Anyways, whin I starts on me 11:30 round I sees a woman's figger runnin' down the women's dressin' rooms in direction of Hardell's room. . . . I see it sneakin' down the steps, sor! Thin, later, I see a dark figger stealin' out of the bushes on the West side of Stage Six, and makin' for the stage door. . . ."

"That was about . . . midnight?" "Just at, sor. I was just fetchin' up at Stage Six, which same would be near twelve o'clock. Whin I gets up to the stage, the figger has disappeared. I thinks to meself it's inside, and makes to go on the stage. Then Seibert bellows out fer me to stay off. . . ."

"Does he often do that?" "Sure, it's second nature to him, sor! Bad cess to him!" with another quick glance of defiance at Rosenthal. The president said quickly,

"You're right, Lannigan. Mr. Seibert has too much temperament. . . ."

"Timper, plain and simple, I'd call it, sor! Well, thin I goes back to the gate, and talks a bit. Pretty soon Seibert and Hardell come out in Seibert's car. Seibert, contrary to his custom, speaks to us! He says, 'Goodnight, men!' and Hardell, who's always been in the habit of exchangin' a word whin he comes and goes, sings out, 'It's a great life if you don't weaken!' I'm tellin' this, sor, because whilst I niver had much use fer a dirty bum like Hardell, he knows how to treat a man decent whin he meets him!"

"YOU could swear that Seibert and Hardell went out of this studio . . . together . . . at that time, Lannigan?" said Smith with sudden sharpness.

"And why couldn't I swear it? Ain't it the truth?" bridled the little Irishman.

"And what time did they go?"

"Just before I wint over to have me lunch, as I said . . . it was 12:17 by me clock, sor, and that was the time MacDougal marked them out."

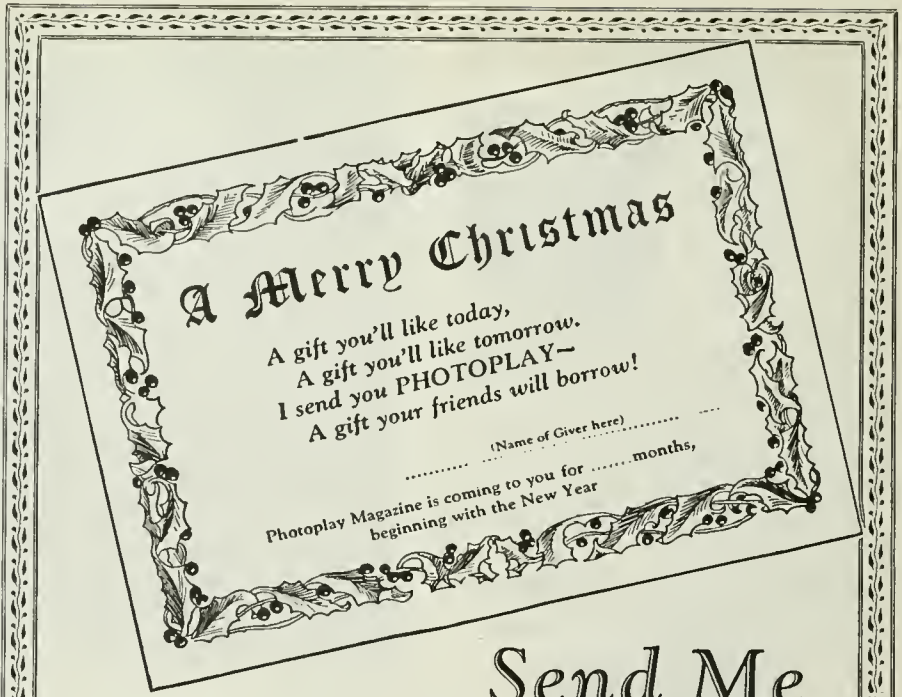
"All right. Now, did you see any more dark figures?"

"Right after I hears the banshee, I sees wan skeedaddlin' across the lawn from Stage Six. . . ."

"Lannigan, you're night watchman of this studio, aren't you?"

"I am thot!" "Then wouldn't it have been your duty to investigate these queer happenings?"

"Sure, and didn't I want to do that very thing, sor? Didn't I tell Mac me suspicions? And what does he say to me? He says I niver seen that first figger at all . . . that the only woman on the lot is Miss Beaumont, and I can see by her light she's up in her room, and the other wan he says is Billy West makin' a sneak fer the stage as soon as he can to get his script! And the third, which same I sees after I hears the banshee, Mac won't hear to at all! He tells me it's me ignorant Irish superstition, and if I thinks I hears a banshee, which same I couldn't have heard at all, there not bein' any



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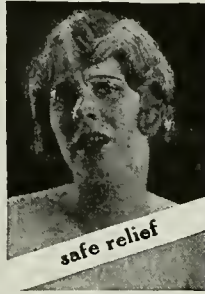
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such cratures, why thin of course I couldn't have seen any other dark figger . . ." and Lannigan spat disgustedly on his hands and rubbed them.

"And so he wouldn't encourage you to make a search of the lot?"

"Encourage me? Not him. I was goin' to ask him to come along . . . but I sees he thinks I'm a damn fool. . . ."

"But you heard that banshee . . . don't forget that!" said Smith insistently.

"I AIN'T likely to forget it, nor would ye be yerself, sor!" snapped Lannigan impatiently. Smith smiled,

"That's right. Now Lannigan, who do you really think that last dark figure was?"

"Judgin' by what's been goin' on this lot fer some time past, I'd say it was MacDougal's daughter, which same inference is what made Mac so mad the first time I told him . . ."

"The first time?"

"Well, you see, sor, not knowin' there was any lady on the lot whin I sees that first dark figger goin' in the direction of Hardell's room, I thinks to meself it must be Mac's daughter. Which same I would not have mentioned to him only he made me mad whin he pokes fun at me fer me Irish superstitions . . ."

"Did you tell him you thought it was his daughter?"

"Not in so many words, sor . . . but he knew what I meant."

"Hm . . . I understand his daughter has been mixed up with Hardell. Perhaps you know about that?"

"I could tell you things would open yer eyes, sor . . . which same I finds out whin I makes me round of the stages at night!"

A groan came from Rosenthal. He banged his fist down on his desk. Not with a crash, but softly . . . hopelessly.

"On my lot! On my stages! The dirty low-lifer!" he muttered. He was overcome with an overwhelming sense of his impotency. He had made the unwritten law . . . and how they had broken it . . . broken it to the end that murder had been committed. The realization that he had not, after all, controlled the behavior of the people who worked for him in such things, sobered him and saddened him.

"So it made MacDougal mad, did it? Then I take it, he doesn't like this affair between his daughter and Hardell. . . ."

"Like it? He turns cold as an icicle, and mutters he'll kill the man if he catches 'em. . . ."

"You've heard him say that?"

"Didn't I just say I had? I ain't the only wan. Others have heard him, too. The day watchman, fer wan."

"And what time did you suggest to him that you might have seen his daughter? Was it before, or after, you went across for your lunch?"

"Before. Shortly after midnight, it was, sor."

"That's all for the present, Lannigan, thank you," said Smith then.

"If it's not askin' too much, sor, will you tell me what happened last night?" burst from the little man.

"Dwight Hardell was murdered on Stage Six."

"Holy Mither o' God!" breathed Lannigan, and crossed himself piously.

"Lannigan, could MacDougal go to Stage Six while you were out on your round, and you not see that he was missing from the gate?"

"Sure, and he could . . ." started the Irishman, and checked himself. "You're niver thinkin' old Mac did the deed, mister?"

"It appears he had a desire to see Hardell dead . . ."

"Saints presairve us. . . ."

"I WISH to know vat made you tink Lannigan heard a scream . . . a banshee . . ." inquired Rosenthal.

"Two and two make four," smiled Smith. "The woman who fled the set was so frightened she left her finger marks in blood on the canvas door."

"More likely than not, she screamed!"

"But . . ." and Rosenthal leaned forward quickly, and Smith was surprised at the evidence of real probing into the matter in his statement.

"But . . . you say she screamed and left blood marks at the same time . . . vell, Mr. Smith, maybe she pricks her own finger! . . . Mr. Seibert tells us he and Hardell are not on the lot at the time Lannigan tells us he heard



the banshee . . . who you tell me was the woman who dipped her hand in Hardell's life blood! If we are to believe Seibert, and MacDougal and Lannigan, Hardell was in Hollywood at the time you make out he was on my lot . . . murdered!"

"Bravo!" applauded the detective. "Keep this up and we'll want you on our force!" Then, soberly, "You've hit the monkey wrench in the machinery, all right! There's a hitch somewhere. Maybe Lannigan's clock was an hour out of the way. We'll have to check up. Anyway, there's something rotten in Denmark about it! Well, we'll talk to MacDougal . . . that daughter of his now."

"That is foolishness! I know that little girl. She is vid my cousin ofer at Killing Komedies! She is vild, yes, but she is not a murderer! Neffer vill I belief that!"

"MacDougal, then?"

Rosenthal shrugged.

"Of course I should not want to think that of him, either, but . . . he is a queer fellow . . . quiet, and . . . well, you see him yourself!"

#### CHAPTER IX

"WHILE Clancy is getting MacDougal over, I'll step in to your restaurant and have a bite," said Smith, unfolding his long length from Abraham Rosenthal's all too comfortable chair. The president of Superior Films drew a sucking breath of regret.

"Tsk! So! You haff not yet had your lunch! Ve vill go right away . . ."

"I want to go alone." The detective could be abruptly truthful at times.

"I want time to mill over this testimony . . . and I want to study your people. Also . . . I have taken a lot of your time today," he amended.

Even the news of the murder could not quite quell that irrepressible spirit of . . . Smith stopped a moment in his tracks to analyze it. What was it? On every hand he caught the tag-end of a bantering remark . . . the last chuckle of a burst of laughter! These people about him seemed to be playing . . . always playing . . . even that morning, when the director, Bonet, was roaring orders through his megaphone, and there was the apparent nerve-tension of catching a mob at the psychological moment . . . of gathering and holding the many ends that went to make up the successful photographing of the scene by three variously angled cameras, trained on a constantly shifting group of humanity . . . taking in with each turn the action of individuals and stars alike (Smith thought of certain "snapshots" he had taken, and how everything always seemed to get in the way and to worry him) even in that period, when certainly those picture folk were working, and working hard . . . he had felt the undercurrent of, as Rosenthal had said, "kidding." Earlier in the afternoon, wandering about the lot by himself, after his study of Stage Six, and its grim figure, he had peeked into a set where an old man sat thumbing over some faded yellow letters, and weeping weakly all over his long beard.

UP until the instant the camera started, this old man was jazzing his body in his chair . . . snapping his thumbs, and entertaining the rest of the company with a running fire of ludicrous comment!

Then, the "snapping" into the scene . . . the tears, welling up as easily as though from a faucet turned on . . . the "Cut" shouted by the director, and the old man jumping up with alacrity,

"Me for a coke, fellows! Never too old to drink. Gimme a bottle." Then slapping his own wrist as he spilled a drop on the long false beard.

"Naughty! Naughty! Papa spank!"

It wasn't what they said, so much as the way they said it. The laughter . . . bubbling all the time underneath . . . the happy-go-lucky, comradely joy of life, effervescing beneath the surface! The doing seriously of

serious scenes, but the never taking seriously, of themselves! Smith felt the charm of it. He had a moment's wistful hunger to be one of them . . . to love life, and live it to the full, as these people loved it, and lived it!

Like the little girl from Kansas he thought longingly of the beauty that money could buy, and how these people were surrounded with it on every side. Even the most ordinary and lowly object of furnishing, was made a work of art! He wanted to climb on the band wagon and join the gay throng . . . to go laughing and shouting merrily down the road of life! He thought of these people as holding their lips to a brimming cup . . . a cup in which all the desires that life brought to one, were jammed and packed!

THEN he went into the commissary, and met his first contact with the caste system of the studios. Rosenthal had told him to take a table at the end of the room farthest from the door. He had wondered why. Now he caught it all in a glance. Near the door were extras, eating belated luncheons like his own . . . or having tea, or drinks. Then came people who seemed to him to have more importance. Up near where Rosenthal had told him to sit he recognized two famous motion picture stars. He laughed to himself as he sat down. There were no marked divisions of the room, but the divisions were there! He felt that it would surely follow out that way throughout the industry. The extras to the extras, and the stars to the stars. He realized what a hard won fight it must be to reach the brimming cup! As he was finishing his coffee, a waitress came to him.

"You are Mr. Smith? Mr. Rosenthal said you would be at his table. You are wanted on the phone."

"That you, chief? I've got the guy."

"Has he learned what has happened?"

"Nope. He was reading his paper in his kitchen, but you know there wasn't nothin' in it."

"Well, don't tell him. I'm coming right over."

THE difference in Clancy's attitude towards this man, compared to that he used towards Lannigan, was in itself sufficient evidence of the difference in the two witnesses. As tall as Smith and with an upright, military bearing not so different from Seibert's. Level, blue eyes, staring out calmly, almost bleakly, from under beetling, bushy sandy eyebrows. A massive face, without rounded contours. High cheek bones, a long straight nose, above full but firmly moulded lips, the whole dominated by a strong, square jaw.

A sandy mustache clipped squarely, and adding to the grim look of efficiency which gave out from him.

"A hard man . . . and a set one," said Smith to himself. Then he rose and held out his hand.

"Royal Northwest Mounted Police, I understand, MacDougal?"

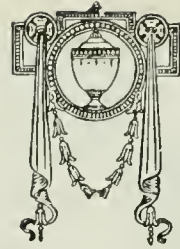
"Eight years, sir." Then to Rosenthal, "You wished to see me?"

"Captain Smith wishes to ask you some questions," answered the president of Superior Films, waving him to a chair with his fat hand, in which one of his choice cigars smoked fragrantly. Ignoring Rosenthal's frown and out thrust lower lip, Smith tendered the gate-man a cigar from the open box on the desk, and started to light a match for it. But MacDougal put out his hand in refusal.

"Thank you. I smoke a pipe," he said courteously.

Smith sensed the pride in the tone. The man would not accept one of the president's cigars, offered by another than himself! It was one of those straws which show the way the wind blows. Smith knew the unbending nature of this man's make-up on the instant.

"MacDougal," he said without preamble, "there was a murder committed on this lot last night!" He said it with his eyes narrowed, and every intuitive help he possessed trained



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on the gateman. He saw a sudden tightening of the other man's attitude. Then,

"Who was it?" MacDougal asked quietly.

"Hardell."

"Hardell? He left the lot with Seibert, and he did not come back!"

"That's what I wanted to know. He didn't come back you say, and yet . . . he was found murdered this morning on Stage Six!" and Smith looked searchingly at the other. "So you see, he must have come back!"

"NOT through the gate, Captain!" asserted MacDougal quickly.

"Could he have gotten in any other way?"

"I do not see how he could!"

Smith pondered this, and then evidently thought better not to probe farther. Instead he said,

"Are you in the habit of going across with Lannigan to eat lunch?"

"Not in the habit of it, sir, but I did step across last night. It was a mean night. Cold and foggy."

"Hm . . . much fog?"

"Thick as pea soup."

"When you went across . . . did you lock the gate?"

"If I do go over, I usually lock the gate. Last night, however, we had people on the lot, which is not customary so late. Thinking they might be wanting to leave, I left the little door open."

"What people were on the lot?"

"Miss Beaumont and Mr. West."

"No one else. No other . . . woman?"

MacDougal met his eyes squarely,

"The nurse in the hospital. That's all," he said.

"YOUR time sheet shows that Miss Beaumont did not leave until 1:30 A. M., and that Billy West left ten minutes later," said Smith glancing at the record which had been sent over from the Production Office earlier in the day.

"That is right, Captain."

"Then, MacDougal, you did not see them leave while you were in the lunch room?"

"No, sir."

"Were you sitting with your back to the street, depending on your sixth sense to make you turn when anyone approached the gate?"

"Hardly, sir! The counter runs, also, along the side. By sitting on the end seat, I can easily keep my face turned towards the boulevard. I did not take my eyes off the gate for the short time Lannigan and I were there."

"But no one left the lot, during that time?"

"No, sir."

"Then, MacDougal, if you did not see anyone leave, how can you be sure someone did not enter? In short, you do not know, for certain, whether you could see a person going through the gate, from that distance, in that fog . . . do you?"

"Putting it that way, I do not, sir," admitted the man without hedging.

"Putting it that way, MacDougal, we have only the word of Seibert that he drove Hardell to Hollywood . . . as yet. What was to prevent his dropping Hardell a short distance from the studio, and Hardell coming back . . . to . . . meet your daughter!" said the detective significantly. For an instant the Scotchman's face took on a hard look. He opened and shut his well-knit, strong hands, on his knee. When he spoke, however, his voice was quiet . . . direct.

"You've no right, Captain, to bring my daughter into this! I will grant you this much. Seibert could have dropped Hardell a short distance, and Hardell might have slipped through the gate when I was across the street. Why he came back I cannot say!"

The detective sat for a moment holding the other's eyes with his own. Failing to force the Scotchman to evade his gaze, he said directly,

"MacDougal, if you had gone over to Stage Six on your return, could Lannigan have seen you?"

"Lannigan went immediately to the stage himself, to see about a light. Then he went to the storeroom, to get a new globe. I could have gone to the stage and entered from this end, while he was leaving by the other, or walking away from the stage at the other end, with his back to me. It would have been easy," said MacDougal, unhesitatingly.

"I thought so. . . . MacDougal, are those the shoes you wore last night?"

"No. I have to be on my feet, as you know, and I wear rubber heels when on duty."

A NOISE came from Rosenthal, and Smith shot him a warning glance for silence.

"MacDougal, a man wearing rubber heeled shoes stood at the side of the dead body of Hardell, stepped over it, and walked across the stage! He left a trail of bloody footprints!"

An inscrutable look came into the ex-redcoat's face.

"That could be a clue . . . or a plant . . ." he said quickly.

"Correct. Before we assume it to be a plant, we will assume it to be a clue. I shall have to see the shoes you wore last night, MacDougal!"

"Certainly."

"Why did you refuse to accompany Lannigan on a search of the lot to investigate the figures he saw?"

MacDougal smiled with a certain scorn.

"You do not know Lannigan like I do. However, I did not refuse to accompany him. He did not ask me. If I humored all his hallucinations, I'd spend my time touring the lot!"

"Hm . . . You accounted for one of the figures as being West. You did not explain the other two. MacDougal, I believe that the figure Lannigan saw following the scream of 'the banshee' was your daughter!"

"My daughter was not on the lot!" came the retort, cold and crisp.

"You did not mark her in, no!" . . . agreed Smith significantly.

"Do you think, sir, that I would abet my daughter in meeting a man like Hardell? Do you think I would admit her to the lot, and try to conceal it? I have forbidden her the lot after dark!"

MacDougal's eyes held dignity and pain. Smith sensed the depth of his love for this wayward girl.

"I think that there are angles of this case which, so far, are baffling. . ." returned Smith impatiently.

"I APPRECIATE your position, Captain," said the gateman quietly.

"Then you appreciate the fact that, regardless of your feelings, I must get at the bottom of this!" snapped Smith. "Where was your daughter last night? Do you know?"

After a moment's hesitation, MacDougal said,

"I do not know."

"Where was she when you returned home this morning?"

"She sometimes has to be on the lot . . . where she works, Killing Komedies . . . early. She had gone."

"Do you know that she had gone to Killing Komedies?"

"I have no reason to think otherwise."

"We will check that up right now," returned the detective, looking at Rosenthal.

"I will haff my secretary find out," said the president.

When Smith again looked at MacDougal the man's face had whitened about the mouth.

"You have Miss Beaumont marked out at 1:30 A. M. and West ten minutes later. What reason can you give for them to be on the lot so late?"

"Miss Beaumont came out to read a new script, which she had promised to have finished by today. I expect she was reading it. There was a light in her room. I cannot account for West remaining so late. He came to get his script book which he had left on the set. He was forced to wait until Seibert finished, as



Seibert sometimes allows no one on the set . . . not even his assistant. Why he remained after that I cannot tell you."

"Did you notice anything unusual in the manner of either one of them, when leaving?"

"Miss Beaumont is very often in a state of excitement. That is her nature. She becomes enthusiastic over things and is friendly to everyone. She seemed nervous . . . and . . . what we might say, 'flighty' . . . late last night. Whether it was anything unusual, or just the nervous reaction from reading a highly dramatic story, so late at night, I cannot say. She feels her rôles intensely."

Smith realized that MacDougal was a keen observer of human nature, and also an intelligent one.

"How about West?"

"Nothing unusual, beyond the fact that he looked a bit hollow-eyed. That is customary after a long grind with Seibert, however!"

"Are you sure?"

"The position of assistant director is that of a buffer between the production office and the director. He is between . . . the devil and the deep blue sea, or, to be more specific, between the efficiency of the production office, which balks at recognizing temperament, and the artistic abandon of the director, who cannot comprehend the position of the production office! With a man such as Seibert, the assistant's job is a doubly nerve-racking one."

"Thanks," said Smith.

He sat a moment, looking down at the little red book on his knee. Then he said:

"MACDOUGAL, you cannot swear that Miss Beaumont was in her room all the time her light was on? You cannot swear that Lannigan did not see her running down the corridor, and the stairs, towards Hardell's room?"

"No, sir. I cannot swear that."

"You cannot swear that Billy West was in his office, as you suppose, during all the time he was on the lot?"

"No, sir. I cannot swear to that."

"You cannot swear that Hardell could not have re-entered while you were at lunch?"

"No, sir. I cannot swear to that."

"Lannigan cannot swear that you did not leave your post after returning to the lot, and go over to Stage Six?"

"Unless he made it a point of watching me, which I am sure he did not, I cannot swear to that."

"Why are you sure he did not?" was the quick follow-up from Smith at this.

"I modify that. I assume that he did not."

"Where were you when a scream came from the direction of Stage Six?"

"I did not hear such a scream."

At this point Rosenthal's secretary knocked at the door, and was bidden to enter.

"Beth MacDougal left Killing Komedies yesterday afternoon, because she was feeling ill, and did not go to work this morning," she reported.

CHAPTER X

BILLY WEST swallowed the last scraps of that part of the note he had been able to conceal when he wrestled for its possession with Clancy. The silhouette of Yvonne, against the light, laying it on Hardell's dressing table, had leaped into his mind the minute he had come on the lot, and the office boy, had . . . but we are getting ahead of our scene.

Now he smiled wryly to himself, and thought that he would never again deride the foolish actions of people under stress of emotion, for no sooner had he laboriously gotten down the last morsel when he realized that so long as the police had a fraction of the mauve note paper, even minus the signature and monogram, they would trace it down! Had anyone told him yesterday he would be doing such a stupid thing, he would have snorted contemptuously. "You're cock-eyed and crazy!"

He wondered angrily if he had completely lost his wits over this thing. It made him more furious at himself because he knew this was a time in which every sense he possessed must be used to the utmost.

He looked, even as the president of Superior Films had looked, at the autographed photographs on his walls. Yesterday they had been pictured faces of people he liked, and who liked him! Now they seemed to withdraw from him, and became a part of another existence . . . his past! They became dream people, in a dream existence. What was nightmarishly real to him was the fact that he was sitting locked in his own office, with the broad back of a sergeant of police patrolling his window, and the suspicion of murder darkening his future. Yet not a twinge of regret for the man lying in his blood out on Stage Six agitated him. In fact, he did not think of him at all.

HIS thoughts were milling in a desperate circle about himself and Yvonne. Yvonne, her grey eyes, swept by heavy lashes, looking at him pleadingly. Her quick, pretty little movements re-visioning themselves in his brain. Her small pale hands, thrown out in a gesture of appeal . . . and . . . her dainty body stiffening furiously as she stood with the telephone in her hand, talking to Hardell in her apartment the night before! What had happened after that? He remembered the night as a long dwelling in Gethsemane. He had been betrayed. His love of Yvonne had been betrayed . . . by Hardell. He knew he had been in a condition when any extreme act might have been possible. He knew he had even thought murder, in his heart. . . .



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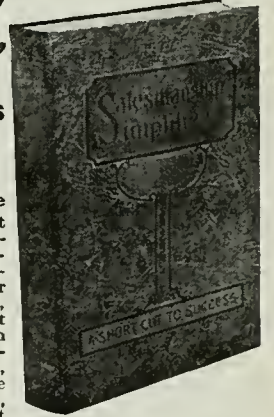
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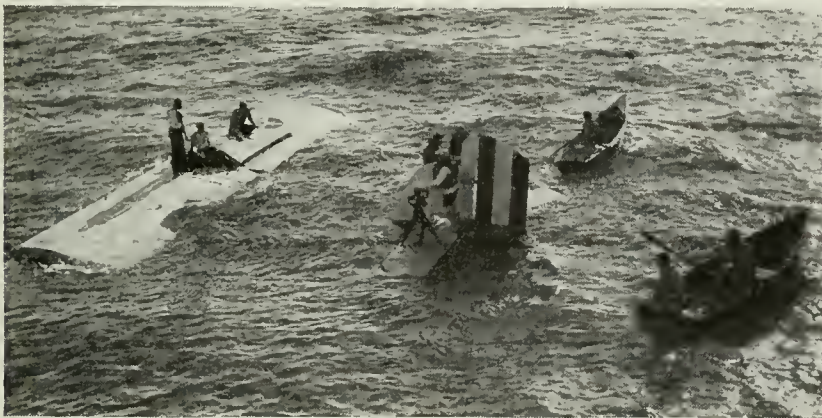
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Coming as something comforting was the thought of the office boy, who had found Hardell. Because he must keep his mind busy or go crazy, he went over the little scene as it had happened that morning.

The office boy's name was Jimmy, as is the name of many an office boy. He hated Seibert and he worshipped Billy West.

Billy was a war ace and had killed the enemy from the air. He was a being set apart, even in a world knowing the common aftermath of war.

When the assistant director came on the Superior Films lot the morning Hardell was discovered murdered, he had seen Jimmy hunched strangely in a chair behind the rail which divided the privileged from the unprivileged in Rosenthal's outer office.

"What's matter, old pal?" Jimmy looked up, greenly, at the hand on his shoulder.

"Nothin' . . ."  
"You look sick. Hospital for you, kid, and castor oil!"

"I'm all right. Honest, Billy!"  
"Honest, Jimmy?"

HOW could he lie to his hero? He evaded the frank brown eyes looking down at him, waiting for the truth. He wriggled uncomfortably.

"Jimmy, have you been smoking again?"  
"No. Honest I haven't," but still the evasive eyes that could not meet the brown ones. Silence. Billy did not believe him. Without another word he was turning away. Jimmy caught at his arm. . . .

"I . . . it isn't my fault, Billy, honest. . . . I do feel sick, but . . . I promised not to tell anyone. . . ."

"Then don't," briefly, from Billy. There was a moment in which Jimmy pondered. He'd given his word of honor to Billy not to smoke until he was eighteen years old. He had not given his word of honor to Rosenthal. At the worst Rosenthal would only fire him. If Billy thought he'd lied to him . . . he'd lose him for a friend. He couldn't do that. He gulped, and cast a swift look at the door of Rosenthal's inner office. He clutched Billy somewhere about the middle.

"Hardell's murdered on Stage Six. I . . . kicked him!" he breathed in a rush, partly remembered terror at that gruesome figure. He felt Billy's body go taut in his encircling arms. Billy did not speak. He looked up at his face. It was white.

Then, without a word, and with a wild look in those frank brown eyes, his hero put him firmly from him, and strode out the way he had come.

Frantically Jimmy's vivid young imagination, which had lapsed into coma under the startling reality of what he had seen, leaped into action. With the sophistication of the modern youngster he began putting two and two together, Billy and Yvonne. Yvonne and Hardell. It made four! He recoiled from the thought of Billy having so brutally killed a man. Then he remembered war. Of course. Human lives were nothing to an ace who had snuffed out the existence of countless of the enemy.

And then Jimmy listened with a sickened heart to a strange sound about him. It was the shattering of the cymbals of the Glory of War!

ROSENTHAL'S desk phone rang. Captain of Detectives Smith was treated to a family portrait of the head executive of Superior Films.

"Yes, yes, sure it is me, mama! Vat? Didn't I have Miss Dunham phone you I was busy, mama? Vell, I am busy! Now, mama, vat a thing to say! I am all alone, except for . . ." and Rosenthal rolled his liquid brown eyes over to Smith, and hesitated. His statement was an unfortunate one.

There was quite a lengthy return from the other end of the wire, under which the generous body of the head executive wriggled apologetically for Smith's benefit. With one

fat hand waving in the air, he put his lips close to the phone.

"Now, Izzie, you be a good boy and go to bed. Papa is not coming home yet avile. Izzie, I tell you papa is busy! Vell you please to behave yourself? All right . . . all right . . . I will get it tomorrow. Now go to bed right away, and don't bother your mama!"

When he had hung up the phone he turned to Smith, and threw out his hands in a helpless gesture.

"Everything that boy wants! He thinks his papa is made of money!" A complaint with pride in it!

" . . . aren't you? . . ." drawled Smith, with a smile.

"I am made of vorry right now," returned Rosenthal lugubriously, adding, "Vell, if ye are to haff our dinner and get through vid this mess tonight, ve had better go offer to the commissary right away."

"You succeeded in locating Miss Beaumont?"

"Yes. Her maid tells my secretary she has gone to Newport Beach. Right away I send a message to her friend's yacht, and she says she vill be here at 8:30. Vell, it is now 8 o'clock. Ve got to hurry."

"Hm. . . . I want to question West first. Can we have a sandwich and a bottle of something to drink sent over?"

"Sure . . . I get it right away."

Smith thought it must be the first time Rosenthal's shining mahogany desk had been utilized as a lunch counter, and then was a little surprised to see the door open and a table brought in.

The sandwich and bottle of something to drink materialized into fried chicken . . . and a bottle of something very choice to drink . . . salad, dessert and coffee.

"Vat you think about MacDougal?" asked Rosenthal, looking up from a crisp chicken wing.

"THAT he is the darnedest liar in the bunch, so far," returned Smith promptly.

"Tsk!" exclaimed Rosenthal, his eyes widening.

"Absolutely. He knows something he's not telling. The minute I pin that murder on his daughter, he's going to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery that will make it impossible for me to get a conviction."

"Vell, maybe his daughter didn't do it!"

"Maybe. I tell you, Rosenthal, all my evidence is up in the air. There are too many clues and too many suspects!"

"MacDougal iss not a murderer," returned the other thoughtfully.

"No. He's only a killer!" exclaimed Smith dryly.

"Vat is the difference?"

"Just this. I'm not a murderer, but I'm a killer if necessity demands. There are men who would step around a rattlesnake, and others who would stop to kill it. If MacDougal killed Hardell, he did it in the same way he would kill a rattlesnake . . . as deliberately. He's hard, and he's clever. He knows just how he's going to handle this thing, and he's got it all planned out. His training as a Redcoat gives him the advantage. He knows the law!"

The detective drained his glass with appreciative eyes looking over its rim. Then he said: "If you don't mind, I'll have Clancy bring West in now. I want to get him out of the way before Miss Beaumont comes."

"Sure, I am through, myself," returned the president courteously. He rang and had the table removed. The two men leaned back and puffed luxuriously.

CAPTAIN SMITH saw a good looking young man, in whose brown eyes lay a baffled look. He was cornered, and he knew it, and while his face showed a certain desperation . . . a hunted expression . . . it also showed a hesitancy at making a break for freedom. "There's something more in this than he's going to tell me," Smith told himself,



and immediately took on an entirely different attitude than the ones in which he had questioned Lannigan and MacDougal. Rosenthal felt a mounting resentment and surprise, in which he regretted his quick intimacy with the man. It was all he could do to keep from throwing him out of his office, when Smith shut him up tersely because of a protest at the detective's ruthless methods with the young assistant director. Perhaps, if Rosenthal had not been honestly fond of Billy . . . but he was . . .

"And so, you say you only went to the set for your script? Would that take you two hours?"

"What I did after getting my script is my own affair, sir!"

"You're wrong, my boy! Perhaps you'll feel more like explaining your actions when you've spent a night in jail!"

"You have no evidence upon which to give you a right to arrest me!"

"You are already arrested! Sergeant Clancy arrested you! What you mean is, that you have given me no evidence upon which to release you!"

"You will have to prove what you say!"

"I expect to! Where was Miss Beaumont after Seibert and Hardell left the lot?"

Billy West shut his lips.

"All right, if you won't answer that, perhaps you will this. Who was the woman you talked to while on the set . . . after Seibert had left?"

"I DID not talk to any woman!"

"I found a woman's finger marks . . . in blood . . . on the canvas door!" snapped Smith significantly.

Billy started perceptibly, and Smith could see he was holding his breath in a manner that told the detective his heart had leaped . . . startled.

"When we match up those prints with the ones on the note you so obligingly tried to secret . . . written by Miss Beaumont . . . we will know the identity of the woman who made those prints," he stated with finality in his voice, as though it were already a settled question, and adding, as if by an afterthought, "Miss Beaumont was the only woman who came on the lot last night, according to the gateman's testimony and time sheet!"

Billy West steadied himself against a sudden whirling of things around him. His already haggard young face grew more so. Smith pursued his advantage.

"Miss Beaumont . . . your sweetheart . . . has all but confessed to the deed in her letter. Did you have time to read it?"

"No. Just saw her name and handwriting and thought you'd better get it out of the way, eh? Well . . . perhaps, if you had read it, you would know . . ."

"Stop! I'll make a clean breast of it. I did it!"

Smith relaxed back in his chair, a slight smile of satisfaction on his face. Rosenthal groaned.

"Mine Gott, Billy! Vy did you! Vy did you! The dirty low-lifer . . . and you should ruin yourself for him!"

"Don't worry, Mr. Rosenthal . . . it doesn't matter . . . it's all right . . ." and the pale faced young man smiled bitterly.

"BILLEE! Why have you the handcuffs on?"

Every man in the room turned to look at her. She stood leaning against the door, her grey, dusky-lashed eyes, wide with terror, her sweet red mouth quivering. Rosenthal was immediately at her side, with one huge, comforting arm about her.

"Shu! Shu! Yvonne . . ." he was saying, patting her soothingly . . . and yet finding no words with which to lie to her. She put him gently but firmly from her.

"I'm all right, Rosey . . . I must know the truth! Billee! Talk to me! I have heard when I come on the lot that Dwight is murdered! Tell me! You . . . didn't . . ." she stopped, and her great eyes, now tear-filled, questioned him.

"He says he did, Miss Beaumont," said Smith quietly. The girl wheeled on him, her tremulous grief all consumed in the instant flash of her temper.

"Says he did! And you . . . a detective . . . you believe him! You put on the handcuffs just for that! Bah! That is American . . . stupefied! In Paris . . ."

"I am aware that in Paris you have some master criminologists," interrupted Smith smoothly, "but even in your native city, I imagine a confession is given some credence until proved untrue!"

"Ah . . . you agree it must be proved! I ask you, what proof have you now . . . that Billee did this so terrible thing . . . what proof beside his silly word?"

"We arrested him because he was found in Hardell's room . . . taking a note from his dressing table . . . a note, written by you!"

She laughed scornfully.

"And because of that, you try to make him think I did it! Then, natural . . . he tells you he did it himself! Is it not what any man would do, M'sieur? I ask you? And you believe him? *Non!* He did not! Billee, foolish one, tell him the truth!"

"Yvonne . . ." He looked up miserably, and stopped. What could he say? There was nothing to say. He could not tell the truth! "Vere well! I tell it myself, then! It was I . . . I, M'sieur, who came out here last night to meet Mistair Hardell! Because he have some letters of mine. . ."

[CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

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## The Stars That Never Were

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

his way over to the set. And engaged in aimless converse with some of the younger Chinamen who were also extras. The talk, though unintelligible to the occidental listener, had to do evidently with the star. For fingers were pointed in the direction of the star's dressing room, and heads were shaken.

The blonde girl—who played opposite the star—was watching, from the sidelines. Although her part in the picture—even to the last soft focus closeups, was quite done. She had never before known the Oriental star—she had been chosen, solely, for her silvery beauty which contrasted so desperately with his darkness. And, whether it was the newness of the type to her, or the man's very real fascination, she was quite evidently captured by his charm. And so they had lunched together, often, during the picture's making. And she had ap-

peared in the star's scarlet roadster, more than once. And folk said—*But you know what rumor is!*

Anyway—the blonde girl was watching. And, as the extras gesticulated and pointed and asked and answered questions, she turned to the director.

"A kind of a weird lot, aren't they?" she questioned, idly.

The director answered. His answer was not so idle, either.

"You don't seem—" he said rather nastily—"to think so!"

The girl blushed. Her silvery fairness was swallowed up in a tide of cerise. Which is rare in your studio—and which shocked the director!

"If you mean Wing—" said the girl, hotly (for folk laughed and said that the Oriental

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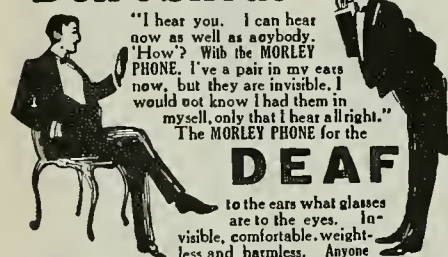


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star was named after a collar!) "why, you can shut up. See? He's different from the rest."

The director spoke sharply. For he liked the blonde girl and her blush, to him, had been a danger signal!

"Yeah—" he answered, "I mean *Wing*. And he's not different from the rest. Not so as you can notice it. He's a darn good actor—I'll grant you that! And he's got b.o. appeal—and he makes money for the old man. But he's a best bet for white women to like when he's on the screen. Get me? *On the screen*. Because, off it, he's yellow—as yellow as that old geezer over there!" He pointed, with an angry megaphone, toward the old Chinaman who—blear eyed and brooding—had moved away from the other extras. And—

"He'll look like that, himself, some day—Wing will!" added the director.

**B**UT the blonde girl did not hear him. For the star, in the ragged garments of an alien race, had come out of his dressing room. And was walking toward her. And—

"It was—" he said—"so kind of you to come. This last scene—you will inspire it!" And then, so low that the director could only sense it, "*My dear!*"

The blonde girl was blushing again. She didn't speak. But she extended her hand. And the star took it in his own. Not took it—*seized it*. And kissed it suddenly and openly, palm up, with a curious hunger. A hunger that the director turned from suddenly—and that the extras watched with blank faces and curiously alive eyes.

All except the old Chinaman who was hunched up against a plaster of Paris column—and who might have been dozing, so still he was!

The director turned away from what appeared to be a real love scene, in the making. And beckoned to the script girl. And then, all at once, he was talking to the light boys, the property men. And then—quite as if he was anxious to be through with it—he had called to the waiting group of Chinamen.

"Just act natural," he explained to them briefly, "act like you were walking down one of your own streets. Going about your own business. Forget that Wing's the star—he's just one of you fellows. You're not curious about him. . . . He walks down the street, among you, and goes into that door—" he pointed to the gaudily painted joss house. "And then—that's all!"

The Chinamen stood about. Almost statue-like in their stillness. All except the one old man who had seemed asleep. With an odd agility he had crossed the set. And had settled down against the joss house door. In a dozing, forgetful-of-self attitude. It was toward him that the director gestured.

"See that," he said, to his best camera man. "Absolutely natural. Nothing studied about that pose! The old fellow's the keynote of age—and futility—and the whole race. Get him—a lot of him!"

The camera man trained his lenses on the slumped, careless figure. And the director turned toward the star. Trying, quite avidly, to be affable.

"I think," he began, "that we'd better—" But the star did not seem to hear.

"IT'S amazing that so many of them turned up," he was saying, "for tomorrow—it will be the beginning of our New Year. And, the day before the Chinese New Year, your average Chinaman is very busy. It is our custom, you know, to at this time clean the slate of all old business. To pay all debts on this day. We—as a nation—begin the New Year, always, clean—"

The silvery blonde head of the leading lady was bent. She murmured something unintelligible.

And again the director spoke. Not quite so affably this time.

"If that's the case," he told his star, "perhaps we'd better get on the job. We can't hold up production for a week—you folks

celebrate for a whole week, don't you? And it costs just—"

The star threw out his slim, olive tinted hands. In a gesture of finality.

"Always, in this profession," he said, "there are two spectres. Money—and time. We, of the Orient, are leisurely. We can afford to lose a week, if we wish, to make holiday. But I"—he nodded to the director—"can see your point. And I am ready. For there may be some re-takes—"

Only—there were no re-takes!

**A**S he watched the star step into character—as he watched the aching droop of the star's shoulders, and the weary slouch that grew into his legs—the director was forced to admit the man's artistry. Here he had no necessity of telling an actor what to do. This star was, always, a part of his part. He did not act it—he lived it.

"I really," said the blonde leading lady, as she saw him walking toward the built in street, "I really feel as if he *is* going out of my life. Actually—not as a part of the script!"

The director thrust savage hands into his pockets. It wasn't that he especially liked the blonde leading lady—but she was *so* blonde!

"I wish that he was," said the director. "going out of it!" And then, grudgingly—"But the boy does know his celluloid. He can—act!"

Yes, he could act! There was no doubt about that. As the star walked down the street there was an air of suspense about the whole manner of his walking. It even, in some intangible way, became a part of the street, itself. It even ate its way into the souls of the extras. For, though they noticed the star not at all, one felt that they were aware of him. As he jostled his way through the thickest of the throng—as he walked, apparently lost in thought, beneath a low hanging awning—the director found himself actually believing the continuity that was being followed. Something that your directors aren't, regrettably, able to do. Not very often! As the star paused for a second, on a corner, the leading lady's slim white fingers pressed close together. There was something so utterly lost in the droop of his shoulders—something so subtly heart-breaking in the very attitude of his hanging, empty hands.

"I feel," she whispered, "as if I'd like to call him back!"

**T**HE director—coming out of a dream, almost—snapped his answer.

"You talk," he said, "as if you're crazy about him. Well, it's not healthy for a girl like you to get crazy about a fellow like him. Even if he wasn't Chinese—which is barrier enough—there's nobody in Hollywood that knows a thing about him. He may have a wife and seven yellow kids down in San Francisco. He may—"

But the blonde star was speaking.

"If I am crazy about him," she said slowly. "it's my own business. Any way—lay off him *now*. Watch him, and learn something about your own business!"

For the Oriental star had come to the final moment. To the last episode of all. He had reached the joss house door—the door of the place of worship to which his fathers had come, before him!

You who saw "Other Gods." Didn't you sit close to the edge of your chair, during that last brief moment? In which the star tried to straighten his drooping shoulders—and failed? In which he gave one brief look over his shoulder, a painfully futile glance into a lost yesterday? Didn't you sigh as he stepped past the old Chinaman, into the shadows that shrouded the joss house doorway?

The blonde star, watching from just off the set—she sighed. And the director's face had lost its displeasure of a brief moment ago. And—

"That," he began. And then, all at once, he broke his sentence. Sharply. And—



"Hey, you," he called, "what th'—"

For the aged Chinaman, he whom the star had passed as he walked through the doorway, had come to his feet. He, whom the star had never deigned to notice, had whipped a knife from his ragged jacket—a knife that flashed in the sunlight. And he, too, his age lost in an expression of almost ecstatic cagerness, had stepped quietly through the shrouded doorway.

THERE wasn't a sound. That, perhaps, was why the leading lady went running across the set. Why the extras were suddenly scattering. Why the director pushed, first, through the doorway. Somehow he wasn't surprised at what he saw.

"Keep the girl out of here," he bellowed to the studio, at large. And then he bent over the still figure upon the dusty floor of the platform which supported the plaster columns of the joss house. Bent over, and straightened suddenly. To face an old Chinaman who stood, knife in hand. A knife that—for a grim reason—no longer caught the light.

But the old Chinaman had ceased to be a drab, futile figure.

There was an odd dignity in his bearing—one could, in imagination, clothe his body in the silks of a mandarin. Rather than in the rags it wore.

The director didn't speak. He only stared.

And so, simply and in perfect English, the old Chinaman answered an unvoiced question.

"He told my daughter, just a week ago, that he loved the white woman"—said the old Chinaman, calmly—"and that he was through with her. I did not know him; or of her—friendship—with him. I did not even know, until she told me, yesterday, that he should have made my daughter his wife. But when I sent a message to him he tore it. And laughed at my messenger. . . ." The old Chinaman touched the star's body, very gently, with the toe of one shabby slipper. And then—

"Tomorrow is our New Year," he said, "and the men of my race must always face that New Year clean. I had—a debt—to settle!"

## My Life—So Far

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95 ]

had a party with Gaynor and me for honor guests.

And then I made "7th Heaven" with another fine person, Frank Borzage. On the crest of my intense delight at two big pictures I made a comedy, "Two Girls Wanted," and, while I was laughing away my vivacious scenes, my Jonesy left us; my mother broke down at his passing and was whisked away to Charles Farrell's beach by Charlie where, for five days and nights, he made every effort to amuse her and distract her mind from our great loss.

Jonesy had lived to see the glory of the opening night of "7th Heaven." He had lived to hear the crowds hail Janet Gaynor as a new star. He had lived to see a dream which was almost an obsession come true. He had sat by my side in the darkened theater, with Herb Moulton at my left, with mother and Helen and my girl chum from San Francisco, and had heard the little staccato bursts of applause as Frank Borzage's picture unreel on the screen. In front of us sat Charles Farrell and whenever a particularly spontaneous burst of applause came Charlie would reach back and grab my hand, or I would pummel the neck of his dinner jacket.

But now Jonesy was gone. Mother had been in the hospital. The sudden shock of Jonesy's death had been bad for her health.

ALL about me, people were telling me how splendid I was as an actress. Women, far more experienced in the motion picture world than I was, would grasp my hand and tell me, in truth, that I had done things in my few pictures that they had longed to do. At this party and that, my praises were sung. I was getting three hundred dollars a week. Our expenses were mounting. Doctor bills and those of the hospital. I was now Janet Gaynor, star, not a little girl who could slip into an inexpensive gingham dress and pass unobserved. We must live in a nicer home. The one on Selma Avenue, just around the corner from where we had lived when we first came to Hollywood, was not adequate.

All about me people were telling me I should demand more money. I will admit that I was influenced. I went to Mr. Sheehan and told him I must have more money. I told him I wanted fifteen hundred dollars a week. Others on the lot, not as valuable, I thought, were getting as much, if not more. He told me "no," not yet. That "7th Heaven" was barely released; "Sunrise" not at all. That the Fox company was not yet realizing on the

amount of money they had expended on me. That they would make money and share it with me, later.

But bills kept coming in. Our Jonesy was gone. We were again three women dependent on each other. People were taking sides in the thing. Papers were coming out bludgeoning Mr. Sheehan; trying to force the Fox people to give me more money. Charles Farrell, who was getting one hundred and fifty a week, struck out for more. We were making "Street Angel" then. I think it was the saddest picture engagement I have ever had. I did not want Mr. Sheehan to think I was ungrateful to him and to the Fox company for what they had done for me. I knew I was so much chattel on which they had placed money, but I also felt that I was worth more money now, not later.

I had saved nothing from my previous salaries. There had been little to save.

I placed the whole thing in the hands of an attorney. I could not give my strength to "Street Angel" when I had to worry about my contractual difficulties. That gave rise to more talk.

It was a sad, a sickeningly sad, occurrence. I never want it to occur again.

It was settled finally; amiably and to my entire satisfaction.

My contract runs for five years, on a graduating scale at a rate that is exceedingly good to me.

I THINK I never felt so happy in my life as when I signed my new contract with Mr. Sheehan, cried a bit, and assured him that my loyalty and gratitude was his and had been his all the time.

It was after the difficulties had cleared that the company gave me my trip to New York, to Philadelphia, Chicago, with parties at Emil Fuchs' studio, at the Sherman House. Life was, and is, very full.

It is very full of pleasant pastimes and pleasant boys. Herb Moulton, now an ex-fiance, still a sweet and darling boy; Charlie Farrell, whom I adore as a fine friend; Lydell Peck of San Francisco, whom I also adore as a fine friend. Some day, it might be any day, I would like to marry.

I do not see why a screen career should hamper one from being an excellent wife. I might marry an actor. I might marry a broker or a lawyer.

But my great regret, and that of Gaynor's, is that Jonesy cannot be there, in flesh, to witness the wedding.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ADORATION"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Lajos Biro. Adapted by Winifred Dunn. Directed by Alexander Korda. The cast: *Elena*, Billie Dove; *Serge*, Antonio Moreno; *Muravjev*, Emile Chautard; *Ninette*, Lucy Draine; *Ivan*, Nicholas Bela; *Vladimir*, Nicholas Soussain; *Baroness*, Winifred Bryson; *Baron*, Lucien Prival.

"A MAN OF PEACE"—WARNERS.—Story by Joseph Jackson. Directed by Bryan Foy. Photography by Ed. B. Dupar. The cast: *Jane*, Ann McKay; *Tom*, Hobart Bosworth; *Trigger Eye*, Charles Middleton.

"AMAZING VAGABOND, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Wallace Fox. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Jimmy Hobbs*, Bob Steele; *Gro*, *Hobbs*, Tom Lingham; *Bill Wharton*, Jay Morley; *Haywire*, Perry Murdock; *Phil Dunning*, Lafe McKee; *Alice Dunning*, Thelma Daniels.

"AVALANCHE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Adapted by J. Walter Ruben and Sam Mintz. Directed by Otto Brower. The cast: *Jack Dunton*, Jack Holt; *Killy Mains*, Doris Hill; *Grace Stillwell*, Baclanova; *Verde*, John Darrow; *Mr. Mains*, Guy Oliver; *Jack Dunton* (at 12), Richard Winslow.

"AVENGING RIDER, THE"—FBO.—From the story "Dancing Hoofs" by Adele Buffington. Adapted by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Wallace Fox. The cast: *Tom Larkin*, Tom Tyler; *Sally Sheridan*, Florence Allen; *Frankie Sheridan*, Frankie Darro; *Bob Gordon*, Al Ferguson; *Sheriff*, Bob Fleming; *Dancing Professor*, Arthur Thalasso.

"A WOMAN OF AFFAIRS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Michael Arlen. Continuity by Bess Meredyth. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Diana*, Greta Garbo; *Neville*, John Gilbert; *Hugh*, Lewis Stone; *David*, John Mack Brown; *Geoffrey*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Sir Montague*, Hobart Bosworth; *Constance*, Dorothy Sebastian.

"BLACK ACE, THE"—PATHE.—From the screen play by Ford I. Beebe. Scenario by Ford I. Beebe. Directed by Leo D. Maloney. Photography by Edward A. Kull. The cast: *Dan Stockton*, Don Coleman; *Dan Stockton*, as a boy, Billy Butts; *Mary Evans*, Jeanette Loff; *"Draw" Evans*, J. P. McGowan; *"Cherokee"*, Kaid, Noble Johnson; *"Slim"*, Brisco, William Steele; *Ranger Griggs*, Ben Corbett; *Sergeant McCann*, Edward Jones.

"CAVALIER, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the novel "The Black Rider" by Max Brand. Adapted by Victor Irvim. Directed by Irvin Willat. Photography by John Stevens and Harry Cooper. The cast: *El Cabellero*, Richard Talmadge; *Taki*, Richard Talmadge; *Lucia D'Arquisto*, Barbara Bedford; *Her Aunt*, Nora Cecil; *Ramon Torreno*, David Torrence; *Carlos Torreno*, David Mir; *Sergeant Juan Dinero*, Stuart Holmes; *Pierre Gaston*, Christian Frank; *The Padre*, Oliver Eckhardt.

"CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE"—RAY-ART.—From the story by Edwin Baird. Adapted by George Pyper. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Walter Griffin. The cast: *Esther Strom*, Barbara Bedford; *Daniel Randolph*, Robert Frazer; *Synington Otis*, David Torrence; *Kathleen Otis*, Jacqueline Gadsdon; *"Slug"*, Nikolay, Paul Panzer; *Kelly*, Jack Carlisle; *Quigg*, Henry Roquemore.

"DRIFTWOOD"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Adapted by Lillie Hayward. Directed by Christy Cabane. Photography by Joe Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *Jim Curtis*, Don Alvarado; *Dorcy Smith*, Marceline Day; *Johnson*, Alan Roscoe; *Barlow*, J. W. Johnston; *"Doc"*, Prouty, Fred Holmes; *Lola*, Fritz Brunette; *Mrs. Prouty*, Nora Cecil; *Johnson's Henchman*, Joe Mack.

"GERALDINE"—PATHE.—From the story by Booth Tarkington. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. Photography by Dave Abel. The cast: *Geraldine*, Marion Nixon; *Eddie*, Eddie Quillan; *Mr. Wygate*, Albert Grant; *Bell Cameron*, Gaston Glass.

"HARVEST OF HATE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Lord Wright and George Plympton. Directed by Henry MacRae. Photography by George Robinson. The cast: *Rex*, Rex; *Jack Merrill*, Jack Perrin; *Margie Smith*, Helen Foster; *Martin Trask*, Tom London; *Starlight*, Starlight.

"HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE"—GOTHAM.—From the story by George Randolph Chester. Scenario by Peter Milne. Directed by Joseph C. Boyle. The cast: *Bill Moran*, William Russell; *Michael Dennis O'Shaughnessy*, Mickey Bennett; *Alice Sullivan*, Virginia Lee Corbin; *Charley Sullivan*, Richard Walling; *Mabel Manning*, Alma Bennett; *Daniel Sullivan*, William J. Welsh; *Maggie Sullivan*, Aggie Herring.

"KING COWBOY"—FBO.—From the story by S. E. V. Taylor. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Robert DeLacy. Photography by Norman DeVol. The cast: *Tex Rogers*, Tom Mix; *Polly Randall*, Sally Blane; *Ralph Bennett*, Lou Meehan; *"Shorty"*, Sims, Barney Furey; *Abdul El Hassan*, Frank Leigh; *Ben Suliman Ali*, Wynn Mace; *Jim Randall*, Robert Fleming.

"KING OF THE RODEO"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by B. M. Bower. Adapted by George Morgan. Directed by Henry MacRae. The cast: *Montana Kid*, Hoot Gibson; *Dulcie Harlan*, Kathryn Crawford; *Chip*, Sr., Charles K. French; *Mother*, Bodil Rosing; *J. G.*, Harry Todd; *Harlan*, Joseph W. Girard; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Shorty*, Jack Knapp; *Weasel*, Monte Montague.

"LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE"—SWEDISH BIOGRAPH.—From the story by Selma Lagerlof. Directed by Mauritz Stiller. The cast: *Countess Elizabeth Dohna*, Greta Garbo; *Gosta Berling*, Lars Hanson; *Countess Martha Dohna*, Ellen Cedström; *Ebba Dohna*, Mona Martensson; *Marianne Sinclair*, Jenny Hasselquist; *Mrs. Gustaf Sinclair*, Karin Swanström; *Squire Marjaretha Somelius*, Gerda Lundquist; *Count Henrik Dohna*, Torsten Kammeren; *Capt. Christian Berg*, Svend Tombeck.

"MAKING THE VARSITY"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Elsie Werner and Bennett Southard. Directed by Cliff Wheeler. Photography by Edward Kull. The cast: *Ed Ellsworth*, Rex Lease; *Wally Ellsworth*, Arthur Rankin; *Estelle Carter*, Gladys Hulette; *Mrs. Ellsworth*, Edith Yorke; *Gladys Fogarty*, Florence Dudley; *Jerry Fogarty*, Carl Miller; *Gridley*, James Latta.

"NAPOLEON'S BARBER"—FOX-MOVIE-TONE.—From the story by Arthur Caesar. Scenario by Ben Holmes. Directed by John Ford. Photography by Joseph August. The cast: *Napoleon*, Otto Matiesen; *Empress Josephine*, Natalie Golitzin; *Napoleon's Barber*, Frank Reicher; *Barber's Wife*, Helen Ware; *Barber's Son*, Philippe de Lacy; *Tailor*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Blacksmith*, Rus Powell; *Peasant*, Michael Mark; *French Officer*, Buddy Roosevelt; *French Officer*, Ervin Renard; *French Officer*, Y. Trubetsky; *French Officer*, Joe Waddell; *Soldier Bill*, Henry Herbert.

"NAUGHTY BABY"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Charles Beahan and Garrett Ford. Scenario by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Rosalind McGill*, Alice White; *Terry Vandever*, Jack Muhlhall; *Bonnie Le Vonne*, Thelma Todd; *Polly*, Doris Dawson; *Terry's Pal*, James Ford; *Goldie Torres*, Natalie Joyce; *Bonnie's Pal*, Frances Hamilton; *Dugan*, Fred Kelsey; *Madame Fleurette*, Rose Dione; *Mary Ellen Toole*, Fanny Midgley; *Renny (Izzy) Cohen*, Benny Rubin; *Joe Cassidy*, Andy Devine; *Tonny Coponi*, George Stone; *Terry's Valet*, Raymond Turner; *Toole*, Larry Banthim.


"ON TRIAL"—WARNER-VITAPHONE.—From the stage play by Elmer Rice. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Joan Trask*, Pauline Frederick; *Robert Strickland*, Bert Lytell; *May Strickland*, Lois Wilson; *Gerald Trask*, Holmes Herbert; *Arbuckle*, *Defense Attorney*, Jason Robards; *Gray*, *Prosecuting Attorney*, Richard Tucker; *Stanley Glover*, Johnnie Arthur; *Doris Strickland*, Vendell Darr; *Turnbull*, Franklin Pangborn; *Judge*, Edmund Breese; *Dr. Morgan*, Edward Martindel; *Clerk*, Fred Kelsey.

"OUTCAST"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the stage play by Hubert Henry Davies. Adapted by Agnes Christine Johnson. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Miriam*, Corinne Griffith; *Tony*, James Ford; *Geoffrey*, Edmund Lowe; *Hugh*, Huntly Gordon; *Valentine*, Kathryn Carver; *Mable*, Louise Fazenda; *Mordland*, Claude King; *Jack*, Sam Hardy; *Mrs. O'Brien*, Patsy O'Byrne; *Fred*, Lee Moran.

"POWER OF THE PRESS, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Frederick A. Thompson. Adapted by Sonya Levien. Directed by Frank Capra. Photography by Chet Lyons. The cast: *Clem Rogers*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Jane Atwell*, Jobyna Ralston; *Marie*, Mildred Harris; *Blake*, Philo McCullough; *Van*, Wheeler Oakman; *City Editor*, Robert Edeson; *Mr. Atwell*, Edwards Davis; *Johnson*, Del Henderson; *District Attorney*, Charles Clary.

"QUEEN OF BURLESQUE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by H. R. Durant. Adapted by Lois Leeson. Directed by Albert Ray. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: *Molly Wilson*, Belle Bennett; *Jim Wilson*, Joe E. Brown; *Peggy Lanier*, Alberta Vaughn; *Dan Kingsley*, Charles Byer.

"RED MARK, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by John Russell. Adapted by Julien Josephson. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Zelie*, Nena Quartaro; *Bibi-Ri*, Gaston Glass; *De Non*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Mother Caron*, Rose Dione; *Papa Caron*, Luke Cosgrave; *Sergio*, Eugene Pallette; *Bombiste*, Jack Roper; *Lame Priest*, Charles Dervis.



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"RED WINE"—Fox.—From the story by Raymond Cannon. Scenario by Andrew B. Bension. Directed by Raymond Cannon. The cast: Alice Cook, June Collyer; Charles H. Cook, Conrad Nagel; Jack Brown, Arthur Stone; Miss Scott, Sharon Lynn; Jack's First Friend, E. Allyn Warren; Jack's Second Friend, Ernest Hilliard; Jack's Third Friend, Ernest Wood; Jack's Fourth Friend, Marshal Babe Ruth; Stenographer, Dixie Gay.

"RILEY THE COP"—Fox.—From the story by James Gruen and Fred Stanley. Scenario by James Gruen and Fred Stanley. Directed by John Ford. Photography by Charles Clarke. The cast: James Riley (the Cop), Farrell Macdonald; Lena Krausmeyer, Louise Fazenda; Mary Coronelli, Nancy Drexel; Joe Smith, David Rollins; Hans Krausmeyer, Harry Schultz; Caroline, Mildred Boyd; Julius Kuchendorf, Ferdinand Schumann Heink; Sergeant of Police, Tom Wilson; Judge Coronelli, Del Henderson; Mr. Kuchendorf, Russil Powell; Munich Cab Driver, Otto H. Fries; Paris Cab Driver, Billy Bevan; Crook, Mike Donlin.

"ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD"—Fox.—From the stage play by Paul Armstrong. Adapted by Sidney Lanfield and Douglas Doty. Directed by Irving Cummings. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: Judith Andrews, Mary Astor; Derby Dan Manning, Ben Bard; Edwin Burke, Robert Elliott; Stephen Ransome, John Boles; Champagne Joe, Oscar Apfel; Blondy Nell, Helen Lynch; Asa Jenks, William H. Tooker.

"SCARLET SEAS"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by W. Scott Darling. Scenario by Bradley King. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: Donkin, Richard Barthelmess; Rose, Betty Compton; Margaret, Loretta Young; Johnson, James Bradbury, Sr.; Toomey, Jack Curtis; Capt. Barbour, Knute Erickson.

"SHAKEDOWN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Charles A. Logue. Adapted by Charles A. Logue. Directed by William Wyler. The cast: Marjorie, Barbara Kent; Dave Hall, James Murray; Bouncer, Harry Gribbon; Manager, Wheeler Oakman; Salesman, Jack Raymond; Clem, Jackie Hanlon; Battling Roff, George Kosamaros.

"SILENT SHELDON"—RAYART.—From the story by Pierre Conderc. Continuity by Pierre Conderc. Directed by Harry Webb. Photography by William Thornly. The cast: Jack Sheldon, Jack Perrin; Ivory, his Valet, Martin Turner; Rex, his Dog, By Himself; Starlight, his Horse, by Himself; Mary Watkins, Josephine Hill; Her Father, Whitehorse; Bill Fadden, Leonard Chaplan; Joe Phillips, Lew Meehan; The Sheriff, Robert MacFarland.

"SINNERS' PARADE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by David Lewis. Adapted by Beatrice Van. Directed by John G. Adolff. Photography by James Van Trees. The cast: Al Morton, Victor Varconi; Mary Tracy, Dorothy Revier; Bill Adams, John Patrick; Connie Adams, Edna Marion; Sadie, Marjorie Bonner; Mrs. Adams, Clarissa Selwynne; Chauffeur, Jack Mower.

"SINS OF THE FATHERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Norman Burnstine. Adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by Ludwig Berger. The cast: Wilhelm Spengler, Emil Jannings; Greta, Ruth Chatterton; Tom Spengler, Barry Norton; Mary Spengler, Jean Arthur; Otto, Jack Luden; Mother Spengler, ZaSu Pitts; Bill, Matthew Betz; The High-jacker, Harry Cording; The Count, Arthur Housman; The Eye Specialist, Frank Reicher.

"SIOUX BLOOD"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Houston Branch and Harry Sinclair Drago. Scenario by George C. Hull. Directed by John Waters. The cast: Flood, Tim McCoy; White Eagle, Robert Frazer; Barbara Ingram, Marion Douglas; Mr. Ingram, Clarence Geldert; Crazy Wolf, Chief Big Tree; Cheyenne Jones, Sidney Bracy.

"SOMEONE TO LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Alice Duer Miller. Adapted by Ray Harris. Directed by F. Richard Jones. The cast: William Shelby, Charles Buddy Rogers; Joan Kendricks, Mary Brian; Aubrey Weems, William Austin; Michael Casey, Jack Oakie; Mr. Kendricks, James Kirkwood; Miss Hayes, Mary Alden; Simmons, Frank Reicher.

"SOUTH OF PANAMA"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by L. A. Young. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Bernard F. McEveety. The cast: Carmelia, Carmelia Geraghty; Emilio Cervantes, Edouardo Raquello; Dick Lewis, Lewis Sargent; "Ace" Carney, Philo McCullough; "Patsy," Marie Messinger; "Red" Hearn, Henry Arras; Presidente Laredo, Carlton King; Garcia, Joe Burke; Capt. of Guard, Fred Walton.

"VIKING, THE"—TECHNICOLOR-M.-G.-M.—From the novel "The Thrall of Leif the Lucky" by Otilie A. Liljencrantz. Scenario by Jack Cunningham. Directed by R. William Neill. Photography by George Cave. The cast: Leif Eriesson, Donald Crisp; Helga, Pauline Starke; Alwin, Le Roy Mason; Eric the Red, Anders Randolf; Sigurd, Richard Alexander; Egil, Harry Lewis Woods; Kark, Albert MacQuarrie; King Olaf, Roy Stewart; Odd, Torben Meyer; Lady Editha, Claire McDowell; Thorhild, Julia Swayne Gordon.



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## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

### The Weighty Question

Omaha, Neb.

In reference to Lucile Boyd's letter which appeared in the November PHOTOPLAY: She tells the whole world that she thinks the stars should put on some weight. I agree with her—almost. She gave Molly O'Day as an example. Miss O'Day has always been one of my favorite stars, but I'll have to admit that she was much too hefty in her latest picture. Her sister, Sally O'Neil is too thin. Two stars who are just about right are Renee Adoree and Clara Bow. Billie Dove is the most beautiful girl on the screen, but she is also a little too thin. Ruth Taylor is absolutely scrawny, and I can't stand her. From my experience, I find men prefer a girl who is at least pleasantly plump.

GEORGIANA RIBAL.

### Those "Cinema Art" Theaters

Philadelphia, Penna.

Recently there opened in this city, one of the Motion Picture Guild's Little Theaters, catering to the "minority taste." Its first picture was "Siegfried." The local critics praised it to the sky. It was with the anticipation of viewing a wonderful picture that I went to see it. But as the picture unfolded, I realized that I had been fooled. The beautiful sets were made ugly by crude lighting and mediocre acting. If this is beauty and art, give me the American films with all their gaudiness. They may be full of gilt bathrooms and beautiful but dumb stars, but nine-tenths of them are better than these so-called artistic films.

The Little Theater offers, as coming attractions, such films as Nazimova in "Salome,"

which I saw at a cheap nickelodeon about seven years ago, and Emil Jannings in "Tartuffe," which was severely criticized by PHOTOPLAY several months ago.

Let the Motion Picture Guild continue its work of "saving" the movies, but give me PHOTOPLAY's "Six Best of the Month" and I shall not want for finer or better entertainment.

W. W. S.

### Harsh Words for Von

Salem, Oregon.

After witnessing "The Wedding March"—"Sole Creation of Eric von Stroheim"—I must say, if this is Art, I'm Conrad Nagel. Exactly what is supposed to be the "message" of such nauseous slush? One would think it must have been penned by Jim Tully; but no, the noble Von takes sole credit. It is an insult to the intelligence of any decent person to have been inveigled into paying fifty cents for the privilege of spending two hours in a theater where such an orgy of bestiality is presented.

MRS. S. L. PETERS.

### The Demon "Kiddie"

Los Angeles, Calif.

Judging from all indications, as proffered by current screen productions, that pest of all modern entertainment—the Kiddie—is still with us. We go to a movie at night seeking relaxation and find ourselves face to face with a Kiddie Revue! And what artificial lumps of humanity these kiddies are, with their skinny shanks and frizzled heads. What shrill, piping little voices! Can't something be done to those females who push their child prodigies into the limelight?

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**January**

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

FEBRUARY

25 CENTS



*Estelle  
Taylor*

What Are Your Correct Colors?

*This Cover Drawing is a  
Color Chart For Clothes*

*See Page 42*

**“Going Hollywood”**—*What  
The Town Does To People*



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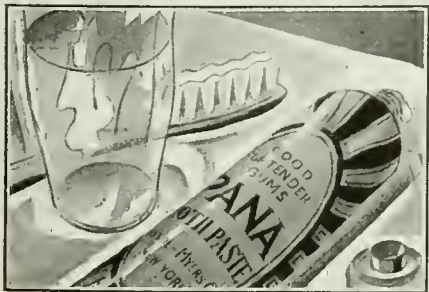
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# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LAIKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
February  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 3

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# As We Go to PRESS

**J**OHN GILBERT will continue as a star for M.-G.-M. at one of the record salaries of Hollywood. It's said to be more than \$15,000 per week. Gilbert's re-signed despite persistent rumors that he was going to shift to United Artists. Peace has been made and Gilbert, now at work on an African adventure yarn, "Thirst," will continue at the Culver City studios.

**M**AX REINHARDT, the famous German stage producer, is here, to direct Lillian Gish in an original story by Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Max goes to work immediately on the United Artists lot.

**"H**ELL'S ANGELS," now in Millionaire Producer Howard Hughes' third million, actually is nearing completion after two years. Hughes is reported to have purchased the screen rights to the successful Broadway newspaper play, "The Front Page," for \$125,000.

**N**ILS ASTHER is that way about Mary Nolan. Their engagement was reported once before, when Nils first came over. Asther's trip to Sweden for the holidays was postponed because of an attack of flu.

**S**ANTA CLAUS brought a lot of things to Baclanova. First, she is being starred by Paramount, her initial vehicle being a 100 per cent talkie called "The Woman Who Needed Killing." Second, her divorce decree became final—and she is now free to wed Nicholas Sossanin.

**G**ARY COOPER has purchased a dude ranch in Montana. He'll spend his vacations there. Imagine Lupe Velez on a ranch!

**B**ETTY BRONSON has been seen places with Theodore Young, a handsome South American millionaire. Since she rarely goes out unchaperoned, this looks serious.

**B**ELLE BENNETT is a grandmother—almost. Her adopted son is the proud father of a baby boy.

**T**OM MIX is at work on his last film for FBO. He then goes on a ten weeks vaudeville tour.

**J**UST as Hollywood was whispering that Lily Damita's contract would not be renewed, Sam Goldwyn announced the signing of a new five-year arrangement. Sam still believes in the silent drama.

**E**VA VON BERNE reached Vienna in time to sign a starring contract for UFA at 1500 marks a week. Let's see, that's about \$300 a week, more than Hollywood paid her.

**T**HE gold coast main stem, Hollywood Boulevard, had 150 electrically lighted Christmas trees for the holiday. Cost: \$15,000.

**T**HEODORE ROBERTS, whom years ago PHOTOPLAY christened the Duke of Hollywood and the Grand Old Man of the Films,

## Last Minute NEWS

### from East and West

has passed on. He was a victim of the influenza epidemic which has been sweeping the coast. He had just finished his first talking picture. Roberts was a great actor and a splendid character. We shall miss him.

**P**OLA NEGRI has a new European producing company headed by Edwin Miles Fadman and Charles Jourjon. She will make two films a year and, it is said, United Artists will release her productions over here.

**R**ELEASED by Paramount, Dita Parlo is returning to Berlin.

**P**LANS for the production of "Evangeline" go right ahead, despite Dolores del Rio's prostration at the death of her divorced husband. Director Edwin Carewe announces that there will be no delays. Alec B. Francis has been cast for the rôle of *Father Felician*.

**A**L JOLSON'S next is to be called "Mammy." Julian Josephson, who used to do Charlie Ray's scripts, is writing the continuity and dialogue.

**W**HAT'S THIS? "The Command to Love," reported to have been barred by Deacon Hays, is to be produced by William Fox. Barry Norton will play the young diplomat whose necking is all done for his country's sake.

**C**ECIL DE MILLE has selected Carol Lombard for a leading rôle in his first M.-G.-M. film, "Dynamite." Miss Lombard is a graduate of the Mack Sennett forces. Conrad Nagel will have the chief male rôle.

**H**AROLD LLOYD has selected Jean Arthur as leading woman in his new talking comedy, "TNT."

**T**HE holiday studio depression has settled upon Hollywood. The Warners Studio reopens after the New Year.

**I**NA CLAIRE starts work on her first Pathe talker, "The Infinite Variety," on Feb. 1.

**W**ILLIAM FOX has renewed his contract with June Collyer, who spent the holidays with her parents in New York.

**T**HE Warners have signed Betty Compson for the leading rôle in an all-talkie version of "The Time, The Place and The Girl."

**G**ARY COOPER is in the cast of Emil Jannings' new film, temporarily called, "A Tale of the Alps."

**N**ANCY DREXEL has left the Fox forces to free lance.

**P**HYLLIS HAVER has joined Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, shifting from Pathe.

**H**AVING completed Doug Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask," Director Allan Dwan is planning a vacation in Europe.

**B**EBE DANIELS, having severed her long arrangement with Paramount, has not yet signed with anyone. "One thing is certain," she says, "I will do no more comedies. It's drama for me in the future."



P & A

She tried to tell New York that she was Miss Alice Smith. But the photographers knew better and snapped this picture of Greta Garbo just before she sailed for Sweden. Greta bought a one-way ticket and a non-return passport, which is one way of burning up her public



# Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a *Magnetic Personality* -5 Days FREE Proof!



NO matter how lacking you are in qualities of leadership, no matter how colorless, timid, unsuccessful and discouraged you may be, I GUARANTEE to so magnetize your personality that your whole life will be completely transformed!

I can give you poise that banishes self-consciousness, charm that makes you irresistibly popular, personal power that will indelibly influence the minds of others and amaze your friends.

I'll make you a fascinating force in social life, a powerful, dynamic, commanding figure in your profession. You'll become more popular, more prosperous, more gloriously successful than you ever dreamed possible!

Let me send you the proof—absolutely free! If within 5 days you do not experience a decided change in

your personality, if you do not find yourself making new friends with ease, if you do not discover yourself already on the way to social popularity, business success and personal leadership—just say so! Tell me my principle of personal magnetism can't do every single thing that I said it would do. And you won't owe me one penny!

## What is Personal Magnetism?

What is this marvelous force that raises the sick to glowing, vibrant health, the timid to a new, confident personality, the unsuccessful to positions of wealth and astonishing power?

You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad nor a theory. It is simply you, yourself—your manner—your own

marvelous personal force, released and magnified a hundredfold in an amazingly clear-as-crystal, scientific way! More necessary than good looks. More valuable than money. For without it a salesman is handcuffed! Without it a business man is powerless to command! No actor, no teacher, no orator, no statesman can long hold his audience spellbound without this supremely influential magnetic force!



## What Is It?

What is that magnetic, powerful influence that draws one man to one woman—forever, irresistibly? What is that strange, never-failing spark that awakens love? What is it, in man or woman, that seems to draw and fascinate—the hypnotic power that no one can resist?

You have it. Everyone has it. But do you use it?

Personal Magnetism! How easy to release it! How wonderful its results! No long study or inconvenience. Not the slightest self-denial. Just a simple, clear, age-old principle that taps the vast thought and power resources within you, releases the full sweep of your magnetic potentialities and makes you almost a new person from what you were

before!

Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!

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The fundamental principles of Personal Magnetism have been put into an extra large volume under the title of "Instantaneous Personal Magnetism." It is bound in beautiful dark burgundy, with the title gold embossed. Its scope is as broad as life itself: "Fires of Magnetism," "The Magnetic Voice," "Physical Magnetism," "The Magnetic Eye," "Oriental Secrets," "Rapid Magnetic Advancement," "The

Magnetic Mind," and "Magnetic Healing," are only a few of the subjects covered in this amazing book. A magnificent book that tells you just how to cultivate the magnetic influence of your nature.

You can sway and control others. You can command success. You can influence people to do the things you want them to do. Through this amazing book you gain the key to a magnetic personality in 5 days—or you don't pay one penny. That is my free offer to you!

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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 remit the special low price of only \$3.00 or return the book without cost or obligation.

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## What Others Say!

"Has been worth ten thousand dollars a year."

"I regard it as the biggest and best investment a man could make. Realized the experience of entering a 'new realm of life.'"

"Certainly wonderful: like walking up a stairway to a higher life."

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"I would not part with them for any sum of money."

"One of the greatest books I have ever seen—the greatest in existence."

"Made me a success—financially, socially and morally."





# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

\***AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Bacalnova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BABY CYCLONE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (September.)

**BANTAM COWBOY, THE**—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

\***BARKER, THE**—First National.—Human and humorous story of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

**BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE**—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

**BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

\***BELLAMY TRIAL, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The audience is admitted to the court room of the most thrilling murder mystery of the year. (August.)

**BWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BIG HOP, THE**—Buck Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

**BIG KILLING, THE**—Paramount.—Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton become all tangled up in a Kentucky feud. (August.)

**BIT OF HEAVEN, A**—Excellent.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BRANDED MAN, THE**—Rayart.—The best part of this domestic opera is the titles. Why not do your reading at home? (August.)

**BROADWAY DADDIES**—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

**BROKEN MASK, THE**—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**BURNING GOLD**—Elbee.—A story of dirty deeds in the oil fields. (August.)

**BURNING THE WIND**—Universal.—One of Hoot Gibson's lapses. (Oct.)

**BUSHRANGER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Tim McCoy goes to Australia and plays some rousing tunes on the boomerang. (August.)

**BUTTER AND EGG MAN, THE**—First National.—The amusing adventures of a country lad (Jack Mulhall) who becomes an "angel" on Broadway. (August.)

**CAMERAMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN CARELESS**—FBO.—You'll like Bob Steele. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

\***CARDBOARD LOVER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Snappy French farce comedy with Marion Davies—also Jetta Goudal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

**CAUGHT IN THE FOG**—Warners.—The plot gets lost in the fog, too. (August.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"7th Heaven"

"The Singing Fool"

"The Divine Lady"

"Interference"

"Mother Knows Best"

"Street Angel"

"The Patriot"

"Four Devils"

"Wings"

"The Godless 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.

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Talmadge in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CELEBRITY**—Pathe.—A prize-fighter gets culture. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CHICKEN A LA KING**—Fox.—More lessons in gold-digging. Funny, but rough in spots. With Nancy Carroll and Ford Sterling. (August.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEARING THE TRAIL**—Universal.—Again saving the old ranch. (Oct.)

**CLOUD DODGER, THE**—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blond! (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE AIR**—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE SCARLET**—First National.—Ken Maynard gets his man. Good out-door story. (September.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE**—Gotham.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct.)

\***COSSACKS, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Love, sport and murder among the cowboys of Russia. Jack Gilbert is the lure. (August.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**COWBOY KID, THE**—Fox.—A Western for the simple-minded. (September.)

\***CRAIG'S WIFE**—Pathe.—Splendid drama with Irene Rich as the too perfect wife. (September.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**CROOKS CAN'T WIN**—FBO.—Good celluloid gone haywire. Will someone please stop the film crime wave? (August.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DAWN**—Herbert Wilcox.—An English production that gives a fair and impartial presentation of the Edith Cavell case. (August.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT BRIDE, THE**—Columbia.—Betty Compson, as a Parisian beauty, raises havoc in the Foreign Legion. (August.)

**DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE**—FBO.—Aggravating bunk. (September.)

\***DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

**DIVINE SINNER, THE**—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct.)

**DO GENTLEMEN SNORE?**—Roach-M.-G.-M.—A short farce turned into a panic by the appearance of a real, live gorilla. (August.)

\***DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

**DOG JUSTICE**—FBO.—But the story is a cruel injustice to Ranger, the canine star. (August.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

\***DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law ex-patriots of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

**DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS**—Anchor.—Gagging the Great War again. (September.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



**EVERYBODY  
TALKS** *in this*  
FIRST ALL-Talking  
FARCE-COMEDY

**"The GHOST  
TALKS!"**

There's a thrill a minute in the action and a laugh every other second in the side-splitting dialog written by Frederick H. Brennan and Harlan Thompson!

WILLIAM FOX, in this newest Movietone Feature, introduces a new technique on the screen ... don't miss this all-talking farce comedy when it comes to your favorite motion picture theater!

*The  
GHOST  
TALKS  
and so  
does the  
Screen  
in this  
latest*

**F  
MOVIE  
TONE**

Directed in dialog by  
**LEWIS SEILER**

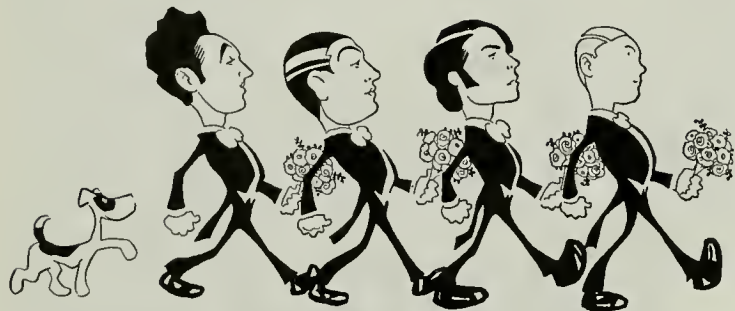
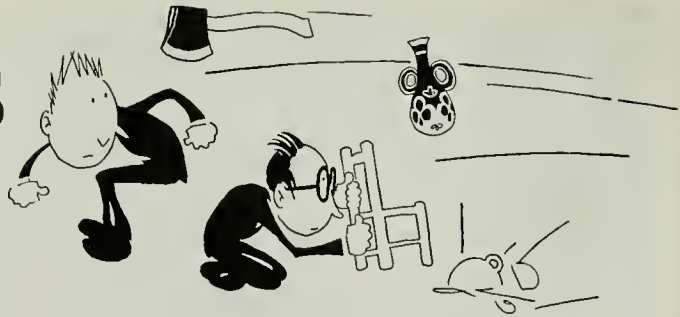
*with*  
Charles Eaton    Helen Twelvetrees    Earle Fox    Carmel Myers



# Brickbats

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

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

THE novelty of the "talkies" has worn off. PHOTOPLAY's readers are now asking for more than mere sound; they want the same standard of acting, photography, direction and settings that they have been getting in the silent movies. A large order for a new invention!

"Our Dancing Daughters" is the picture of the month. It is going big with the younger generation—and with the younger mothers who share their children's amusements. On the crest of its popularity, Joan Crawford becomes the most-discussed star of the month.

According to letters received by PHOTOPLAY, John Gilbert, Nils Asther and Gary Cooper are the three kings of the hour, with Richard Arlen, "Buddy" Rogers and John Mack Brown running a close race. Among the girls, Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Colleen Moore are the three queens.

Brickbats for underworld melodramas! Enough is enough. And brickbats, too, for slapstick comedies and Westerns. But bouquets for romances, mystery stories and stories about modern young people.

This is your department of criticism. What have you to say?

### \$25.00 Letter

New Orleans, La.

I have lived most of my life in the rural districts of a state that is notably narrow-minded. As a youth, it was instilled in me that moving pictures were fundamentally bad, that I was endangering my immortal soul to attend such orgies of human indecency. So, of course, I reached my late 'teens with the utmost horror and distaste for such forms of amusement, distaste of something of which I knew nothing, except from people who knew really less than myself.

I had the good fortune to make a trip out West and, without guardians or authorities to watch me, of course I decided to see one of those awful things called movies. So one night I screwed up my courage and timidly walked up to the window of a theater and asked for a "first row" ticket, thinking I was doing quite the high-brow, society thing, not realizing that the general admission gave me my choice of seats.

The picture was "The Old Nest" and I shall never forget it. During that two hours of entertainment, I experienced more emotion than

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

I had during all the previous years of my existence, and I left that little theater sold to moving pictures. Since that day I have seen hundreds of pictures, some good and some bad, but I am still in love with them as the best means of expressing the emotions and dreams of the common folk of the world. I am beyond the influence of that country district in which I was reared and hence I do not hear the condemnation that would be mine if I still resided there. I only wish that those good folks back there could have brought home to them the wonderful power of the motion picture.

T. E. WINBORN, JR.

### \$10.00 Letter

Homestead, Pa.

I wonder what some producers think of the movie-going public. Or do they think of them at all? And why in the name of all that is good, bad and indifferent does the old-fashioned girl have to be a dumbbell and the modern girl a damfool? I did not realize that the only distinction between the antiquated and the modern was the length of hair, absence of dress, the puffing cigarette and the coming home with the milk man.

I have always thought that a modernistic trend was dependent more upon progressiveness, broadness of vision and a generous use of gray matter. But I have made the discovery, in the movies, that all of my youthful struggles and efforts to get a grip upon the ladder of life are in vain because—assuming the same dis-

tingtion is applied to the male sex—I am already exiled to the antiques unless I become a gin-guzzling ninny.

After a lot of pictures about so-called modern youths, is it any wonder "Our Dancing Daughters" is such a success. The girls are human; they have dreams, hopes and ideals. They give you something to think about. I felt as though I wanted to grasp the hand of Joan Crawford and say, "Well done, old girl. You are doing your best to give life a square deal."

JOSEPH M. RHODES.

### \$5.00 Letter

Enid, Okla.

PHOTOPLAY is a gloom-chaser. Here's how!

The scene was a desolate railway station, several miles from Nowhere. The atmosphere, inside and out, was damp and cold, as the Time was December 24, 1927. The characters were ten silent figures (ages ranging from eighteen to sixty-five), huddled around a wood stove, suddenly planted there because of the derailment of the train that was to take them home for Christmas.

What would liven up this group, make them forget their little tragedy, and interest each of them?

A college youth, with exploring eyes, spied a gaily decorated magazine beneath the strap of a travelling bag, and with eagerness brought to light PHOTOPLAY. He was soon showing the illustrations, calling forth comments on each favorite star, film criticisms, new developments, etc. One teary-eyed young lady forgot herself to the extent that she entertained them by mimicking the famous stars.

The air was full of vital, human interest, for, truly, they had found a universal subject, interesting to everyone at all times. It saved the spirits and dispositions of the holidayers. Conversation is not a lost art when PHOTOPLAY is the subject.

JACKIE DUNNING.

### Justice for Foreigners

Philippine Islands.

I cannot see why foreign players should not get their chance. The reason why the movies continue to import foreign talent is because they stand in need of something that they cannot find in Hollywood, to supply the public demand for new types of faces and different methods of acting.

MISS TRINI DE PEREZ.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]





# I GUARANTEE NEW HAIR in These Three Places—

## OR DON'T PAY ME A CENT!

ARE you sincerely anxious to be done with dandruff, itchy scalp, falling hair and baldness? Do you *really* want to grow new hair?

Perhaps you've *already* tried hard to overcome these afflictions. Perhaps you've put faith in barbershop "tips," and used all kinds of salves, massages, tonics, all with the same results . . . lots of trouble and expense but no relief!

Now, consider what I offer you. And figure out for yourself what a handsome proposition it is. I GUARANTEE to grow new hair on your head—on the top, front or temples—IN 30 DAYS . . . or not one red penny of cost to you.

Isn't that a different story from those you've heard before? I don't say, "try my wonderful remedy—it grows hair!" I say, and I put it in *writing*, "I GUARANTEE to grow hair . . . or no cost!"

### My Method Is Unique!

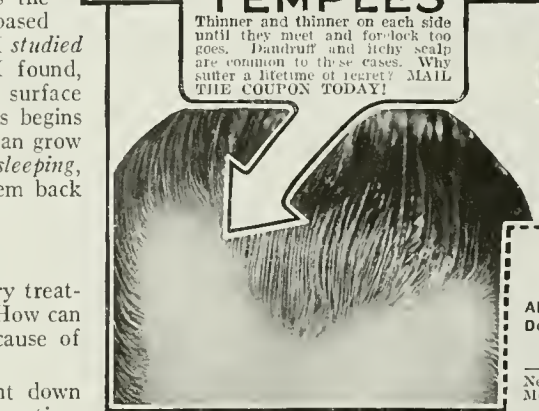
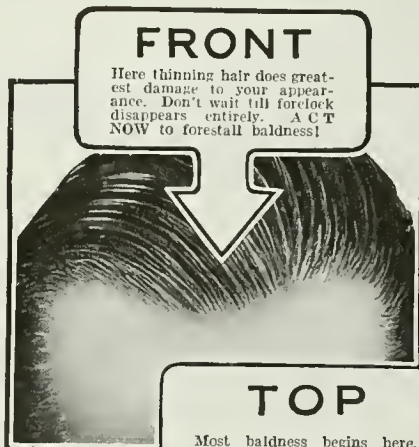
Naturally, you say to yourself, "How can anyone make such a guarantee? It's hard to grow hair. I know, for I've tried a lot of things and failed."

Ah, that's exactly the reason thousands who formerly suffered from scalp troubles bless the day they heard of me. For my treatment is based on science, on years and years of research. I *studied scalps*, not how to sell treatments. And I found, as did leading dermatologists, that ordinary surface treatments of the scalp are futile. Baldness begins at the **ROOTS**. If roots are dead, nothing can grow new hair. But in most cases, roots are only *sleeping*, waiting for the right treatment to bring them back to healthy, normal life.

### I Reach the Roots

Now, I leave it to you. How can ordinary treatments penetrate to the roots of your hair? How can ordinary tonics or salves remove the *real* cause of baldness?

My treatment goes *below* the scalp, right down to the hair roots, awakening them to new action. My treatment works surely and quickly, all the while stimulating the tiny blood vessels around the roots to new life and action. And with just the mere investment of a *few* minutes a day, thousands get these results from my treatment . . . or they never pay a cent!



### I Welcome Investigation

Do you want absolute proof of the true causes and proper treatment of baldness? Consult your family physician. Or look up medical reference books.

Do you want positive proof that I can and do apply these accepted scientific principles? I offer you the best proof of all . . . my personal guarantee, backed up by the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

### A Square Deal Guaranteed!

Others may make rosy but flimsy promises. I could do that too! But I don't. I couldn't afford to, for every statement I make is guaranteed by the Merke Institute. This scalp research bureau, established 13 years, is known to thousands from Coast to Coast. It has a reputation to keep up. It wouldn't dare to back me if I didn't tell the truth. So when I *guarantee* to grow hair or not a penny of cost, you're absolutely sure of a square deal.

### Why Suffer Years of Regret?

Before you turn this page take a look in the mirror at those thin spots on your head! Think how you'll look when *all* your hair is gone. Consider how much prestige and attractiveness you'll lose. Then decide to act at once! Right now, tear out the coupon shown below and mail it in for the **FREE** booklet giving my complete story. In it you'll find, not mere theories, but scientific **FACTS**, and the details of my "hair grown or no pay" offer. My treatment can be used in any home where there is electricity. Send the coupon **NOW!** And by return mail the booklet is yours without the slightest obligation. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

**MAIL IT TODAY!**

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,  
Dept. 392, 512 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me—without cost or obligation—in plain wrapper, copy of your book, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name .....

Address .....

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

(My age is.....)

**DANGER:** One, two, three—**BALD!** And perhaps total baldness, say leading dermatologists, if you neglect any one of the three places shown above. But so gradually does hair depart, so insidiously does baldness creep up on the average man, that thousands fail to heed the warnings. But there is hope for everyone, no matter how thin the hair. Read my message to men growing bald. Study my guarantee. Then **ACT!**



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*Supreme Dramatic Triumph*

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Make no mistake. See and hear *Warner Bros. Vitaphone*. It will confirm your conviction that here at last is the *life-like* talking picture—the marvel of this marvelous age.

**IF IT'S NOT A WARNER PICTURE...IT'S NOT VITAPHONE**



# SWEETS

for

# Valentine's Day

Two good recipes for cakes which will add a festive touch to your party



A girl with a heart—Leila Hyams dresses up as her idea of an old-fashioned Valentine

THE recipe I have selected from PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book this month is an ideal dessert for Valentine luncheons or afternoon parties.

It is a sweet strawberry cake and Sue Carol contributed the recipe to the Cook Book.

If strawberries in February sound like an extravagance, you may substitute canned strawberries, which are often better than the early fresh berries. This recipe is *not* a short-cake and it is not expensive to make.

Take one cupful of sugar, sifted, and one large tablespoon of butter and cream together until smooth. Beat three eggs very light and add. Mix in  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup of milk. Then sift together two cups of flour—scant measurement—and a heaping tablespoon of baking powder, and add to the dough. Bake in deep tin plates or pie pans which have been buttered. This quantity will fill three or four plates.

For the filling, mash three pints of strawberries with a cup of sugar and spread the fruit between the layers of the cake. To give the cake a Valentine appearance, save out some of the

largest and finest of the berries and cover the top of the cake with a meringue made of the white of an egg, beaten very stiff, mixed with a tablespoon of powdered sugar.

Then arrange the berries in the outline of a heart on the meringue.

Or, if you prefer, you may cover the cake with whipped cream, to which has been added a tablespoon of sugar. If you use the preserved berries, you may decorate the meringue with candied berries or red candy hearts.

IF you want to serve individual cakes which may be made in heart-shape tins, you will find something different in Patsy Ruth Miller's recipe for Date Torte.

Here is Miss Miller's contribution to the PHOTOPLAY Cook Book:

- |                            |                                      |
|----------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 2 eggs                     | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar   | $\frac{1}{2}$ package of dates       |
| 3 tablespoons bread crumbs | 1 cup nut meats                      |

Beat the eggs slightly and add the sugar sifted together with the baking powder. Stir in the bread crumbs, which should be dry and fine. Mix well. Add the dates, which have been stoned, and then the nut meats. Place in greased muffin tins and bake in a slow oven for thirty or forty minutes. Serve them with whipped cream.

You will notice, of course, that for a sweet, this is not particularly fattening, and the presence of the dates and nut meats gives this recipe good food value.

Of course, you will find more delicious recipes for parties among the one hundred and fifty favorite dishes of the stars in PHOTOPLAY's Cook Book. And you may have them all by filling out the coupon and sending twenty-five cents. You will find the book a valuable addition to your Cook Book shelf and a convenient friend to have in the house when you want to serve something distinctive and different for your friends.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]



**10 minutes a day rolls the fat away!**

*Fashion decrees that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry!*

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no exertion. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

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This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5.00. Act today! Send \$5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Cartoonists earn from \$50 to \$250 per week—some even more. Remarkable new Circle System of Drawing teaches you in half the usual time. Send for booklet and sample lesson plate explaining full details of the Course. No Salesmen will call.

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**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**  
750 N. Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

**END OF ST. PETERSBURG, THE**—Sovkino.—What the Soviet wants you to believe. St. Petersburg destroyed by trick camera angles. (August.)

**EXCESS BAGGAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Vivid and realistic picture of stage life. See it. (August.)

**FAMILY PICNIC, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and write your own remedy. (September.)

**FANGS OF FATE**—Pathe.—Klondike, the dog grows through an old story. (September.)

**FAZIL**—Fox.—Proving the sheiks make bad husbands. Torrid necking in the desert. Not for the kindergarten class. (August.)

**FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE**—FBO.—Buzz Barton eats up the Western scenery. (September.)

**FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

**FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

**FLEETWING**—Fox.—A story of Araby, a girl, a sheik and a horse. (September.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

**\*FORGOTTEN FACES**—Paramount.—Underworld story of regeneration and sacrifice. Fine story, fine acting, and 100 per cent entertainment. (Sept.)

**\*FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**\*FOUR WALLS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story of Jewish gangster, splendidly played by John Gilbert. Don't miss it. (September.)

**FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

**GANG WAR**—FBO.—Yep, bootleggers and crooks again. (September.)

**GATE CRASHER, THE**—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a hit-and-miss comedy. (September.)

**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**—Fox-Movietone.—Mr. Shaw entertains his public with an imitation of Mussolini. It's a wow. (September.)

**GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

**GIRL HE DIDN'T BUY, THE**—Peerless.—Light story of a Broadway love affair with an original twist to the plot. (August.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GOLDEN SHACKLES**—Peerless.—You can't see the picture for the plot. (August.)

**GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

**GREASED LIGHTNING**—Universal.—Dumb Western. (September.)

**GREEN GRASS WIDOWS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Walter Hagen in a goofy golf story. He should know better. (September.)

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

**GYPSY OF THE NORTH**—Rayart.—A better than usual melodrama of the Northern mining camps. (August.)

**HALF A BRIDE**—Paramount.—Wherein a bride is cast away on a desert island with the wrong man. (August.)

**HANGMAN'S HOUSE**—Fox.—A good drama of Ireland, with some splendid background, a fine horse race and an excellent performance by Victor McLaglen. (August.)

**HAPPINESS AHEAD**—First National.—What might have been merely tawdry melodrama is turned into fine entertainment by the splendid acting of Colleen Moore, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. (August.)

**HARVEST OF IATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make lootage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

**HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

**HEAD MAN, THE**—First National.—What happened in a small town when the Ladies Auxiliary drank too much lemonade. (August.)

**HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

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## 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.

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New York has a new thrill... You'll have it soon!

Twice a day—every day—at \$2.00 per seat, "THE BARKER" is making film history.

As one man twenty famous critics declared—"The picture is *there!*"...

And since then Broadway's been a one-way street—all Manhattan headed for this First National Special from a famous stage-hit.

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SHE POSITIVELY  
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"And when she dances, folks, she makes old men young and young men old. She's just one of the scores of big feature attractions of the Carnival... You can't afford to miss it, folks!—YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS IT!"



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Now you can  
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FOUR FAMOUS  
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### ALPHABET of ACCLAIM

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|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| Acting marvelous          | Marvelous job              |
| Best since "The Sea Hawk" | Nothing undone or overdone |
| Completely engrossing     | One of the year's winners  |
| Daring                    | Pleasure to watch          |
| Excellent                 | Quite credibly tough       |
| Fine                      | Real thing                 |
| "Gets" you                | Sizzling entertainment     |
| House in uproars          | The picture is there!      |
| Intensely interesting     | Uniformly high merit       |
| Joy to behold             | Vital                      |
| Knockout cast             | Wholly intriguing          |
| Loud praises              |                            |



### She-

hired another woman to win the love of the man she feared! You'll gasp at the strange secret drama that seethes sinisterly behind the gaudy glamor of the Midway. "Behind-the-tent stuff is the intimate sort that 'gets' you," said N. Y. Daily News.

a GEORGE FITZMAURICE Production

From the play by Kenyon Nicholson. Stage Production by Charles L. Wagner. Adaptation by Benjamin Glazer. Presented by Richard A. Rowland.

## FIRST NATIONAL'S FIRST *talking* PICTURE

"The most interesting picture on Broadway"—said N. Y. Evening World!







Even the prettiest girl will look plain if she thinks of herself as an ugly duckling—and doesn't try to do anything about it. As witness Marion Nixon in "Geraldine," before she learns to cultivate her good points

Friendly  
Advice  
from  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck  
ON



The result of the three C's—clothes, care and cosmetics. And there is no reason, these days, why any girl can't have wavy hair and a good complexion. Being attractive, after all, is merely a matter of common sense

# Girls' Problems

**DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:**  
I suppose a sensible person would say that I haven't any right to bother you! A sensible person would say that I haven't any problem at all. For I'm healthy, and I have a good brain, and I have a job (I'm a private secretary) that's above the average.

But, oh, Carolyn Van Wyck—who expects a girl of twenty-one to be sensible? And I'm twenty-one—and, to me, my case seems serious!

You see, Miss Van Wyck, I'm plain. Not ugly, not the sort of a person to inspire contempt or distaste—just the sort of person who doesn't register! In an office crowded with eligible men, I pass unnoticed. I lunch by myself, I'm never escorted to my home—I'm never asked to go to a theater or a night club. Nobody even tries to kiss me in a dark corner. Perhaps none of the corners, in our office, are dark enough!

My hair—it is nondescript in shade, and as straight as the proverbial stick. My eyes are not bad (they're my best feature) but the blue grey of them is spoiled by a sandy fringe of lashes. What if the lashes are thick? Nobody'd know, from their color, that I had any. My mouth—like my lashes—is too pale. And my skin adds to the generally drab effect.

I don't know why my shoulders droop more than the shoulders of other girls—why my lips curve down instead of up. And I don't know what's wrong with my figure. Plenty of popular girls are as thin as I—and they're called slender, whereas I'm labeled "Skinny."

Oh, I'm as unattractive as they come! That's my problem, Carolyn Van Wyck. And I'm lonely for the life and fun and romance that belong to a girl of my age. And my unattractiveness is keeping the life and fun and romance away from me! I've never had a beau—not one. Probably when I'm forty-one I'll be telling the same story.

I don't suppose you can help me, Miss Van Wyck. But if you only could!

DORA L.

**DORA, Dora!** I wonder if you realize how much I—or any other sensible woman with a word of advice to offer—can help you? I wonder if you realize that it is the essentially sensible person who would most readily agree with you that you have a problem—and would help you to solve it!

For being attractive, these days, is a matter of common sense. It's foolish to be plain.

I wish that you had been with me, a few nights ago, when I went to my favorite picture theater and saw there Marion Nixon in "Geraldine." It's a picture that you ought to see, Dora; it might give you some ideas. For it tells the ugly duckling story in a new way. *Geraldine* isn't a pretty girl in the beginning of the picture—you can judge for yourself from the portrait that's printed on this page. But at the end of the story—well, we've printed a second picture! Look at that, and make your own decision!

## How to Look Better Than You Really Are

### Is This Month's Problem

**THERE'S** no girl, no matter how lovely she may be, who couldn't look better. Cleopatra would have been improved if she could have wandered through the mazes of a modern beauty shop—Helen of Troy would have thrilled to, and profited by, a cosmetic counter!

Perhaps I can help you to look better. Perhaps the advice that I can give will put you a step farther on the ladder that reaches toward charm and social success. Doubtless you can work out your own problem—be it health, happiness or beauty. But remember, if you can not, that letters sent to me—letters enclosing stamped envelopes—will be answered immediately. And that those without postage will be answered in the magazine, as soon as publication dates permit.

**Complexion!** Is your problem a facial one? If so, send a stamped envelope and you will receive information regarding the care of the skin. For ten cents you will receive my booklet on safe and sane reducing methods. Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York. CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

A marcel, a facial, a little carefully applied make-up. They have done a lot for *Geraldine*.

Look at yourself in the mirror, Dora. And ask yourself what they can do for you!

Your hair—for instance. It sounds like the sort of hair that a permanent wave would help mightily. And, incidentally, a good permanent tends to make the hair seem more colorful and alive—as well as much more curly. And your eyes—make the most of them by using mascara and an eyebrow pencil on those sandy, but luckily, thick lashes. You'll not have to look theatrical—lashes and brows can be darkened cleverly and naturally. The pale mouth will glow under the touch of a lipstick. Try the lipstick color on the back of your hand to get the tint that best blends with your skin. And, speaking of skin—how about a touch of rouge? Just a touch—for too pink cheeks are not smart nowadays.

I can tell you, Dora, why your shoulders droop—why your mouth goes down. It's because you have an inferiority complex. You know that you're clever—and yet you are ready to admit defeat in a game at which many far from clever girls excel. You're ready to say that you are a social failure—to tell the world that men have no interest in you.

**IT'S** stupid—it's Victorian—to think that a plain girl can not be made into a nearly pretty girl. Or—for that matter—into a more than pretty girl! A plain girl—if she has brains—if she will consider herself as an individual rather than as a member of an undesired group—can do wonders with herself. Individuality and personality can spell popularity in letters a foot high. They can go beyond beauty.

Clothes, nowadays, are far from standardized. The stout girl can find styles that make her seem slender—the slim girl, even though she's as thin, Dora, as you are—can wear picture frocks that give curves where only angles have grown. Materials and colors make a vast difference, too. Remember that.

I've never seen a girl in my life, Dora—(and my life is lived in a great city, in which there are all kinds and varieties of girls)—who couldn't be improved upon. And, usually, by simple things. By making use of the three little c's—clothes, care and cosmetics. The three little c's that—taken together—make the capital C that is called Charm.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]



# WILLIAM HAINES IN ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

with  
LIONEL BARRYMORE—KARL DANE—LEILA HYAMS

A Jack Conway Production  
From the play by  
Paul Armstrong  
Adaptation by A. P. Younger  
Continuity by  
Sara Y. Mason  
Titles by Joe Farnham



JIMMY GETS  
THE THIRD DEGREE

Slowly . . . silently . . . ominously . . . the great steel door swung shut, locking within that airless vault a helpless little child—the sister of the girl he loved...

He had endured the third degree—could he stand that pitiful appeal? To “crack” the safe was a confession—not to, was—murder! What did “Jimmy Valentine” decide?

It's an evening you'll remember all your life. A smash hit on Broadway at \$2 admission . . . acclaimed the perfected dialogue accompaniment. You'll have all the same thrills when your local theatre shows this record-breaking Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film, either silent or with dialogue.



THE CONSPIRATORS  
WILLIAM HAINES—KARL DANE—TULLY MARSHALL



WILLIAM HAINES WITH  
LOVELY LEILA HYAMS

## It's in our safe—\$50!

Have you the right combination?  
Answer these simple questions  
and win the prize!

Come all you safe-crackers with bright ideas! There's \$50 and a valuable prize waiting for you in the M-G-M safe! The best set of answers to these five questions turns the trick. Read the rules below and send in your safe-cracking answers.

To the man winning the contest, William Haines will give \$50.00 and the electric flash lamp he uses in “Alias Jimmy Valentine”. To the woman, Leila Hyams will send \$50.00 and the beautiful handbag she carries in the same picture. The next fifty lucky ones will receive my favorite photograph specially autographed by  
Yours cordially

*Ramon Novarro*

- 1—Name the six popular young players who appear in “Our Dancing Daughters.”
- 2—Which do you prefer—Sound or Silent movies? Give your reasons within 75 words.
- 3—What popular murder story listed as a best seller novel and serial story last year has been made into a talking picture by M-G-M?
- 4—Name the Indian Chief in an M-G-M western who posed for the head on the Buffalo nickel.
- 5—Who is directing the first all Negro feature planned as an epic production of the colored race?

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

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

Winners of

The William Haines Contest of October  
Mr. A. Humphrey Mrs. John Maloney  
Redwood City, California Racine, Wisconsin

**A METRO-GOLD**

“More stars than there are in Heaven”



**MAYER TALKING  
PICTURE**

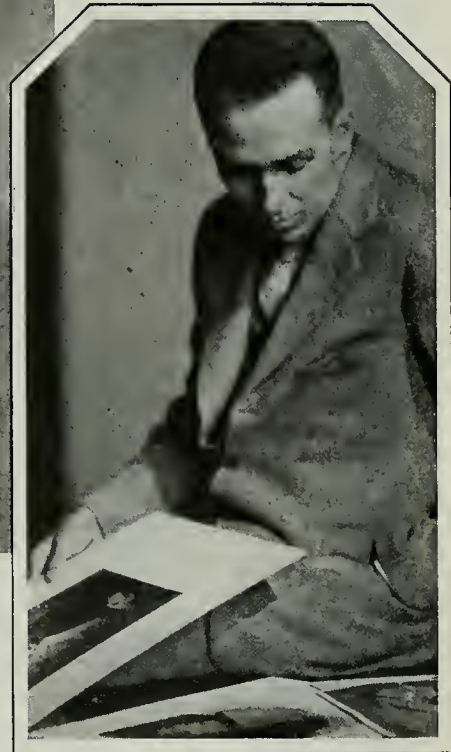
It's Great with Dialogue or Silent!

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS  
VANDERBILT, JR.F. SCOTT  
FITZGERALD

JOHN BARRYMORE

—because, being a member of the most distinguished theatrical family in America, he has been associated with the most beautiful women in the arts. Because in his choice of motion picture heroines he has set a new—and different—standard of feminine loveliness. Because he is himself the most romantic figure on the stage today.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

—because he is the fourth Cornelius Vanderbilt in one of America's oldest and most distinguished families. Because he has struck out for himself and achieved an independent career, and as a journalist is familiar with people everywhere. Because he has driven across America twenty-three times and his hobby is remote places and interesting types.



F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

—because, as the most brilliant of America's younger novelists, he was the first to discover and portray an enchanting new type of American girl. Because, at the age of 23, he woke up to find himself famous as the author of "This Side of Paradise." Because no other man of his time writes so sympathetically, skilfully, and fascinatingly about women.

Three distinguished  
Judges choose the

## TWELVE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN using Woodbury's Facial Soap

Who are the *real* Woodbury beauties?

Hundreds of women have written us every year that they owe the fine, clear beauty of their skin to faithful use of this famous complexion soap. But we longed to meet them face to face!

So we called on them—in big cities, in little villages—we called on Woodbury beauties in each of the forty-eight states.

Even we were amazed, astonished at the hundreds of lovely, attractive faces we saw. We asked for their photographs that their loveliness

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might be judged and published to the world!

But when we came to choose from literally heaps of the charming portraits they gave us we were bewildered. It was impossible to decide which were the loveliest.

So we asked three distinguished American men, known for their deep appreciation and knowledge of beauty, to choose for us. We asked Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., John Barrymore, and F. Scott Fitzgerald to select from among all these Woodbury beauties the loveliest of each type.

The judges are choosing. The twelve most beautiful Woodbury users will be published in a series—the loveliest debutante, the most radiant out-of-doors girl, the loveliest mother, the youngest grandmother—all will appear in these pages.

And all these beautiful women are keeping the fresh, clear texture of their skin by constant use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Watch for them each month. Who will be the first Woodbury beauty? She will be shown in March.

The Andrew Jergens Company





Autrey

# NEW PICTURES

SOME shifting style and changing personalities, Mary Astor, for instance. Once she was an unsophisticated beauty and content merely to lend pictorial appeal to the screen. The men stars selected her for their leading woman, confident that no burst of fireworks from Mary would spoil their best scenes. Now Mary has acquired a livelier personality, and you will find her where the bullets fly thickest and fastest in "A Romance of the Underworld." Check up another victory for marriage. Since Mary married Kenneth Hawks, a smart young supervisor, her acting has taken on new interest



Ruth Harriet Louise

**T**HE talkies are making 'em and breaking 'em. The demand is for new voices, not new faces. Leila Hyams spoke her piece so prettily in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," that Metro-Goldwyn invited her to sign a contract. Leila was a far-seeing child when she selected the vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre for her parents. As a youngster she played on the stage, just by way of helping Mamma and Papa





Lansing Brown

**V**ERY rare photograph of Alice White. And why? Because, dear children, Alice is not posed in her usual lingerie nor yet in her bathing suit. Alice is one of those girls whose gay cinematic doings keep the high-school boys and girls from concentrating on their geometry. Has she it? Yes, and also dem and dose. She's one of those flaming stars who upset the careful calculations of movie astronomers



Richee

**H**OLLYWOOD'S hot spot. The Menace from Mexico. California's tropical storm. Ask Gary Cooper. Lupe Velez is his leading woman in "The Wolf Song," and Gary never has been so interested in a picture. Lupe has had other crushes but, at the moment of leaping to press, This One Was Different. Anyway Gary, who might have been broken-hearted when Evelyn Brent married Harry Edwards, has decided that life isn't so tough after all





Kahle

**N**O *microphobia* for Madge. While some of the more lofty stars are thinking of retiring to little ivy-covered cottages in Mesopotamia or Forgetting It All in the South Sea Islands, Madge Bellamy goes ahead serene in the confidence that she successfully passed her talkie test in "Mother Knows Best." Her next picture is "Exiles," and it will be what William de Mille aptly calls a "chinema"



Bull

LIONEL BARRYMORE'S career is almost a history of movie acting. He was a member of the old Griffith-Biograph Company and the first stage player of standing to "disgrace" himself by acting for the camera. Mr. Barrymore enjoyed a brief stardom, slipped into character parts and then the talkies again raised him to prominence. Now he has been made a director and his first assignment is the dialogue version of "Madame X"





*The*  
**GOSSARD**  
*Sine of Beauty*

For women  
who strike the  
happy medium in  
avoirdufois . . . women  
who are neither exception-  
ally slender nor yet stout . . .  
Gossard has created this new  
combination. So designed that it  
follows Nature's own beauty curves,  
it softly supports the bust . . .  
smoothes the waistline . . . gives  
the much desired flat backline . . .  
outlines a graceful hip curve by  
means of wide elastic inserts.  
Because the entire garment, even  
to the adjustable and detachable  
shoulder straps, follows the  
natural figure curves, you will  
find new supported ease, new  
smartness of line the moment  
you try it on. Design 3697, \$5

**HOW HOLLYWOOD,  
RE-NEWS  
ITS MILLION-DOLLAR  
WARDROBES**

▲  
*Greatest Groups  
of Fashion Experts—*

*Every great Movie Studio . . .  
All New York Musical Shows...  
Famous Dressmakers... Buyers  
for 112 great department stores  
—tell how they keep beautiful  
clothes like new Twice As Long.*

▼



*Aileen Pringle in Hollywood's most expensive gown—of chiffon tussus embroidered in crystals, worn in "A Single Man."*



*Million-Dollar-  
Wardrobe Test*

shows Lux most economical! (Above) Wardrobe mistress and costume director. "Lux saves clothes and money," they find.



**N**OW Hollywood tells its very own secret of caring for lovely clothes!

Tells how the beautiful fashions worn in big pictures are kept so bewitchingly fresh and so new looking, despite the hardest of wear!

The movies made many tests of the different methods of cleansing—and they discovered this amazing fact:

"The original beauty of modern fabrics, whether fragile or of substantial weave, can actually be Re-Newed again and again with Lux—and with Lux they last twice as long!" Now every great studio in

Hollywood uses Lux—to double the life of beautiful clothes!

And other leading fashion authorities — New York's gorgeous musical shows, the buyers for leading department stores (92% of all interviewed), famous dressmakers —also find:

"Lux keeps fine things, from chiffons to woolens, beautifully new—twice as long!"

Here is experience to help every woman! Using pure, bland Lux to cleanse all your own precious things you too, can keep them adorably new—much, much longer! Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.



# PHOTOPLAY

February, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

*By James R. Quirk*

THERE is a very interesting article elsewhere in this issue which bears the significant title of "Going Hollywood."

One phase of it was neglected.

It seems that organizations and institutions can go Hollywood also—our favorite institution of higher learning, The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, for instance.

The Academy doesn't get much publicity, but no one can accuse PHOTOPLAY of neglecting it. We recognize it definitely as a grand idea. But, sad to say, a grand idea gone Hollywood.

YOU may or may not have heard the latest. Now, dear friends, the august Academy, which may in years—let's say, a thousand years—rival the French Academy of Arts and Sciences, is very unhappy about the way motion picture publications are treating their dear ones.

But, strangely enough, it wasn't until naughty words were said about the leaders of the Academy that they were driven to such a white heat of anger (in Hollywood it is called passion) that they are planning to start their own fan magazine for the purpose of TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT MOTION PICTURE PEOPLE.

Lordy, lordy.

THE talking pictures have already accomplished one stupendous and invaluable feat. They have completely smashed what is



drolly called "temperament" in the studios.

No longer can Fifi Fromage tear the set down and begin throwing the pieces at her director. In the microphone such a display of childish insanity would sound like the second battle of the Marne.

Even such a gesture of annoyance as leg-slapping is out. One day at Paramount, while a talking scene was on, Clive Brook smacked his leg, and the resulting noise came over like the explosion of a Big Bertha.

Whatever else the talkies have done, they have piped down the pettish and petulant.

A CHARMING English novelist, named William J. Locke, is now plunging about the Hollywood jungles.

A few days after he arrived in this country, Ray Long, editor of *Cosmopolitan*, gave a lunch in his honor at the Metropolitan Club.

I sat across from Mr. Locke at the festive board, and I could not take my eyes from him. He is tall, and grey, and lean—a perfect portrait of a gentleman and a scholar.

And, across the table, he looked so gentle and so wistful. I felt sorry for him. He seemed so ill fitted to be hurled into Hollywood. He looked tired. It was like tossing an untrained boy into a trench before he was well acquainted with the business end of a rifle and how soon to toss a hand grenade after pulling out the pin. He seemed temperamentally unprepared for the speed and brusqueness of American life.

NOW I think of Locke, grinding and perhaps being ground out there in the mills of the movies, which grind fast and exceeding small. If they understand him, and inspire him, and know what to do with his product after it is written, and convey to the screen the beauty and romance in his fine mind, I shall be grateful to Hollywood. Meanwhile, I watch and pray.

A few days after arriving in Hollywood he wrote a charming little piece about the studios and the colony. I wonder what he'll write about Hollywood after he emerges from the marshes, a little greyer and a little leaner. Whatever it is, you may be assured that it will be civilized and charming.

"THE Singing Fool," Al Jolson's Vitaphone storm of sobs, had just ended its first showing at the Regal Theater in London.

Twenty-five hundred people had not even blown their noses, wiped their eyes and reached for their hats when 400 pretty girls streamed down the aisles carrying champagne, sandwiches and cigars.

A trailer flashed on the screen. "The management will be honored if you will remain and take wine with us," it said.

Ah, these foreigners! Here in the Benighted States we don't even get dry hankies! I pass on this hunch to the Messrs. Warner as hot publicity.

THE talking photoplay can be censored. The Pennsylvania State Censors say so, and so it must be true. Censors are infallible.

In 1915 The United States Supreme Court, in a war-time discussion, upheld the right of film censorship under certain conditions.

Blue-noses attempted to jam censorship through 30 states, and they succeeded in seven. Thirty cities decree it by municipal action. The Shock Battalions of the Righteous have made seven crashing attacks on Congress in behalf of national censorship, and their riddled lines are ever re-forming for new assaults.

AND now we face another attack upon the constitutional Bill of Rights, already staggering and almost out on its feet.

"Congress shall make no law abridging freedom of speech or of the press."

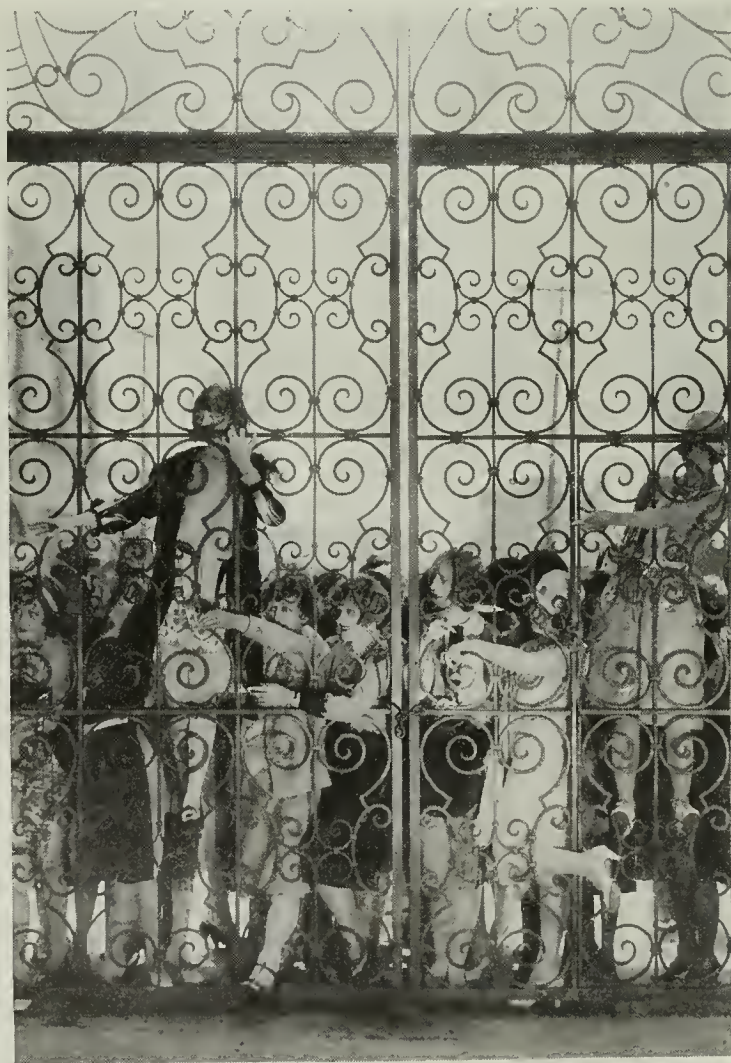
There it is, standing gallantly but gróggily in the face of a hundred bitter assaults.

Let us hear what the Supreme Court has to say about the right of free speech from the screens of the Republic. The battle will be joined, and soon.

YOU should see the Little Carnegie Playhouse, located in a hoity toity section of New York City.

It has a card room where patrons may bridge and pinochle the happy hours away. There is a dance floor, with a radio always hitting on 12. There is a ping-pong arena for those hot blooded youths who go in for the more violent forms of manly sport and exercise.

It is rumored that there is also an auditorium wherein the more artistic types of photoplays are exhibited. But I wouldn't know about that. I can't seem to get past the pinochle salon.



"It takes the patience of a lacemaker and the courage of a trans-Atlantic flier to become a successful Hollywood extra at this time. If you possess these qualities, and enough money to keep you for six months, try it out. You will find, at the end of that time, that you have changed your mind."—Florence Vidor, motion picture star

A BED time story for tiny tots.

Once upon a couple of times there were two British actors who didn't amount to a row of used razor blades. Packing their toothbrushes and pinkspats, they emigrated to America to fight Red Indians and dig gold on Broadway.

One was a Scotch comic named Ernest Torrence—the other a little cockney funny man called George K. Arthur.

BOTH fell into the films and fortune. Not long ago they addressed a great London audience, via Movietone, in a mighty English picture house.

Rich and famous on America's golden coast, it was their first successful appearance in their homeland, and it was made on a shadow stage!

In spite of our modern over-civilization, Romance lives, and reigns!





# Co-Stars *for Life*

**H**ERE is the kiss that started the romance. You remember it, of course, in "The Sea Beast." And here is the scenario of the Dolores Costello-John Barrymore romance.

In 1925, Barrymore went to Hollywood. He was the great *Hamlet* of the stage.

Temperamental, hard-to-please, the youngest of the great Barrymores.

No wonder the movie producers couldn't find a leading woman for this important personage.

And then he discovered his own leading woman—a fragile, sympathetic girl who was playing a "bit" in another picture. He didn't know then that she was Dolores Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, who had been something of a John Barrymore himself in the early movies.

A charming start for a romance. Although Dolores was a member of one of the First Families of the Films, her beginnings in Hollywood had been humble. She and her sister, Helene, had left the chorus of George White's "Scandals" to sign a contract with Warner Brothers. But she had failed to create any great furor in the studio.

To be selected by Barrymore as his leading woman meant a short cut to success.

But it wouldn't have been a real romance if all had gone well. Costello, *pere*, resented Mr. Barrymore's attentions to his daughters.

John, unfortunately, was married. Mrs. Costello approved. Result: a divorce in the Costello family.

Still another divorce was needed to pave the way for the

marriage. Last August, Michael Strange fooled the newspapers, Broadway, Hollywood and the rest of the world by filing suit in Kingston, N. Y., for a divorce. The papers were in behalf of Mrs. Blanche Blythe versus John Blythe. Mrs. Blythe was awarded the decree and the custody of a daughter, Diana Joan.

Listen closely, because this is complicated. The former Mrs. Barrymore was Blanche Oelrichs Thomas, daughter of Charles M. Oelrichs of Newport and ex-wife of Leonard Thomas. She writes under the name of Michael Strange.

Barrymore is John Blythe, although the family hasn't used the name in two generations. No wonder the news sleuths were baffled.

**A**ND now for the wedding. It was a quiet affair at the bride's home in Beverly Hills.

There were more reporters and photographers than guests. Brother Lionel was best man. Sister Helene was the bridesmaid.

From the East, Ethel Barrymore sent her blessings and her verdict that Dolores is a "darling."

From Cannes, France, Michael Strange, the ex-wife, wished the couple happiness.

The bride wore a wedding gown of cream lace over a bisque slip and at her shoulder, a diamond bar pin held a shower of lilies-of-the-valley.

What the bridegroom wore is not important. For the first time in the history of the theater, a Barrymore played a secondary rôle.



International Newsreel

Jaime and Dolores del Rio lived in a world of romance and flowers. They had love; they had money. But Dolores wanted fame—and she achieved it. And then Jaime died, thousands of miles from his wife and his home. Another tragedy was checked up to "Going Hollywood"

**T**HE day before he died in Berlin, Germany, Jaime del Rio, divorced husband of the beautiful, dark Dolores, asked to be buried with his wedding ring on.

The young Mexican banker and sportsman was only thirty-three. He was sinking rapidly because of the blood poisoning that had set in following a slight operation for a boil.

He was a foreigner in a strange land. He had only a few friends beside him: Father Moreno, the family priest of the del Rio's, who had come all the way from Spain; Paul Mooney, Fred Stein and Curtis Melnitz, personal friends, and the physician who sat with his quiet finger on Jaime's fluttering pulse. But Jaime was neither lonely nor afraid.

Lying there, thousands of miles from home, in the valley of the shadow of death, he was closer to his beloved wife than he had ever been beneath the golden sun of Hollywood.

Dolores' many cablegrams lay where his dimming eyes could see them. The next-to-the-last one said: "Darling, you must get well because of my love for you." But the one that came at the final moment was the briefest and most expressive of all. It whispered the only words that are ever truly important to any man or woman, "I love you."

And it may well be that dying, with a smile on his lips, was a much easier thing for Jaime del Rio than living with sorrow will be for Dolores.

For if ever a girl paid the price of going Hollywood Dolores del Rio is paying it now. Do not misunderstand. This is no attack against a heartbroken star.

It is a little too much to ask that, when a girl, beautiful, young and vital, is shown all the kingdoms

# Going

## What Happens Garden of

of the world that she should have the wisdom to withhold her hand from grasping them. The malady that attacked Dolores del Rio was simply that which attacks so many people of the film colony. It is the sickness of excessive, overpowering, devastating ambition. It is "going Hollywood."

**S**INCE the world began men and women have sacrificed, have suffered, have endured all things for love. But in Hollywood love is a bauble to be retained as long as usable and then to be scrapped when it gets in the way of either ambition or pleasure.

The case of Jaime and Dolores del Rio is a perfect example.

I shall never forget meeting Dolores shortly after she first arrived in Hollywood. I expect I shall never again see anyone at once so beautiful, so vibrant, so young



Mae Murray was queen of the studio. Her word was law; her wish was a command. But she forgot her old friends. Today, she is not in pictures. Vaudeville is her meal ticket



A simple American lad and an exotic Polish actress—both victims of *Phantasia Hollywoodii*. Charles Ray wanted to be more than an actor. He wanted to be producer, director and writer.

Pola Negri forgot to be an actress. She played her best scenes out of range of the camera. She was at the mercy of small whims and vanities. And so two talented persons were lost to the screen



# Hollywood

By  
Ruth Waterbury

## to People in the Satisfaction

and eager. Her skin was golden as honey in those days, her lips were pink carnations and her eyes were as soft and exquisite as a young doe's.

Dolores, a young society woman, had been discovered in Mexico City by Edwin Carewe. Carewe had brought her to Hollywood. He told her she could become a great actress, a greater star. He painted before her deep brown eyes an iridescent future. He laid out before her the kingdoms of the world.

**T**HERE, at the beginning, Dolores was still the young wife of a handsome Mexican society man. Mr. Carewe was simply her director. She clung to Jaime, her husband. She deferred to Jaime. And naturally Jaime, who adored Dolores, adored that.

It is violating no secret now to say that, at first, Dolores was no particular hit. She was an inexperienced beauty in a town where beauty is a common commodity. But Carewe handled her adroitly and Dolores worked and studied like fury. She made four different pictures without anyone knowing about it except the companies that paid her her salary.

Then came "What Price Glory." Ah, marvelous, wonderful fortune to cast her for the most coveted part of the year! So Dolores must have thought. So any girl would have thought. So probably the worshipping Jaime thought. Yet that was the be-



Mauritz Stiller, the great Swedish director, and Greta Garbo, his shy young discovery, arrive in this country. All that was back in 1925. Today Stiller is dead. He died a lonely, defeated, heart-broken man, an exile from the city that made Greta famous



ginning of the del Rio tragedy. With that part Dolores started going Hollywood.

**M**OST tragedies have their root in small, trivial misunderstandings. So it was with Dolores and Jaime. One day, during a tense, important scene, when the nerves of everyone were on edge, Jaime del Rio was asked to leave the set. Now Hollywood understands a situation like that. In the midst of work, anyone—even a near and dear relative—is merely an outsider. Mothers, husbands, fathers and children may be ordered from the set, and no slight or rudeness is implied.

But Jaime del Rio, the sensitive, aristocratic gentleman, didn't understand. To him, this everyday studio regulation was a cruel and sinister thrust. It meant that he was pushed out of Dolores' life—relegated to the rôle of being only her husband.

And Nazimova, one of the first great players to blaze across the screen. Her salary was enormous. Her popularity was unquestioned. She was an artist—until she "went Hollywood." Today she is playing second fiddle to a lesser actress at a Fourteenth Street Theater in New York

I believe Dolores couldn't help going Hollywood. I believe that no girl in the position that Dolores was placed in could have helped it. There was too much to resist.

First of all, there was work.

No one who had not lived in Hollywood has any conception of how the film people work. And I mean work, plain unremitting toil for hours and hours on end. Except where most of us work with a combination of the mental and physical, the players of Hollywood work with mind, body and emotions.

The average American works from nine to five and calls it a day.

Corinne Griffith is often called the most independent star in the business because she insists upon quitting [CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]

# Something About Myself

“A Life Story, to be vital, must deal with emotions”

*As told to Katherine Albert*  
by Nils Asther

## CHAPTER I.

**I**T is a difficult task for me, Nils Asther, to tell the story of my life.

I am not a pleasant person. I am not gay and amusing and social. I am ingrown, introspective, analytical. To speak of things that affect me deeply and to speak of them honestly is a burden.

Tragedy plays a subtle, personal part in the drama of one's life. It should not be mentioned. One may chat with friends and speak many words that mean nothing, one may recount

amusing or dramatic incidents in which the “I” plays the central figure, but a life story is more than a series of events. It is more than “and then I arrived in Germany” or “I left Gutenberg to go to Russia”—like an illustrated travelogue. Places and time are inconsequential.

**A** LIFE story, to be real and vital, must deal with emotions, and how does one speak of emotion?

When I was married, my wife said to me, “Surely you do not love me. I tell you twenty times each day that I am yours completely. I speak that my heart belongs only to you. And you are silent. You cannot say ‘I love you.’ Why do you not tell me these things?”

I could not speak of these things, since love is a deep emotion and since, once the words were out, the emotion no longer belonged to me. Something had fled from me when I formed the syllables on my tongue.

Yet these inner workings of the heart are more strange and vital than any chain of events, no matter how spectacular, that might occur in the life span of an entity. These make up the panorama of living and if I am to tell honestly what has happened to me during the 27 years that I have been a part of this “discreditable episode on one of the minor planets” I must speak frankly, I must discuss what I have never discussed before.

One question occurs to me again and again. One word, the ruling question of my life, “Why?” I ask myself a thousand times and I find no answer.

When I was a child I was given a watch. My joy lay not in the bit of metal and glass that I held in my hand but in finding the inner mysteries of the strange, rhythmic, “tick-tick.” I tore it apart and discovered bits of wire and tiny bolts that had no meaning and that were useless after they had been unchained from their prison. I could not put them all back into the case and the time-piece was ruined.

And thus, after I have torn myself apart for analysis, I find that I know no more and am no better off than I was before and yet I continue to question, an incessant “why?” still rings in my ears.

What manner of man am I? To what end am I living?

**I** WAS born with this absorbing curiosity, but the introspective and analytical tendencies came as a result of the events of my childhood.

Again I repeat the difficulty of speaking of them. They were tragic to me. My dreams at night are still haunted by intangible, disturbing, muddled thoughts of those bitter days. Yet who am I to call them tragic? Who am I to say that I was unhappy when there are men who have been through wars, when there are women who have borne children and have lost them in death?

Certainly there is no one capable of measuring the unhappi-



This photograph of Nils Asther was taken in his European home after he had made his first success in the movies. Yes, they have comic supplements in Sweden





**"I am not a pleasant person. I am not gay and amusing and social. I am ingrown, introspective, analytical. To speak of things that affect me deeply is a burden"**

ness of another soul. I am happy when others would be most uncomfortable, tortured when others would be most happy. What to one nature may be a momentary annoyance is black despair to another.

"There is no mystery so great as misery."

When outwardly one appears the most gay there may be the lurking demon of doubt, the grim neurasthenia of the heart. Yet tragedy is of the mind. One's life is of the mind. The only realities are the unrealities.

**M**Y father was of the aristocratic house of Asther, high bourgeoisie. He owned lands and factories and newspapers in and around Malmo, Sweden, where I was born. He had been married to a beautiful society woman, who had borne him a son—a son who delighted him, a boy whom he could take to his heart. My half-brother filled my father's life as I, a sickly, melancholy lad, could never do. My father wanted to do the best thing for me. He wanted to give me the advantage of going into his business and becoming a respectable member of society. His lack of understanding was not from the heart, certainly. His intentions were of the best, but I still shudder, when I remember how my body trembled when I heard his step in the hall and knew that he would question me about the things I had done during the day.

A stern, Continental parent he was, who could not understand my stupidities. My mother—ah, she was the soul of gentleness and sweetness. She was of a social station beneath my father, the daughter of a high school teacher, and the house became divided against itself.

It was then that I became ingrown and bitter, so introspective that in later years when I found myself again miserable and unhappy my closest friends, Augusta Lindberg and Djalmar

Bergman, of whom I shall speak at length later on, did not dare to come to me and question me and offer their help.

Vague, childish misery. My mother weeping alone in a great room. My heart torn with sorrow at the sight of her. The color of an autumn sky. The strange philosophies of books.

My father kept us waiting at dinner time. He and my brother were always on their yachts and did not realize the flight of time. So my mother and I lived to ourselves and I was keenly aware of the distinction made between me and my brother.

Christmas is supposedly a happy time. It is still like a nightmare to me. My grandfather always arrived and gave my brother money amounting to the sum of ten dollars, perhaps. Later in the day he would see me. I would be given five dollars. This was as it should have been; I was younger. But I was sensitive at the distinction.

**I** WAS not supposed to know the difference but, boy-like, my brother could not resist the temptation of saying, "See what my grandfather has given me. See how much money I have. What did he give you?"

And I could not answer. I could only feel the thrust of the knife in my heart. Then I would find my mother and she would comfort me.

I had no friends at school. I was always sickly and morose. I'm sure that I was an unattractive little boy who did not invite companionship from the other students. The books I read were much too old for me, books of heavy psychological fiction and strange philosophical works. I'm sure I did not understand them, yet at the time they seemed to satisfy me. Immature as I was, the thought poems of those great minds must have seeped

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 138 ]

**BECAUSE** he is one of the coming young men of the screen, PHOTOPLAY presents the Story of Nils Asther. It is honestly and seriously written. As Mr. Asther says, "A Life Story is more than a series of events. . . . The inner workings of the heart are more strange than any chain of events . . . . I must speak frankly, I must discuss what I have never discussed before."



**T**WO more twin profiles—Joan Crawford and Pauline Frederick. Will some bright producer please cast them together in a mother and daughter drama? What a picture *that* would be! Now for the statistics: Joan is one-half inch taller than Miss Frederick and a few pounds lighter. And—you may not believe it—there is twenty years difference in their ages



# The Holy Racketeers

Close-Ups and Flashes of the Motion Picture  
Censorial Mind in Action

By  
*Leonard  
Hall*

**T**HE mighty mass of photoplay fans are unacquainted, perhaps, with the little band of zealots who stand at the doors of the Capitol at Washington, year after year, demanding federal censorship of the motion picture.

Meet them socially! Censors—fans! Fans, mitt the censors!

Their leader is The Rev. William Sheafe Chase, D.D., an Episcopal cleric of Brooklyn, N. Y. He calls his infinitesimal army The Federal Motion Picture Council in America.

The Canon mobilized his Heavenly shock troops in Washington on Nov. 26, and I was privileged to sit in a safe dugout amid the rockets' pale pink glare and the bombs popping faintly in air.

Here, then, is a series of flashes of the censorial type of mind in action. They are written in sorrow and not in anger. There is something infinitely pathetic, as well as ironically humorous, in the labors of these old guerillas who battle in and out of season to impose upon the many the will of the few.

**SCENE**—the Garden Room of the sumptuous Mayflower Hotel in Washington, a large, rococo place that often is horrid with the tooting of such unholy classics as "Momma Loves Poppa," and the shuffle of dancing feet.

On the platform, to the right of the presiding officer, sits the good Canon Chase himself—a grey little man in clerical duds, with a dispirited white moustache and a bald head that gleams.

In the chair—The Rev. J. J. Claudy, Doctor of Divinity, an impressive looking gentleman of the cloth.

Below, the faithful, comprising nothing less than the Sixth Annual Motion Picture Conference under the auspices of The Federal Motion Picture Council in America, Inc.

What a hoity-toity title for such a tiny flock! There can't be more than forty of the conferees, with a scant half dozen of the male gender.

Something is terribly, tragically wrong with these holy shock troops. What can it be?

Ah, I have it! They are completely devoid of youth! Middle life—old age—hard, set faces and suspicious, darting eyes.

But not one shining face—not one young, hearty voice to speak out loud and strong in the name of those millions of happy youngsters of the republic who find

so much joy in the play world of the films. That's it. There isn't a grin in a carload of these holy racketeers.

I am the youngest person present. But of course I am only an unregenerate reporter, and approximately as welcome as a guffawing hyena.

Behind the active ringsiders, and clinging to the room's fringes, other ladies and gentlemen, outnumbering the mob, I suspect them. Most of them are lamentable spies. I recognize writers for the trade press—representatives of the great industry that is under the gunfire of the godly.

We agents look at each other sidewise, and say "Sh!"

They watch—they listen—they take notes.

Now the conference that is to shake the world and save our youth is about to begin.

The chairman clears his throat. The brethren and sistren perch on the edges of their chairs.

**T**HERE is a prayer, and a quavering hymn.

The Rev. C. G. Twombly, D.D., arises in his place and comes to the rostrum.

He is a handsome chap, and he carries an imposing sheaf of what is no doubt damning documentary evidence.

I look at the printed program. His subject is "The Moving Picture Menace."

It is evident at once that Dr. Twombly has a Wide Vision of Service.

"Forty-five million children see movies every week," he announces. Then he berates his brethren of the cloth for not

attending also, in order to keep close tab on the machinations of Satan in Celluloid.

"Nothing is too bad for me to see!" he shouts.

There is an approving cluck-cluck-clucking from the sisters in the seats.

"**W**HAT are we going to do to save our young people from the evils of motion pictures?" he asks.

No answer is forthcoming. Dr. Twombly plunges into the horrid details of certain iniquitous films before which he has sat in the performance of his high calling as guardian of American youth.

In Mr. Griffith's "Battle of the Sexes" Miss Phyl-

[CONTINUED ON

PAGE 136]



Illustrated by  
Rollin Kirby

And it sounds just like  
a one-man band, too.

# The Hot Baby of Hollywood *otherwise Lupe Velez*

*By Katherine Albert*

ONCE, when Lupe Velez was a child, she took the jewels from the altar in the house to twine in her hair. Consternation reigned when her parents discovered this.

"My Lupe is full of pep," said her father.

"My Lupe is full of hell," said her mother.

Lupe is full of hell and fire and earth and storm and sea. She is breathless and exciting and young. As simple as a nursery rhyme, as vital as passion.

She was born in a house not far from Mexico City where her father was a colonel in the army and secretary to the governor. It was a big house with many servants, whose chief duty seemed to be to sit on the roof and watch Lupe give imitations of the famous actresses of the day.

The beds were ripped apart so that Lupe could stuff herself with pillows and drape herself with sheets. It was a one girl show. Lupe would have it no other way. The servants and her sisters were the audience. Lupe was the star.

It was trying enough for the family to have the house thrown into disorder because Lupe felt called upon to give amateur theatricals on the roof, but when she was eleven or twelve years old, other difficulties presented themselves. Even at that tender age Lupe had sex appeal and no race is as quick to recognize this quality as the Mexican.

THE house was surrounded by boys of all ages, who whistled in various keys. For Lupe these young swains were simply a means to an end. She had an absorbing curiosity about motion picture stars and she discovered, young as she was, that her kisses were marketable. She would bestow a chaste salute on a masculine cheek in exchange for a picture of a star or a colored ribbon to wind in her dark braids.

Thus men became to her tools to gain the things she wanted, and the house was besieged by them. Her more placid sister, Josephine, became her messenger. She carried notes between Lupe and the boys, and Lupe's keen little ears soon learned the different whistles of her young lovers. Josephine was sent out to deliver the proper *billet doux* for each knight.

During the short space of time that I talked to Lupe I developed a deep sympathy for her mother who, at last, decided that it was impossible to keep her in the

Lupe Velez arrived in Hollywood with one dollar, a few words of English and a Mexican hairless dog. Oddly enough, she did *not* want to go into pictures. "I knew that I was too ugly," she explains. The producers disagreed with her, and her success was one of the quickest on record





# Some high-spots in the life of Lupe, who captures the boys and gives the girls something to talk about

house any longer. Living with a cyclonic force must be harrowing, so Lupe and her messenger-sister, Josephine, were shipped away to a convent—Lady of the Lake—in San Antonio, Texas.

**H**ERE she met American girls who taught her—as much as Lupe can be taught—to sing American songs and to do the shimmy, the forerunner of the Charleston and the Black Bottom.

As she had been a trial to her family, so she became a trial to the nuns. She appeared in school theatricals. She recited little verses about birds and bees and flowers and when there was only a mild ripple of applause, Lupe resorted to that quaint old army custom, technically known as the razzberry, to express her disapproval. It threw the girls into hysterics, but the mild and gentle nuns, who did not understand it, let her go unscolded.

And then came tragic news. The revolution flourished in Mexico. Her father was shot through the lungs! The girls must go home immediately.

**L**UPE found herself on a train speeding back to her native land. Because she was the younger, she must sleep in the upper berth, her sister in the lower. This was not for Lupe. A calm, sane upper berth, when on up ahead was a large, pulsing, exciting locomotive!

At the next stop Lupe left her own coach and climbed into the cab of the engine to discover a hard-boiled engineer who simply could not be bothered with Mexican girls.

"He would not let me stay in the engine," said Lupe, "but I knew that I was to stay, so I just gave him dis . . ."

"Dis" is a plaintive look with the eyes opened wide and the lips drawn into a provocative [CONTINUED ON PAGE 141]

Said the wife of an English novelist, "Oh, yes, my deah, Lupe Velez. A very noisy young person." But Hollywood likes her, because Hollywood likes anyone who is young, exciting, vital and interesting. And, in this, Hollywood is not so very different from your own home town



# The Studio Murder Mystery

Illustrated  
by  
C. A. BRYSON

## By The EDINGTONS

The Los Angeles police department, headed by Chief Detective Smith, is baffled by a startling murder. Dwight Hardell, one of the leading players of the Superior Films Company, is found dead on Stage Six, following a hard night's work on close-ups alone under the direction of Franz Seibert, Superior's ace foreign director. A blood-stained rapier lays beside the body, still garbed in the costume of Hardell's last screen rôle.

Investigation centers around four people. It develops that Hardell left the studio in Director Seibert's car at 12:17 A. M. Hardell apparently found his way back, through the studio's guarded gate, without being observed. In the studio at the time were Seibert's assistant, Billy West, and Yvonne Beaumont, a French actress. Both were on mysterious errands outside their studio work. Detective Smith's investigation hints of another murder observer or participant—a mysterious woman. This may be Beth MacDougal, daughter of the studio gateman and, of course, MacDougal himself may be involved in the crime.

As the hunt tightens, young West confesses to the crime and Miss Beaumont, who is in love with West, confesses that she came to the studio to recover some letters from the murdered man, Hardell.

There is the mystery to date. Hardell's record is a bad one. He appears to have been a scoundrel in private as well as in his make-believe life. Women were his victims and it seems highly possible that the murder centers around a broken heart.

Still—Go on with the story and, remember, that \$3,000 in prizes go to the shrewd amateur detectives who beat the Los Angeles police in solving this sensational crime.

“YVONNE . . . stop!”

“No, Billee! I will not stop! I . . .”

But West turned to Smith, crying:

“She's only trying to save me! Don't listen to her!

Go on . . . ask me questions . . . try to prove it! I went on that set last night, and you'll find my fingerprints to prove it!”

“Which reminds me. You have on rubber-heeled shoes. Just what I am looking for. Did you wear those shoes last night?”

“Yes.”

Smith walked over to Rosenthal's desk. From the pile of papers—the time sheet, the tape from Lannigan's clock, and a few miscellaneous articles—he pulled a folded paper. Opening it, he revealed that it was smeared with rusty-red stain.

“TAKE off your shoe, West,” he said then. Awkwardly, flushing miserably because of his bound wrists, the prisoner bent to obey him. Yvonne went to him swiftly.

“No . . . dear . . .” She stood back, and the sound of a sob came from her. Smith watched them both with cool indifference. When the shoe was off, he took it, and with his pen knife he dug out a deposit in the nail holes in the heel. This he smeared beside the other stain on the paper, and held it out for them to see.

“Matches up, eh? A laboratory test will prove it. You must have stood by Hardell's body quite some time, West, to let his blood get into your shoes like that . . . and to leave the remark-



ably clear trail across the floor,” he said quietly. “I was going to question you carefully as to your actions on the lot last night, but you have saved me the trouble for the present . . . your confession, and this . . . rather,” and he pointed to the paper. Yvonne put her hands to her face, and moaned:

“Billee! Billee!”

THE president of Superior Films stared at him in horror. “Have you anything to add to your confession?” said Smith addressing West.

He drew the back of his hand across his forehead in a dazed way, before he answered. Once he opened his lips, as though to ask a question. But he did not. Finally he said:

“No. That . . . is . . . all.”

Yvonne was pounding the back of a chair with tight clenched fists.

“Oh . . . you are . . . crazee! Crazee . . . all of you!” she sobbed furiously.

Clancy, coming in, stood a moment, his cheeks puffed out in surprise, at this exhibition. Smith brought him sharply to attention.

“Did you check up on Seibert's story?”

“Sure, chief. His chauffeur says he came in all right like he said, and spoke to him. Says when he went up to bed, Seibert had his light on, and was sittin' by his window readin'. That was about an hour and a half . . . maybe two hours, later.” Clancy stopped, and looked at West, and the handcuffs.

“Didn't take you long, did it, chief?” he asked significantly, a grin spreading over his face.





More confessions tangle this weird mystery of a Hollywood Studio. Who is guilty? You can help find the murderer and win \$3,000

Yvonne Beaumont suddenly faced the room. "Ladies . . . gentlemen . . . will you hear me? I have . . . some thing to tell you!" The beautiful girl looked bravely at her audience. "First I tell you that I have had ze . . . what you say . . . affair wif Mr. Hardell! I did not loff heem. I am ze flirt, oui. Pretty soon I am afraid! He make me scare. He say he will show some silly letters to my Billee! I am . . . wild . . . it ees zen that Yvonne becomes . . . a murderess!"

"He has confessed," said Smith tersely.

"Huh!" grunted Clancy. Even in his most sanguine moment, he had not hoped for such an easy capture. He stood, slowly sizing up the man in handcuffs. The victorious insolence in his face made West long to get up and punch it. He made no effort to hide his desire, and Clancy, well trained in the meaning of such looks, deliberately fanned it into an outburst.

"Huh! A boob amateur tryin' to put one over on a guy that stole his sweetie!" he sneered. West lurched at him, his handcuffed hands raised. If he thought Clancy was to be taken unawares, he was mistaken. The sergeant of police had turned his back squarely upon him, but now he wheeled on the instant, his fist swinging out unerringly. West was slammed into a chair back of him.

"None of that stuff!" he hissed. "You're goin' with me, and you're goin' quiet!" Wrapping a hand hardened to such practice in the back of West's collar, he hauled him upright.

"Listen, you damn murderer! Try that again and I'll smack your chin back so far you can use it for a collar button!"

"CLANCY!" The captain of detectives looked meaningfully at his sergeant.

"No little squirt of a crook can act up with me, and get away with it!" retorted Clancy belligerently. He turned back to West, and thrust his big paw down his collar.

"Come on, you . . ."

There was a flash of steel, and the boy's hands swung up and down. His eyes, suddenly a black blaze, leaped to Smith's.

"Take these damn things off me, or I'll wreck the place!" he

roared. "Pretty soft for you! Out here one day, and the best you can do is pick on a girl! Somebody tells you a lot of rot, and you start right in throwing dirt on her name! That's a hell of a way to catch a murderer! You knew damn well I'd confess to it! All right. I did. But that doesn't give you the right to put a filthy tub of guts like this over me! You take off these handcuffs, and you do it damn quick! I'll go to jail, but I'll go like a gentleman! I'll go when you send a man with a decent tongue in his head. . . ."

"CLANCY, you can step over to the hospital and get the nurse to fix you up," said Captain of Detectives Smith at this point. Astonishingly speedy had been his seizure of his sergeant of police when West's manacled hands had swung down on his head. Astonishingly steely was the grip that kept the frothing Clancy from leaping at West's throat. There was an instant in which Clancy hesitated, his hands curled and quivering with the intent . . . and then he touched his cap, and stepped into the hall. . . .

"Tell Ryan to come in," called Smith after him.

"Ryan, this is Mr. West. Take him down and lock him up. There's no need to call attention to yourselves. Perhaps Mr. West will drive you in."

"Right, sir," . . . and to West, "Are you ready?"

Yvonne, shrinking back in her chair, looked out at him with eyes in which contempt and loathing burned.

"You know he did not do eet!" she said in a low, tense voice. "You are a wecked . . . a bad . . . a terrible . . . man! God will puneesh you one day! I say eet!"



"I WENT to Beth MacDougal in the hospital," explained Detective Clancy. "The kid didn't know her father has confessed, see? She looks at me like a scared rabbit. Well, then I springs the dope about her dad to her. And, say, that kid never had a ghost of an idea her dad was goin' to confess to the murder! No siree! The kid was good and sick. 'They'll hang my Daddy! They'll hang him!' she kept repeating. 'Oh, my God . . . what did I ever do it for?'"



# \$3,000 in Prizes for Detective Skill in Solving this Baffling Murder

She looked, and spoke words, like a child, but her voice was rough with passion. Her eyes accused him in a way that threatened to break through his composure.

"I do not *know* anything about this case . . . yet . . ." said the detective.

"Well, I should tink it would be all offer, vid poor West's confession! Ach, that boy! I cannot believ it!" Rosenthal sighed. Surreptitiously he took out his voluminous handkerchief. Then quite frankly he wiped his eyes.

## CHAPTER XI.

THE coroner's inquest over the body of Dwight Hardell has gone down in newspaperdom as the tenth wonder of the world. The sob sisters who handled it were reduced to a state of imbecilic intoxication from sheer excitement. They found themselves beggared of adjectives in the first round. Such a thing, as you probably know, seldom happens to sob sisters. The newsies for once did not have time to scream their extras. The papers were snatched away from them faster than they could hand them out. Black headlines fought with bursting columns on the front pages. We herewith reprint as follows:

### THREE CONFESS TO SLAYING OF ACTOR!

All picturedom predicted to be involved in mysterious crime. Was fiendish deed mob attack or smoke screen thrown up by motion picture magnate of Superior Films to conceal truth which is too frightful to reveal?

And more. Head writers let space and type go to the devil, and strung their lines halfway down the front page. Sob sisters wallowed in exaggerated expressions, as follows:

"What threatens to be the most sweeping exposé of picturedom, was begun today with the coroner's inquest over the body of Dwight Hardell. Startling enough in itself is the murder of the well-known actor . . . startling and fiendishly brutal!"

"Lying stark and cold in the satin and laces of his period costume, his white wig not whiter than his dead face, his hand still grasping the glittering duelling weapon with which he tried to defend himself . . . that is the way Dwight Hardell was found yesterday morning by an office boy on the Superior Films lot! Mysterious and uncanny is the fact that he was lying in the exact position in which a dummy of himself had been arranged the night before, for a dissolve shot! Mysterious and uncanny is the collection of clues discovered by Captain of Detectives Smith . . . not one of which bears out another!"

"**STARTLING** also, the confession of William West, an assistant director of Superior Films, to the murder! His shoes were found to be the same which had made a bloody trail across the stage . . . but . . . the fingerprints which were found on the canvas door of the set were a woman's! A woman's voice also, that sent out the scream in dead of night, which night watchman Lannigan took, and rightly, for a banshee . . . wailing the passing of the dead! A woman's hand who wrote the 'death note,' found in Hardell's room, that stated, 'I shall end everything between us . . . tonight!' The 'death note' was written by Yvonne Beaumont, a Superior Films star! The murder-confession was made by William West, known to be madly in love with the beautiful French actress . . . and from there the answer is simple. He confessed to shield her . . . but not so simple, after all, for an unknown woman enters into the case! The bloody fingerprints were not made by Miss Beaumont! Who, then, is this second woman? The night gateman at Superior Films says he marked both Miss Beaumont and Mr. West in on the night of the murder, but he denies admitting any other person except the murdered man and his director, Franz Seibert!"



Chief of Detectives Smith faced the police chief. "This is murder *de luxe!* It's the prettiest murder I ever saw! In some ways it looks like the work of a silly kid . . . In some ways it looks like — the work of a fiend!"

So many and so bewildering are the mysterious angles of this crime that it is difficult which thread in the tangled maze to follow.

Here is a stiff one for amateur sleuths. . . . "Dwight Hardell was marked out by the gateman at 12:17 . . . he did not return . . . he was found dead on Stage Six the next morning. Are Lannigan and MacDougal, the watchman and gateman respectively, in a conspiracy to shield somebody, and is the time of Hardell's departure, as given by MacDougal . . . erroneous? And where does Franz Seibert come into this, for he also states he left the lot with Hardell at 12:17 A. M.!"

"**STARTLING** and bewildering enough are all these things, **S**but it is predicted things more startling are yet to come, and that the history of some of the most famous people in pictures will be made public before the truth of this strange crime is uncovered!"

"It is common gossip that Seibert is working with Abraham Rosenthal to cover up the actual truth of the case, and that every attempt is being made to mystify the police and the public, in order that their minds [CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

Complete Rules for Studio Murder Mystery on Page 78


# What *Are* YOUR Correct Colors?

**BEGINNING** with this issue, PHOTOPLAY will have four covers that will also be color charts for the four different types of feminine beauty: brunette, blonde, red-haired and brown-haired. Each month there will be a color analysis for the various types. Miss Laurene Hempstead, who will write these articles, is an expert in color and a member of the staff of WOMEN'S WEAR DAILY, an authoritative New York fashion publication.

Beauty experts say that American women too often sacrifice their own beauty to follow an arbitrary fashion in color. The best designers, too, are trying to make women choose colors to conform with their own coloring, not a fashion whim. These articles, with the covers, will help you immeasurably in adding to your own good looks, through the correct use of color.

"I LIKE you in black," said the gallant and discerning young man. "It makes you stand out."

The you was a blonde with a fair skin and light yellow hair. She wore a lustrous black velvet gown which made



**B**EFORE you select the colors for your costume, first find the colors for your make-up. To do this, you must make an impartial study of the actual pigmentation of your skin. Are your lips and cheeks red-orange or red-violet? If you are a brunette, you probably have the warm coloring. Therefore, select a rouge and lipstick containing orange that will increase the color without altering it. If you are a blonde, select a red-violet make-up. In choosing powder, match the natural skin areas of your forehead and neck. You will probably need two different sets of make-up — one for your summer tan and one for your paler winter complexion. Read this article and learn how to make the most of your skin.

her skin seem a pearly white, with undertones of warm rose beneath. A dull, flat black would have made this same fragile complexion seem pale and uninteresting. In contrast to the black, her hair was a shining living gold; yet this same hair might have seemed faded, dingy and characterless if its owner had doomed it to insignificance by wearing a vivid yellow or orange.

**EVERY** girl, every woman, holds it in her power to make her best features more evident, to make undesirable traits less conspicuous, by wise selection of colors used in her costumes. Her home, which should be the background, the setting for her personality, may also be made more effective, more inviting, and even more comfortable, by means of wisely chosen colors.

Women are realizing more and more that, by surrounding themselves with harmonious colors, they may achieve greater happiness and comfort. Color has entered the kitchen and the bathroom—two rooms formerly doomed to remain white. There is color, too, in sheets, table-linen and all the accessories of the household. For color has a decided effect upon the emotions. It is as powerful a force as music, and its use is more extended for one may always be surrounded by color, at any time and in any place.

Psychologists have found that each color affects the emotions in a different manner. You are not the same individual in a blue dress that you are in a red one. You not only feel differently, but you act differently. And oh, how different you look to your friends! Not only will your appearance be changed, but the emotions of those who see you will be affected by the color you wear.

No two persons react in exactly the same way to color. One may like green because the girl he loves looks well in it; another may abhor it because a disliked and feared maiden aunt habitually wears it. According to scientific experiments, most humans react most pleasantly to blue and to red. Men, contrary to general belief, show slightly greater preference for blue than for red; while most women choose red first, blue being less favored.

**I**N selecting your correct color, remember that your face should be the center of interest, the most important consideration in the composition created by the costume and the wearer. The costume should be the background and, rather than thinking first about the costume, one's attention should be focused on the individual herself, upon her face, which best expresses her personality. The costume should increase the attractiveness of one's own coloring, and not introduce powerful colors which overwhelm those of the individual.

Naturally you will wish to select colors for your costume and your home that will make your skin clearer, make your eyes seem deeper, larger and more expressive, and bring out all the color and lustre of your hair. To do this, you must make a careful study of the actual pigmentation of your skin, hair and eyes. Most women classify themselves as blondes, brunettes, redheads or "in-betweens," without taking the trouble to analyze their actual coloring.

So let us first consider the skin: The actual pigmentation of the skin, such as found in the neck or the forehead, is not white, neither is it pink. It is really orange in tone, a pale, light orange, much less bright than the fruit from which it takes its name, but clearly of the same hue. Its tone varies greatly in individuals, ranging from a yellow to a red orange.

The flesh tones found in lips and cheeks also vary decidedly. They are seldom pure red, as they are usually described, but



By  
*Laurene  
Hempstead*

# How you may become happier and more attrac- tive, by ana- lyzing your coloring and finding your proper har- monies



If you are a brunette, save PHOTOPLAY'S cover as a color chart for selecting your clothes. And save this keyed chart as a guide to the colors. 1. Softened, slightly neutralized yellow-orange. 2. Dark, slightly neutralized red-orange. 3. Light value of soft red-orange. 4. Grayed green with slightly yellow-green tinge. 5. Softened orange of medium value. 6. Red with only a tinge of orange. 7. Dark, slightly grayed green. 8. Pale tint of red orange. 9. Bright red orange. 10. Red, very slightly softened

either red-orange or red-violet. Most so-called brunettes possess the warm, or red-orange, coloring. Blondes have cooler red-violet coloring.

The coloring of the individual also changes according to health and the seasons of the year. Therefore a color which is becoming during the winter or early spring months may be decidedly unsuitable in the summer when the skin is tanned. Bear this in mind! Don't go through life wearing pale blue because you looked well in it when you were a child, or pale orchid because it went well with your winter pallor.

Before you choose the color of your costume, you must find a suitable make-up. The object of rouge and lipstick is, not to change the natural color, but to increase it without altering its tone. Thus if you have a red-violet coloring, a vivid orange rouge will not only fairly shriek its presence but will give you a harsh, hard look and usually clash with the color of your hair and eyes.

Powder should always match the natural background of the skin, which may be found on the neck and forehead. Remember that powder is not designed to change the natural color, but to give a soft velvety finish and to remove shine and other imperfections.

Now for the selection of color for your clothes: Here, briefly are some important points to remember:

**COLORS** may change the face by two methods; that of reflection and that of contrast. A red tone may reflect red light, or it may cause to appear an entirely opposite color, known as a complementary color.

If the fabric of your dress has a shiny surface, or if your skin is smooth and clear, reflection will occur. If the fabric is an intensely vivid color, it courts the complementary shadows.

There is a scientific reason for this. Intense colors fatigue

the observer's eye, causing it to see a directly opposite color on the adjoining surface. Furthermore, intense colors decrease the color in the face because they subdue the delicate flesh tints by their own greater strength.

**PARTIALLY** neutralized colors are therefore more becoming, more easily worn, than full intense ones. Not one out of ten women should wear large areas of intense color, and probably not one out of a hundred looks as well in them as in colors of softer, less vivid, character.

The average woman would do well to avoid both the very brilliant and the completely neutral. Grays, neutral tans and beiges are particularly trying to persons who have become gray or whose coloring has been dimmed by ill-health or age. Warm rosy beiges, rosy grays or grays with a definitely blue cast are more becoming because they give an appearance of life and vitality to the skin.

Those with neutral coloring who attempt vivid reds to give color to their appearance, defeat their own purpose. They make the pale person seem entirely colorless. Estelle Taylor, whose portrait is on the color chart for this month, is one of the fortunate women who can wear brilliant reds. She has a forceful personality, a clear skin and vivid coloring.

Extremely dark colors absorb color from surrounding surfaces. If your coloring is too vivid, if you are inclined to be florid, black or dark colors will subdue and clarify your skin. Black velvet, because of its flattering lustre, not only brings out the whiteness of your complexion but does not absorb the personal coloring.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 81 ]

"It seems that it appealed to Jack's peculiar sense of humor to take Effie around and introduce her to everyone, whispering the news that she was the daughter of a Scotch toffee king, whose father was just aching to spend a million pounds to put her in the movies. No wonder she was popular!"

By  
Agnes  
Christine  
Johnston

Illustrated by  
R. Van Buren



The  
POLITEST MAN

"YOU'LL probably say I'm all hay-wire, but I tell you the politest man in Hollywood is Jack Arden." Ann Sutherland tossed her pretty blonde bob and smiled at the incredulity that greeted her statement. As usual, everybody stopped to listen to Ann. She was one of the few women, clever enough to be both a wife and mother, and at the same time gain entrée into the most exclusive circles in Filmdom—all on a press agent's salary.

It was the hour when most Hollywood discussions take place—the uncertain interlude between the time when guests are invited to a dinner party and the time the last one really arrives. Cocktails—candle-light, the hostess, cool and gracious, knowing her wise cook will not put the filets on to broil until a quarter of nine at the earliest; the guests wandering in, one by one, with plenty of space between introductions for talk.

Prince Parmenati had started the argument by affirming that American men were completely devoid of gallantry and he had been backed up by the foreign contingent, ever present, these days, at all elite social functions. The Americans in the room, subconsciously resenting the foreign invasion anyway, because it touched their pocket-books, were a little abashed and ill at

ease in combating the Prince's monocled self-assertiveness. A tinge of ill-humor was creeping into the sallies on both sides, when Ann's remark, as Ann's remarks have a habit of doing, exploded the strain in a burst of laughter.

"Why Ann, you goose!" exclaimed Margalo Thompson, the hostess, "Jack Arden's the *rudest* man in Hollywood, or anywhere else for that matter. Just because he's a big star, he seems to think he doesn't have to bother about being polite. You know he never remembers anybody's name or whether he's been introduced to you before. He never arrives anywhere on time or even arrives at all, if he doesn't feel like it. Why he was due here tonight and I was about to order his favorite dessert, when I happened to read in Louella Parson's column that he'd gone to Lake Tahoe on location. There'd have been thirteen at the table if the Prince hadn't so kindly come to our rescue." She flashed a smile at the foreigner, who bowed gracefully.

"Nevertheless," affirmed Ann, "Jack is responsible for the most perfect act of politeness I've heard of for many a moon."

"And who told you this, my pretty one?" asked the Prince.

"Effie, my nursemaid."





In which a  
Scotch Cinder-  
ella buys her  
ticket to the  
ball. A differ-  
ent sort of off-  
screen ro-  
mance—told  
by a woman  
who knows  
her movies

# in Hollywood

There was another roar of laughter and the men exchanged glances.

"Oh no, it's not what you think," put in Ann quickly. "If you could have seen Effie with her prim little Scotch face, you'd know Jack Arden would never have looked at her twice or even half a time, if she hadn't—" Ann paused and looked around provocatively.

"GO on, Ann," said Margalo. "Don't be so tight. You've got us all worked up and I know dinner won't be ready for half an hour."

This was a lie, for it was already nine o'clock, but King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman had not yet arrived and Margalo saw a chance to bridge a hungry wait.

"Well," said Ann, "Effie was one of the thousand and one movie struck girls who descend on Hollywood each year. But with a difference. She did *not* want to go into pictures. Somehow that keen little Scotch brain of hers realized that her plain face, pale gray eyes, and too plump figure, that could never resist American cream and butter long enough to reduce, were not even extra material.

"It was enough for her to be in the same city, tread the same sidewalks, breathe the same air as her idols. She could have made twice the salary with a millionaire's family in Pasadena, but she took the job with us just because, when I was interviewing her, cook brought me a message to see Conrad Nagel about some work at the studio.

"You may remember how I used to boast that I had found the perfect nursemaid. Besides taking such good care of the children, Effie was always ready to help with the other work and when I entertained anyone connected with pictures, she begged me to let her wait on the table. She wouldn't let me pay her extra for it, either, and once when I protested, because she'd been up late with the baby the night before, she declared vehemently,

"'Oh, Ma'am, I wouldn't miss it for anything. It's a pleasure to wait on such people—coming so close to them as I do when I pass the vegetables.'

"When I think how much pictures meant to Effie, it makes me realize that there's something in them that's bigger than any of us. She had worked her way over from Scotland. Then all the way across the United States, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 108]

# Gossip of All

By Cal



Stealing another style from the boys—Josephine Dunn wears a hat copied from a football head-guard. It can be worn for football games, aviation or very brisk motoring. One of the inevitable results of California's season on the gridiron

*The loves of Hollywood are nice.  
They rush from ice to fire to ice.  
In fact, they turn so soon to rubble  
They do not seem quite worth the trouble.*



And still another reason why sports are popular: Joan Crawford in a sport coat designed by the inventive Mr. Howard Greer. It is made of alternating horizontal stripes of two-toned caracul. With it, Joan wears a scarf of blue wool to match the lining

THE marriage of Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards has caused a ripple of comment on Hollywood's untroubled seas. It was sudden. It was unexpected. Nobody, except one dear friend, had an inkling that it was to take place. Evelyn tried to keep it quiet.

Everybody thought that Evelyn Brent and Gary Cooper were going to be married, in spite of the fact that Evelyn stoutly denied a rumored engagement.

The fact remains that she looks radiantly happy, and Mr. Edwards isn't pulling a long face.

FOR the first time in her short sojourn in Hollywood it seems that Lupe Velez has fallen in love. Oh, there have been many men in her life so far, men who have taken her places and sent her flowers but now it appears that Gary Cooper is the heavy flame.

Gary is just a poor boy trying to get along. He's the youngest one of the men with whom Lupe has gone and certainly he is unable to send her orchids three times a day, which leads Hollywood to believe that it's the Real Thing.

TRAGEDY among the premiere-goers of Hollywood. Also proof that not every luxurious limousine is paid for. Many times the title is held by a finance company.

Therefore, one cannot blame the elegantly costumed starter in front of the great theater who bellowed forth at the last premiere:

"Car belonging to—to the Pacific Finance Company!"

HERE'S a story that will break the hearts of Chicagoans. Greta Garbo arrived there one windy, snowy morning on her way to Sweden. All the hotels were filled up and there were no rooms for Greta. Colonel Tim McCoy found her sitting forlornly in a taxicab, enjoying one big cry. The gallant Colonel hunted up a room for Greta, arranged for reservations on a New York train and enlivened the trip for her by telling her of his adventures among the Indians and cowboys.

WHEN Greta arrived in New York, she spent one night in a hotel, registered under the name of Miss Alice Smith. Then she departed for Greenwich, Conn., to stay with friends, where she was inaccessible to reporters, publicity men or representatives of M.-G.-M.

Everyone says confidently that Greta will return. But no one has any definite promises from the lady herself. She sailed on a one-way passport and, on the same boat, was Nils Asther. Yes, it's something of a romance and they say that Greta and Nils, banking on their European popularity, may remain in Sweden and make pictures together.

BUT all Greta has to say about their European plans is simply this: "Ven ve get back home, Nils vill eat himself to death, and I vill sleep myself to death."

WHAT'S this I hear? Can it be that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are to be reunited in pictures? As you know, Eugene and Norma have not appeared together for



# The STUDIOS

## York



Murder in the swamps to make a sport costume for Leila Hyams. Leila is wearing alligator skin shoes, belt and purse. Also—what is a new trick—an alligator scarf and alligator trimming on her felt hat. It serves the alligators right; they're of no value when alive, anyway



Mary Pickford's bob started out cautiously at shoulder length. It was a "compromise cut." But continual snipping reduced it to this. Here is the bob you will see in Mary's first talkie, "Coquette," the story of a very modern girl

**A**DOLPHE MENJOU plans definitely on making pictures abroad. He is so definite, in fact, that the beautiful home, built not long ago for his bride, is for sale. If you have \$90,000 lying around loose you can have the thrill of owning the house once graced by

Menjou and Carver.

I saw a Russian movie,  
So cheery, gay and Red.  
I couldn't wait till I got home  
To kick my grandma dead.

**M**ANY a merrie quip was bandied about by the British editors who recently visited Hollywood, en masse. For instance, a newspaper photographer placed Charlie Chaplin next to W. J. T. Collins, of the South Wales *Argus*, the idea being to make a most distinguished picture. When the ordeal was over, the editor turned to the comedian and asked, "I say, would you mind telling me your name?" Charlie looked a bit embarrassed and finally confessed that his name was Chaplin. "My gawd!" exclaimed the astounded Australian, "I thought you wore a mustache!"

**J**OHN BARRYMORE was introduced to Alan Pitt Robbins, parliamentary reporter of the *London Times*. Very gravely the Barrymore took the Robbins hand and remarked, "What a name, what a name!"

H. Bancroft Livingstone, acting British consul at Los Angeles, sat on a sofa in a studio dressing room for half an hour with D. W. Griffith, talking profoundly of this and that, and when Griffith had gone, the consul asked: "Who was that?"

"D. W. Griffith," someone told him.

"He never told me," said the consul sadly.

several seasons, although they were a popular team not so many years ago. And now, they say, Norma will summon Eugene from retirement and the two will play in one of those sweet and sentimental romances that made them famous. Which would indicate that Norma is tired of the hot stuff.

Incidentally, Norma sneaked off to Europe to visit her sister, Constance, on the Riviera. And Gilbert Roland showed up in Europe at that same time.

**S**O much has been said about Valentino's home, "Falcon's Lair," being haunted, that S. George Ullman, formerly Rudy's manager, went on a spook-hunting tour, the idea being to intercept ghosts (if any) in this beautiful home that keeps a lonely vigil high up on a ridge back of Beverly Hills.

Ullman's psychic investigations covered two nights. The first night, armed with nothing but a firm determination to stay awake, he occupied a chair in Rudy's bedroom, hoping that Rudy would return and have a little chat with him. About two o'clock in the morning, however, he went sound asleep and awakened with the sun shining in his face, his only reward a stiff neck. He was greatly disappointed, naturally, so the following night he tried again, and managed to keep awake.

"Imagine my disappointment," said he, "when Rudy not only did not show up, but did not even send word—Rudy nor any other spook.

"There wasn't a rap or a knock or a tipping table or a teetering chair. No supernatural phenomenon of any sort materialized."



International Newsreel

The surprise marriage of the season—Evelyn Brent and Harry Edwards. They staged an elopement to Tia Juana, Mexico, thereby cheating their friends out of a big wedding and celebration. Mr. Edwards is a film director, and so he knows a good actress when he sees one



Not just a publicity picture nor a search for the Lost Chord. Jeanette Loff really can play the organ. She used to furnish the incidental music to pictures in movie theaters up in Oregon. And now Jeanette supplies the inspiration for her fellow members of the Musicians' Union

**L**OOSE talk: Colleen Moore is going to make a talkie and then retire from the screen. Anyway that's the story. And Vilma Banky may retire temporarily, for a very interesting reason. How shall we go about telling Doug Fairbanks, Jr., that he would look better with a hair cut? Lilyan Tashman, once a darned good show girl in New York, has gone ritzy. Maria Corda, who was forgotten for awhile after she was not-so-hot in "Helen of Troy," was welcomed back to the First National Studio with flowers and cheers. For why? The newspapers had it that Joan Crawford was on board the *Celtic* when that ship went on the rocks off the Irish coast. But calm down, it was another Miss Crawford.

**T**HE sequel to the button-maker's story has just come to light.

As we all know, according to humorists and disgruntled authors, all motion picture producers were once pants pressers or button-makers.

David Selznick, Paramount producer, stepped into a tailoring establishment on the boulevard to order a suit. He fretted about while the minutes sped and finally said: "I can't wait longer. Send a man down to the studio to take my measurements."

"Sorry, Mr. Selznick, we can't do that. We lost two fitters out at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer when they went out to fit Mr. Thalberg."

**O**NE of the wisest little gals in the business is Camilla Horn. Every week she puts a large chunk of her salary in a nice, sturdy German sock. She is living at the beach in a house that rents for \$100. She has but one servant, a German maid, and although she always looks smart she does not spend lavish amounts of money on her clothes. If she goes back to Germany, it will be to live in a castle—not an air castle, either—on the Rhine.

**T**HREE years ago the midget, little Billy, played the Orpheum in Los Angeles. His dresser was a tall, good looking young fellow drawing a salary of \$25 a week. The lad used to pick up an extra dollar or so by running errands for the rest of the actors on the bill.

One day he said, "I think I'll stay in California and try my luck at pictures."

The boy was Charles Farrell.

**H**ERE are a couple of new ones to add to your dictionary of talkie slang: Wild shot—a scene that is silent. Play back—the voice test without pictures.

**T**HE talkies are making strange stars. Just now there is a scheme on foot to make a big picture starring plain, fat, elderly Schumann-Heink. Mary Pickford is all for making it a story of the grand old lady's own life. Mary and Madame got so worked up over it at a recent reception at Pickfair that they sobbed on each other's shoulders.

Warner Brothers have a contract with Schumann-Heink to make eight song subjects for \$5,000. But the contract has been rewritten so that Madame will make only one—and get \$3,500.

**A**S for Mary Pickford, she is frankly worried about finding an ending for "Coquette." In the play, the girl commits suicide. Mary feels that this is laying on the tragedy pretty thick for her public. So there probably will be two endings, one for the big cities and one for the small towns.

**W**HEN Ruth Elder left Paramount she did not sink into oblivion. Instead she went out and got herself a job as Hoot Gibson's leading lady. She's determined to whip this movie game.





**Helpful hint to housewives:** How to slice onions without getting red eyes—as demonstrated by Raquel Torres. Get a pair of aviation goggles and avoid the tears that often spoil all the fun of a steak-with-onions dinner. Things like this sometimes keep homes from breaking up



“Bubbles” Stieffel and Reginald Denny had a formal wedding. The bride, whom you know on the screen as Betsy Lee, wore a gown of white tulle, with a bit of real lace forming a cap effect to hold the veil. The ribbon chin strap was held in place by sprays of real orange blossoms

It appears that Ruth and the western star are that way over each other both on and off the screen. Hoot leaves his spurs at home and takes Ruth to Mayfair and other select gathering places.

**I**N again, out again, in again for Esther Ralston. First it was announced that Paramount would renew its contract with Esther. And then negotiations were all off. A week later, Emil Jannings selected her as leading woman in his new picture.

And Robert Castle also has Jannings to thank for a job. Castle, whose real name is Fred Sand, was brought over from Vienna to be Clara Bow's leading man. But the lad was too tall and so he loafed around the Paramount Studio for months, before Jannings saw him and gave him work.

It's a habit Jannings has, of rescuing players from idleness. Florence Vidor's contract had expired when Jannings gave her the lead in “The Patriot,” thereby boosting Florence's cause. And Ruth Chatterton had retired from the stage when Jannings gave her a start in pictures in “The Sins of the Fathers.”

**T**HE publicity department at First National sent out an announcement that Ann Schaeffer, a character woman, has been given a rôle in Corinne Griffith's picture “Saturday's Children.” Behind this announcement lies a heart throb story.

Years ago a pretty young girl was given a small bit at the old Vitagraph Studios. One of the stars felt sorry for the child and showed her the rudiments of a screen make-up. The unknown girl was Corinne Griffith. The great star was Ann Schaeffer.

**N**OT very long ago one of those lovely friends found Johnny Mack Brown and said with a my-my-you-don't-look-so-well expression, “Well, Johnny, my boy, the talkies will leave you high and dry. That southern accent of yours will ruin you.”

Johnny felt pretty bad about it. Now he's playing the lead with Mary Pickford. He was chosen simply because of the southern accent.

As a matter of fact, he is not the exact type for the lead in “Coquette,” but he makes his “r's” sound like “a's” and his “g's” like nothing.

**M**ORE new talkie similes: “As welcome as hay-fever on a sound-proof stage.”

**L**ORD ALLENBY, the hero of Jerusalem during the World War, visited Hollywood recently. And here's a nice story that shows the modesty of real heroes.

Speaking with one of his friends, he said, “Ah, you know, they're remarkable, these cinema stars. Really wonderful. I mean . . . Mr. Chaplin, and Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, you know. Really wonderful people.”

Amazed at the praise from this man, the friend commented, “Why, yes. I suppose they're quite fine people. But how do you mean, so wonderful?”

“Why, just imagine! These famous, great people, these Fairbankses and Chaplins, who are known all over the world, bothering themselves to be nice to me . . . talking to ordinary folks just as though they were one of us!”

**P**ROOF that Hollywood is getting to be a city. The conversation takes place between Raymond Hatton and his new director, Paul Stein, whom he had never met before.

Mr. Stein: “Do you live in Hollywood?”

Mr. Hatton: “Yes; do you?”

Mr. Stein: “I'll be glad to take you home. Where do you live?”

Mr. Hatton: “1356 Juniper Street.”

Mr. Stein: “So you're the neighbor with the loud radio and the dog that barks all night! I live at 1357 Juniper!”

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 82 ]



# Not Like DAD

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., plays *L'Aiglon* to his father's *Napoleon*. A story of great love and little understanding

By  
*Eloise Bradley*

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., slept all night on a park bench—just to see what it was like!

He set up pins in a bowling alley and jerked sodas behind a drug store counter—all for the experience. But his reputation in Hollywood is that of being high hat. He cannot cope with the back-slapping, ready democracy of the film colony.

He is morbid, philosophic, poetic, and his ambition is to have it said of him when he dies, "He was a great artist."

To him the only realities are the unrealities.

This, you see, is the artist's viewpoint.

Now contemplate his famous father, the Ambassador of Optimism, the Man of Deeds. Doug, the elder, has a gift for assembling, for gathering together men with fine minds and for getting the best out of them. He gives promise of being a producer, a doer, and like men of this rugged, virile type, is ashamed of sentimental emotions, the same sentimental emotions that come under young Doug's keen analysis.

Once the father and son were at the same gathering. There was an elderly lady sitting in the corner alone. Doug, Sr., went over to her and asked her to dance.

**D**OUG, JR., sitting apart in a speculative mood, thought it quite splendid of his father and smiled at him across the room. The older man frowned and blushed. He was ashamed that his son had discovered him in a generous moment.

They are rather pitiful together, father and son. They have a great love, but little real understanding.

"I have been both helped and handicapped by a famous father," said the boy. "He has given me a fine inheritance, but the situation has left me protected yet not protected. I feel as if a wall were around me. I can just see over the top.

"When I first started in pictures they played me to look just like Dad. They were trading on his name and I resented that. I was never given credit for being an individual, yet I never can hope to do the type of thing that Dad does. I have neither the physical energy nor the dominance.

"I don't look like him. I don't think like him. I love him devotedly, yet we are often constrained with each other.

"He is embarrassed when I thank him for anything he has done for me. At Christmas time he runs out of the room when I tell him that I appreciate my gifts, and whenever I do anything that he's proud of, he just gives me a friendly little shove and mumbles something about my being a good kid."

Upon Doug, Jr.'s, artistic life the influence of John Barrymore has been greater than that of his father. He is [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

"I never can hope to do the type of thing Dad does. I have neither the physical energy nor the dominance. I don't look like him. I don't think like him. I love him devotedly, yet we are often constrained with each other"





Manatt

LATEST photograph of Our Weakness. Greta Garbo in a Javanese bridal gown. Greta wears this costume in the last picture she made in this country before departing for that too-distant Sweden. And we won't have one happy moment until she returns.



JOAN OF ARC—Societe Generale de Films

THIS film has been shown in France, Germany and Denmark but barred by the British censor. It is too stark and realistic for general release here—and yet it is one of the significant milestones of film progress.

"Joan of Arc" does not relate the whole story of the Maid of Orleans. It concerns itself only with her last hours—of her trial, her recantation, her death at the stake. Backgrounds are almost completely dispensed with and the tragic panorama of history is told entirely in close-ups. The performance of Mlle. Falconetti as *Joan* is one of those rare and beautiful things of the films, a magnificent rendering of an overwhelming rôle.

"Joan of Arc" is for serious observers of the screen. Carl Dreyer, the director, will bear watching. He has cinematic genius.



THE FLYING FLEET—M.-G.-M.

THIS picture seems to be the "ace of the air epics." There's no movie plot, no "situations," no "props." Based on an episode lifted from naval life, the story glorifies young American manhood. The story opens with six midshipmen being graduated at Annapolis. The San Diego flying base tests eliminate three. Weeks of gruelling air training follow at Pensacola; one crashes, and the remaining two, now full-fledged sea hawks, prepare in San Diego for the first Honolulu flight. A "splashing" climax is reached when the giant hydroplane volplanes into the sea.

Ramon Novarro, Gardner James, Ralph Graves and Carroll Nye each have probably the most quietly dramatic but most strenuous rôles of their respective careers. George Hill, the director, has done well.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



IN OLD ARIZONA—Fox

THIS picture makes the most effective and intelligent use of sound and conversation yet displayed. It points the way to bigger and better talkies. The Fox Movietoners have learned how to blend sound, conversation, laughter and music to produce dramatic effect. A braying donkey, for instance, furnishes a novel obligato to vital conversation, and clattering hoofs, cracking whips and rattling vehicles combine in a symphony that pleases the eye and the ear.

Raoul Walsh started to direct this but a jackrabbit jumped in his eye and Irving Cummings had to finish it. Both deserve much credit. Except for one scene, the story flows with fluid smoothness. The dramatic significance of one of the most important scenes is marred, however, because a director could not resist moving his camera to get a different angle.

The outstanding performance is given by Warner Baxter as the singing, laughing *Cisco Kid*, a fascinating and gallant bandit. Dorothy Burgess, who comes to the screen from the stage, brings an excellent voice and a film personality that promise much if she holds the pace of this Mexican temptress who plays with the hearts of a soldier and a bandit.

The picture is based on the O. Henry story, "A Caballero's Way," and it tells how a sure-shooting, lady-loving army sergeant and two soldiers are sent into a section of the frontier West to "get" a bandit who is terrorizing the countryside. Edmund Lowe gives a neat and What-Price Glorish performance as the sergeant. The ending of the story preserves all of the O. Henry artistry and throughout it has a flavor that stamps it as exceptional entertainment.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

IN OLD ARIZONA                      THE IRON MASK  
JOAN OF ARC                        THE FLYING FLEET  
THE CANARY MURDER CASE  
THE CASE OF LENA SMITH

## The Best Performances of the Month

Mlle. Falconetti in "Joan of Arc"  
Lupe Velez in "Lady of the Pavements"  
William Powell in "The Canary Murder Case"  
Esther Ralston in "The Case of Lena Smith"  
Doug Fairbanks in "The Iron Mask"  
Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona"  
Dorothy Burgess in "In Old Arizona"  
Phyllis Haver in "The Shady Lady"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 134



THE CANARY MURDER CASE—Paramount

**PHILO VANCE**, Sherlock Holmes' logical successor, was a happy choice for William Powell's first starring characterization. The well knit story lends itself perfectly to exciting screen entertainment. It is a relief to see a good, honest murder built with the precision of a mathematical problem. There is no court room scene. There are no gag reporters. Praise the Muses! It's a well constructed yarn of the old school.

Director Mal St. Clair had a job when he undertook to identify so many principal characters. One of the most intriguing moments is when *Philo Vance* plays a friendly game of poker to determine the psychological reaction of each suspect.

William Powell is superb. The rest of the players, including Louise Brooks, Jean Arthur, James Hall, Charles Lane, Gustav Von Seyffertitz and many others, win credit.



THE IRON MASK—United Artists

**ACTION**, action, action—more action! That tells the story. It is adroit. It is imaginative. It is resplendent. Sets are marvelous, crowds give great mass movement. There is the characteristic Fairbanks breadth and sweep and stunts. And it is his best job of story-telling.

The story begins some years after the close of "The Three Musketeers." These rollicking adventurers come back, and with them *D'Artagnan*, also the crafty *Richelieu*, and *Constance*, the beautiful lady in waiting to the *Queen*. And *Milady De Winter*—that gorgeous rôle which made Barbara La Marr famous—played by Dorothy Revier, who makes a splendid and vicious *De Winter*.

The story has to do with *Cardinal Richelieu's* misguided efforts to protect France by banishing one of the twin sons of *King Louis XIII*. He fears that two kings on the throne may precipitate revolution. In trying to dispose of *Constance*, who knows twin sons were born, *Richelieu* brings upon himself the wrath of *D'Artagnan* and the *Three Musketeers*. The *Cardinal* finally forces the separation of the *Musketeers*, but they foregather twenty years later and save the ruling king from his scapegoat twin brother who attempts to usurp the throne. In this adventure they lose their lives—even *D'Artagnan*—but not until they thwart the banished brother's murderous scheme and make him prisoner for life as "The Man In the Iron Mask."

Young William Bakewell does the dual rôle of the twins. Loud cheers, please. Others of the original cast do well. Fairbanks gives us *D'Artagnan* artistically done, particularly the aged *D'Artagnan*. Don't miss it.



THE CASE OF LENA SMITH—Paramount

**THIS** is Paramount's answer to the cry, "Please, Mister Producer, send us a good picture that doesn't talk." For that reason alone you should see it. It's unconventional, much is left to the imagination and the seams and raw edges of life show through.

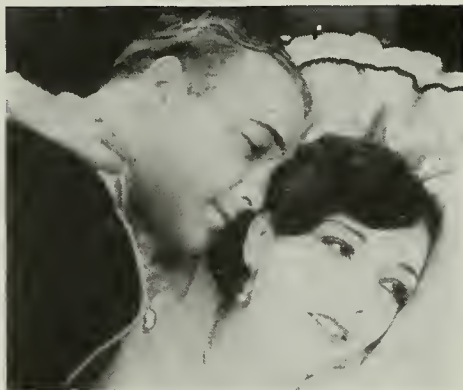
A peasant girl goes from her native village to Vienna because she wants pretty clothes. She secretly marries a profligate army officer, bears him a child, becomes a servant in the home of his imperialistic and uncompromising father, provokes the father's wrath and eventually exposes him as a tyrant because he attempts to take her child.

As the adventuring peasant girl, Esther Ralston is superb. Gustav Von Seyffertitz is admirable as the father, and Fred Kohler is fine as the spurned village lover.



# Watch Photoplay's New Sound Reviews

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**  
—United Artists



**HONORS** for Lupe Velez! This startling personality with the emotional mechanism of a great actress *IS* the picture. In this slight story, concerning the French Court, revenge and diplomacy, D. W. Griffith misses many chances for that fine poignancy which characterized his earlier work. Jetta Goudal is as strangely fascinating as ever, William Boyd is pale, but Lupe gives a magnificent performance.

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**  
—Paramount



**CLARA BOW** gives a lively humor to this weak little yarn of a cabaret girl who falls in love with a handsome young chap. She thinks he is a millionaire, but he turns out to be just an everyday insurance agent. The story lets Clara appear in cabaret scanties, in step-ins and in snug bathing garb. And she gives a brisk and hearty performance. Nevertheless, the film isn't Clara at her best.

**REDSKIN**—  
Paramount



**THE** story opens in a government Indian school. If, from that, one can't tell how it is going to end your head is as empty as the Grand Canyon. The hero, Richard Dix, is not accepted by the whites. His tribe renounces him, but he wins the girl. Not even the magnificent color sequences, nor the fact that oil gushes from volcanic rock for the first time in history saves "Redskin" from mediocrity.

**THE SHADY LADY**—  
Pathe



**IF** this story were as good as the work of the players, it would be one of the best of the month. An American girl, involved in a murder case, flees to Havana and becomes entangled with two ruthless gunrunners. Phyllis Haver, as the girl, gives a cool, poised characterization. Robert Armstrong and Louis Wolheim, gunrunners, are forceful and delightful. Some mystery and much keen comedy.

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—  
First National



**AFTER** such a beautiful production as "Lilac Time" and such an amusing yarn as "Oh Kay," Colleen Moore's newest effort falls flat. It concerns a nice girl who, in order to become a great actress, goes to New York and to sin. It's a gag picture, with Colleen performing her usual antics and performing them unusually well. But antics alone don't make a picture. For Moore fans only. Antonio Moreno has the lead.

**THE WOLF OF WALL STREET**—  
Paramount



**THE** moral is: Don't buy Rocky Mountain Copper unless you're sure that the wall street wolf is entangled in matrimonial difficulties. You've guessed it. It's about a financial genius who watches tickers and takes suckers' money and doesn't care. It's a disappointment after the fine work done by George Bancroft in other, and more virile, pictures. Baclanova, too, has little chance to show her talents.



# for the Latest Talkie Developments

**CAPTAIN  
LASH—  
Fox**



**DREAM  
OF LOVE—  
M.-G.-M.**



**THEY'VE** achieved the realism they apparently were striving for, in this futile story of stokers and waterfront women, but a little of Victor McLaglen's ribaldry goes a long way.

In the stokehole, he moons over a "loidy" three decks above, but finds she's a crook, decides to forget her, and goes back to *Singapore Sal*.

Clyde Cooke, as the hero-worshipping satellite, is the comedy relief.

You will find that this picture will look to you strangely reminiscent of "Docks of New York," without its artistic depth.

**"ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR"** adapted in semi-modern style. Just another variation of the prince who loves a poor girl but can't marry her because of his blue blood. Perhaps some day one of these princes may show less control and marry the girl. The story becomes a parade of stuffed uniforms, hundreds of extras as nobles, peasants, gypsies and plotters.

Joan Crawford is *Adrienne*. She should be cast in brisk modern rôles.

Nils Asther is the prince.

The picture is as phony as they come.

[ Additional reviews of latest pictures on page 76 ]

## Sound Pictures

**THE GHOST  
TALKS—  
Fox**



**THAT PARTY  
IN PERSON—  
Paramount**



**FOX'S** first all-talking, feature length farce-comedy introduces the stage favorites, Helen Twelvetrees and Charles Eaton. The story is cleverly built around the comic antics of a correspondence school detective and is splendid for its entertaining dialogue.

Eaton is the amateur detective and his voice fits the blank face perfectly. Helen has to "lisp," so hers is hardly a fair voice test.

Carmel Myers has only a bit, but the charm of her speaking voice is apparent.

Plenty of laughs.

### **THE LION'S ROAR—Educational**

**IF** you like Mack Sennett comedies, you'll like this one better with sound—and talking.

Now you will hear the shrieks of the beautiful heroine as she flees from the roaring lion, and the swish of the custard pie as it plops the unhappy saxophone player squarely between the eyes.

It's the same Sennett comedy formula, this time with the stalking lion to help provide the noise.

**EDDIE CANTOR** seems a real bet for the cinema. Indeed, he appears to be the only possible contender to Al Jolson anywhere on the horizon.

In "That Party in Person" he does a brisk turn, several nervous songs and gets neat assistance from a cute trick, one Bobbie Arnst.

Cantor is going to do more talkies, we hope. His style is exactly suited to the sound films.

### **PHIPPS—M.-G.-M.**

**A** SHORT talkie of a spendthrift British lady, her husband and the butler, who offers to provide his employer with the necessary divorce evidence. These three compose the entire cast.

Lowell Sherman is the suave butler and the other two rôles are placed in the hands of Cyril Chadwick and Betty Francisco.

This sketch has no particular American movie appeal. But you'll see a lot more of these experimental bits while the movie moguls monkey with their bright new plaything, the talkie.

# The BIRTH

Six authors in search of Inspiration. It's a great life. If the picture is good, the director gets the credit. If it's bad, the story is to blame



Waldemar Young used to be a newspaper man himself. So, in his office, he must catch the city room atmosphere before he can write. This may easily be achieved, even by the amateur, by throwing newspapers, matches and cigarette stubs on the floor. Mr. Young is plotting horrible doings for Lon Chaney in "Where East Is East"



Dorothy Farnum, specialist in romantic dramas, must Throw Herself Into the Mood. Nothing helps a Mood so much as a chaise longue and a luxurious negligee. And, of course, Music. When writing love scenes, Miss Farnum plays "Kiss Me Again." And again and again

Helping Mamma — Agnes Christine Johnson and Her Gang. Ladies who would "do big things if it weren't for the children," please take notice. Mrs. Frank Dazey, one of the most successful script writers, works in the nursery. If you look elsewhere in this issue, you'll find a charming short story by Miss Johnson



# of a NOTION



Showing the devastating effect of Gilbert Garbo subtitles on Miss Ruth Cummings. When Miss Cummings wants to think of something sweet for John to murmur to Greta, she orders up a flock of chocolate sodas from the studio lunch room. Miss Cummings wrote the titles for "A Woman of Affairs," and after she finished, there wasn't a spoonful of chocolate ice cream left in Southern California

The whole M.-G.-M. Studio was once thrown into a panic because one of Joseph W. Farnham's cleverest subtitles was sent to the laundry by mistake. Mr. Farnham asks for no office, no typewriter, no stationery. Give him a sharp pencil and a clean cuff and he's ready to go to work



Give 'em noise. Give 'em excitement. Byron Morgan, author of college stories, works with sound effects. Mr. Morgan supplies the words; Ann Price and Ray Doyle, two fellow writers, contribute the music. When this boy gets to work, the neighbors for five miles around close the windows

# REELING AROUND

with

## Leonard Hall

well-dressed, curly-haired pretty boy comes to town, they throw a stick at him . . . If he catches it, he's a master of ceremonies . . . Warner Brothers finishes a talking picture in three languages . . . This is probably it . . . "Willst du ein trink haben?"—"Oui!"—"Try and get it!" . . . Ah well, money makes the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer go!

### "Broadway Melody"

"While working in 'Broadway Melody,' Anita Page had an attack of hysterics on the set, followed by a nervous collapse, and had to be taken home."—News note.

My guess is that the studio fiddler began it all by playing "Sonny Boy."

### Getting Personal

John Barrymore gave his age to the license clerk as 41 . . . The book says he was born Feb. 15, 1882 . . . Try that on your abacus . . . Denying a line here last month, Neil Hamilton's secretary says the actor doesn't even know Mary Nolan . . . Well, tough luck, Neil, say we . . . Cupid has the flu in Hollywood, and all we have to whisper is that Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez and Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor are seen together at some of the best soda fountains this winter . . . Jackie Coogan, at \$3,000 a week, was not a hit in London . . . And neither was his old man . . . Talkie actors say that "Mike Fright" is worse than "Kleig Eyes" . . . Dorothy Sebastian's nickname is "Alabam" . . . Lillian Gish mixes only one cocktail at a time, using an ordinary tumbler and a tea spoon . . . She doesn't drink, the cocktail being for the boy friend . . . Incidentally, Lil, since her return from Germany, has been wearing fifty pounds of ice on her left hand . . . Go on and guess . . . Phyllis Haver cleaned up on Mexican Seaboard Stock . . . Bought at 26 and sold in the upper sixties . . . Stocks and Blondes to steal a movie title . . . Incidentally Phyllis, when she likes anyone, always says "He's a honey!" . . . There are 8,000 male actors (?) in Hollywood, and only 25 are blondes . . . Of these, 12 are leading men and 13 are extras . . . Bleach and go west, young man! . . . "Sonny Boy" has been recorded 55 times as we go to press . . . My God, is that all? . . . Miss Margaret Johnson, 17, of 224 West Brown Street, Morristown, Pa., spent \$40 trying to long-distance her idol, Clara Bow, in Hollywood . . . Miss Bow was on location at the time . . . That's plumb discouragin' . . . Carmel Myers, the Rose of Sharon, has written the words of a pop ballad called "Everything That's Nice to Me" . . . Published by Mills . . . Lupe Velez laid down \$100 for three pairs of evening slippers a while back . . . Ruby and diamond heel sort . . . A movie elephant in Hollywood gets \$150 a day and \$1.50 in India . . . But what fun can an elephant have in India?



Unfortunate occurrence when a talking picture "voice double" consents to make a personal appearance at a movie theater

### Take Your Choice

*Bemoan the lot of Canon Chase,  
Who thinks that films will rot the race!  
We hear him try, with godly glee,  
To scream them into purity,  
While all the lovely movie ladies  
Still lead us happily to Hades!  
We face the issue full of fear,  
And yet the public's choice is clear—  
Miss Alice White in scant apparel,  
Or Bull Montana in a barrel!*

### The Gag of the Month Club

The cashier of a small movie house is selling tickets as a pal looks on.

A customer buys a quarter ducat, lays down a half dollar and walks away leaving his change.

"Does that often happen?" asks the cashier's friend.

"Very often," replies the ticket seller.

"What do you do in a case like that?"

"Oh," says the man in the wicket, "I always rap on the window with a sponge!"

For this *Variety* gets the crepe de chine ear muffs offered for February.

### Snickers, Snorts and Snores

Paul Whiteman is to get \$500,000 for a talking picture . . . That is approximately \$1,000 a pound for Oom Paul, on the hoof, F. O. B. Broadway . . . Describing a Hollywood producer, a mad wag says . . . "He's a great little guy . . . Got a heart as big as his nose." . . . Ireland is to have its own film producing company, reports Washington . . . It is reported that Patrick J. O'Zukor and Michael O'Laemmle are interested . . . Paramount is making talkies at Astoria, Long Island . . . Paramount's resulting slogan . . . "Astoria Pictures—Babies Cry at Them" . . . A film critic calls her "Dolores Dull Rio" . . . My one line review of Norma Talmadge's latest film, thanks to the theme song . . . "Woman Disputed, I Hate You" . . . How they make a movie master of ceremonies, according to Carl West of Detroit . . . If a





Ruth Harriet Louise

**I**NTRODUCING a girl named Dorothy Penelope Jones, who is fifty per cent pure American. Dorothy is half Cherokee Indian and Jones is an old tribal name. The movies have re-christened her Dorothy Janis, and it is under that name you will find her in the cast of "The Pagan." Incidentally, she is one of the smallest girls in pictures, being only four feet, eleven inches tall and weighing ninety-four pounds

# Costumes *with the*

Hollywood challenges Paris to create a more interesting collection of gowns



Joan Crawford in a sedate mood that was evoked by this charming and conservative dress by Howard Greer. It is of black moire and it has a molded hip line, only broken by a bow on the left side. With this formal gown, Miss Crawford wears no jewels except a pair of crystal bracelets

This dress is printed white velvet and it has a scarf caught on the right shoulder with a bunch of camellias. The neckline is high in the front and low in the back, which is a habit of evening gowns these days



A really stellar evening gown. Adrian, its creator, has named it "Nordic Night." The sequins and crystal beads, embroidered on the white souffle background, represent icicles. The gown has a long narrow panel in the back, falling in train effect. Rhinestone slipper buckles and diamond bracelets add to the glittering ensemble



# Dramatic *Instinct*



A dress for a mystery play, designed by Adrian. Just the thing to wear if you are going to steal the letters. Adrian calls it "The Toga," in deference to the Romans. It is fashioned of rayon velvet and the whole secret of its success is in its artful draping and the long, flowing scarf which extends from the elbow to the hemline

This is the evening coat that Miss Crawford wears with "Nordic Night." The coat is of white satin with a huge stand-up collar and wide cuffs of white fox fur. The circular skirt is embroidered with a particularly beautiful design in silver. The coat, too, has a sweeping panel in the back to synchronize, as it were, with the train of the gown



Not all of Hollywood's frocks are beyond the purse or the personality of the average girl. Some of the best movie designs are both youthful and simple; as witness, this sport costume by Greer. It is a light grey camel's hair with an upside-down fleur-de-lis pattern of red jersey that edges the jumper and forms a panel design on the front of the skirt

Photos by  
Ruth Harriet  
Louise



Richce

CAN this be Ruth Taylor? And can it be that she is wearing a costume left by Pola Negri on her departure for Europe? And the futuristic background, what do you make of that, Watson? Ruth is getting into the atmosphere of her new picture, "Young Sinners," which relates the romance, joys and piquant problems of one of those ultra-modern girls



# Just a Hollywood Day

Herb writes a letter to the editor and tells how hard a journalist has to work when he's tracking down news

with  
Herb Howe

Hollywood, Calif.

it a great mistake to make PHOTOPLAY a family magazine. Indeed, I shall ignore the policy and go right ahead. After all, it may be an example to other boys.

I spent the first week of the month at Warner Oland's beach house getting in condition. The Warner Olands are firm Buddhists, like myself.

That is, they believe in sitting and meditating on the sands, with now and then a dash indoors for a helping from Prahedis, Mexican culinary genius.

OUR discourses are always philosophical. The only personality to enter in was Nils Asther. I could discount some of Warner's enthusiasm for Nils because they are both Swedes and like the same punch, which is the greatest bond of brotherhood. But Edith Oland is an impartial critic and artist in her own right, and she says Nils is the most charming, cultivated and talented young man she has observed during her years in Hollywood.

Likewise, our girl friend, the authoritative Pringle, thinks him interesting, "though an actor." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 132]

DEAR JIM:  
You ask me for a little dirt—well, I'm surprised! You know very well that Greta Garbo and I are the most aloof people in Hollywood (though not aloofing together, I regret to say), unless you count Texas Guinan, whose aloofness on her last visit was not altogether her fault. These Hollywood hi-hat hicks!

I regret to say that I *have* been stepping out from my monastic seclusion considerably this month, but I console myself with the thought that some of our greatest saints made whoopee when young.

My record this month looks like the diary of flaming youth or Fannie Ward's.

For instance, I \* \* \*

Well, naturally, Jim, I can't very well prove it if you are going to substitute asterisks for the hottest stuff. I think

"I sometimes wonder if fans would envy us magazine writers our fabulous salaries if they knew how hard we have to work. Some days I lunch with three or four stars, dine with as many more, and see previews of silent and talkie pictures"

Illustrated by  
Ken Chamberlain



# The Stars' Mad

Horrible exposé of what goes on in the Gilded Palaces of Hollywood



The Gleasons—Lucille, James and Russel—used to be respectable stage folk. Now that they live in Hollywood "Murder" is merely a game—a pastime to while away an evening. The Academy of Arts and Sciences tried to have this picture suppressed

**S**ODOM and Gomorrah in their wildest days were so many Podunks to Hollywood on an off night.

Rome just before it faw down, compared to the film colony, was a tiddley-wink tournament for deaf mutes.

How the stars do go on!

The rage for playing wild games has hit Hollywood between the eyes, and all is confusion.

Movie actors, dizzy with draughts of pineapple juice, stagger from bungalow to bungalow on progressive backgammon jags. Game-leggers are peddling jackstraws to the girls. It is reported that Deacon Will Hays has banned the game of "consequences," and that the morality of checkers and dominoes is under discussion by the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences.

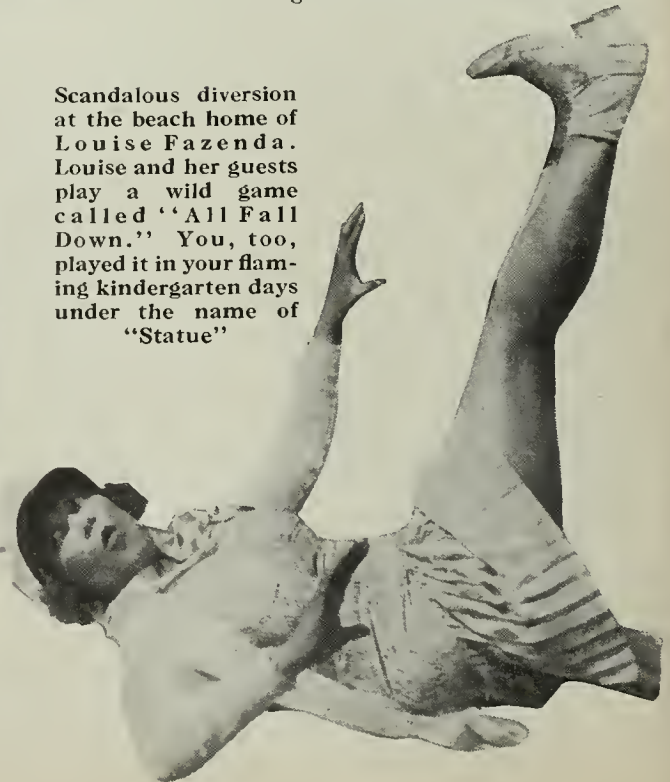
Go for a ride to the beach with film players and what do they do? Add up automobile license numbers, with the quickest adder winning. At the moment of going to press Clive Brook is champ, with Neil Hamilton and Louise Fazenda in the money.

Jimmy Gleason and his wife, Lucille Webster, introduced the game of "murder" to Hollywood. The Gleasons, the Robert Armstrongs, Vera Reynolds, Daphne Pollard and her husband are among its best addicts.



Sinister Oriental doings at the home of Jacqueline Logan. Jackie has a set of Chi Chi sticks and — don't tell the reformers—it's a fortune-telling game

Scandalous diversion at the beach home of Louise Fazenda. Louise and her guests play a wild game called "All Fall Down." You, too, played it in your flaming kindergarten days under the name of "Statue"





# Night Life

By

Ruth M. Tildesley

One of the group is appointed District Attorney. The rest are witnesses until they fail to testify correctly, whereupon they join the prosecutor.

**S**UPPOSE the company decides to murder Will Hays. The District Attorney announces that Will Hays' body has been found in the Chinese Theater at ten o'clock in the morning. James Gleason, as district attorney, turns to the first witness: "Mrs. Armstrong, at ten o'clock this morning, you were observed leaving the Chinese Theater. Will you kindly explain your business there and what you saw?"

Whatever Mrs. Armstrong says is thereupon the truth and must not be varied from by any other witness. If she declares that she saw Vera Reynolds running out of the stage door with a gun at five minutes to ten, and that Mrs. Gleason delayed the witness in the lobby to ask if her hat was on straight, exactly that testimony must be repeated and adhered to by everyone. You can't omit that you came to town to buy a paper, if someone has stated that as your purpose in coming. The idea is to evolve a definite plot to murder Mr. Hays and to link another



Vera Reynolds and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong act out a word of three syllables. It's "Paradise" (Pair-o'-Dice). Charades is one of the games that gives Hollywood the reputation of being another Monte Carlo

witness with the slaying, while clearing your own skirts of the crime.

Vera, for example, having heard Mrs. Armstrong picture her as running out of the stage door with the gun, testifies that she did so run, but that two minutes before she was seen by Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. Armstrong had dashed up to her in the green-room of the theater and thrust the smoking gun into her hand, crying: "For heaven's sake, Vera, take this and get out of here!" after which it is up to Robert Armstrong to remember the exact quotation and sequence of events and to explain what he was doing with the weapon.

One of the chief crazes of the season is ping-pong. Gloria Swanson has an elaborate ping-pong set. Irene Rich has turned her poolroom into a ping-pong room and almost every beach cottage contains special boards to be placed on the necessarily small dining tables so that guests may enjoy the game.

**T**HE other day I walked in on Richard Dix and Gregory LaCava walloping the little ball across the net, excitement having been added to an already lively contest by a wager of a hundred dollars a game. Most of the sporting set bet on this pastime but usually the stakes are lower.

Volley ball on the sand intrigues the happily married, for some reason. Wives range themselves on one side of the net, husbands on the other, and you'd be surprised how often the wives win! There's a catch to that, though. The sand is a handicap to heavier players and all the wives are slim. The Clive Brooks, the Elmer Cliftons, the Neil Hamiltons, the

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 127 ]



Colleen Moore runs wild at the studio and plays "Spin the Platter." The abandoned youths whom she has led astray are Mervyn Le Roy, her director; Cleve Moore, her brother, and Jack Stone, her cousin. Whoopee!

# It Gets A

In which Mr. Stan Guffey's theme song to his Dream Girl runs into a mess of static. And the moral of the story is: It's better to worship 'em from a distance

Illustrated  
by  
Russell  
Patterson



**A** SLIM ribbon of orange-colored light penetrated the lavender dimness of the Bijou Theater and caught the tuxedoed figure of Mr. Stanley Guffey as it emerged from the wings. Mr. Guffey's subsequent progress to his throne before the massive horseshoe organ was a triumph of elegant ease.

Smoothing his well shellacked curls and smiling with the tolerant ennui of a popular idol, he finally reached the center of the orchestra pit, whereupon he negotiated a hip rolling bow, oscillating from north-east to north-west with admirable precision.

Then, before the crackle of applause died away, he sank abruptly into his cushioned seat and attacked the organ with the affectionate ferocity of the true artist. Newsreel and comedy flowed along to a deftly arranged medley, but Mr. Guffey, who was a pint-size gentleman liberally bespattered with freckles, cocked a disdainful eye at the screen until the gymnastic humor faded out. A moment later his veneer of boredom disappeared as the preliminary announcement of the feature advised a gaping public that DORA DELURA in "LOOSE BUT LUCID," would provide the thrill of the evening.

For the next hour and twenty minutes Mr. Guffey labored, and brought forth a masterpiece of accompaniment. Though Miss Delura's pictures bore various titles, she had but one story—a curious tangle of vice and virginity, crowned by a chiffon-blurred closeup beneath a cloud of apple blossoms—therefore the little musician found no difficulty in keeping step with her progress.

**D**ORA DELURA! Two years of worship had resulted in Mr. Guffey knowing her better than his own relatives. The slightest quiver of mouth or eye seemed meant for him alone, and sometimes, with the house two-thirds empty at a matinee, a close observer could have heard him relieving his overstuffed heart with endearing phrases.

"I was reading about you today, honey," he muttered, "and I know you got no time for them celluloid cavaliers. 'The Nun

of Hollywood,' the story called you, 'aloof and serene, like moonlight on the ocean.' Imagine them writers being lucky enough to meet you! 'An orchid swaying on its stalk,' says another one, and he's right, but maybe you're lonesome like me, Dora. Two thousand miles between us," said Mr. Guffey plaintively. "It certainly gets a guy sore."

**T**HEN he perked up, grinned jauntily and ushered out the final clinch with a wistful melody. He'd almost forgotten! That very morning he had been presented with a five thousand dollar check, bequeathed by a vaguely remembered uncle, along with sundry admonitions as to his conduct. To do him credit, Mr. Guffey's first thought had been to buy a small interest in the Bijou, but now he realized that distance need bother him no longer.

"It's two months since Dora was here," he told himself, watching the audience struggling in the aisles during the brief intermission, "and after this week I'll have to wait just as long before I see her again. Why shouldn't I breeze out to take a peek at her? And by the suffering Moses," said Mr. Guffey, plunging into the Grand March from "Aida," "I will; Viola or no Viola."

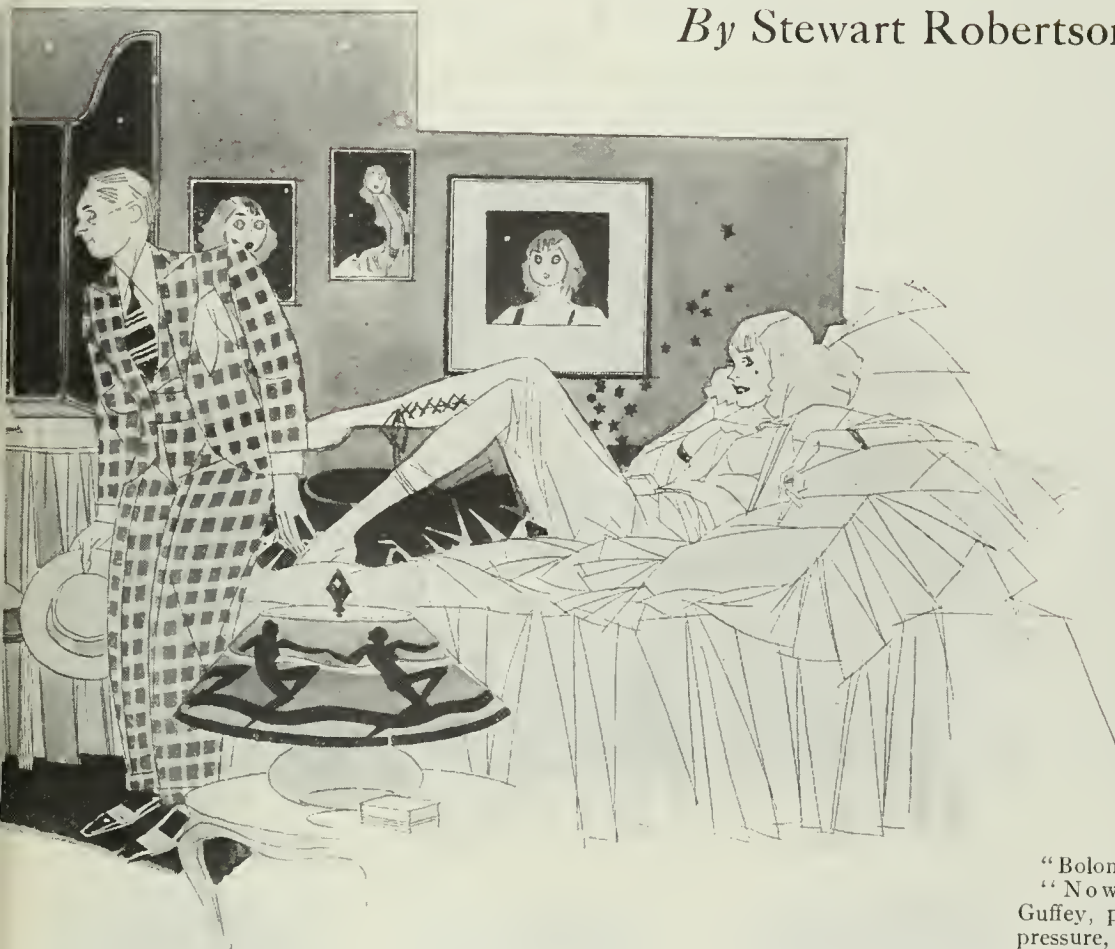
After the last show he ambled briskly through the lobby, endeavoring to skirt the ticket seller's booth in the center, when a small brunette of streamline tendencies slipped through the door and hailed him. "Slow up," said the damsel, "and you can take me home."

Mr. Guffey quailed. Just because he'd taken Viola out a few times and whispered a few carefully memorized subtitles, she had begun to think herself capable of putting up the "No



# Guy Sore

By Stewart Robertson



The door was jerked open and the irritable Mr. Garvin inserted his head. "Hey!" he shouted, "I'm sending in a sobbie from the Kalamazoo 'Gazette.' Give her the I-Hate-Men stuff." "Shoot her in," ordered Dora, "but I won't spare much of my time, because I'm too interested in Stan, here"

Trespassing" sign. However, when a man has acquired five thousand dollars, it behooves him to cultivate a little will power and become the master of his fate, so Mr. Guffey gritted his teeth.

"Oh, hello," he said airily, "I wanted to say goodbye to you, anyway, before I grab the train to California."

"Don't kid me," begged the lady, beginning to giggle.

"Gravity Falls," stated Mr. Guffey, with a comprehensive gesture toward the Public Square, "is beginning to stifle me. Thirty-five thousand, and everyone knowing the other's laundry mark. No class at all, and besides, there's good reason for my holiday." He proceeded to tell her about his sudden wealth, looking everywhere but directly at her.

Viola regarded him with the proprietary eye of a first mortgagee. "That's a swell way to mourn, going to Hollywood," she told him, sniffing contemptuously. "You and your five thousand! If you had any imagination, you'd think of a few things you could do with it here."

"I hadn't seen this uncle since I was about six," said Mr. Guffey defensively, "and the chances are he'd approve of me trying to learn something more about the business I'm in."

"**B**USINESS! You know doggone well you're going out there to gape at that Delura thing. How do you figure to meet her—get hit by her Rolls-Royce?" Viola giggled exasperatingly. "No joking, Stan, do you really think she'll look at a mere key tickler like you?"

"Why not?" countered the long distance lover. "We're both in the same game. Besides, she leads a pretty lonesome life, from all accounts."

"Boloney," said Viola.

"Now listen," bawled Mr. Guffey, putting on a few pounds pressure, "lay off them small time

remarks. Dora's a lady, and it wouldn't do you no harm to copy some of her mannerisms. Furthermore, her voice is soft and velvety to go with them, so I've read."

"Anything she does is poison to me!" screeched his jealous companion. "All right, Don Juan, gallop out to your siren of the shadows. I'll bet she purrs like the rest of the cats."

They walked along until the girl's house loomed ahead, and then, drawing him under a sycamore, she raised her face to his. "Stan," she said coaxingly, "tell me something nice."

"**C**ERTAINLY," said Mr. Guffey cruelly. "You got very pretty hair, Viola—and if a beauty doctor worked on you for twenty years you might be a tenth as beautiful as Dora."

The little ticket seller's mouth worked strangely, then leveled into a thin line.

"Goodbye," she snapped, "and don't wear that crise and green tie when you meet my rival. It might make her eyes goggle even worse."

"Don't take it too hard," admonished the cocky organist. "You know she isn't a real rival. I couldn't marry a queen like Dora, but I just want to look at her, that's all. Then I'll come back, and maybe get engaged to you."

Viola reached her front gate and edged inside the protection of its whitewashed pickets. "Yeah?" she drawled, "aren't you noble? Well, take care you haven't got a rival yourself, dearie," and leaning over, she slapped the callow face of Mr. Guffey until his freckles were swamped in a hectic flush.

The assaulted gentleman watched her run into the house, then he shambled down the street rubbing his stinging cheek. "I wonder what she meant by that last crack," he muttered. "She's just like all the dames—trying to be cagey and mysterious so as to get a guy sore." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]

# Our Own BABY STARS

PHOTOPLAY picks its own big Hollywood celluloid prospects—and gives mere men a break. Here are the bright girls and boys likely to achieve film success in 1929



**Anita Page**  
Already a hit but overshadowed by Metro's dancing daughter, Joan Crawford



**Jeanette Loff**  
In "Annapolis" and other films. An American Vilma Banky



**Barry Norton**  
Riding to success since his Mother's Boy in "What Price Glory"



**Eddie Quillan**  
The comedy relief of Cecil De Mille's "The Godless Girl"



**Nancy Drexel**  
The other pretty little aerialist in Murnau's "Four Devils"



**Raquel Torres**  
The tropical charmer of "White Shadows of the South Seas"



**Phillips Holmes**  
Taylor Holmes' Princeton son makes good in "Varsity"



**Hugh Allen**  
Here's a real bet. He's the lad who ran away with "Annapolis"



**Yola d'Avril**  
The IT girl in the inn of "The Awakening." Just needs a chance



**Loretta Young**  
She's the gal who broke Lon's heart in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh"



**David Rollins**  
Several hits, including a real one in "The Air Circus"



**Jack Stone**  
Cousin of Colleen Moore and the scared aviator of "Lilac Time"



**Sharon Lynn**  
The girl who led Conrad Nagel astray in "Red Wine"



# DIET for Health and Beauty

By  
Dr. H. B. K. Willis



Dr. H. B. K. Willis is one of the foremost physicians of Los Angeles and among his patients are the leading film stars. Dr. Willis has made a complete study of diet—the chief problem of the stars

The famous physician will contribute regularly to  
PHOTOPLAY and he will answer your personal letters

**D**UE to the ever-increasing appeal of diet as a means of gaining individual well-being the grand old American public, from flapper to philosopher, is eating its way into as well as out of health. Food has attained a new footing. Time was when feasting instead of fasting was fashionable.

Calorie consciousness is fast supplanting gluttony, but it was not so long ago that we were dubbed a nation of gluttons by physicians who charged us with digging our graves with our teeth.

But, unfortunately, the pendulum seems to be swinging too far in the other direction, because the enthusiasm, which is an American characteristic, is leading countless thousands into dietetic errors inspired by the mandates of well-meaning but misguided food faddists.

For example, where, a few years ago, Americans were as over-starched as Father's dress-shirt, the average individual, according to statistics, is not eating enough sugar today.

We were once a nation of mighty meat-eaters. Today meat is anathema to too many who need it. As for fat, the popular opinion seems to be that all this dietetic necessity is good for is the manufacture of soap.

But nationally we are strong for vitamins. One may not know what they are but they have been publicized as miracle-workers and the word is mouth-filling, even though the vitamins themselves may not be.

Ninety-nine per cent of the patients who come into my office are there in search of a diet which will banish pills and doctor's bills.

Grandpa wants one to cure his rheumatism. Grandma and Mother are equally desirous for one which will convert their stylish stouts into svelte sixteen sizes. Dad demands a diet which will chase the spots from before his eyes and make high blood pressure become a forgotten fear. Sister wants to eat to stay thin or gain her a skin someone loves to touch. Brother wants a menu which will make halitosis impossible or give him a complexion as free from comedones as the face of the collar ad model.

**I**T is an absolute fact that too many laymen utterly and completely believe that diet is the key to health and happiness and that therein lies the panacea for all the ills to which the flesh is heir. Unfortunately they are not entirely right, although it is fortunate that today the majority eat to live and not live to eat.

Having the interest of its vast army of readers at heart and believing that they will welcome personally conducted dietetic excursions, PHOTOPLAY adds another innovation to its table of contents by giving me the opportunity of expounding my beliefs as to safe and sane eating, the value of a proper diet in health and disease.

The subject will be handled along broad, general lines in the articles to be printed, and individual cases will be considered by the question box method and private communications to such persons as may desire them.

In many, many cases diet is but an adjunct to the adequate treatment of disease, and, hence, diet will not be upheld by the writer as a substitute for properly indicated medical

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif., and be sure to enclose a stamp for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention

# Your Clothes Come



Six years ago Adrian designed this bouffant costume for Leatrice Joy. "No woman would wear a gown like that," cried the producers. Today half the evening gowns are a modified version of this picturesque *robe-de-style*

## How the cre- screen influ- rectly than

By  
Lois Shirley

came into vogue because Queen Elizabeth could not ride astride.

The Garbo collar was created because a gauche, awkward Swedish girl had a long neck and an unhappy manner of carrying her head.

**T**HE wide strip of material that extends directly down the spine of every Mae Murray décolleté gown is to conceal a scar on the erstwhile star's back.

Tight fitting, hair line skull caps are worn to cover the fact that many stars have heads too big for their bodies.

As the pearl, with its moonlike beauty, is caused by an irritation, so many of the loveliest lines ever worn by women are an effort on the part of the designers to conceal that which is not beautiful.

You will never see Florence Vidor who is, by popular vote among the fashion dictators, the best gowned woman on the screen, wearing a brimless hat. Her face is long and thin and her jaw broad.

It is the job of the designer to know his star as he knows his scissors and to make her the loveliest, most ravishing, most beautiful woman possible. For the

flicker favorites are even as you and I, my dear, and there are bow legs and broad hips in Hollywood although the rest of the world never guesses it. Clever costuming conceals them.

**A** RADICAL change has come to the screen in the last few years. It is due to the efforts of such designers as Max Ree, Howard Greer, Travis Banton, Sophie Wachner and Gilbert Clark. These people have banded together to set aside the old school of motion picture dressing; to make women as smartly gowned on the screen as they would be in a civilized drawing room; to eliminate the symbol of the vamp, a figure-fitting black velvet gown with high collar, long sleeves and a slit to the thigh. They have also removed the taboos of the camera.

It used to be that every-



Because Greta Garbo has a long neck, Max Ree put a ruff on her collar in "The Torrent." The wide Garbo collar was evolved from this, and it is a world-wide fashion

**T**HE Rue de la Paix or Hollywood Boulevard—which?

Do such famous authorities as Patou, Lelong, Molyneux and Worth tell you what to wear or have you felt the influence of the more unfamiliar names of Adrian, Greer, Ree and Banton?

It is my duty, my good woman, to tell you that you are copying fashions worn by the screen stars and not those chosen by French gals who seem to have nothing to do but pose for their pictures at the race tracks at Deauville.

Hollywood is the broadcasting agency for fashion!

Hollywood creates the modes of the world!

You are wearing photographic clothes!

Many of the designers go to Paris yearly for ideas, but it is only the general feeling of line and the new materials that they bring back. These are sifted through the studio mill and are sent to you at once to copy.

And did you know that many of these fads are introduced to hide defects in the stars' figures?

Historians tell us that the side saddle



# from Hollywood

ations you see on the  
ence you more di-  
Paris fashions

body from the office boy to the president had to O. K. a dress. Camera men complained of color. White was not admitted on the set until Travis Banton gowned Pola Negri in white, a color that she loves more than all others, and because Pola was a star with authority the camera man had to figure out a way of photographing it.

**T**HE producer still attempts to put his finger in the dress-maker's pie, insisting that the star should be gowned in "something like my wife wears, this clingy material with shiny stuff here." But he invariably discovers the error of his ways.

There is but one thing to consider when you're copying screen clothes. Separate in your mind the gowns that are made for a character and those that are built for style only.

I cite Max Ree and the Freudian symbols that he has



Adrian may not be as well-known to you as the Paris authorities. But the clothes he designs for the stars are the ones you envy—and copy



Greer's shop in Hollywood is a style center. Here the stars order the personal wardrobes that make them the best-dressed women in the world



evolved as an example. In "The Wedding March" ZaSu Pitts plays the rôle of a woman with a suppressed desire. Against her own subconscious, her body is ruled by her brain. Therefore Ree put her in form-fitting gowns with the lines running to her head, and set her face, flowerlike, in a collar. In the same production Maud George plays the rôle of a smart, but untidy woman. Ree chose a negligée trimmed with unruly feathers, rather than sleek fur, in order to establish a character properly.

This is the film designer's only limitation.

**I**T was Ree, by the way, who originated the Garbo collar. He gowned the star in her first American picture, "The Torrent," and the fur coat she wore in that with the enormous collar was made to conceal her long neck and to help her carry her head better. It served the same purpose as the head rest used by old-fashioned photographers. It was copied throughout the world and even introduced in a Paris opening after it had been worn by Garbo!

In the matter of color the designer is hindered only by the star herself. Dorothy Cummings had a fainting spell at the sight of a green frock made for her to wear in a picture. Esther Ralston says, "I know that a light will fall on me or the film will catch fire if I appear in a yellow dress." Yet yellow is most becoming to her.

Sophie Wachner tells this one on Mary Astor. She had an aversion to blue and would not have a frock of

Peggy Hamilton, pioneer studio designer, dressed Gloria Swanson for her first big rôle. The costumes were made over from Miss Hamilton's own frocks. Miss Hamilton believes in "show styles," as you can see by this lace negligée, trimmed with mirrors and ostrich

that shade until one day she surprised Miss Wachner by requesting a blue dress. It was because Kenneth Hawks, her fiancé at the time, now her husband, liked it.

The pioneer in establishing Hollywood as a style center is Peggy Hamilton. Still in her teens, she undertook the costume department at the old Triangle Studio and dressed Gloria [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



# Speech *is*

Some stars who passed the voice test and made big come-backs when the silent drama broke into noise

Lois Wilson, for instance. Lois failed to get a break after ending her contract with Paramount. The smart girl studied voice training and went on the stage in Los Angeles, thereby talking herself into the talkies



Antonio Moreno had been doing a quiet fade-out until First National discovered that he has been suppressing a splendid speaking voice all these years. You'll see him again in "Synthetic Sin," Colleen Moore's first chatter film



A star who was gone but never forgotten. Pauline Frederick left Hollywood, more in sorrow than in anger, and toured the world. Thanks to the talkies, this beautiful woman is back on the screen. She made a triumphant return in "On Trial," and Warner Brothers will present her in a whole series of Vitaphone dramas



# GOLDEN



And Mildred Harris. Mildred was off again, on again. Sometimes in vaudeville; sometimes in a quickie. But Mildred can sing and she can speak lines. So she made her comeback in "Melody of Love"



Remember Bessie Barriscale? Bessie was once a big star, but she left the screen for the stage. And it was "Goodbye Forever." But, in the search for movie personalities with voices, Bessie was called back to Hollywood and given a part in Pathe's "Show Folks"



Rescued from vaudeville—Bessie Love. Bessie can dance, sing, talk and play the uke. Those who have seen her in "Broadway Melody" say that she is the Marilyn Miller of the talkies. Very nice for Bessie—and very nice for audiences



Robert Elliott left pictures years ago to return to the stage, because he wasn't pretty enough for a dumb hero. Now he's tearing out swell performances for Fox-Movietone

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

**M**OVIE amateurs still have two and a half months to complete their contest films.

PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 contest closes definitely at midnight on March 31st. There will be no extension of the time limit.

From amateurs in all parts of America come reports of contest plans. The Flower City Amateur Movie Club of Rochester, N. Y., is at work on a 400 foot 16 mm. film, bearing the working title of "Dead or Alive," for the PHOTOPLAY contest. The story deals with an underworld gang and, for the numerous interiors, the Flower City Club is attempting some new departures in lighting.

Work is progressing rapidly on the contest contribution of the Foto-Cine Productions of Stockton, Calif. This is called "Three Episodes." Sundays are devoted entirely to production work by the entire club.

Many other contest films are under way. PHOTOPLAY'S second contest already bears the imprint of widespread international interest.

**F**EBRUARY is a month of outdoor action—a month of tobogganing, skiing, skating, snow-shoeing, snowballing, ice-boating and similar sports, writes W. A. Shoemaker, editor of the *Eastman Cine-Kodak News* in personally advising PHOTOPLAY readers. It offers untold possibilities to the movie maker—possibilities that should not be overlooked, for these sports are at their height in February.

You will take advantage of February's outdoor action, of course. But be careful! February light is fickle and unless you are careful under-exposure may ruin your pictures. The light may seem to be brighter in February than it was in December and January, but—photographically at least—it isn't. The wise movie maker will strive to avoid under-exposure. Perhaps the best way to avoid this bug-bear of winter pictures is to follow these lighting suggestions:

For sea, sky and snow scenes, distant mountains and landscapes, or for wide expanses of snow, f.11 in bright sun, f.8 if clouds partially obscure the sun, and f.5.6 or f.6.5 if the day



Russell Ervin, Jr., winner of last year's PHOTOPLAY contest, is now a Fox-Movietone veteran. Here he is with Director Marcel Silver

is cloudy or dull. For open landscapes where there is no heavy shade, f.8 in bright sun, f.5.6 or f.6.5 if light clouds obscure the sun, and f.4 on dull or cloudy days. For street scenes or groups where part of the light is obscured by houses or trees, f.5.6 or f.6.5 in bright sun, f.4 with light clouds over the sun, and f.3.5 on dull days. For scenes on shady sides of streets, f.4 in bright sun, and f.3.5 if light clouds partially obscure the sun. On dark, dull days, such scenes should not be attempted with the f.6.5 or f.3.5 lens. These scenes are easily within the scope of the f.1.9 lens, however.

**T**HE Motion Picture Club of New Haven, Conn., closes an interesting club competition for 16 mm. films on January 31st. Attractive awards are being made for the best scenic, pictures of children, trick films, current event shots, travel views, short narrative productions, features and color films. Fifty amateurs in Erie, Pa., have organized a movie club.

"The Fast Male," the amateur production of the Stanford Studios, the movie club of Stanford University, had its premiere in the Stanford assembly hall at Palo Alto, Calif., on January 9th.

The Herald Cinema Critics Club of Syracuse, N. Y., is making an amateur film, "Touchdown," written by Douglas Thompson and the winning scenario in a contest open to Syracuse high school students. The club has the benefit of advice from Chester B. Behn, dramatic editor of *The Syracuse Herald*.

The drama class of the Newport News High School of Newport News, Va., is starting its third amateur photoplay. Its first film, "Heroes All," landed prominently in PHOTOPLAY'S first contest. Amateur movies are now a definite part of the work of the drama class.

**T**HE incandescent lights pictured in the special Christmas tree shots of home movie making in the January PHOTOPLAY attracted so many inquiries that we are going to tell you exactly how to make these lights yourself.

[ CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 100 ]



Mrs. Coolidge, an amateur movie enthusiast, used a Cine-Kodak to film the President on their Virginia vacation





"I picked it up at Malta," Mrs. Iselin says of the embroidery in her frock, a symphony of all the gorgeous hues that suit her beauty. It was made up after her own design, like the highwayman's coat worn with the Reboux tricorne of the larger portrait.



MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II is the wife of the internationally distinguished yachtsman. Beauty, charm, chic, a merry wit and many brilliant talents make her one of the smartest and best-liked women in New York.



"Women are loveliest in evening dress," says Mrs. Iselin. This Lanvin creation of antique green brocade and silver lace reveals the ivory beauty of her neck and arms. A magenta girdle and green slippers with magenta heels complete her ensemble.

"A lovely skin is essential to Chic," says

**MRS. ADRIAN ISELIN II**

MRS. ISELIN'S BEAUTY recalls the gorgeous Renaissance. She has burnished copper hair and wonderful green eyes like precious jewels. Her perfect skin is white and smooth as ivory.

Tall, slender, graceful in every gesture, Mrs. Iselin is famous for her chic.

Color is her hobby. Color can make or mar a woman's beauty. For her own auburn type she chooses tawny browns and tans, yellows and greens.

"Nowadays to be perfectly groomed is all-important," says Mrs. Iselin. "Fastidious women follow a daily régime.

"Pond's complete Method makes this daily treatment simple and practical.

"The Cold Cream has always been my standby. Now the new Tissues are exquisite for removing cold cream. The delicious Freshener keeps your skin firm and young. The Vanishing Cream is a delightful powder base."



Mrs. Iselin's dressing table with special green glass gift jars made by Pond's to hold the Two Creams and Freshener for her daily régime.



In the familiar containers—Pond's four famous products, Two Creams, Tissues, Freshener, which beautiful women use daily to keep their skin lovely.

Thousands of chic and beautiful women follow Pond's Method thus:

AMPLELY APPLY the light, pure Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, night and always after exposure. Use firm, upward strokes, letting the penetrating oils sink deep into the pores.

Wipe away the cream with the Cleansing Tissues—ample, soft, absorbent.

For a bracing effect—the tonic Freshener closes the pores, tones, invigorates.

Finish with a whisk of Vanishing Cream to make your powder cling.

Try Pond's Method for a week!

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# The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

## BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES— UFA-Paramount

TEN years after the holocaust, the Germans rush in with their film version of the Great War. Excellent war-time shots of rulers and battles are offset by a lot of studio stuff that doesn't mean much, and the narrative is slowed by scores of very clever but over-used maps of the fronts.

## A LADY OF CHANCE—M.-G.-M.

THIS is a story of self-sacrifice and regeneration. Robert Z. Leonard's direction tops each tear with a chuckle. Norma Shearer plays *Dolly*, a golddigger with an angel face and a steady nerve, who plays hide-and-seek with the law. Shadowed by detectives, she marries a trusting country boy, believing him a millionaire. The drama which ensues is fresh and original. John Mack Brown is effectively natural and Lowell Sherman is at his best.

## UNEASY MONEY—Fos-Europa

THE newest novelty from Germany takes a 10-mark bank note on its travels through this vale of jeers. It begins in the pay envelope of our own blonde Mary Nolan, and travels from the castle to the gutter and back again. We leave the 10 marks long enough to follow Mary through a virginal love affair, the mauling hands of perspiring papas, and to happiness at last. Mary's work is better than anything she has done in Hollywood. This is at least a different picture, well directed and acted. Take a look if it comes to your Little Theatre.

## MARQUIS PREFERRED—Paramount

MENJOU fans can cheer over this one. Adolphe is a sophisticated and charming Marquis deluged with debts. His tastes in liquor and women are discriminating. There are two women—an American heiress and her companion. Does he marry the heiress? And how! Then he presents his debts to her father, his title to the heiress and his love to her companion. He gets a job and a divorce and marries the companion. Frothy, amusing.

## MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER— National-Big Three Production

THIS is a German-made film with nothing to merit its importation. The story is tedious and disjointed but, in the confusion of detail, we gather that the dancer, *Mata Hari*, was an international spy who mixed her politics and men so unwisely as to have her lover thrown in prison and herself executed.

## TYRANT OF RED GULCH—FBO

THERE'S nothing Western about this one but the title. And perhaps Tom Tyler's pants. That's grand! The less Western a Western is, the better we like it. In a worthy effort to be original, the writer threw in two mystery men, a small boy, a flock of Russians, and an idiot. A badly bent story.

## SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN— First National

YOU won't get very excited over this so-called mystery story because you feel down underneath that it will turn out to be a dream. The denouement is not quite as bad as that—but almost. There are gorillas and dwarfs and weird characters who strut through the picture ineffectually. Thelma Todd manages to look both beautiful and frightened while Creighton Hale makes his knees stutter. It's a hodge podge.

## BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI—Australasian

ANOTHER South Sea Island picture made in the land of missionaries, head hunters and half-castes. Edith Roberts is again the island girl but this time she wins her man when it is discovered that she isn't a half-breed after all. Edmund Burns persists in being the hero.

## THE VEILED WOMAN—Fos

NOT good, not bad; the most interesting feature being its array of foreign faces, which includes Lia Tora, a Brazilian dancer; Paul Vincenti, a Hungarian, and Ivan Lebedeff, a Russian. The captivating Lia's hus-



International Newsreel

Camilla Horn's new head-dress—three crullers, rampant, over the ear. The top of the hair is worn slick and smooth and the effect is that of the "buns" of hair worn by little girls ages and ages ago

band wrote the script but he didn't do right by the "little woman," for it's a trite tale. A coiffure model becomes a lure in a gambling house all for love of an invalid father.

## WHAT A NIGHT—Paramount

ANOTHER newspaper story, much more gaggy than the others have been. Bebe Daniels plays the rôle of a dumb cub reporter who succeeds, of course, in getting the big scoop. This is poor material, badly strung together. Bebe Daniels, herself, seemed to feel the inferiority of the script.

## THE NAUGHTY DUCHESS— Tiffany-Stahl

THE title pleasantly suggests sophisticated French farce but, despite an intriguing opening, this picture turns out to be neither sophisticated nor farcical. Eve Southern's lumbering efforts to be naughty offer an unintentional contrast to the polished smoothness of H. B. Warner's interpretation of a chivalrous duke who lends the lady his illustrious name for a few hours. Gertrude Astor, as his jilted fiancée, is more effective in two scenes than Southern in five reels.

## THE HOUSE OF SHAME—Chesterfield

A "FOUR-SQUARE" marriage muddle, done with surprising cleverness. An unusually modern finish gives a happy jolt to what could easily have been just a snivelling tale of a too-devoted wife who made the supreme sacrifice to save her embezzling husband from jail. Virginia Brown Faire has her most effective rôle in ages, and Lloyd Whitlock is wholly pleasing as the "hero of the piece."

## WAGES OF CONSCIENCE—Superlative

AFTER you sit through five reels of old-fashioned, maudlin melodrama of a soul struggle (assuming, of course, that you are curious about the wages of conscience), all that rewards your vigil are a few Biblical quotations and a misspent evening. Talk about conscience! If the perpetrators of this mistake-about-town don't have a good, rousing attack of conscience, then—there ain't no justice.

## THE PACE THAT KILLS— True-Life

IF you don't walk out on the sermon-length opening title, you can probably stand the rest of it. It's hot propaganda against the narcotic evil, authentic to the point of grotesqueness, and a scientific treatise for lecture rooms, not amusement houses. A dumb country boy goes the dope route with a flapper "snowbird" in the city. Not the least bit entertaining.

## LINDA—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production

THIS story of a mountain gal who marries a man old enough to be her "pappy" is unadulterated hokum. Don't waste your time on it unless you like maudlin sentimentality. Even such old favorites as Noah Beery, Warner Baxter, Kate Price and Mitchell Lewis can't put it over.

## THE SILENT SENTINEL—Chesterfield

THIS, boys and girls, is a crook picture! And the producers have overworked the theory that no modern movie is complete without a crook. This dry bank robbery melodrama is full of crooks. We like our crooks either lusty knock-down drag-out, like Mr. Bancroft, or "suave" underworld sophisticates like, for instance, Bill Powell. But if you don't, that's your business.

## TRACKED—FBO

A GORGEOUS dog picture which does not once tax the credulity of the audience. It's full of thrilling, logical action based on a natural story. Two rival sheepmen discover that their flocks are slowly being slaughtered. The region's finest sheep dog is suspected, but finally proves his innocence by leading the herders to the real killer. It is a perfect vehicle for His Prussian Highness, Ranger, who is probably the screen's most intelligent German Shepherd.

## THE LAST WARNING—Universal

THIS could have been a gorgeous mystery story, but it's an obvious cross between "The Phantom of the Opera" and "The Terror," with none of their consistency or power. It has a distinguished cast, with massive sets and effective, futuristic photography, but there's no story. The title writer has to explain a thousand irrelevancies in the last reel. Laura La Plante, however, handles the heavy dramatic rôle amazingly well, even with no script to guide her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 103]



*I*N "Chicago" or Hollywood, radiant Phyllis Haver finds a source of sparkling eyes and boundless buoyancy in

## THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

Both in chic and in comfort the Arch Preserver Shoe answers every exacting requirement of Miss Haver and her sister motion picture stars.

Its spirited styles for every occasion forecast the authentic Paris and New York modes.

Its patented hidden comfort features—the arch bridge, the flat inner sole, the metatarsal support—not only free the foot from strain and discomfort, but give it that gay, tireless youth that is reflected in every motion of the body, every expression of the face.

Even the method of fitting the Arch Preserver Shoe is different. Its exclusive heel-to-ball system of measuring provides the custom-tailored appearance that is so essential to Miss Haver and every well-dressed woman.

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180 Seventh Street, Portsmouth, O.



Specially posed by Miss Phyllis Haver, who made such a tremendous success in the Pathe picture *Chicago*, and will appear shortly in two other Pathe pictures, *Sal of Singapore* and *Shady Lady*. The Arch Preserver Shoe worn by Miss Haver is "The Phyllis," named in her honor.



*The Phyllis*



There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. No shoe is an Arch Preserver Shoe unless stamped with this trade-mark. Made for women and misses by The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.



*Mail* this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Company, 180 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet P-80, *Style and Comfort in Every Step*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest New York and Paris shoe styles.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

# The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

may be occupied with false trails! And now for the happenings in the coroner's room this morning! Picture two young people—one a beautiful French girl, the other a handsome American lad—each sitting in opposite sides of the room. Dark, tragic eyes meeting dark tragic eyes . . . pale lips murmuring soundlessly to pale lips across the space. . . .”

WILLIAM WEST and Yvonne Beaumont. West under guard. Beaumont accompanied by her lawyer.

The coroner was completing his questioning, having taken the testimony of MacDongal, Lannigan, and Jimmy Cairns, the office boy. He had come to the confession of William West. The lovely actress leaned forward, her great eyes dilating . . . for . . . what was being said? That the blood on the stage, flowing from Hardell's heart, and the blood found on the bottom of West's shoe, which he admits having worn the night before, when he went to the lot to get his script book . . . were the same! A sob came from the lovely throat of Miss Beaumont, and her little white hands fluttered to her heart. Then, when it seemed she would swoon, she had suddenly risen from her seat, and her light clear voice broke through the stillness.

“Ladies . . . gentlemen . . . will you hear me? I have . . . something to tell you! Something you will not, at first, believe. . . . But I will make you see it! First, I tell you that I have had ze . . . what you call . . . affair, wiz Mr. Hardell!” At this point the beautiful girl raised her head and looked bravely at her audience. “I will tell you, also, it was only what you call ze . . . flirt . . . wiz me. Me, I did not loff heem . . . non! I am . . . French . . . I am . . . ze flirt, *oui!* I play wiz heem. For why? Because when first I come to this contrai . . . two years ago . . . I learn zat he eez one verree bad man! . . . He break all the hearts of ze pretty ladies! Me, Yvonne, I say to myself, ‘I will do zat same to heem, zat will be fun!’ But I do not know how wecked he is! Pretty soon I am afraid! He follow me! He make me scare! He come

to my apartment in ze night, and I will not open ze door, and he stand outside and say terrible sings to me! Zen . . .” she clasped her hands, and her eyes went to William West across the room . . . her lovely little face flushed and softened. . . . “Zen, I find I am . . . in loff! For ze first time in my life, I am in loff! I tremble wiz fright that my Billee find out about what you call ‘affair’ wiz Hardell!” Everyone in the room turned to look at William West, who sat clenching his hands, and looking with all the pleading of his heart at the brave girl who was giving her secret to the world!

“Zen Hardell, he say he has kept some silly letters I have written heem. He say he will show them to Billee! I am . . . wild! I cry, I beg, I get mad! He only laugh! I have tell Billee I have nevair before loffed a man! He have believe me! You comprehend, good people, what I feel? Zen, that night I go out to the studio to get ze letters. Hardell say he carry them always wiz heem! I write ze note, and go down to pin it to his dressing table, zen to steal my letters, and to go away! But I cannot find zem! Zay are not zere! I wait for ze lights to go out on ze stage, and for him to come back to change his clothes. But . . . he does not come! I wait and wait! Tomorrow he say he will show ze letters to Billee! Zen, I go to the stage. I am afraid for Mr. Seibert to see me. He is verree cross to be disturbed. I hide in ze bushes until zay go away! And . . . Dwight Hardell does not go to his room! Non! He goes away wiz Mr. Seibert. I know, because I hear heem talking together! I am afraid to look, but I hear. . . . Zen I am afraid to leave, because I see Billee coming! He goes on the stage, and pretty soon he comes out and goes away. Zen . . . what do you sink? I see that Hardell coming back. What for? Me, I do not know! I only see heem coming back! I get up and go quietly . . . quietly . . . after heem! I find heem on the set, practicing to fall . . . but I weel explain! When we take ze dissolve from ze dummy to ze same place . . . comprehend? Mr. Hardell had to fall, when he is killed by ze duel, inside some lines made wiz chalk, where afterwards,

zay will put ze dummy! Ze day before he was—before I . . . before he was found murdered, Mr. Seibert take many, many times zat scene, but it does not suit heem! So, zay come back zat night to rehearse! Zay will take it over again ze next day! Hardell, he tell me he come back to practice zat fall by heemself. I find heem doing it. I say, ‘I have come for my letters!’ He laugh! I tell heem, over and over, how much I loff Billee! He laugh! And zen . . .” for a moment her eyes dropped, and she put both white hands to her cheeks . . . “zen . . . he forget heemself! He make . . . ze bad love to me! I . . . run . . . but he is too strong! He catch me! I fight! I bite! I keeck! He tell me he . . . he tell me zat tomorrow I will be glad to say I marry heem!” Once again the brave little head was flung up, and the great dark eyes swept the room. There were murmurs of sympathy, and low-voiced expressions from the men in the audience.

“Ah . . . good people . . . it eez zen that Yvonne . . . becomes . . . a murderess!” She swayed. Her lawyer put out a hand to steady her. Her voice, coming through sobs, cut into the hearts of her listeners. . . .

“MANAGE to get away for ze instant. I find ze other sword! I . . . prepare to defend myself. . . . I tell heem I will keel heem . . . but he laugh! He theenks I cannot do eet . . . but . . . see . . .” and she held out her small white wrist . . . “I have learned to fence in Paris. Feel . . . M'sieur . . .” and she bent to the man nearest her. “Is my wrist not strong? *Oui!* You comprehend? Ah . . . always I have been so proud of ze fencing! But . . . no more . . . you comprehend, good people? I . . . keel him!” She slipped unconscious into the arms of her lawyer.

On the heels of this breath-taking confession, when people were still wiping their eyes, and solicitous hands were tending the lovely form . . . when analytical minds were expressing the opinion that Hardell must have subconsciously assumed the death position he had been practicing for so long . . . when others

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 122 ]

## Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, “The Studio Murder Mystery.” This story will appear in PHOTOPLAY in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of the March, 1929, number, on February 15th, 1929, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of “The Studio Murder Mystery,” printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to “The Studio Murder Mystery” as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less.

They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize . . . . .	\$1,000
Second Prize . . . . .	500
Third prize . . . . .	350
Fourth prize . . . . .	150
Five prizes of \$100 . . . . .	500
Ten prizes of \$50 . . . . .	500

In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of PHOTOPLAY and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.



# There's more to Washing the Face *than many women think*

Unless you actually cleanse the skin of powder, rouge, dirt and impurities, your complexion will suffer seriously. Olive oil, as you use it in this facial soap, is the ideal means of removing dirt and make-up.

**T**HE next time you wash your face, consider these facts; all day long dust and dirt, oil secretions, and dead skin gather in the fine pores that make up your surface complexion. If you add cream, powder, rouge—and only half remove them by incorrect cleansing methods—the result is blackheads, pimples, oiliness, sallowness—dozens of defects that may entirely be avoided if you know *how* to wash your face.

### *The value of olive oil in soap*

How to wash your face! That sounds so simple. Yet it can be an art. It can make or mar your beauty. That is why doctors and beauty specialists advise a soap blended of olive oil—blandest, gentlest, yet most penetrating of all emollients.

You use it twice a day, in the treatments described below, and this is what happens: the olive oil works into your pores and gently, easily frees them of tiny, hard masses which otherwise become blackheads and pimples. It keeps the skin firm, stimulated, healthy with color. It leaves a satiny glow, an enviable smoothness of texture that typifies youth.

You, yourself, may be abusing a naturally beautiful complexion by the wrong cleansing methods. Just as a test, use these simple treatments beginning tonight, and watch the way your skin responds within a short time. There is no doubt that your own loveliness will surprise you.



### *At night:*

Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently with an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin by patting it tenderly with a soft towel.

### *In the morning:*

Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. It costs so little, millions use it for the bath as well. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

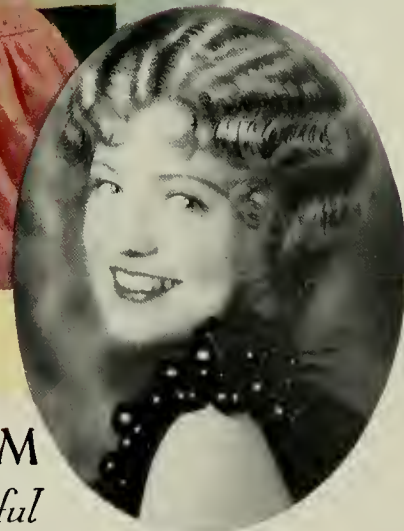


4217

Retail Price  
**10c**

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time—over WEAJ and 32 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company

**KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION**



## DORIS KENYON'S BEDROOM

*is decorated to Miss Kenyon's colorful*

**D**ORIS KENYON knows how well color expresses personality. So she chose Lady Pepperell sheets of peach, as a perfect color-keynote for her personality bedroom—they're an enchanting background for her honeybrown hair and soft gray eyes.

## PERSONALITY

ITS KEYNOTE IS

**COLORED**

**Lady  
PEPPERELL**

**SHEETS and PILLOW CASES**

You can make your bedroom express your personality, easily and inexpensively, by using Lady Pepperell sheets of the becoming color that best expresses *you*—precisely as you express yourself in choosing becoming clothes.

In her own laboratories, Lady Pepperell scientifically dyes into her famous firmly-woven white sheets lasting shades of Nile, Maize, Blue, Rose, Shell Pink, Orchid and Peach—all soft, and all "tub-proof."

Send 10c for the fascinating new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." It suggests dozens of workable plans for bedroom decoration, and shows what colors are most becoming to your type.

PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
160 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Please send me the new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents).

Name

Street

Town and State

P. 2-29

Radio talks on Bedroom Decoration... National Home Hour every Wednesday 10 a.m. ... Eastern Standard Time... WEAf network.



# What Are Your Correct Colors?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

White and light colors reflect light, therefore they do not lessen the personal coloring of the wearer. Dead white, however, is trying because it makes the skin seem yellow by contrast. Pale warm tones—those tints known as off-white—reflect their warmth in the face. Soft rose color gives a soft glow to the face.

**M**ANY women must combat the handicap of a yellow skin. These women should studiously avoid harsh blues, particularly if their skin is dark. Brilliant blues throw their complementary color, yellow, into surrounding surfaces. So, if you must wear the gayer blues, keep them away from your face. Break the coloring with a collar or scarf of a light soft color, a string of pearls or other white beads, a fur of dark or neutral color.

While vivid yellow increases the color tones in the skin by reflection, orange and red-orange tend to lighten the skin and are particularly suitable to the woman whose skin is dark rather than actually yellow. Yellow-green and green and blue-greens also can be safely recommended to the woman who has what is generally called a "muddy" complexion.

I haven't spoken as yet of the colors that should harmonize with the hair and eyes, although most women usually dress for these features. In my opinion, the pigmentation of the skin should be the first consideration. However, the women with exceptionally beautiful hair or unusually lovely eyes should make the most of these good points. The majority of women however will find it best to consider the skin first.

Now for a careful study of your hair. Hair is usually called blonde, red, brown or black. But upon close inspection, you will find these classifications inaccurate.

**B**LONDE hair is usually yellow, sometimes definitely yellow-orange, sometimes a duller, grayer tone, and sometimes even assuming a yellow-green cast.

So-called red-haired women do not have hair that is actually red, but really red-orange.

Brown-haired persons also have red-orange hair, but so neutralized and subdued, that it appears brown.

And black-haired people are not really black-haired at all. It is red-orange, so dark that it is called black. But, in a strong light, you will see copper shades even in the darkest hair. Sometimes seemingly black hair will be actually blue-black, having a cool rather than a warm coloring.

The color of the hair may be made to appear brighter if colors opposite or complementary are worn. Blonde hair will become more golden

in contrast to blues in the costume. Hair with orange hues will be more brilliant when cool colors—greens, blue violets, blues or blue-greens—are used.

Bright colors, similar to those in the hair, make it seem faded and dull by contrast. Bright orange will make blond hair seem pale and lifeless. Brown hair loses character when darker, more reddish browns are worn. Even bright so-called red hair may appear faded in contrast to vivid warm colors, although it usually clashes and takes on a cheap, artificial look.

Select colors which are duller and less warm than the tints in your hair.

Persons with warm, rich brown hair may bring out the golden-red tints by wearing lighter, duller browns. If the hair is dull or rather grayed in coloring, neutral colors or

colors similar to the hair should be avoided. Light yellow or light brown hair appears to poor advantage when placed near a tan that closely matches it.

The eyes should usually be the last point considered, for the skin and hair are much more important in the larger view one person receives when looking at another.

**E**YES of the so-called blondes are usually cool in color, violet, blue, blue-green, green or gray, while those of the brunette are most frequently warm, brown (dark red-orange). Hazel eyes, predominantly warm, seem to combine flecks of both warm and cool colors, apparently changing color according to the colors worn near them.

The liquid depths of the eye act as a mirror which catches and reflects light. The color of the eyes therefore may be greatly intensified if a color similar to them is worn near the face. Gray eyes may become blue, green or violet according to the colors surrounding them. Brown eyes may appear dark, even black, when dark colors are worn; golden when yellow and orange tones are near them.

Small areas of vivid color effectively deepen the color of the eyes but large areas of color should be softer, otherwise the eyes will appear dull and faded by contrast. Complementary colors may also increase the color of the eyes. Yellow, orange, red-orange and red may increase the color of cool hued eyes while cool colors tend to emphasize the warmth of brown eyes.

These in general are the rules for color harmony. Now I shall go into detail about the colors for brunettes.

Now I shall go into detail about the colors for brunettes.

**T**HERE are brunettes and brunettes, almost as many variations as there are individuals. Some possess vivid brilliant warm coloring; some subdued warmth, a more olive skin; others have the characteristic dark hair but a fair skin with decidedly cool feeling. The actual hue of the flesh tints in the first two types are warm, red-orange, while that of the last is red-violet. The first two have warm, if dark and subdued red-orange tints in their hair, the last has blue-black hair.

Therefore, be not content to call yourself a brunette, analyze your coloring! Determine whether you are a dark warm type or a dark cool type. If your skin is warm, is it vividly, vibrantly glowing with color, or does it possess a more subtle, subdued olive tone? Having determined what your type is, study the color requirements for that type, meanwhile analyzing yourself.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 106 ]



**H**ERE are four types of screen beauties that represent the four types of feminine coloring. Raquel Torres, brunette; Esther Ralston, blonde; Janet Gaynor, brown hair; Joan Crawford, auburn. Every woman is a variation of one of these colorings. By finding the colors that best suit your type and by choosing a harmonious background for yourself in your clothes and in your home, you will establish a happier emotional environment as well as making the most of your appearance.

Do you know that your hair becomes brighter if contrasted with an opposite or complementary color? Do you know that the correct shade of green will improve a yellow complexion? Do you know that small areas of vivid coloring—in jewelry, ornaments or trimming—vastly increase the color and depth of your eyes?

Every month PHOTOPLAY receives thousands of letters asking "What is my most becoming color?" These articles and color charts are the answer to the earnest inquiries of women who want to look their best in their clothes and who want to bring harmony and charm to their personal surroundings.



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

**DON'T** try to steal scenes from Billy Haines!

The other day on the set, Eddie Nugent quite out-mugged Billy. When they moved into a close-up, Billy stood on the younger actor's foot. The pained expression had no part in the action required.

**GLENN TRYON** and a friend were returning from Tia Juana and were forced to go through the usual procedure of walking the chalk line.

The inspection officer looked at Glenn who made a brave effort to walk a straight line.

"You can't walk very well, can you?" said the inspection officer.

"No," said Glenn, "that's why I brought my car."

**CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.**, the poor little rich boy who lost his bankroll trying to be a journalist, is out in Hollywood and says he's going to write stories for the screen.

Cheer up, this hardy industry has weathered worse blows than that.

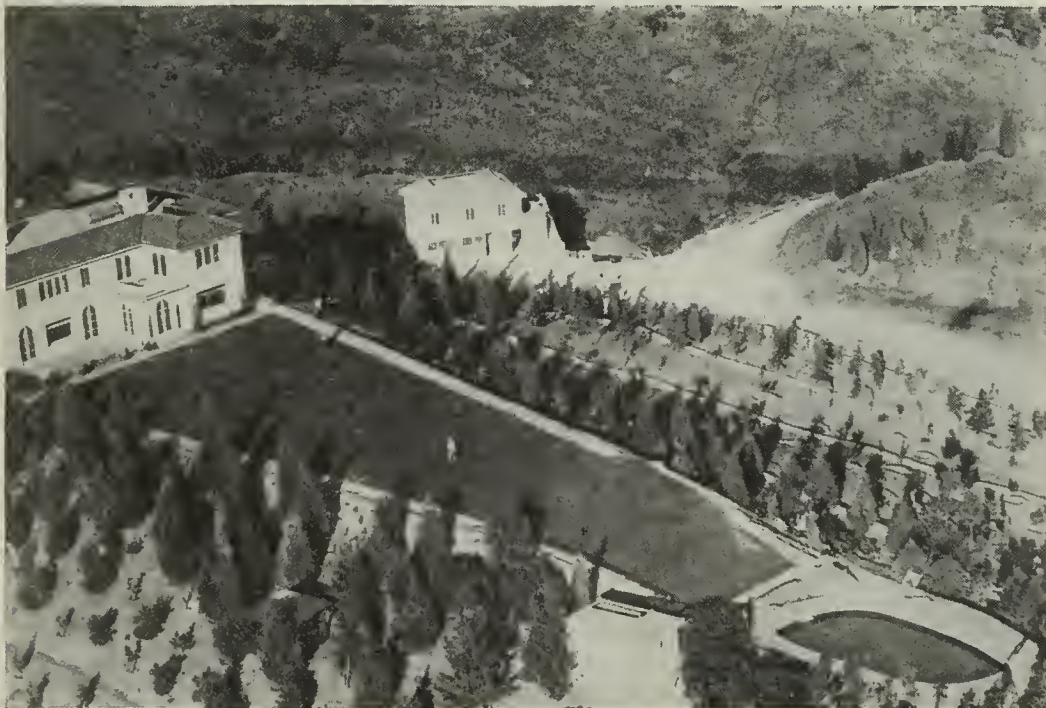
**A. L. JOLSON** has been frantically searching for a story to live up to the standard set by "The Jazz Singer" and "The Singing Fool."

Recently he took his bride and went to Lake Arrowhead to think! It appears that he got a thought and he was so overjoyed that he could not resist the temptation of telling it to whatever audience presented itself. The audience was Joe Schenck. He outlined a perfect story and did not realize until after he had completed it, that he had told a grand yarn to a rival producer.



P. & A.

Aeroplane view of the Mecca of all California tourists, "Pickfair," the estate of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The swimming pool is in the foreground. This picture was taken on a day when there were no crowned heads playing croquet on the front lawn



Just a shack, but it's home to Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin's estate in Beverly Hills adjoins "Pickfair." The oddly shaped stretch of lawn is a miniature golf course which leads down to the inevitable swimming pool and bath-house. Hey, Charlie! Two fellows are walking on your grass!

**ON** "Four Feathers" set the other day Dick Arlen was called upon to make what is technically known as "hot love" to Fay Wray. It was a tough spot for Dick, considering the fact that Fay's husband, John Monk Saunders, was standing by.

When the scene was over John said to Dick, "Never mind, I'll get even with you. I'm writing the talking sequences for your next picture and all you'll say is 'Unhuh' and 'Nunhuh.'"

**THERE** was a time—way back B. T. (before talkies)—when you'd walk on a set and discover Wally Beery in his chair snoring melodiously. An actress would be reading the latest thriller and the extra people would be playing cut-throat bridge.

Now all is changed. The day of hard work is at hand. The speakies have introduced a ghastly activity. Scenes are made one right after another. I saw a whole short subject taken in two hours and a half at Warners' the other day. The actors pace up and down repeating their lines, vaudevillians bestir themselves at unearthly hours and directors walk [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 86 ]



# "Light a Lucky and you'll never miss sweets that make you fat"

*Constance Talmadge*

Constance Talmadge,  
Charming Motion  
Picture Star

Instead of eating between meals... instead of fattening sweets... beautiful women keep youthful slenderness these days by smoking Luckies. The smartest and loveliest women of the modern stage take this means of keeping slender... when others nibble fattening sweets, they light a Lucky!

Lucky Strike is a delightful blend of the world's finest tobaccos. These tobaccos are toasted—a costly extra process which develops and improves the flavor. That's why Luckies are a delightful alternative for fattening sweets. That's why there's real health in Lucky Strike. That's why folks say: "It's good to smoke Luckies."

For years this has been no secret to those men who keep fit and trim. They know that Luckies do not cut their wind nor harm their physical condition. They know that Lucky Strike is the favorite cigarette of many prominent athletes, who must keep in good shape. They respect the opinions of 20,679 physicians who maintain that Luckies are less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes.

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful and that too many such are eaten by the American people. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY  
INSTEAD OF A SWEET."

## "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

Constance Talmadge,  
Charming Motion  
Picture Star



Reach for a  
Lucky instead  
of a sweet.

JOAN CRAWFORD, fascinating Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, finds Lux Toilet Soap delightful both in this lovely bathroom and in her special dressing room on location.

*"I HAVE tried innumerable French soaps, but never have I found anything like Lux Toilet Soap for keeping my skin fresh and smooth. And 'studio skin' is the all-important asset for the star who must face into the glaring lights of the close-up."*

*Joan Crawford*



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

*"Without smooth skin no girl can be lovely," say  
39 leading Hollywood Directors*

VELVETY SKIN is the most precious charm a girl can have. All Hollywood agrees on this.

"People open their hearts instantly to the loveliness of exquisite skin. Every star knows how essential beautiful smooth skin is," says Edward Sedgwick, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, voicing the opinion of leading directors.



When a close-up is being taken, JOAN CRAWFORD meets the brilliancy of the new incandescent "sun-spot" lights with perfect self-confidence — because her skin is kept beautifully smooth with Lux Toilet Soap.

# LUX Toilet



# Facing the cruelest test a skin can meet

**H**OW WELL they know that the skin must be kept rarely smooth—the lovely girls whose beauty stirs a million hearts every time they appear on the screen!

For there is something about lovely skin that sends a ripple of emotion through every heart. And for the screen star, skin as smooth as a flower-petal is a prime necessity.

The huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights pour down on a star's

9 out of 10

*screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap*

face and shoulders and arms when a close-up is being taken, and film more highly sensitized than ever would inevitably register every tiniest flaw in the skin texture.

Consequently, of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to guard their skin. The

next time you see your favorite screen star in a close-up, remember that 9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin captivatingly smooth with this delightful soap. It is made by the famous French method.

And all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms.

If you haven't discovered for yourself how wonderfully smooth this white, daintily fragrant soap keeps your skin, try it today. Use it for the bath and the shampoo. It lathers so generously, even in hard water!



Photo by E. Fryer, Hollywood

LOUISE FAZENDA, Warner Brothers' star, in the Hollywood bathroom which sets off her charm so well. "I used to use the fine French soaps but now I find that Lux Toilet Soap gives the same beautiful smoothness to my skin. I am devoted to it."



EVELYN BRENT, popular Paramount star, says: "A star *must* have a smooth skin. Lux Toilet Soap is so very pleasing and soothing."

# S o a p

*Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps  
at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake—now*

# 10¢

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82 ]

about with troubled frowns upon their executive brows.

The industry is once again in its infancy. Nobody knows what the talkies are about. Hollywood is besieged by Broadway smart boys, who are writing bright dialogue.

**Now Monta Bell's bright girls and boys  
Are making Eastern films with noise,  
And Famous Players spreads around  
"All Pictures with Long Island Sound."**

**T**HE other day Tom Moore had an idle moment between scenes of "The Yellow Back," when a very enthusiastic gentleman slapped him on the back and shouted, "Well, well, hello, Matt, old fellow, how are you? You're looking well. Glad to see you again."

"But I'm not Matt," the most famous Moore said, "I'm Tom."

"Oh, that's all right," the gentleman continued, "don't feel badly, old fellow. It's really quite all right. One Moore is just as good as another. How are you? You're looking well. Glad to see you."

**T**HE ambulance siren shrilled down Hollywood Boulevard. Villagers ran out on the streets. "Don't be alarmed," said Billy Haines, "somebody coughed in a talkie scene and the director shot him."

**H**OLLYWOOD'S latest simile: Like the hush that comes just before a talkie scene is shot.

**S**TRANGE as it may seem, Jimmy Murray is still under contract to M.-G.-M. He has been a bad boy again even after his recent promise to be good, so in order to chastise him, the studio has kept him under contract at a very small salary. If he were released he would be able to sign for much more money with another concern. Now rumor has it that M.-G.-M. will send him to Germany to make a picture.

**T**WO of the most eligible young women in Hollywood arrived at the opening of "Noah's Ark," quite manless.

Lily Damita and Camilla Horn came together and found the stag line more than attentive.

**J**ACK DEMPSEY has bought a string of horses that he intends to race at Tia Juana this season.

Estelle Taylor, who likes three regular meals a day same as any right minded gal, is none too hot about Jack's investment.

**I**F producers were wise they would insist that a star's boy friend always be allowed on her set.

The other day Joan Crawford couldn't cry at all until Doug Jr., came over and held her hand and looked sympathetic or something. That's what love does.

**I**T'S an old Hollywood custom to go anywhere the crowd goes whether you're invited or not. The other day a well known actor was attending a party.

He happened to be standing near Lewis Stone. "Well, well, it's nice to see you, Stone," said the actor. "Don't see you much around. Didn't think you got out much to attend parties."

"I don't," said Lewis, "it happens that this is my house and I'm giving this party."

**Y**OU may not think it funny, but I laughed as if my little heart would break when I learned that the very suave, very British Mr. Clive Brook breakfasts on sauerkraut juice.

**F**IVE feet, five inches seems to be the popular "stellar heights" for film stars. At any rate, we find the following "cinema celebs" in that class:

Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Dorothy MacKaill, Maria Corda, Thelma Todd, Mary Astor, Madge [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



"Ole Man River—he don't plant 'taters, he don't plant cotton," but he sure do make a swell background for a movie. King Vidor, knee-deep in the yaller water, catches a beautiful and sinister view of the Mississippi for a scene in "Hallelujah." This is the picture that has an all-colored cast, plus sound effects of darky voices singing negro spirituals. All of which should make it something very much worth seeing and hearing



# Sore Throat

breeds in crowded, drafty places  
*Gargle when you get home*



## JOINED YET?

Get in the circle of men  
who've found the perfect  
shave—the cool shave with

**LISTERINE**  
SHAVING CREAM

## Listerine full strength *kills even typhoid germs* *in 15 seconds*

**A**S soon as nasty weather sets in, thousands are down with sore throat, colds, grippe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposures to rain, severe cold and coughing crowds in public places—buses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full strength, is powerful against

*The safe antiseptic*

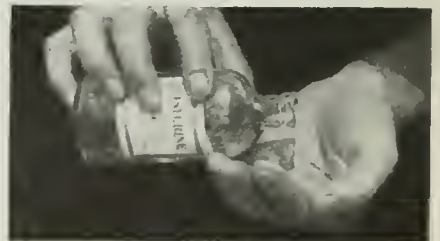
germs—and sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs.

Repeated tests show that Listerine kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

If a throat condition does not rapidly yield to this treatment, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



## Fewer colds —if you do this

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing children's food.



# Chester

*MILD enough for anybody*

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.





## What a cigarette meant there

*It took a lot of courage*, for he was no "ladies' man," and she was the belle of the town.

That awkward, stammering proposal... interrupted... And now... would she never come back? The zero hour, for a fact... the longest minutes of a lifetime.

Like most men, he lived through it, sustained by that little friend in need... his cigarette... the most important cigarette he ever smoked.

## What a cigarette means here

*It took a lot of courage*, likewise, to propose and go through with the idea behind Chesterfield.

It took courage, for it meant less profit per package than is made on any other cigarette. Into Chesterfield we blended the finest qualities of tobacco ever offered at popular prices—tobacco selected regardless of cost, from all the leaf markets of the world.

And when Chesterfield jumped to big volume and continued steadily to grow... we knew that this cigarette which so surely bespeaks tobacco quality to us had come equally to mean it to you.

*Littleton's Tobacco Co.*



Xanthi and Cavalla, Smyrna and Samsoun— from here come the fragile tender Turkish tobaccos for Chesterfield's famous blend.

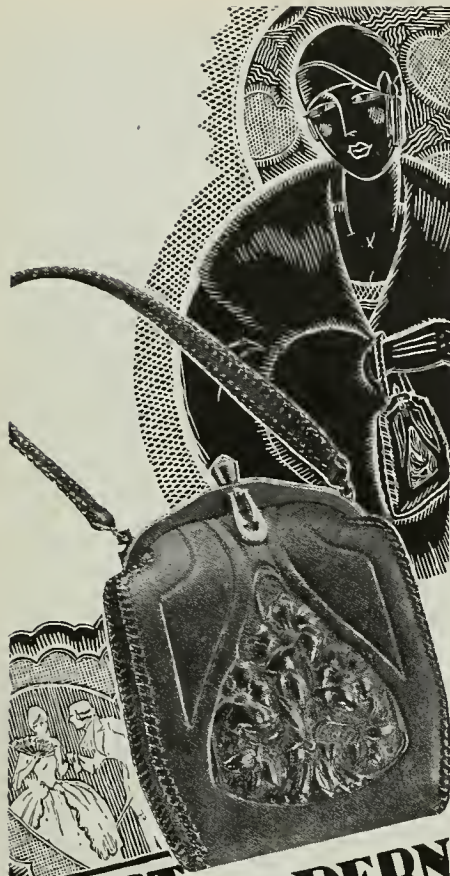


... and from Virginia and Carolina come the famous "bright" or "yellow" tobaccos; from Kentucky the rich mellow Burley which completes this mild yet satisfying blend.

# field

.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**





**MOST MODERN**

## VALENTINE

..... a Meeker Made fine leather handbag

THE practical gift is the truly appropriate gift in this swift moving age, for it takes stouter fiber than "cobwebs and gossamer" to withstand daily wear and tear in crowded stores, street cars and automobiles. But a gift that is *beautiful* as well as practical is indeed ideal.

A Meeker Made Art Leather Bag is the perfect answer to the modern Valentine gift problem. As beautiful as it is practical, it also has almost unbelievable wearing qualities.

These bags—the products of expert craftsmanship—are made from choicest imported steerhide leather, tooled, hand-colored and hand-laced in the shops of the Meeker Company at Joplin, Missouri. They are smart in shape and design, and "right" with any costume because of their neutral tone and harmonious colorings.

At the better dealers everywhere.

# MEEKER MADE R

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER GOODS

handbags . . . underarms  
. . . vanities . . . billfolds

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.  
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

Largest manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods  
in the U. S. A.



## Not Like Dad

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50 ]

more the Barrymore than the Fairbanks type. From his father he inherits his fine mental qualities; from his mother the sweetness and gallantry of his nature.

His personal life has been influenced by Joan Crawford, whose name could not possibly be kept out of any comment on young Doug.

Each brings gifts to the other.

Joan's life has been one of a bitter sort of action.

While Doug was sleeping on park benches just to see what it was like, Joan was finding any shelter that might harbor her.

On her part, this was no gesture—it was born of necessity.

Doug is constantly on the set with Joan when he is not working and his gaze is always upon her.

They have the complete absorption of very young, very intense lovers. They speak a language of their own; and by that I do not mean simply the language of eyes, but a very definite *patois* that they have concocted for their own use. It serves the purpose of completely excluding them from the rest of the world.

DOUG has brought to Joan, reckless, wasteful Joan, an introduction to books that she did not know had been written, a love of music where only a jazz band was her sympathy; and he has shown her poetry.

Doug has written poems—he may this year bring out a book of them illustrated by himself—but the best of all are those copied in a firm, girlish hand in a little maroon colored

leather book, kept in the top drawer of Joan's desk.

They are all dedicated to, and inspired by Joan.

She has brought gifts to Doug. She has shown him the reality of life, the grim, sordid misery of it. Young Doug, never having had that side of life, has known only the misery of the mind.

They are completely different—Joan and Doug—just as Doug, Sr., and Jr., are different. The lad lives in the spirit. The others live in the world.

LIKE all young artists, he has moods of self-doubt.

"I have awful faults," he said. "Look! Over there is my ambition (pointing to Joan), but who am I to have such a one as she? I look at myself in the mirror and know that her love for me can't possibly last.

"I adored her for a long time before I met her, and I always felt sorry for her, but she seemed so aloof and far away from me.

"I blame myself for my faults and weaknesses.

"Perhaps that will teach me how to live and how to hold her."

The artist is invariably concerned with the manner of living.

The man of action is concerned with the doing of it.

The two types can never touch.

Doug, Sr., may give his son a friendly pat and call him a good kid, but he will never understand him.

## Diet for Health and Beauty

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

and surgical aid. There will be no attempt made to elevate the orange, the prune, the raisin or raw rabbit food to precedence over what experience has shown to be of value in caring for the sick and the well.

By way of introduction, we shall consider the body as a machine for the sake of simplicity. All machines, if they are to run smoothly and well, need fuel, replacements and regulative materials.

The food needs of the body will be discussed on this basis, whether it be in reference to increasing or decreasing weight, or in combatting the causes and effects of disease.

THE weight reduction craze has become a national problem, in fact a menace. It was this menace which awakened PHOTOPLAY to the necessity for combatting banting by those who would do themselves perhaps life-long injury for lack of proper supervision in their struggle to starve themselves into figures like those of the stars of the silver screen. Tuberculosis, anemia and nervous disorders have been counted among the tolls which voluntary starvation for a slender figure and cinema stardom has exacted.

It is indeed too bad that angles have supplanted curves in the feminine figure; that emaciation has been substituted for fascination; that shoulder blades like wings now stand out where once were dimples on the backs of debutantes.

Since Mother's rations have become as short as her dress one cannot be blamed for greeting

a buxom, well-nourished American girl with a Hip! Hip! Hurray! for one gets the chance so seldom.

To teach PHOTOPLAY readers what to eat and why, foods will first be discussed on the basis of the body needs for foods rich in fuels, replacement materials and regulative substances. Then will follow information as to the comparative value of important foods and food groups.

Next will come diets and menus for gaining and reducing weight as fixed by the best authorities.

As the contemplated series gets under way the queries of readers will bring up many interesting points which will be thoroughly aired in this column as well as determining the trend of subsequent articles.

The vista is a broad one and no effort will be spared to make the series interesting, entertaining and instructive.

THE opening gun in the series will be published next month and will cover the principles of nutrition, as it is not much use to eat from the standpoint of diet unless one knows for what purpose one is eating.

Then will follow much of interest as to calories, carbohydrates, fats, proteins, minerals, cellulose, vitamins, phosphorus, iron, calcium and other elements of diet which are still just words to so many.

PHOTOPLAY wishes to teach its readers to eat, to think of what they eat and to be wary of diets which will hurt their health.

There will be another article on diet by Dr. Willis in the March PHOTOPLAY



# “Everything must Flatter us to our Finger Tips,”

says **ETHEL BARRYMORE**



The appealing charm of Ethel Barrymore's dramatic hands is heightened by the brilliance of the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

The best loved actress on the American stage adds, “and of all the ways of grooming the finger tips I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish the most flattering.”

**E**THEL BARRYMORE now crowns her years of success with a season of repertory in the new Ethel Barrymore Theatre, West 47th Street, New York, named in her honor. To her public, this magnificent actress's appeal lies not alone in her great talent, but in her velvet voice and expressive hands.

“Today ‘all the world's a stage,’” quoted Ethel Barrymore gaily. Nothing in a woman's appearance escapes observation. The hands particularly must contribute.

“They must be sparkling,” Miss Barrymore declared. “I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish keeps my finger tips radiantly crisp—gives them just the necessary touch of flattering sparkle!”

“I take along the Cutex Manicure Kit on all my tours,” she added. For smooth cuticle and exquisitely white nail tips demand regular care with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Cream. “Applied now and then,” finished Miss Barrymore, “they keep my shining nails ready for their cue!”

## “Never fails to protect my nails,” says Marie Martin, a Winter Sports Favorite

Miss Marie Martin, a New York debutante, is a devoted sports woman who regularly has her winter sports at Lake Placid.

Miss Martin said, “Of course, we wear mittens at Placid, but the snow

soon wets through and the nails get simply frightful, all stained and grubby!”

“But the new Cutex Liquid Polish never fails to protect my nails. A thorough wash, and they shine forth just as if I had had a brand new manicure. I just adore it!”

### For Well-Groomed Nails

—do these three simple things

People's eyes are always on your hands. This is the way to keep yours pretty.

*First*—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, to whiten the nail tips, soften and shape the cuticle bringing out the beauty of the half moons.

*Second*—the Polish Remover to remove the old polish, followed by flattering Cutex Liquid Polish that sparkles undimmed for a week.

*Third*—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil around the cuticle and under the tip to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢.

Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



The new  
Cutex Liquid  
Polish  
flatters  
your nails



Special Introductory Offer—6¢

I enclose 6c for the sample of the new Cutex Liquid Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 9Q-2  
114 West 17th Street, New York

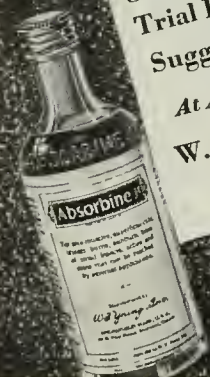
**FOR  
SPRAINS  
AND  
BRUISES**

**RELIEVE  
PAIN  
QUICKLY**

**Absorbine Jr.**

**R**UB in Absorbine, Jr. as quickly as you can. It will relieve the pain and reduce any inflammation which may have set in, and materially shorten the time of recovery. Its prompt use will prevent the stiffness and lameness usually following a sprain or bruise. If the skin has been broken, Absorbine, Jr. will reduce to a minimum any danger of infection. Use it full strength. It is cooling, soothing and a reliable antiseptic. There are many uses for Absorbine, Jr. in the home and when traveling. Read "Timely Suggestions." Send for free Trial Bottle and "Timely Suggestions."

At All Druggists, \$1.25  
**W. F. YOUNG, INC.**  
Springfield, Mass.



## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

**JOSEPHINE:**

Lemon rinse is splendid for the hair, be it blonde or brunette.

**B. P.:**

By all means wear high heels, especially for dress. They are much prettier, and you are not in the least above the average height. There is no reason why you should not wear them.

**BUBBLES:**

Your weight is just right, and I should think that you would be lovely with your hair worn after the charming manner of Greta Garbo. As for colors, try orchid and pale yellow and Nile green and, of course, lipstick red.

**M. L. P.:**

A good lemon cream will be far better for your face than the method that you suggest, which is harsh and will hurt the skin. I would suggest that you use powder in the naturelle shade, and you will find several good creams, especially constructed for the removing of freckles, advertised in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You are about seven pounds under weight.

**C. L.:**

You should wear V-shaped neck lines that come close to the sides of the throat and fairly low in front. They will be far more becoming to you than the round or bateau neck line.

Brush your hair regularly and it will shine with health rather than with grease. People do not brush their hair enough. Constant brushing will also bring out the reddish tint.

**MICKIE N.:**

I should like you to bring this item to the attention of your mother, for I think she is being too strict with you. Her anxiety to keep you away from boys is making you more anxious than you would normally be to know them. Ask your mother to read this, and perhaps write to me.

**BERNICE:**

Indeed all shades of brown will be more be-

coming to you than blue or black. And don't neglect beige and African brown. These dull shades will bring out the brightness of your eyes and hair. And always, to relieve your brown costumes, have a touch of orange or canary yellow or amber.

**MARY ANNE:**

Why don't you frankly ask the young man to tell you his attitude in regard to yourself? The old phrase, "cards on the table," is a good one. You are old enough and have known him long enough to ask for an explanation of his curious conduct.

**MIRIAM:**

Brush your hair back from your forehead, but from a definite part. If you can part it in the middle becomingly, do so. Bring the ends of your hair out on the cheeks in long points. That will make your face seem more slender.

**IRENE:**

I think that your stand against petting is a wise and sane one. Some of the surface popularity may not be yours, but surface popularity is a passing thing and you will come into your own in the end. The worthwhile boys will be the ones who care about you. Ideals are more important than flashy popularity—remember that always.

**CONSTANCE:**

There is no reason why the nationality of your friend should make any difference. I have known many charming men of his nationality who have been accepted in the best homes.

**BERNICE C. C.:**

The exotic type is the type that Greta Garbo represents, also Aileen Pringle belongs to that type and so does Nita Naldi, and Jetta Goudal. As you can see, all four of these women are totally different in appearance, but they are alike in having an intangible and alluring charm. Being exotic is more a question of charm and personality and allure than of any regular style of beauty.

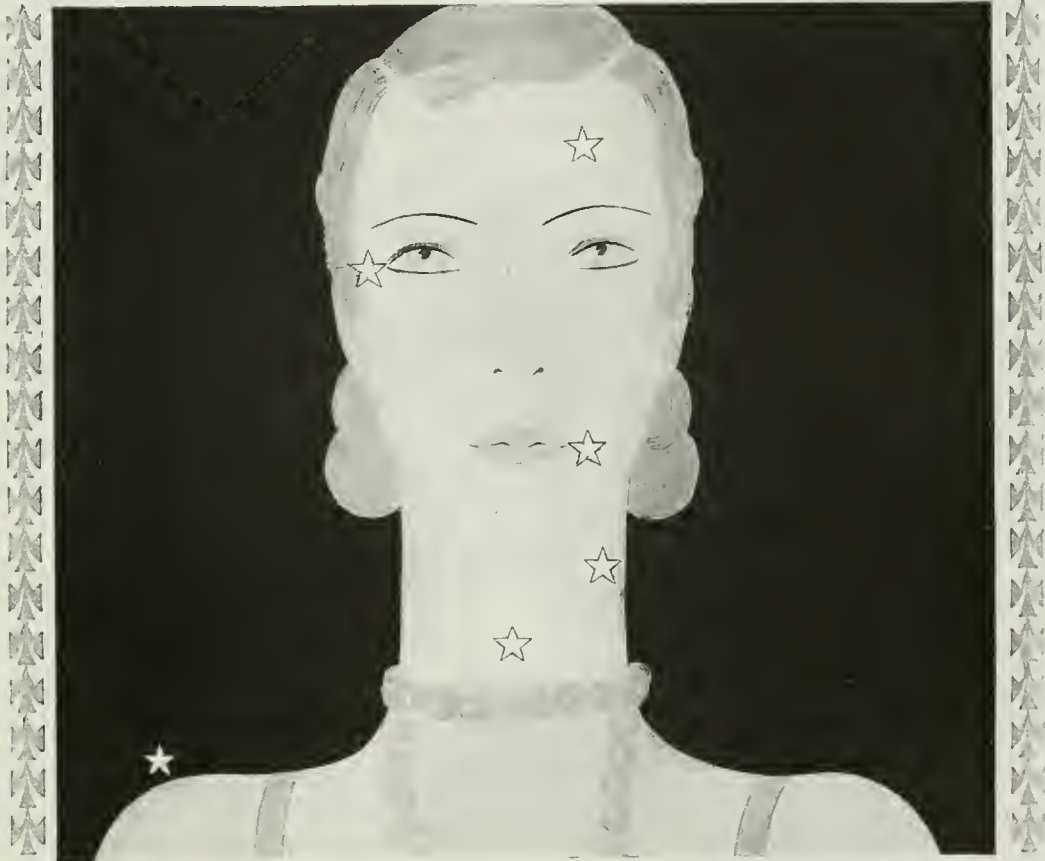


"Night stuff" on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. Director Alf Goulding is shooting a red-hot fire scene for the new Karl Dane-George K. Arthur picture, "All at Sea." The crane is probably to haul Big Karl out of the flames



BELOW is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

“Only a healthy skin can stay young”



THE Skin of Youth may be yours! A clear complexion can be yours, a soft, smooth wrinkleless skin, if you will follow carefully, word for word, the directions which come with every jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

The secret is in the "six stars"—shown in the mannequin above, and explained point by point—in this text!

For the slightest lack of perfect smoothness—the slightest blemish or wrinkle is evident to every man or woman whom you meet—each one speaks volumes about your age and the condition of your skin.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects each of these vital points and not only

- ★ Thread-like lines soon turn to furrows if the skin on the forehead is not kept soft and supple.
- ★ Tiny rays or puffiness about the eyes should be watchfully avoided if you are to look young and fresh.
- ★ The curve of the lips—the expression of your face—may so easily be spoiled by lines at the corners of the mouth.
- ★ Nothing so quickly betrays age or neglect as a wrinkled neck. Keep the skin here soft, the contour rounded.
- ★ Guard against a "crepey" throat if you would keep your youth. It is frightfully ageing and unflattering.
- ★ Many women never feel right in evening gowns because their shoulders are marred with blemishes and coarseness.

protects but ameliorates their health. It is even slightly therapeutic in its effects—it does things no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It tonics your skin—it is excellent against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

There is room for Ingram's on your dressing table. For Ingram's is a basic cream, excellent as a cleanser, but with the added virtues of demonstrable benefits to the skins of all women who use it. Use one jar of Ingram's—and you will find your skin growing softer, more lovely—with every passing day.

≡ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ≡



# "Long Hair is coming back" Pierre PREDICTS

Internationally Famous Hair-dresser, whose clientele includes women of smart society, discusses the current trend in hair combing.



"HISTORY will repeat itself," declares Pierre... "Longer gowns, larger bats are already being worn and—naturally—longer hair is coming into vogue." Whether you agree with Pierre or prefer the still popular bobbed type of hairdressing, your charm of appearance will continue to depend on careful hair combing. For every type, long or short, there is an ACE COMB adapted to help you to always look your best. We recommend a large 8 or 9 inch Ace Comb to use at home, morning and night, as well as many sizes and styles of handy little Ace Purse Combs to carry with you wherever you go.

## • ACE • COMBS

made of the purest Hard Rubber, are strong, durable and sanitary. Even the surfaces between the teeth are smoothly finished. They cannot possibly pull out, break the hair or injure the scalp. But be sure to select ACE COMBS.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.



WHEREVER you find this Cabinet displayed there is an assortment from which to select all the ACE COMBS you need. Druggists and Department stores everywhere sell ACE COMBS.

American Hard Rubber Company,  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4 inch Ace Comb. Please send to

Name.....

Address.....

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# Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

## What Every Woman Knows

Oakland, Calif.  
A motion picture of modern life is the only fashion book I have used for a long time. A girl gets so many ideas for new dresses after seeing one of the current movies that, if she is at all competent, she may make similar dresses for herself. The artists creating these fashions give to us the work of long tedious hours for the price of an admission ticket to a theater.

NADELINE L. PERRY.

## Hey, Miss Davies!

Wahoo, Neb.  
I salaam to Marion Davies. I saw her in "The Patsy." She's a Pickford, a Bow, a Talmadge all in one. A knockout! Her impersonations of Mae Murray, Lillian Gish and Pola Negri were perfect. Three cheers for Marion!

LULA NETHAWAY.

## Cut the Bunk

Kingsport, Tenn.  
Will you permit me a word relative to the wild extravagance and distorted superlatives employed in movie advertising? "A lavish spectacle of beauty and thrills." "Stupendous production!" "The greatest heart drama of all times."

My emphasis is not the vulgarity of this buncombe, but its ineffectuality. Would it not be good business judgment to give people a clue to the character of the picture, instead of bombarding them with meaningless catch-phrases?

PAUL N. OLIVE.

## Paris Comes Second

Farmington, Wash.  
On the screen today, we have the best dressed men and women in the world. Even Paris admits that really fine dressing is seen on the American shadow stage; that it is not only seen, but consistently appears in pictures. It is not only the so-called society picture, with

the gorgeously gowned women, but pictures that deal with every walk of life reveal those correct lines and general effects of tasteful dressing that we all seek. The principle of clothes adapted to personality is certainly well employed in screen plays.

ROMAINE NICHOLSON.

## Home-made Movies

Atlanta, Ga.  
Brickbats are easy things to throw and of all the people who throw them, how many would know how even to try to act before a camera? My husband bought an Amateur Movie Camera. This delighted me because I knew it would be my chance to see myself as others see me. I am not camera shy and fully believed that the first hundred feet of film my husband made of me would be good. But a big disappointment awaited me. Turning my face from side to side seemed to be the only action in the whole film.

My smiles seemed artificial. Everything I did was awkward.

Even now, after making about 1,500 feet of film, the results are far from perfect.

There was a time when I would go to the movies and be terribly critical but now, after my own experiences, I make allowances for the poorest kind of acting.

MRS. TOM STANDRING.

## Why the Party Succeeded

Atlantic City, N. J.  
I recently gave a large party and it went over, thanks to PHOTOPLAY. It happened that the party, being a large one, would have been a flop as I did not know what to serve.

A friend suggested the "Favorite Recipes of the Stars." I immediately sent for a copy of PHOTOPLAY Cook Book and I assure you I could have selected no end of appetizing dishes. All the guests marvelled at the dainty dishes and, of course, inquired where I got them.

BARBARA HOBLMAN.



Dick Barthelmess is only a number now. Here is a Bertillon photograph of him for his new First National picture, "Weary River." But when did the muggers at Police headquarters begin furnishing bear grease and make-up to their subjects?





*Educational Pictures*  
**and NOW the  
 COMEDY  
 TALKS!**

Many good things have been added to your screen entertainment by the talking film. This marvel of modern scientific achievement has added new punch to many dramas; thrills and chills to the spectacles and the mystery plays. ¶ But, NOW, *best of all*, the comedies talk! ¶ For *Educational Pictures*, always the outstanding leaders where Short Features are concerned, bring to you through the best theatres every-

where, a new laugh treat...short comedies with talking, music and all natural sound effects, from start to finish. ¶ If you have not seen and heard one of the new MACK SENNETT TALKING COMEDIES, you have a delightful surprise in store for you. If you have seen "THE LION'S ROAR" and "THE OLD BARN", you are watching now for the next one. And there will be a new one every few weeks.

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, Inc., F. W. Hummels, President  
 Executive Offices, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.





# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86 ]



Once again in "7th Heaven." The stars and production chiefs of your favorite picture of 1927 take time off to admire the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal. They are Sol Wurzel, Studio executive; Winfield Sheehan, Production manager; Janet Gaynor, Frank Borzage, director, and Charles Farrell

Bellamy, Evelyn Brent, Marion Davies, Elinor Faire, Louise Fazenda, Lillian Gish, Jacqueline Logan, Virginia Pearson, Marie Prevost, Esther Ralston, Anita Stewart, Constance Talmadge, Estelle Taylor, Kathlyn Williams and Lois Wilson. All of 'em are five feet, five inches in altitude.

CARROLL NYE, who has just completed his first talking rôle in "Confession," an M.-G.-M. sound picture, believes that Lionel Barrymore, who makes his directorial bow with this production, will soon have a position among the foremost directors of the industry. Carroll says he learned more little points about acting from Barrymore in a week than he has absorbed in all the rest of his three years before the camera.

"In a certain scene," says Carroll, "I was 'mugging' a girl when Barrymore stopped me.

"Listen Carroll," he said, 'you are not a dirty dog heavy—forget that attitude. You are just one of those young men who annoy brothers.'"

Nye got his point, and the camera and "mike" did the rest.

The talkie actor  
raved and roared  
With none to steer  
him.  
"Hit me again!" the  
patron cried,  
"I still can hear  
him!"

The snooping camera platform—it looks right into your windows. This monster was invented by Dr. Paul Fejos to catch difficult scenes at every possible angle. It can go 600 feet a minute horizontally and 400 feet a minute vertically



International Newsreel

THE scene is laid in the steam room of a Hollywood Turkish bath. The principal character is Belle Bennett, clothed in a sheet and a forgiving smile.

Belle discovers a large lady lying on the next slab.

"Why, Vera, darling, how are you? I haven't seen you in so long!" says Belle.

"No, lady, I ain't Vera Gordon. Lots of people t'ink I am."

Belle is somewhat squelched. She remains silent for some time but at last breaks down with, "You certainly do look like her. Are you in pictures, too?"

"No, lady, I ain't in pitchers. My husband, he runs a grocery store. I'm the meat chopper."

WHILE the flu epidemic was at its height. Milton Sills, making "The Comedy of Life," walked on the set and noted that one of the crew was dozing in a chair.

"Ah," said Milton, lapsing into the native Italian, "a little *dolce far niente*, eh?"

"No," came the response, "just old-fashioned flu."

JUST before he went to New York recently. William S. Hart discovered that his butler had run the grocery bill up to \$396, not counting feed for the horse. So he fired the butler.

Then he got an inspiration. Calling the butler back, he remarked laconically, "Never mind, I'll fire you when I get back from New York."

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 102 ]





**16 RUBBERS . . . 16 CIGARETTES . . . 16% COOLER**

When the rubbers are rapid and finessing is frantic . . . when you've smoked a cigarette with every trick . . . then, if you're smoking Spuds, you know the enjoyment advantages of 16% cooler smoke. Try Spuds throughout a long evening at bridge . . . your concluding Spud will be as crisp, cool and friendly a smoke as your first . . . giving you a nimble tongue for the bidding and a lucid brain for the strategies. Spud's cooling effect heightens and sustains its full tobacco flavor. Spud is the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED

**SPUD**

CIGARETTES



# As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use  
Too Much Rouge"*



THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

*Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat  
Almond Base Face Powder*

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to

Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

**Get This  
Week End Set  
—SPECIAL**

*The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*



*Wonderful  
New Color  
for Lips*

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

*Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in  
Princess Pat Week End Set*

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

PRINCESS PAT LTD.,  
2709 S. Wells St., Dept. A-562, Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print].....  
Street.....  
City and State.....

**PRINCESS PAT**  
PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MRS. M. B., FORT SMITH, ARK.—Be fair to the star whom you accuse of being high-hat. Most people aren't extra cordial to persons who are casually introduced to them in restaurants. And Hollywood is filled with travelers who want to meet the stars, most of whom are, after all, pretty busy with their own affairs. To go on with your questions: Mae Murray has a son, nearly two years old. She's appearing in vaudeville. "Submarine" was filmed on board the U. S. S. Tern and also on the Saratoga.

N. W., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Let's straighten out these romances. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert aren't engaged. Greta says that she isn't going to marry. Her latest picture is "A Woman of Affairs," and she has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. And Clara Bow is not engaged to James Hall. They just happen to play in pictures together.

NANCY J., JAMESTOWN, N. D.—Dorothy Mackaill and Clive Brook both use their real names in pictures. Clive is thirty-seven years old. Bebe Daniels is ten years younger. It's pronounced Bee-bee. And Alice White is six years younger than Bebe. Come again.

C. K. B., HARRISBURG, VA.—Helen Foster is twenty-two years old and five feet tall. She weighs 102 pounds. Write to her at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Z. B., BAY CITY, MICH.—Eric von Stroheim was born in Austria, forty-three years ago. Off the screen, he is a temperamental but hard-working fellow. In 1920 he married Valeria Germondrez, who played small parts in pictures. They have one son.

L.A., CEDARVALE, KAN.—Why this idea that John Gilbert and Aileen Pringle are related? Here's the explanation: John's real name is Pringle, but he has always used his stepfather's name of Gilbert. Aileen married a Pringle. So it's just a coincidence. Billie Dove is just a stage and screen name; she was born Lillian Bohony. William Haines was born in Staunton, Va., and is twenty-eight years old.

D. W., SEATTLE, WASH.—More about their real names: Ruth Taylor, Fay Wray and Josephine Dunn all use their original monickers. Josephine was born in New York City.

C. E. L., CHICAGO, ILL.—Miss Crawford pronounces it Joan, all in one syllable, not "Jo-an."

W. T. S., ORANGE, N. J.—Say, mister, you're prejudiced. Otherwise you would never call Greta Garbo a "dead-looking duck." Do you want an irate public mobbing your house? Now for the facts on the girl: Sally Phipps is nineteen years old and she was born in San Francisco. Her next picture is tentatively titled "Headlines." Constance Talmadge is twenty-eight and Loretta Young is eighteen.

C. C. AND P. S., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I rush to inform you that Farina is a boy; his real name is Allen Clayton Hoskins and he was born in Boston—of all places! Now will the office please go back to work?

ANNETTE S., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—Dolores Costello is about twenty-three years old. She has blue eyes and weighs 108 pounds. Greta Garbo is five feet, six inches tall and weighs 125 pounds.

**ARE Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., married? That was the most persistent question of the month. Joan and Doug say "No." Hollywood says "Yes." The Answer Man refuses to take sides.**

**More about Nils Asther. Nils is twenty-six years old, weighs 170 pounds and is six feet, one-half inch tall. Not married.**

**"Buddy" Rogers is twenty-four years old and attended the University of Kansas.**

**Colleen Moore's real name is Kathleen Morrison. She is twenty-six years old.**

**Davey Lee, the Sonny Boy of "The Singing Fool," was just four years old December 29. His next picture is "She Knew Men," featuring Betty Bronson.**

**PHOTOPLAY received seventy-two letters in one day asking if Davey Lee were dead. The Answer Man is glad to say that Davey is alive. But where, why and how did the senseless rumor start? Will someone please explain?**

**Clara Bow's next picture is "The Saturday Night Kid."**

**John Mack Brown was born in Alabama. He's twenty-four years old and married.**

**In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.**

GWEN W., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Bodil Rosing is the mother of Tova Jansen, who is the wife of Monte Blue. That makes her Monte's mother-in-law.

T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—You're wrong; apologize to your friend. Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore in 1910 and divorced from him in 1920.

RETHA, CARLSBAD, N. M.—Flattery always turns the trick. Barry Norton is five feet, eleven and one-half inches tall. He has dark brown hair and dark brown eyes.

PATTY K., ST. PAUL, MINN.—David Rollins is nineteen years old and was born in Kansas City, Mo. He has black hair, blue eyes and is five feet, ten and one-half inches tall. And he weighs 140 pounds.

M. C., LOS GATOS, CALIF.—Oho! So Clara Bow's real name is Quinie Chamberlin and she comes from your city. I am sorry, but you're wrong. I've known Clara Bow (and that's her real name) since she was a little school kid in Brooklyn. Somebody is telling you fibs. Marguerite Clark is married to Lieut. Palmerston Williams and has retired from the screen. Irene Castle is Mrs. Frederick McLaughlin of Chicago; she has one daughter. Jackie Coogan is over in Paris, playing in vaudeville. Yep, Charles Farrell played in "The Rough Riders." And, to go back to Clara, she isn't married. The "Clara Bow" of Los Gatos made a mistake when she claimed three husbands.

CURIOUS AND HOPEFUL, CHICAGO, ILL.—That's the spirit. Yes, it was the same Shirley Palmer in all three pictures you mention. Agnes Franey is seventeen years old, five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. Her next picture is "The Queen of the Night Clubs."

M. C., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Help! Help! How could Mary Brian be forty-two years old? Take a good look at the girl. She's only twenty. A blight on all these tale-bearers and rumor-slingers from Hollywood! Some day, when I am not up to my ears in work, I am going to make a list of all the funny stories concocted by so-called "experts" on the movies. Barbara La Marr and John Gilbert appeared together in "St. Elmo." Philippe de Lacey is eleven years old, Charles Morton is twenty-two and James Hall is twenty-eight. Gilbert Roland has been in moom pitchers since 1925.

JEAN C., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Matty Kemp is a young feller who seems to be stepping right along. He was born in New York City, Sept. 10, 1909. Matty was reported engaged to Sally Eilers, but something must have happened, because Sally has announced her engagement to William Hawks. He (Matty, not Mr. Hawks) has brown hair, brown eyes and weighs 162 pounds. Just one inch less than six feet tall.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 144]





## You can make all your parties successful

**YOUR** parties will "go" as they have never gone before if, just before your guests come, you create an atmosphere of gay hospitality by burning incense.

There is magic in incense. It conjures up a mood of relaxation and intimacy. The air becomes fresh and stimulating. Your guests yield themselves to sheer enjoyment.

Make the experiment now. We will send you, FREE, nine subtle fragrances of Vantine's Temple Incense—including our newest creation, Oriental Night. Burn each one and experience the mood it can create for you.

Just clip the coupon below. Fill it out complete and send it today, with four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing. Your nine Vantine odors will be sent at once.



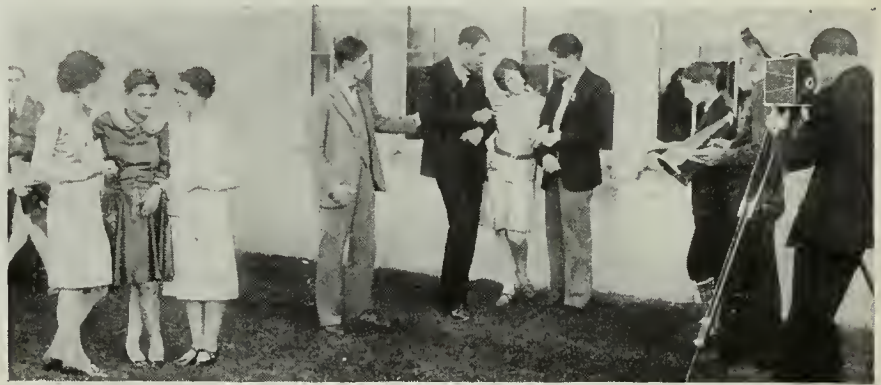
A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.  
Please send me, absolutely free, nine fragrances of Vantine's Temple Incense. I enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_  
Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Dealer's Address \_\_\_\_\_

P-2

## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



Amateur film production is now a regular part of the year's work of the drama class of Newport News High School. Here is the class at work. Last year this class nearly won a prize in PHOTOPLAY'S Amateur Movie Contest with "Heroes All"

The lights were devised for PHOTOPLAY by Tommy Shurgue of the M.-G.-M. Culver City studios electrical department and cost very little.

Have a metal worker shape a piece of light galvanized iron into cone form. Paint it or enamel it white inside.

At the point, or apex of this cone, affix a mogul socket, which will fit a 500 watt incandescent bulb.

No. 14 heavy insulated lamp cord should be used.

Attach lamp cord to light socket.

IT is preferable to use a floor socket, since connections are better and there is less danger of blowing a fuse.

An ordinary music stand can be used for a standard or, better still, a heavier music stand such as is used in orchestras.

The cone should be affixed to the tilting part of the stand with stove bolts or a couple of rivets.

In an emergency, iron wire can be used to hold the apparatus together.

**MORE** news of Russell Ervin, Jr., winner of the 35 mm. prize in PHOTOPLAY's first contest and now a member of the Fox-Movietone technical staff, will be of interest to our readers.

Mr. Ervin is now a veteran of over six months' experience in professional film making. He began his activities at the Fox studios in New York on July 2, 1928. On July 15th he arrived in Hollywood and, since that time, he has been busy at the Fox coast studios.

**MR. ERVIN** first assisted Harry Delf in filming a short subject, "Mystery Mansion." He then worked on the dia-

logue sequences of Alfred Green's production, "Making the Grade," with Lois Moran and Edmund Lowe. Back with Delf again, he assisted on "The Ladies' Man," starring Chic Sale.

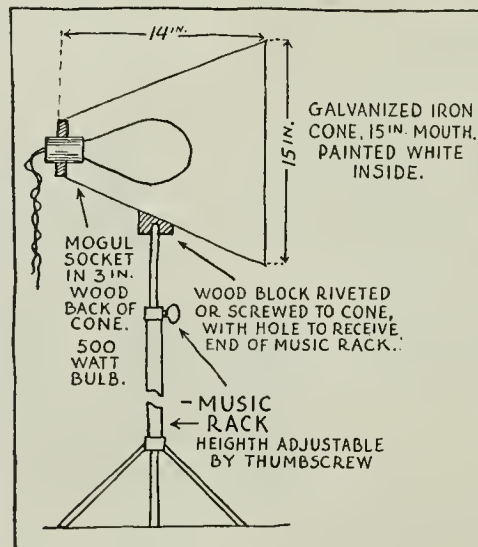
Benjamin Stoloff, the director, next drafted Ervin as an assistant on his first dialogue picture, "Mind Your Business," with Hugh Herbert and Ben Bard.

**MR. ERVIN** joined Marcel Silver, the veteran Movietone director, and was his assistant in making Chic Sale's "Marching On."

Silver was the man who made the first Fox-Movietone subject, a series of song sketches with Raquel Meller, in 1926.

Recently, Mr. Ervin has been at work with Mr. Silver on an 18th century toyshop story "Forget Me Not," featuring David Rollins and Nancy Drexel.

In the course of his activities up to this time, Ervin has turned camera, assisted in sound effects and the recording of dialogue, acted as script clerk and as first and second assistant director.



You can make your own incandescent lights for interiors at small cost and little labor by following this plan

**NOW** home talkies!

The De Vry Corporation is announcing talking movies for the home. The outfit consists of a De Vry Type G 16 mm. projector mounted upon the same base with a phonographic turn table, the two being connected by a shaft which makes them synchronous in operation. The sound is carried, via an electric pick-up device, to your radio or your loud speaker.

The films to be supplied will be produced in the same synchronized way as with professional talkies. The De Vry Corporation announces regular releases of talking films.



## Window shopping through the world

LOOKING around, comparing, deciding on colors and flavors and textures and designs—"shopping" for many of us is half the fun of buying things and having them . . . . Other people (more scientifically minded) always know exactly what they want, and where they want to buy it.

But before *anyone* definitely can say "I like that—I'll take it" in order to spend money wisely, some "looking around" must be done.

Looking around by reading the advertisements saves time and trouble and money. For advertisements are the shop windows of a world of manufacturers. You don't need to walk up Fifth Avenue or past the corner drug store to see what So-and-So is offering in the way of silk stockings, or refrigerators, or toothpaste, or automobiles, or schools for young George, or vacations for the whole family.

The advertisements picture, describe, explain the merchandise and the new ideas that are displayed and talked about from Maine to California.

• • •

*Read the advertisements because it  
pays YOU to do so*



DENEYER

There is Beauty  
in the name  
Elizabeth Arden

And there is beauty awaiting you  
in Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet  
Preparations which she has created  
for cleansing, toning and nourishing  
every type of skin.

*Venetian  
Cleansing Cream*

Its pure and subtle oils melt  
into the pores, gently re-  
moving all impurities and  
leaving the skin soft and  
receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

*Ardena Velva Cream*

A delicate cream for sen-  
sitive skins. Recommended  
for a full face, as it  
smooths and softens the  
skin without fattening.

\$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

*Venetian  
Ardena Skin Tonic*

Stimulates circulation,  
strengthens and whitens the  
skin, gives it zest and fine-  
ness. 85c, \$2, \$3.75, \$9.

*Venetian  
Orange Skin Food*

Builds firm contours,  
nourishes the underlying  
tissues, renews tired cells  
and banishes lines and  
wrinkles.

\$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

These and other exquisite items of  
Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations  
are on sale at the smartest shops

ELIZABETH ARDEN

673 Fifth Avenue, New York

LONDON MADRID BERLIN ROME PARIS

ELIZABETH ARDEN

Dept. P2, 673 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me Elizabeth Arden's book "THE  
QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL."

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

IMAGINE the consternation of the poor producer who recently used in one of his pictures a boy in his early teens. The boy possessed an unusually attractive boyish voice which the producer thought would register well in a talking picture.

The silent version was completed, but the producer was held up for some five weeks' time while awaiting his sound apparatus. To his complete dismay, when the youngster returned for the sound work, his voice had changed to a husky bass.

WHEN sound pictures were first made, they called 'em "Soundies;" when talking pictures came next, they called 'em "Talkies;" and now that we have murder mystery pictures, they call 'em "Creepies."

YOU must not, under any circumstances, come to Hollywood and say, "the talkies." My word, no! The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has ruled against it. It's as uncouth and ill-bred as saying "movies" instead of "motion pictures." My word!

RAMON NOVARRO will keep his make-up in cold storage while in the South Seas making "The Pagan" for M.-G.-M. He's taking along a nifty little electric refrigerator so he can keep the grease paint on ice. And there ain't no prohibition in them there South Seas!

EDDIE NUGENT tiptoes in with an index finger at his lips, "Terrible murder afoot," says he, "just heard them talking about making 'The Last of Mrs. Cheyne.' Shouldn't somebody tell Lon about that?"

WHEN Lupe Velez arrived in Los Angeles there was but one dollar in her pocket-book. She looked with longing at an expensive limousine that whizzed by the depot.

"In one year I'm going to have one like that," said Lupe to herself.

She has one exactly like that.

"It isn't paid for," says Lupe, "but I've got it."

ANITA PAGE wanted to find out what time she had to report on the set so she called the assistant director, whose name is Sandy Ross.

Her five year old brother, Moreno, hearing her call for the assistant came flying to his mother.

"Oh, mama, listen, 'Nita is calling up Santa Claus."

LEW CODY wins for gallantry.

Just before the actor left for Europe and way points he was at the Cotton Club when a young man approached and held out his hand in greeting.

"Hello, Lew," he beamed. "How's Mabel? That's fine. Say, meet a friend of mine, Lew—Mr. Blank of Kansas City. Good scout. Drop in and see him sometime. . . ."

Lew slapped them both on the back. Said he was glad to see his friend again and invited them both out to the house.

When they had gone Lew said to the friends at his table:

"I don't remember that man at all, but he must know me awfully well."

Later in the evening the gentleman in question found Lew in the lobby. "You're a great guy, Lew," he said. "You don't know me at all. I've never seen you before. I was just trying to impress this friend of mine from out of town."

JERRY HOFFMAN, column constructor for "Vanity" paper, and one of Hollywood's favorite raconteurs, tells about meeting the actor at a talkie review.

"It's a great picture," declared Jerry, amiably, in that quaint Hollywood fashion.

"Great? Don't I know it. The director has just asked me to come to the studio in the morning and make a trailer taking six bows."

ARTHUR CAESAR was initiated to his first conference.

He was faced by a group of long faced, serious looking individuals. Nobody smiled. Nobody spoke.

Arthur entered and shouted, "What! No sound?"

THERE is a very interesting rumor in Hollywood.

It seems that Warner Brothers wanted George Jessel to play the title rôle in "The Jazz Singer" but were unable to give him the money he demanded.

Al Jolson agreed to do it for a block of Warner stock. He was given the stock when it was selling at 20. Now it has gone up to 125 and Jolson, so "they" say, has made a neat little pile.

It will buy Ruby a couple of bracelets anyhow.

BERT LEVY tells this one on Gus Edwards.

"Gus never listens to a word that is said. He's always too busy," says Bert. "Every time I see him he asks, 'How's the wife?' and is talking to somebody else before I have a chance to answer. The other day he did this once too often. 'How's the wife?' he asked.

"She's dead," I answered.

"That's great," said Gus.

"Five minutes later he asked me, 'How's the wife?'"

ARTHUR CAESAR'S smart cracks are as popular along Hollywood Boulevard as they were on Broadway. Caesar, writing talkies for Fox, tells that he mentioned Achilles in one scene.

"Take it out," said the producer, "it takes up too much footage."

THE M.-G.-M. studios have a quaint custom of putting the actresses on the top floor of the dressing room building and the actors on the ground floor.

On the steps leading upwards, this legend is painted: "Men not allowed in ladies' dressing rooms."

A certain well known actor acquired a crush on one of the women stars during the making of a picture, and trained his English sheep dog to run up the steps to the ladies' dressing rooms.

This necessitated the master going after him, thus presenting an opportunity for a chat with the star.

But the crush is over now and the actor is interested in no fair one. The dog, however, having learned his lesson well, still insists upon tearing up the steps, much to the annoyance of the actor; so the other day the actor stood at the bottom of the stairs and shouted, "Dumb dog! Come back here. Why do you persist in running away?"

MY dears, another good janitor was sent to the dogs the other day when "Rivits" Jackson, who sweeps up at First National, was given a "bit" by George Fitzmaurice in "Stranded in Paradise."



# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76 ]

## THE SHOPWORN ANGEL—Paramount

WARTIME lovesong in ultra-modern jazz tempo. A blasé show girl plays inspiration to a dumb doughboy in a Jersey training camp. Nancy Carroll, as the merry magdalene, makes naughtiness so attractive that we're with her, right or wrong. Paul Lukas' suave sophistication and Gary Cooper's charming boyishness are effective foils for the scintillating Nancy. An unexpected and artistic ending saves this from the tawdriness of the usual city-girl, country-boy picture.

## THE JAZZ AGE—FBO

HEY! hey! Also whoopee! You might as well settle down to a long siege of pictures like "Our Dancing Daughters." As the title implies, "The Jazz Age" is another exposé of the doings of the wild young bloods of today. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Marceline Day are flaming youth at its most flaming, but for the most part the picture is just a bad imitation.

## RESTLESS YOUTH—Columbia

THIS story is as familiar as the toothache. A girl is locked in a hotel room but virtue triumphs. The father of her sweetheart is a member of the school board that expelled her. He offers her money if she will give up his son. She attempts to kill the boy's love by getting herself compromised. Marceline Day is good but Ralph Forbes gives a drab performance.

## THE ONE MAN DOG—FBO

THIS dog, Ranger, does everything but fry the eggs and bacon for breakfast. He takes direction nicely, but the demands put on him by the scenario writer tax the credulity. The yarn concerns two war pals who get involved in murders. If you like dog stories.

## THE SPEED CLASSIC—Excellent

AN auto racing picture, just like all the other auto racing pictures since the dawn of gasoline. The young hero enters a race which is supposed to bring him wealth, fame, and love. Ah, yes, even love. But for some irrelevant reason, he's jailed a thousand miles from the track at the eleventh hour. After he wallops the Mexican army, the demon speed yanks himself the length of California in twenty minutes. Aren't movies wonderful?

## EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER—UFA

HERE is a real novelty in which the human actors are surpassed by a group of insects. The human story is of a carefree dancing girl and her more industrious sister, with an analogy shown in the old fable of the grasshopper and the ant. This picture was made before Camilla Horn's American debut and fails to do her justice. If you yearn for something different, see this.

## THE FLYIN' BUCKAROO—Pathe

JUST another Western, with less action than usual. Wally Wales exchanges his broncho for an airplane in this one and provides the wanted thrill by jumping from the plane with a parachute, landing right into the bandits' lair. Of course, he captures them all.

## THE SOMME—New Era

THIS may be the British conception of pleasant entertainment, but it isn't ours. The Somme campaign of 1916 is re-enacted for the benefit of those still interested in war pictures. There is no plot, no romance and little humor; it is grim warfare at its worst. A sin-

# DeLuxe Golden State Limited



May, 1928

Mr. L. M. Allen,  
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.,  
La Salle St. Station, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Allen:

You must have had so many delightful expressions of appreciation for the service rendered on the Golden State Limited that mine is perhaps superfluous.

However, I do enjoy this train, its appointments and its service, and I want you to know it. I can't imagine a greater luxury than riding from Los Angeles to Chicago on the Golden State.

Sincerely yours,

*Chyella Faver*

to



# California

Famous for Low Altitude Comfort  
Individualized Service Short, Direct, Warm-Winter Way  
Cosmopolitan Scenes En Route

Only route through the new desert-resort-land of the Great Southwest. 61¼ hours Los Angeles-Chicago. Shortest and quickest Chicago-El Paso, Phoenix and San Diego.

Tickets and reservations at

Hollywood Ticket Office, 6768 Hollywood Boulevard, Phones Granite 1801-1802  
Los Angeles Ticket Office, 212 West Seventh Street, Phone Metropolitan 2000  
B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines  
809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department  
Southern Pacific Lines, 105 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800  
or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, Phone Murray Hill 8400, New York City  
P. W. Johnston, General Agent, Passenger Department, Rock Island Lines  
723 Knickerbocker Building, Broadway and 42nd Street  
Phones Wisconsin 2515-6, New York City.

503







## Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

**I**F you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.

### Try It FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-17  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address 402 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

cere effort has been made to give an accurate version of this famous campaign, but no exaggerations were necessary to make it a gripping, if rather gory, picture.

### SMALL TOWN SINNERS—Hugo Brahm

**W**HILE this is exploited as a comedy of Germany's "Main Street," most of the action takes place in a barroom. A dotty grandpa who goes about tearing up the place and an affair between wifey and an inspector furnish the plot. Mild.

### THE LOOKOUT GIRL—Quality

**T**HE lady in the case exacts a promise from her husband that he will not question her about her past. The reason, dear children, is that the lady is a crook who has gone straight. The plot becomes quite complicated but clears up in some mysterious fashion and everything manages to be "hotsy-totsy" with Jacqueline Logan safe in Ian Keith's arms. Unworthy of your attention.

### THE GUN RUNNER—Tiffany-Stahl

**A**FROTHY but picturesque tale of gun-runners in one of those equatorial republics where the president presides by the grace of circumstance and a steel vest. Ricardo Cortez is graceful in the rôle of a dashing officer detailed to wipe out a nest of rifle peddlers. He falls in love with the outlaw's sister and, in the hectic heat of the tropics, duty and love battle over his heroship. Both win.

### BLOW FOR BLOW—Universal

**T**HAT nonchalant musketeer of the equine opus, Hoot Gibson, again glorifies law and ginger ale. This story deals with a renegade town where sheriffs are just so many bull's eyes. Hoot manages to confound his enemies and win the girl, but there's a surprise finish you'll enjoy. A good Western.

### A MAN'S MAN—M.-G.-M.

**L**IVELY satire on Hollywood life as it isn't. William Haines plays the straight rôle, interspersed with his brash comedy, of a four-flushing soda jerker with a penchant for an elk's tooth, a personality school diploma, and a movie-struck wife. With these liabilities, he stoops to conquer, but stoops too far. Josephine Dunn, Mae Busch, and Sam Hardy all give startlingly real characterizations.

### THE OFFICE SCANDAL—Pathe

**T**HIS comedy drama, revealing actual newspaper life, is a laugh riot. Phyllis Haver is at her best as a hard-boiled little sob sister constantly at war with the city editor, who thinks girl reporters belong on the household page. During the journalistic lull of a sensational murder case, she gets a down-and-out but brilliant newspaperman a job on her paper. Love, scoops and mystery—and an excellent cast.

### STOOL PIGEON—Columbia

**A** SIMPLE but well-developed story of inter-gang rule, with Olive Borden and Charles Delaney heading a prominent cast. Because a young boy with a winning smile and an honest desire to go straight tries to quit the "racket," the gang hounds him, believing that he'll squeal. Fast moving and full of sharp suspense.

### DOMESTIC MEDDLERS—Tiffany-Stahl

**F**OR anyone who had not already seen several thousand miles of triangle pictures, this one would probably be vastly entertaining. A self-styled Don Juan makes a play for his employer's beautiful wife but is repulsed. Luckily, the lady loves her husband.

### HUNTINGTOWER—Paramount

**I**MPORTED Scotch—the real thing! But wait, we'll explain. Paramount bought a British-made picture that's just as Scotch as the spirit of thrift. Though it doesn't pretend to give you a story, it gives plenty of atmosphere. Jovial Sir Harry Lauder had best stick to Highland yodeling. He attempts to give himself to the cinema, but, unaccustomed as he is to giving—

### NOISY NEIGHBORS—Pathe

**A** COMBINATION comedy and mystery play. Amusing in spots but you won't laugh yourself to death. Too much shopworn slapstick and trite melodrama. The story deals with the adventures of a cheap vaudeville troupe, played by the Quillan family, who become involved in a Southern feud. They escape the feudists by means of contrivances used in their magic act. Only fair.

### THE APACHE—Columbia

**A**NOTHER romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter. The story is poignant and Phil Rosen's direction is casual and easy. Margaret Livingston does a really excellent piece of screen work as a dancer in an Apache cafe. Don Alvarado, as a provincial youth gone Apache, and Philo McCollough, the heavy, are both good.

### THE RAINBOW—Tiffany-Stahl

**A** SLICK crook stages a fake gold rush on the edge of Death Valley. But he's not quite slick enough to escape the mob's fury when they find the gold pot is a mirage. Though the theme isn't epic, Reginald Barker's direction had made a strong psychological drama. Dorothy Sebastian, Sam Hardy, Lawrence Grey, and Harvey Clarke head the well-chosen cast of this colorful picture.

## Going Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

at five daily. Because of the business hours she keeps, they point her out on the lots as she passes by. This same idea cost Conway Tearle his position in pictures. Most stars accept the inevitable delays and work from six in the morning till midnight, when need be. Sometimes they keep these hours for weeks at a time, all the while simulating death or sorrow or fear or whatever the scenario demands.

Mornings, noons and nights of make-believe; physical, mental and emotional exhaustion following fast on the heels of the exaltation all artists experience in the actual creation of their work. And then by way of rest a visit to the projection room to watch themselves twenty

times life size upon a screen, or a swift glance through a dozen magazines weighted with their photographs and accounts of their most insignificant actions.

Most players, directors and producers come to consider themselves the center of the universe. So also do the writers, the world famous novelists, the celebrated dramatists, who stay too long among the lotus-eaters. And, not to be disloyal to the craft, so do writers for fan magazines. "Going Hollywood" sweeps 'em like a plague. It takes a super-man or woman to cultivate enough philosophy, enough sense of humor, enough balance to build up a resistance against the infection.



What happened to Dolores del Rio has happened to countless others. She overworked, going through two whole years without a single day of rest. She suffered the soul agonies of "Resurrection." She endured days in the frozen North for "The Trail of '98." She created a vivid, passionate "Carmen." Her egotism grew as her fame and salary increased. Her days were a sort of dazed whirl but everyone else she met was in the same whirl. The other stars, Carewe, her director, even the sun and the suave warmth of the climate fitted in. Everything fitted in except Jaime. Jaime stayed outside, stayed real.

DR. VICTOR PARKIN, consulting psychiatrist of the general hospital of Los Angeles, has coined a name for such a state of mind. He calls it "Phantasia Hollywoodii" and defines its reactions thus:

"People go to Hollywood because of a wish. They long to be something other than what they can be in the world of harsh reality. In other words, it is a flight from actuality that sends them Hollywood bound.

"Then comes a psychic infection of numbers. That's the worst of this Phantasia. It's catching. It's the contact of people with similar makeups who are constitutionally inadequate.

"They don't trade ideas as much as they exchange longings.

"In their spare time they develop fancies. What happens to them isn't a form of dementia. It is a form of mental alienation in which they live in a world of fantasy. They live in a state of mental exaltation and this gives rise to grandiose ideas in which the individual tries to delude, not only others, but himself as well. In this state they are sincere."

So Dolores del Rio was sincere in her alienation from Jaime. Their status had completely changed. In Mexico City she had been Jaime del Rio's wife. In Hollywood Jaime became Dolores del Rio's husband. The situation was intolerable for both of them. Dolores believed she was out of love with him. There was propinquity and Mr. Carewe.

I fancy that Jaime, with the clairvoyance of true love, always knew that Dolores wasn't really out of love for him. Certainly he never ceased his love for her. But because of it he violated his religion and upbringing and gave her a divorce, since it was the thing she wanted.

There had been another love of this calibre in Hollywood, a love a little less conspicuous, a little less easy to write about since it never reached the marriage state, the love of Mauritz Stiller for Greta Garbo.

NO one knows the real Greta Garbo. No one ever will. She is a woman who walks by herself. She is more truly of the artist blood than the warmly human del Rio, and to that extent she will always be more self-sufficient. Yet plainly Mauritz Stiller meant much to her.

It was because of Stiller that Garbo originally came here. He had refused to sign a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer unless they also gave a contract to his young protégée, Miss Garbo. They landed here together, Stiller, the great personality; Garbo, a badly dressed, shy, gawky girl.

Then Hollywood got them. Stiller failed in Hollywood. The reasons aren't completely clear. He was a temperamental Swede accustomed to authority. He wanted to take time with scenes, to be overlord. The Hollywood film machine wouldn't let him.

His first American picture was also Garbo's first. When it was half finished, they took it away from him and gave its direction over to Fred Niblo. But they kept Garbo. They had seen her rushes and knew how good she was.

Can you conceive how it must have humiliated Stiller's haughty pride to dine nightly with the girl he had discovered and know she was working toward stardom under the direction of another man on a picture from which he had been discarded?

And because every woman deep in her soul wants to worship the man she loves, wants to

# A Jar that should be Jade and wrapped in Golden Covers



**T**HERE are mote comely bottles than this—more beautiful jars—jars flashing with color and wrapped in ribbons and gold!

But there is no jar—however beautiful, however costly, which holds a greater beauty secret than this simple little jar of Sal Hepatica.

Its cost is trifling and its dress is plain. Yet Sal Hepatica keeps pure the skin of all women who use it, for it keeps them free from constipation—internally clean by the saline method. Blemishes go. Dullness vanishes.

The saline treatment has long been famous for the good it does and the beauty it brings. Vichy, Carlsbad, Wiesbaden—are thronged each year with fashionable women who make regular pilgrimages to these natural "fountains of youth." Drinking the saline waters, their complexions are restored to fineness, they find themselves fresher—better

equipped to meet the demands of their busy lives.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today. Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica. Send coupon for free booklet describing in detail how Sal Hepatica helps relieve many common ills so prevalent today.

## Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30c, 60c, and \$1.20

*SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!*



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-29  
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





"The New French process MELLO-GLO Face Powder stays on longer and prevents large pores. Best of all, I never have a shiny nose when I use MELLO-GLO—it keeps ugly shine away." Claire Toy (now acting in Ziegfeld's "Whoopie"), 214 Riverside Drive, New York City.



"New wonderful MELLO-GLO Face Powder gives my skin an exquisite youthful bloom and spreads more smoothly. Because it is so fine, MELLO-GLO never gives a pasty or flaky look." Manon Maria, Baroness de Grazia (concert and radio singer), 152 E. 30th Street, New York City.

## Beautiful Women Prefer Mello-Glo

AMERICA'S most beautiful women use MELLO-GLO Face Powder because it stays on longer and prevents large pores. They soon discover that wonderful MELLO-GLO means no more shiny noses—it really keeps ugly shine away. This remarkable powder is little affected by perspiration and stays on longer.

Because it is made by a new French Process, MELLO-GLO Face Powder spreads more smoothly and produces a youthful bloom which is impossible to duplicate. It covers up every imperfection yet does not dry the skin or irritate it.

All coloring matter is passed upon by Government chemists. Nothing could be purer than MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Protect your own lovely skin with MELLO-GLO, this outstanding face powder for beautiful women, which never gives a pasty or flaky look. Buy it at your favorite store. MELLO-GLO Co., Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.

look up to him, can you see how this same situation must have humbled Garbo?

You know what a triumph her first picture was and how, in a day, her fame rushed round the globe. And how with each succeeding picture her fame grew more vast; how she evolved from a gangling Swede into a sophisticated echantress; how her salary leaped from \$200 to something close to \$7,000 a week.

Garbo was a success. Stiller left Metro, went to Paramount. Everyone thought conditions there would be easier for him. But something happened there, too. He made a picture with Pola Negri, another with Jannings. They were distinguished failures.

Stiller was just as loquacious as Garbo herself, which means as talkative as a bank vault. I once asked a foreign star, who had known him in Germany, if she thought the elderly Stiller loved the glamorous Greta.

"I believe he wakes mornings and goes to sleep nights whispering 'Greta Garbo, Greta Garbo,'" she said.

Finally Stiller sailed back to Sweden, defeated, alone. Not a word was heard of him until his sudden death was announced.

Now Garbo is rushing back to Sweden in what looks close to panic to visit Stiller's grave.

Staid citizens of middle-class cities go out to the South Seas, forget their sane middle-class conventions and take native wives, go native.

No less do beautiful, talented people on encountering the siren quality of Hollywood, go Hollywood.

The sad case of Pola Negri is, of course, classic. She went so Hollywood she forgot all about art, all about acting in its realest sense, and used the death of a great actor as the vehicle for a cheap scene staged for a gullible press.

YOUNG James Murray, once an usher at the Capitol Theater, New York, got a break when King Vidor picked him from the extra ranks to become leading man in "The Crowd." Jimmie was a nice boy and a good actor, but the jump from "Right this way, please," to "here comes the star" proved too much for him.

He ritzed his friends and haranged studio officials. The studio forgave and offered him fresh opportunities. Jimmie refused to demonstrate his genius except for being the perfect sap. Today nobody knows what his future holds. And few care.

Nazimova was the first of the really big players to go Hollywood. Today she is playing second fiddle to a much lesser actress, Eva LeGallienne, in a tawdry theater on Fourteenth Street, New York. When Mae Murray got to be queen of the studio she forgot old friends. Now she has gone M'Divani like Pola Negri and her meal ticket is a vaudeville act.

Charlie Ray, a simple lad at heart, went goofy over black marble bath-tubs, swimming pools in the back yard and similar swash. Charlie tried to do everything on "The Courtship of Miles Standish" except play Plymouth Rock. Miles proved a bad case of box office frost-bite. Charlie lost his private fortune and swelled head. He made a valiant struggle to come back. But it was too late.

When Harry Langdon, who had been an obscure comic at Sennett's, first went to First National to do full length features he could practically have pulled a Salome, demanded the head of the company's president on a platter and have gotten away with it.

The studio, in attempting to do right by Harry, did the most fatal thing they could. They gave him his way about everything.

Harry went completely haywire. He got himself so wrapped in stardom he went six months without hearing a single "no."

But he heard plenty of "no's" when the reports came in from the exhibitors who had showed his pictures. When his contract ran out, he wasn't re-signed.

SOMETIMES I think Hollywood is the saddest place in the world because it is a community where the maddest dreams come true.

The climate does weird and wonderful things to the youth and beauty that comes prospecting for gold and glory in the films.

Hollywood gets the Kleig-struck kids from Kamm's corners and the stars alike. Daft with sunshine and talk in six figures the humblest soul is inclined to break out with rapid pulse, snakeskin sandals, cerise Fords, tall millinery and Napoleonic impulses. Then they start going in for nutty affectations and upturned nostrils when they encounter those who knew them when.

It might be funny if it weren't so tragic. To the sensitive, it isn't easy to watch rosy cheeks turn into vermilion splotches or soft bright locks become lifeless under ammonia and peroxide. It isn't comfortable to observe stars who have faded or never arrived; stars grown stale and old; stars whom the high hat ruined socially and professionally; those who couldn't leave snicker water or the play-boys alone.

OCCASIONALLY talent burns in a simple soul with the purity of a flame in an alabaster vase. Such a combination produces a Janet Gaynor.

But more often realized talent acts like a drug against the actualities of life. The individual goes gold-crazy, sex-crazy, fame-crazy and gets childishly defiant of fate.

When the dream is first realized the lucky ones are gay and triumphant, full of beauty, success and self-satisfaction. They ignore the histories of those who have gone before them and renounce love and gallantry as evidences of weakness.

They believe they have all life within their grasp and indulge their slightest caprice. There is only self, self, self and the glorification of self.

Slowly the dream tarnishes and their fame becomes dead sea fruit. They awaken to the realization that something has gotten them but they don't know what.

The answer lies, as it was written many centuries ago in the greatest of books.

"For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

The saddest person in Hollywood is not always the extra who fails and goes back home.

All too frequently it is the one who stays and wins stardom.

## What Are Your Correct Colors?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

your assets and even more carefully, your defects. Then, when trying on the colors recommended for your type, determine just what nuances of color do the most to improve your appearance, emphasize your personality, and to hide from the world those imperfections which should remain your little secret.

The vivid brunette, she with the vivid red-orange coloring in cheeks and lips, warm orange background coloring in her skin, dark, but definitely colorful hair with coppery high

lights, with dark eyes showing the same rich brown coloring, is indeed fortunate. Her vivid forceful coloring expresses a strong personality, one that is not easily hidden or subdued, by strong colors in the costume. She can wear stronger, more decided colors than any other type. Delicate pale colors should however be avoided for they tend to make her coloring appear coarse and heavy by contrast. When light colors are worn they should be the warm orange and red-orange tints.



Dark warm colors may be fairly intense. Rich dark reds, deep dark browns, warm tans and rosy beiges, sometimes dark rosy grays or taupes, black if the skin is clear, are all flattering.

Medium values, those neither light nor dark, in warm rose and coral shades, which of course are really red and red-orange, golden oranges, yellow-orange and dull creamy yellows deserve a prominent place on the list of colors becoming to the brunette with vivid coloring.

If she has a clear healthy skin she may find green, especially dull greens which have been neutralized until they are less aggressively cold, wearable—but seldom as flattering as warm colors. Blues should be avoided in almost all instances. Violets are extremely doubtful, frequently giving the skin a dark greenish cast.

Warmer red-violets may be permissible, if the complexion is extremely good—but why should any vivid brunette wear them when the red-oranges are infinitely more becoming, harmonizing with and emphasizing her own rich coloring?

**T**HE brunette with olive skin, frequently called the Latin type, not only has less vivid color in lips and cheeks, but her background coloring is more subdued. Its orange tone is more grayed or neutralized so that it appears almost yellow green rather than a pure orange. This coloring is distinctive, interesting, possesses a subtlety which gives character to the individual.

It may of course be modified by the use of rouge and lipstick, making the flesh tints more vivid, in which case colors more nearly like those worn by the vivid brunette may be recommended.

The brunette with olive skin, however, does well to dress so that her unusual hues are emphasized, not changed or concealed. She may do this by wearing warm colors which have been neutralized until they assume a dusky, grayed, slightly olive cast. Vivid warm colors may also be worn, vivid reds and oranges, dark warm colors and those of medium value, even slightly lighter than those worn by the vivid brunette may be worn when the skin is clear.

Red-violet is frequently becoming although red-orange deserves first place in the wardrobe.

Softened grayed cool colors, those which have been neutralized until the coolness has taken on a tinge of warmth, soft olive greens, dark dull greens, very dark navy blue, are sometimes extremely becoming, especially when worn with an accent of warm color. Light and bright cool colors, particularly blue, make the skin seem dark and too yellow.

**T**HE olive skin does not possess sufficient color to permit the wearing of decided neutral tones unless accents of stronger color are combined with them. Warm beiges and browns, those decidedly orange and red-orange rather than yellow are most pleasing of the neutrals. Warm rosy grays, particularly rosy taupe, may be worn if the skin is clear. Black, especially when combined with an accent of warm color, emphasizes the individual's truly distinctive coloring.

The cool dark type, the brunette with cool skin, blue-black hair, frequently with eyes of cool color, possesses little in common with other brunettes, although she is frequently confused with them, may herself make the mistake of dressing like them. She is however so different in actual coloring that we shall consider her color problem in a later article.

Next month Miss Hempstead will write about the correct color for blondes. And PHOTOPLAY'S cover will be a color chart for girls with light hair and blue eyes. Watch for the color chart and article in the March PHOTOPLAY.



# Your HAIR Has Added Loveliness —when Shampooed this way

Why Ordinary Washing..fails to clean properly,  
Thus preventing the.. Real Beauty.. Lustre,  
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

**T**HE beauty, the sparkle... the gloss and lustre of your hair... depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will.. remove this film... and let the sparkle, and rich natural... color tones... of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value... beautiful hair... use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of... rich, creamy lather... which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and just see how... really beautiful... your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.



### For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

## MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO





# Beautiful Eyes!

YOU CAN HAVE THEM THROUGH  
MARVELLOUS NEW WATER MASSAGE

—send for free booklet  
explaining method

BY ANNA Q. NILSSON

We moving picture actresses have discovered that there is only one way to have beautiful eyes. That is to keep the muscles all around the eyes properly toned!

This is especially true of the lids.

But how to do it? Nobody really knew. Everybody had her own system.

Now comes Margot Landberg and shows us all how—with her marvelous controlled water-massage, Morning Dew!

This is the true scientific way to have beautiful eyes. Write to Margot for her booklet (it's free) "The English Complexion." You will find the method explained in detail.

Margot Landberg is a fellow-country-woman of mine. I think she knows more about scientific beauty culture than any woman in the world.

Her book is full of priceless wisdom for every woman who wants to be more beautiful.

Send for it today!

*Anna Q. Nilsson*



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Please send me your booklet, "THE ENGLISH COMPLEXION." This is without obligation to me.

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## The Politest Man in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

taking jobs in city after city, but always closer to her golden goal—Hollywood.

"For six days of the week, she labored—wiping the children's noses, picking up their toys, coaxing them to eat their stewed prunes and cereal. On the seventh, which was Wednesday—her day off—she rested by spending every minute at the movies.

"SHE found one theater down town that opened at eleven o'clock in the morning. Very often she sat through the show twice, if it was good, or if one of her favorite stars was playing. When it was over, she went to another picture theater and then another, ending up with her sixth at eleven o'clock at night. She didn't bother about meals. Just snatched some orange juice at a counter and nibbled chocolate almond bars in the dark theater, while she tingled and thrilled to the screen romances that went on before her eyes.

"She'd never had any romance of her own. Back in Scotland so many of the boys went off to war and didn't come back. There were at least three girls to every male of her age. What chance was there for plain little Effie?

"When she first came to us, she did have a little flutter about the milkman. She made a point of taking the baby down into the kitchen every morning for his six o'clock feeding. Joe delivered the milk about that time and when Effie saw his handsome broad-shouldered figure, clad in blue jeans like a he-man hero, she fell for him immediately.

"Then she found out from other maids in the neighborhood that Joe's remarks were merely his usual line—he considered it part of his business to 'kid 'em along' at all the houses where he delivered milk. So, as she never could get any real attention from him, she had to fall back on the movies again. She satisfied her starved life by putting herself in the heroine's place in every screen romance she saw,

and of course, to her, every hero was the milkman.

"Then she saw Jack Arden's first big hit. You remember what a sensation 'His Night' was? After Effie saw that, she didn't bother about the milkman any more. When she watched that dashing curly-haired, glowing-eyed Prince of American lovers, she sat back in the tense darkness of the theater with her chocolate almond bar forgotten and melting, in her plump warm little hand.

"Jack wasn't making love to whoever was lucky enough to be his leading lady at the moment. It was Effie Brown he was making love to. It was for Effie he dared and fought and vanquished the villain. And in the final closeup, it was Effie Brown he smothered to his manly chest and kissed with an overwhelming two foot passed-by-the-board-of-censorship kiss. But you all know what Jack Arden can do in a two foot kiss!

"THIS had been going on for about six months, when I invited Jack to dinner. It was a big party, and I needed extra help. However, the baby was having a new tooth and Effie had been up with him three nights in succession, so I told her she didn't have to wait on the table. Just help with the preparations and serve as maid in the upstairs bedroom, where the women guests were to leave their wraps.

"As usual, I ran over the list of those who were coming, with Effie, because I knew how much pleasure it gave her. But she was so tired that, for once, her eyes didn't sparkle in response, until I spoke Jack Arden's name. Then all her fatigue and weariness left her.

"Jack Arden, Ma'am! You've never had him here before," she said a bit reproachfully. "Oh Ma'am, you must let me wait on the table. The extra waitress will never be able to handle such a crowd. I couldn't bear to miss it! I'm not tired a bit, really. And I couldn't see half



Cecil B. De Mille goes to work for Louis B. Mayer

"Yes, Mr. De Mille."

"Yes, Mr. Mayer."



enough of Jack Arden by peeking through the bannisters from upstairs.

"When Jack arrived, an hour and a half late, he was in his best—or you might say his worst—form. He was rude as the devil to his dinner partner, the kittenish wife of a big producer, whom, for business reasons, I particularly wanted to have a good time. After dinner, when the bridge tables were set up, Jack voiced his scorn of those who waste their evenings at cards. He wouldn't take up bridge, because he couldn't show up as a brilliant player without months of practice. He went into a dusky corner and held the hand of a certain young and bewitching star with whom his name has been connected—and disconnected—a year ago. Just when she was getting interested, he left her flat to call up a Broadway musical comedy favorite, by long distance, thereby adding the finishing touches to some gossip about them that had been circulating of late.

"IN spite of the fact that we were all trying to concentrate on our cards, he insisted on tuning in the radio to a noisy prize-fight. And when the players finally gave up protesting, he suddenly turned it off and curled up in a corner by himself, absorbed in a book of old prints. A little later, somewhat to my mystification, he disappeared entirely, without hothering to say goodnight to anyone.

"It wasn't until Effie resigned a couple of months later, that I found out what had really happened. It seemed that when Jack disappeared, he didn't go home at all, but made his way to the kitchen to explore the ice-box. I had noticed, and writhed to notice, that the dinner I had spent such a long time planning, was practically ignored by his highness at the table. In fact, Jack had nibbled nothing but crackers. So now he was hungry and on the trail of cold chicken and left-over salad.

"It was here that Effie came upon him, rather pale and harassed and worried looking, talking in low tones to that little rat, Art Saunders. Effie didn't mean to listen, but she told me that after the first words, she was so worried, she just couldn't break away.

"For God's sake, Art,' Jack was pleading, in his best movie-tone voice, 'Lend me twelve hundred dollars.'

"But—but—but—' stuttered Art.

"I tell you I'm in a hell of a fix. Can't sleep, can't eat, can't even act, I'm so worried.'

"But Jack, I can't believe you could need money. Everyone knows how much you make.'

"Yes, people think just because I'm a big star my money troubles are over. But they don't realize what a lot it takes to keep me going. There's alimony and income tax and I was simply cleaned out on that last stock flurry. I owe four years back income tax with the government handing me a fat fine for false returns.'

"IT'S awful, but wait 'til you hear my tale of woe about income tax—' began Art, but Jack cut him short and went on.

"I even sold my roadster, so I'd be able to square a few things, but I forgot I hadn't made all the payments on the car. Maybe the loan shark who talked me into almost giving it to him isn't sore as blazes. He threatens jail if I don't pay up tomorrow.'

"But surely you ought to be able to borrow.' Art was edging uneasily towards the door. Jack followed and laid a desperate hand on his arm.

"Art, this gang's generous all right, but not to me. They all say they know me too well. The company has stood behind me so far, but they're fed up now and think I need a lesson. You're my last hope—'

"I'm deuced sorry, but I'm so flat—' Art had his hand on the knob. Jack dropped back hopelessly.

"If you knew how I was counting on you. If I can't get twelve hundred to settle for that car, tomorrow, it means jail—that is, if I'm alive when they call for me.'

"Jack's voice broke with a pathos that cut

## "I warn every woman I employ"

*Says the woman Personnel Manager in a large office  
with regard to this phase of feminine hygiene*



Fear of this offense is no longer necessary. This remarkable sanitary pad is not only most comfortable and easiest to dispose of, but it now deodorizes\* completely.

IN the world of business, in society, women often find themselves embarrassed at certain times. Sometimes they offend without knowing why. When they learn, miserable self-consciousness follows. Make-shift efforts to counteract the difficulty seldom succeed. Now a discovery made in Kotex Laboratories ends all these fears and worries. Science has discovered a way to counteract a serious offense.

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Kotex has brought a new idea of feminine hygiene to women all over the world. In the past ten years they have learned new comfort, new ease-of-mind through this sanitary protection. Now, after years of work, a process has been perfected that completely ends all odors. The one remaining hygienic problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved.

### *Shaped to fit, too*

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated

with old-fashioned methods. Cellucotton absorbent wadding takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture, 5 times more absorbent than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today—45c for a box of twelve. On sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores; also in rest-rooms.

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- 5—*It is easily disposed of*; no unpleasant laundry.

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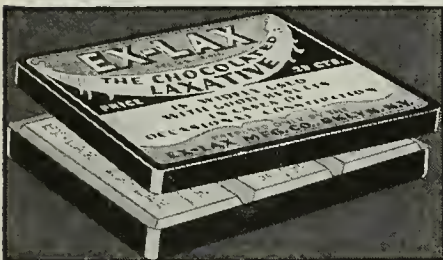
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## Sallow and pale



takes this safe  
laxative she  
gives children



..soon her complexion  
is pink and clear



**W**HEN you feel out of sorts, constipation is probably at work. Take Ex-Lax. This modern laxative tastes so good that it's hard to realize the real good it can do for you. But it quickly brings roses back to the cheeks by helping to relieve constipation naturally—without upsetting the stomach or griping.

You'll like Ex-Lax, as much as children do. It tastes like fine chocolate. It is chocolate treated with tasteless, harmless phenolphthalein that doctors recognize as the agent for correcting constipation.

Whenever you need a laxative, take Ex-Lax. Give it to your children. It is safe, gentle in action, effective and non-habit-forming.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist. But avoid substitutes, of which there are many. Get the original phenolphthalein laxative—Ex-Lax. 10c, 25c and 50c.

You can also obtain Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor".

FOR CONSTIPATION

# EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

Effie to the heart. You can imagine the effect of the situation on her. The hero of her dreams, broke, facing jail, suicide! She listened in silence until Art had scurried away in his rat-like fashion.

"Then she walked right up to Jack, and spoke, as she described it, in a voice that didn't sound like herself at all.

"Please excuse me, Mr. Arden, but I can save you."

"You save me?" Jack looked down at the little figure in complete amazement. I can just see the scene, with Effie standing there, the center of a tableau for once in her life, imagining herself a sort of Joan of Arc, or rather the heroine of a Super-Special, her pale eyes flashing fire.

"I'll give Jack credit that he didn't burst out laughing, though as Effie described it, he seemed to be quite choked up with emotion. When he recovered himself, he said:

"But how—my sweet child? What could you do?"

"You see sir, I've got quite a lot over twelve hundred dollars saved up. I thought I'd take a trip back to Scotland with it, or buy some lots in Studio City, but oh, Mr. Arden, if you'd only take it, how proud and happy I'd be."

"My dear bank president's daughter, of course I can't let you lend me—"

"Oh please don't joke sir, I didn't mean lend. You're so in debt you'd never be able to pay it back. I want to give it to you."

"Give me twelve hundred dollars!" Jack gasped.

"Yes sir. I don't really need it. It's easy to save money, being a nursemaid. I don't have any expenses except carfare and movies and they hardly make a dent in the eighty dollars I get every month. It wouldn't be more than a couple of years until I'd have that much saved up again, so if you'd only take—"

"You want to give me all that money and you don't want anything in return?" Jack couldn't get it through his head somehow.

"No," said Effie, "just—"

"Just what?" asked Jack, a harsh note in his voice. Life had taught him to expect a catch in any generous offer made him and he thought he had it at last.

"Well sir," Effie's voice trembled slightly, but she went on and I've always admired her Scotch directness in coming right to the point. "If it wouldn't be asking too much, I'd like you to take me out for just one evening."

"What!" Jack was floored for once in his life.

"Oh sir, you wouldn't have to be polite or even talk, if you didn't want to. You could even go to another party afterwards. I have to be in by ten on account of the baby."

"But I don't quite see how my taking you out—"

"Oh sir, what it would mean to me to be all dressed up and have people see me walk into a restaurant with you! To have all the waiters bowing and scraping! To sit opposite you and eat all kinds of fancy foods, like in a DeMille picture! Oh won't you do it, sir, please, please!"

"You mean you want to spend twelve hundred dollars of your hard earned money just to have me take you out once—we'll say to the Montmartre?"

"Oh yes sir. Why not, sir?" said Effie with such an air of rapture that Jack argued no further. He looked for a moment into her shining eyes and then suddenly put out his hand.

"All right, kid. You're on."

"Oh thank you, sir, and will it be all right if I get you the money the first thing in the morning?"

"Oh yes, the money," said Jack casually. "Let's see, you'd better send it to my secretary at the studio."

"And you'll really take me to the Montmartre?"

"Jack looked at her with a twinkle in his

eyes, which Effie interpreted as joyful relief at his escape from his financial troubles.

"Montmartre, nothing! I'm going to take you to the Mayfair."

"Mayfair!" gasped Effie.

"Yes, the last dinner dance of the season is next Saturday night."

"I've got a couple of tickets already, so it'll really save me money."

"SAVE you money? That's fine, sir. But Mayfair. Oh I never dreamed—"

"But Effie was talking to Jack's retreating back, for in his impulsive way, he had started out of the kitchen.

"Effie sat there repeating it over and over to herself.

"Mayfair! He's going to take me to Mayfair!"

"It was as if he had offered to take her to Heaven.

"For the next few days Effie was as scrupulously careful about the children as usual, although I remember that about that time, I began to notice a strange far away look in her eyes.

"She had mysterious telephone calls, which I discovered later were to do with renting a dress and evening cloak from a certain costume company in Hollywood that is often the salvation of girls starting in pictures.

"Saturday morning, she came and asked me if I'd mind if the cook slept in the nursery that night so she could go out for the evening. She asked it with that defiant 'You'd better or I'll quit' look—the first and only time I'd had it from Effie.

"After the children had been safely tucked into bed, she went up to her room to don the rented clothes. There was a green chiffon gown trimmed with rhinestones and a rather tarnished silver lame coat with a white rabbit collar, but they looked like a million dollars to Effie.

"She had ordered a simple little corsage of lilies of the valley for herself, but just as she was ready to go, there arrived, late, as was characteristic of Jack, a square white box, frivolous with silver ribbon and maline;—the first and probably the last orchid in Effie's young life.

"SHE stole off, in all her splendor, to take a bus to the Athletic Club where she had agreed to meet Jack, not wishing to trouble him any more than necessary.

"He didn't keep her waiting more than three quarters of an hour, but it was a year to Effie, who had never been late to anything in her life.

"When he finally arrived, he looked more a hero than ever in his evening clothes. It seemed like a part of a dream as he bowed low before her, offered her his arm and escorted her out to his glittering foreign car with its plush velvet interior, its little crystal electric lights, trick vanity case and the fragrance of roses from its silver vases.

"The Mayfair is such an old story to us that we forget what a thrill it must be to outsiders. You can imagine Effie sweeping down the Peacock alley of the Biltmore on Jack's arm, listening to the admiring 'ohs' and 'ahs' from the crowd of people gathered at the entrance to the Mayfair to watch the movie stars go in.

"And once inside—well, I wish you could have heard Effie's description. It would have handed you the biggest kind of a laugh. The whole place was somehow all blazing and golden, with diamonds dripping from everything drippable, as common as icicles at the North Pole. The girl stars were all a hundred times more beautiful in person than on the screen and there wasn't a man on the floor, who wasn't handsome and gallant and God-like, although of course none was comparable to Jack Arden!

"But what amazed me most was Effie telling me how attentive all the men were to her and how the girls just fell over themselves to be agreeable. Her being with Jack Arden could explain a lot, but I got another angle when



little Jim Purdy came up to me a few days later, all excited, to get more dope on the Scotch millionairess that Jack had taken to the Mayfair that night.

"It seems that it amused to Jack's peculiar sense of humor to take Effie around and introduce her to everyone, whispering the news that she was the daughter of a Scotch Toffee King, whose father was just aching to spend a million pounds to put her in the movies. No wonder she was popular!

"IT must have amused Jack to see Dave Wray and Billy Robinson and some of his other near rivals dancing with Effie and falling all over themselves to make an impression. They would have perished if they'd have known that they were wasting their most brilliant line on a publicity writer's nursemaid. But as far as I know, no one ever connected the rapturous creature of that evening with the prim little thing, who passed vegetables at my dinner parties, although I think Jack rather hoped they would.

"Jack didn't dance with her himself until late in the evening. Then he pulled her out onto the center of the floor and swung her around in his lazy graceful way. There she was at last, in a position to make every girl in America envy her.

"Dancing at this grand ball in the arms of Jack Arden, in person!

"What were her thoughts—romantic, dreamy, ecstatic? Not at all.

"Effie confessed that all the time she was really praying—a little staccato prayer in time to the jazz music. 'Please God—te-tum—te-tum—don't—let me step on his toes. Please God, don't—let-me-step-on-his-toes!'

"Oh yes, Jack lived up to his part of the bargain all right—even to the very last. I know, because I was awakened by the scream of brakes, just as dawn was creeping down from the mountains.

"Looking out, I thought I was still dreaming when I saw a glittering town-car drawn up at our back door.

"Then Jack sprang out to hand out Effie, with all the grace and gallantry of a perfect Prince Charming.

"He said goodbye, shaking the hand that Effie extended. Then suddenly without any warning, he gathered her in his arms and kissed her! A moment later he had jumped into the car and was off with an airy wave of his hand, leaving Effie to gaze after him with a bewildered don't-wake-me-up-I'm-dreaming look in her eyes.

"I wasn't the only spectator to the little scene. The milkman had clattered up across the street and was loading his wire basket with the four quarts of Pasteurized, the one quart of Certified and the half pint of cream that he leaves at our house every morning. He looked up and saw the kiss—and really looked at Effie for the first time.

"Then he strode over to her, his face red with amazement and anger.

"He squared off and I thought he was going to shake her by the shoulders. But instead he fairly shouted at her.

"HO ho, my girl! Going out with the movies are you? Well, I want to tell you one thing. It's about time, young lady, you settled down and got married!"

"That's how I lost Effie. She left me a couple of months later, with profound apologies and many tears as she kissed the baby goodbye. Of course, she has children of her own now—one a year, except the year that they got a new car, I believe. Occasionally she brings them around on the milk wagon to play with ours, at imminent risk of imperiling their manners—the milkman's children's manners, I mean."

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed the Prince, "what a story!"

Then with a faint suggestion of a sneer, "I never imagined Jack Arden could be as hard up for money as that!"

"But he wasn't," laughed Ann, "he's one of

# No matter how white teeth may be **NOBODY'S IMMUNE\***



## \*4 out of 5 While Caring for Teeth Neglect the Gums and Sacrifice Health to Pyorrhea

**D**ENTAL authorities tell us that in this super-civilized age of luxurious living and soft foods, proper care of the gums is as important as care of the teeth.

For when gums are neglected they cannot resist disease. They recede from the teeth which loosen in their sockets. Then Pyorrhea sets in. Its poisons ravage health and leave in their wake a trail of havoc... A needless sacrifice made by 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Brush your teeth, of course. But also brush gums vigorously with Forhan's for the Gums. It safeguards teeth and health. It helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

When you have used Forhan's for a few

days you will see an improvement in the appearance and health of the gums. Also you will note that this dentifrice cleans teeth and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Pay a semi-annual visit to your dentist. And start brushing teeth and gums with Forhan's regularly, morning and night. Teach your children this health habit. They'll thank you in later years. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

*Forhan's for the gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums. Use it faithfully.*

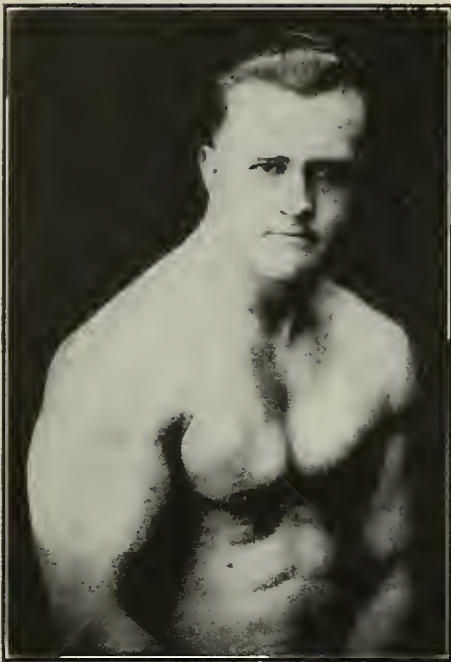
New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

*It's The Perfect Mouthwash. It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.*

# Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





**EARLE LIEDERMAN—The Muscle-Builder**  
 Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling,"  
 "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

## The Man I Pity Most

**P**OOOR OLD JONES. No one had any use for him. No one respected him. Across his face I read one harsh word—FAILURE. He just lived on. A poor worn out imitation of a man, doing his sorry best to get on in the world. If he had realized just one thing, he could have made good. He might have been a brilliant success. There are thousands of meo like Jones. They, too, could be happy, successful, respected and loved. But they can't seem to realize the one big fact—that practically everything worth while living for depends upon STRENGTH—upon live, red-blooded, he-man muscle. Everything you do depends upon strength. No matter what your occupation, you need the health, vitality and clear thinking only big, strong virile muscles can give you. When you are ill the strength in those big muscles pulls you through. At the office, in the farm fields, or on the tennis courts, you'll find your success generally depends upon your muscular development.

### Here's a Short Cut to Strength and Success

"But," you say, "it takes years to build my body up to the point where it will equal those of athletic champions." It does if you go about it without any system, but there's a scientific short cut. And that's where I come in.

### 30 Days Is All I Need

In just 30 days I can do things with your body you never thought possible. With just a few minutes work every morning, I will add one full inch of real, live muscle to each of your arms, and two whole inches across your chest. Many of my pupils have gained more than that, but I GUARANTEE to do at least that much for you in one short month. Your neck will grow shapely, your shoulders begin to broaden. Before you know it, you'll find people turning around when you pass. Women will want to know you. Your boss will treat you with a new respect. Your friends will wonder what has come over you. You'll look ten years younger, and you'll feel like it, too.

### I Strengthen Those Inner Organs Too

But I'm not through with you. I want ninety days in all to do the job right, and then all I ask is that you look yourself over.

What a marvelous change! Those great squared shoulders! That pair of huge, lithe arms! Those firm, shapely legs! You'll be just as fit inside as you are out, too, because I work on your heart, your liver—all of your inner organs, strengthening and exercising them. Yes indeed, life can give you a greater thrill than you ever dreamed. But, remember, the only sure road to health, strength and happiness always demands action. Start now!

Send for my New Book, 64 pages and—it is FREE  
**"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"**

It contains forty-eight full-page photographs of myself and some of the many prize-winning pupils I have trained. Some of these came to me as pitiful weaklings, imploring me to help them. Look them over now and you will marvel at their present physique. This book will prove an impetus and a real inspiration to you. It will thrill you through and through. This will not obligate you at all, but for the sake of your future health and happiness do not put it off. Send today—right now before you turn this page.

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Dear Sir: Please send me, absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development."

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the two or three richest stars in pictures, in spite of his helter-skelter manner. He may make a fool of himself, but he's too smart to let anyone else make a fool of him. He just made up that hard luck story to escape that dead beat Art Saunders."

"Then I suppose he returned the poor girl's money?" put in Margalo.

"Not a bit of it," said Ann, still smiling.

"Well I call that the most caddish—" The Prince was delighted that he could really sneer this time.

"No—for all your politeness and understanding of women, you're wrong for once, Prince," countered Ann. "Don't you see if he'd return the money and Effie had realized it was only a joke on Jack's part, it would have spoiled everything. She's luckier than most of us. She's got something in her life, she can look back on and remember—something per-

fect—a dream evening, when she dared to stake everything for a few hours of happiness. No, Jack didn't give her back the money and that's why I claimed he's the politest—or at least, the most understanding man in Hollywood.

"Of course I ought to tell you, Prince," Ann continued, "that a few weeks later, when we were conducting the campaign to furnish the studio club, for girls who come out here to break into pictures, our largest donation came anonymously—enough to furnish and maintain a whole corridor of rooms. The only condition was that they were to be called 'The Effie Rooms' and they turned out to be the most popular in the club—a refuge and comfort for girls, who do not take Hollywood as sensibly as my little nursemaid did."

"Well here come King and Eleanor, now—and oh Margalo, I am famished!"

## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**T**HIS month a little tow-head named Dolores Costello is playing hop-scotch in Brooklyn, N. Y., a pretty kid with a snub nose.

Her daddy is "Dimples" Costello, already waning as the girls' dream of manly beauty.

At the same time, in PHOTOPLAY, we go for an actor named John Barrymore to the extent of two pages, with art.



### Jack Barrymore

Ten years ago Jack was knee deep in the thirties and doing such farces as "The Man from Mexico" for the movies

Jack is in the thirties, with a funny slapdash career already behind him.

From a silk hat Johnny in stage farce—the irresponsible, bad-boy kid of the Barrymore tribe—he has turned to silly movie stuff like "The Man from Mexico" and "On the Quiet." In the thirties he has gone serious, and stunned his public with "Justice" and "Redemption" on the stage.

Still ahead are his theater triumphs in "The Jest" and "Hamlet." Still ahead is his film career as a scented and high-powered lover in

strip tights and a blond wig, with the immortal profile always to the camera.

Jack Barrymore, knee deep in the thirties, cuts out clowning. A little girl named Dolores Costello, not yet in her teens, plays jackstraws with the Hipkins children next door.

No spook-faker arises to say that some day these twain, taking in something like \$15,000 a week between them, will yes each other matrimonially in a land of sunshine 3,000 miles away.

**S**TOP the press! Charlie Chaplin up and smarries little Mildred Harris!

Look at the funny picture of Charlie and Millie on a Catalina Island yacht! And here's a coy one of the girl lying on her tummy reading a seed catalogue.

Mildred's eighteen, but she's been posturing for six years. "We are very, very happy!" they say. Thank God, the future is behind the veil!

**T**HE learned Julian Johnson, who kisses and spansks the films, is all steamed up over Lil Gish in Griffith's "The Greatest Thing in Life."

"A sensationally new Lillian Gish!" he rhapsodizes.

No longer the beaten anemone of the screen, but a pouting, alluring minx, out for no good.

Ask yourself how long that phase lasted. She takes a licking in her next picture, as usual.

**J**UNE ELVIDGE marries a Canadian soldier, and seven boys in Pittsburgh take bichloride.

... Cece De Mille knocks 'em dead with "The Squaw Man." ... Nobody in the cast but Dexter, MacDonald, Holt, Blue, and Tully Marshall. ... Mrs. Dong Fairbanks gets a divorce in New Rochelle and Mickey Neilan directs a girl named Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long-Legs". ... Crane Wilbur is a papa and the veteran William Shea hears the Great Director call "Cut!" ... PHOTOPLAY discovers that Colleen Moore has one blue and one brown eye, and tells the palpitating world. ... Little Olive Thomas is in "Toton," another "La Boheme" yarn, and a Mr. Frank Borzage directs it. ... "Humoresque" and "Seventh Heaven," a couple of PHOTOPLAY Medallists, still over the horizon. ... Geraldine Farrar writes us the story of her life. ... Maggie, of Norfolk, Va., tells The Answer Man she has just made a pious pilgrimage to the house in which Francis X. Bushman was born. ... Boy, we take our stars seriously these days!

**W**HAT'S this?

Jack Gilbert, of Ince-Triangle-Paramount, marries Olivia Burwell, a non-professional.

Gilbert—hum—Gilbert. Jack Gilbert. Can't place him. Not the head man in this show!



## It Gets a Guy Sore

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

The more Mr. Guffey thought about meeting Dora, the more he wondered how it could be worked, but not until the train was rolling into Chicago could he salvage an idea from the debris of his mind. Why not write a song about her? He remembered having read that publicity was champagne and caviar to a movie star, and this seemed like a plausible racket with which to crash the studio. Smirking amiably, he cantered up to a telegraph counter in the Union Station, and dispatched the following message:

PUBLICITY DEPT., AMAZEMENT PICTURES CORP., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

KINDLY ARRANGE FOR INTERVIEW WITH MISS DELURA ON TENTH INSTANT REGARDING BEING IMMORTALIZED IN MUSIC. STANLEY GUFFEY.

On finishing this economical essay he wandered about the cavernous station, gawking interestedly at the ceiling, the shops and the life-term Chicagoans scurrying to and fro. "Of course," he informed himself, "I've never written a song, but if it comes to the worst, I could get me a hymn book and a seven-eighths tempo, and do as good a job as any of those New Jersey Southerners who weep about their mammys. There's a chance that the studio may heave me out on my ear, but if I've seen Dora first, it's jake with me." He bumped into a massive policeman, and returned to normalcy.

ARRIVING in Los Angeles on the ninth, he registered at the Ambassador in order to establish the proper background for one who wrestles with the muses, and shortly after descended to the grill room attired in a talkative Glenurquhart plaid, matched socks, tie and handkerchief of red and lemon stripes, and a pair of the black-and-white tennis shoes affected by the people who never play.

The following morning Mr. Guffey reached the Amazement Studios, whose tile and stucco magnificence seemed to have been designed by a couple of architects while on vacation in Montreal. The embryo song writer barged through the portals and addressed a hard-faced gentleman at the information desk.

"Mr. Guffey to see Miss Delura," he said throatily. "Arrangements have been completed by wire, so don't keep me waiting."

Information seized a telephone and talked to someone named Joe. Then he hung up, and looked respectfully at the visitor. "Please go down that corridor," he rumbled, "and you'll probably run right into Mr. Garvin, who's coming out to meet you."

Mr. Guffey mustered up a dignified strut, though his knees were wobbling, and before he had proceeded very far a worried-looking man with a patch or two of grey in his black pompadour, rounded a corner.

"GLAD to see you," he said, shaking hands. "I'm Joe Garvin, publicity department. We certainly appreciate this thing, Mr. Guffey. Come right along; Miss Delura's crazy to hear about this music angle." His eyes took in the ensemble, to which had been added a floppy Panama and a whippy Malacca cane. "I didn't expect to see such a fashion plate. You'll be quite a surprise to Miss Delura, too."

Rendered slightly dizzy by the cordial reception, the pride of Gravity Falls merely waggled his head, and followed on through a maze of buildings and grass plots. Finally he became articulate. "I hope so," he burbled, repeating a criticism he had read in the newspapers, "because it is necessary to intrigue her interest, to make her personality vibrate so that I can catch the proper mood to set to music. Moods are fleeting things, you know."

# It gives NATURAL GLEAM the NEW nail beauty

Smart women who frown on artificial looking nails now choose Glazo!

WELL-BRED, beautifully turned out women now avoid all frankly artificial nail tints. Instead the new nail fashion is *natural gleam*—given in an instant by Glazo.

That is why Glazo Liquid Polish is now more sweepingly popular than ever. It instantly creates the new type of nail beauty—not too deep a hue, nor too pale—just the natural looking rosy brilliance that is so adorning to the hand, that is so smart and correct.

This flawless polish was created by Edna Albert, one of America's most successful business women. She searched the most exclusive toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish. She tried many, tested many, then finally perfected Glazo in her own laboratories. And today Glazo is the preferred polish among all smart women.

Through a "nail sheath" thin as silk natural beauty gleams—instantly

A brush flick and Glazo gives a rosy "nail sheath," thin as silk, and mirror-smooth, glinting with the



light. The natural nail beauty then gleams through in softly rosy radiance, accented to a more exquisite lustre and tint.

Glazo spreads evenly, without a trace of that thick, gummy look. Glazo never shreds or peels or turns an ugly brown—it lasts exquisitely for a week! At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Glazo Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous triple sample set including the new cuticle oil—the coupon below!



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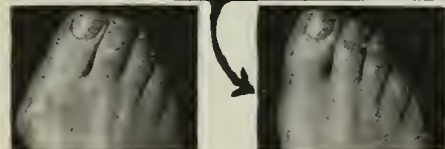
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Mr. Garvin appeared not to be listening. "Of course," he remarked, "a man like you is accustomed to meeting actresses." He halted before a bungalow on wheels, and beckoned the other in. "Just let her rave, but you don't have to allow it to soak in."

The cavalier started at this lack of politeness, and was about to comment on it, when the publicity man yanked open a door, revealing Dora Delura in person, draped inelegantly upon a couch, eating peppermints. Mr. Guffey began to tremble anew; there SHE was; honey-colored hair, greenish eyes and the mouth that made her resemble a lachrymose angel.

"Dora," said Joe, "here is Mr. Guffey."  
"Where?" queried the vision, looking directly at that gentleman.  
"In front of you, and all ready to discuss that song."

Miss Delura looked her caller up and down in a knowing manner he had never seen in a picture. "Don't kid me," she tinkled, and rolled over on the couch.

Joe's face darkened. "Dora!" he snapped, "believe it or not, this is Mr. Guffey. He is here to give you publicity; do you want it, or not?"

DORA rolled back again, all smiles, and held out her hand. "You never can tell when they're joking around here, Mr. Guffey, but then, life is a joke, don't you think?"

"At present," stated the mesmerised one, "it's a pleasure."  
"You flatterer," cooed Miss Delura, "but then, I suppose, a man like you practices on all the girls he meets. Still, you're here to talk about music." She looked earnestly at the box of peppermints. "Don't you adore Brahms? And Massenet? And Saint-Saens?" Mr. Guffey gaped.

"How about the business end?" cut in Joe Garvin. "Will you run her picture on the cover of the song? What radio stations will you tie up with?"

"Well," began the counterfeit composer, sparring for another idea, "I—"

"You can go," said Dora, over her shoulder. "We don't want to be bothered with details, do we, Mr. Guffey?" And, leaning back in her best Cleopatra attitude, she gave him the look that makes men miss trains.

When Mr. Garvin had closed the door, Miss Delura laughed coquettishly and stared hard at the red and lemon tie. Then she laughed some more, and gradually it came to her listener that her voice was rather hoarse.

"I'M sorry you have a cold," he ventured. Miss Delura looked thoughtful. After a moment she said, "Oh, yes, but it isn't a cold. I always adjust my voice to suit the character I'm playing, and I'll be using this one for some time. You see, I'm supposed to be a San Francisco girl, so naturally my voice is husky from the fog." She took his hand and pulled him down beside her on the couch. "And now, tell me all about your plans for putting me on every radio and phonograph in the country."

Mr. Guffey stirred uneasily. He hadn't thought of his scheme on such a grand scale, but as his idol leaned closer, nothing seemed impossible. The subtle odor of heliotrope sifted up his generous nose, putting him in a state of optimistic recklessness, and for the next fifteen minutes he delivered a meaningless flood of words, garnished with all the musical terms he knew. But not a whisper escaped him concerning Gravity Falls and the Bijou.

"What I can't understand is why you picked me," she murmured, when he came up for air.

"Because I'm crazy about you," said Mr. Guffey, now talking without effort, "and have been for years. You're the loveliest thing I've ever seen."

Miss Delura negotiated a blush, then she looked at her knight so thrillingly that he shook like the tremolo stop on the organ. "I'll help you to capture the right melody," she assured him, "but we're being too formal. What's your first name?" Mr. Guffey gulped the in-

formation. "All right, Stan it is. Now, you'll stay here and lunch with me, because I won't be called until this afternoon. Then, if you want to, you can take me to dinner and the theater. Where are you staying?"

When he told her, the green eyes flickered strangely. "Have you seen Norma and Janet and Corinne, and the rest of the beauties?" she asked. "They're always around there, and maybe you'll think they're prettier than poor little me."

"I WOULDN'T give ten cents for a basketful of them," said Stan loyally. "I don't want to look at anyone but you, Miss Delura."

"You mean Dora," she laughed. "You know, Stan, I like you a lot already. Most men are so changeable about women. Cross your heart you wouldn't write a song about any other girl? Then I'm going to let you take me around a good deal these evenings."

"I didn't know you went around," said Mr. Guffey.

"What do you mean?" Miss Delura's voice grew raspy.

"Aren't you the 'Nun of Hollywood, aloof and serene, like moonlight on the ocean'?"

"That's right, too," admitted Dora, wrinkling her forehead, "but only in a manner of speaking. I don't go out much, because I'm kind of reserved, that's all. And oh, Stan," she went on, "don't take offense, but red and yellow affect me strangely."

"Yeah," inquired the solicitous Mr. Guffey, "what do they do to you?"

"They make me want to scream, and checks are bad luck, too. It's my artistic sense, I guess, but I'm wild about navy blue. You know, soft and subdued, like my closeups."

"Well," said the thwarted Beau Brummel, "just to show you how much I think of you, I'll ditch these clothes. It's funny, too, because when a girl starts ribbing up a guy about his clothes, it usually gets him sore."

The door was jerked open, and the irritable Mr. Garvin inserted his head. "Hey!" he shouted, "I'm sending in a sobbie from the Kalamazoo 'Gazette.' Give her the I-hate-men stuff. Here," he continued, slipping a piece of paper in the back of a magazine, and handing to Dora without the faintest sign of reverence. "Play with that while you're talking."

"Shoot her in," ordered Dora, "but I won't spare much of my time, because I'm too interested in Stan, here. Stan, do you mind going out with Joe until this interview is over? And listen, Joe, he's taking me to the Coconut Grove tonight, and tomorrow as well." Dora's huskiness had taken on a malicious tinge.

Joe gave her a tired smile. "That's fine," he said. "Even in all that mob you'll certainly be noticeable."

\* \* \*

FOR five days Mr. Stanley Guffey lived with all the nonchalance of the ivory pellet on a roulette wheel, and had about as much to say regarding what would happen next. The determined Dora herded him around town to lunches, teas, the Ambassador, a world premiere at the Chinese Theater, moonlight rides to Palos Verdes, star gazing on the beach at Malibu, until he was punch drunk with enthusiasm.

He had been made welcome at her home on a sandstone shelf in Beverly Hills, and had encountered a lady known as Momma, who was fat, wheezy and owned a suspicious eye. He also made the acquaintance of sundry inspirational beverages smuggled in from Mexico, which had encouraged him to rhyme "flowers" with "hours" and "part" with "heart." Juggling these with a few bars of Verdi, he managed to make a beginning for his serenade, and was relieved to find that Dora believed his music to be original. Then, Saturday midnight, she gave him an infinitesimal kiss, and Mr. Guffey went home to the Ambassador with his ears laid back.

On Sunday morning, he lay abed until noon, when, not receiving the customary telephone call, he fell into the error of millions of swains before him. "Dear little girl," he said to his



mirror, "she's probably oversleeping. I'll breeze right out there and surprise her." But on his arrival the Filipino butler informed him that Dora was out, and made no attempt to invite Mr. Guffey in. However, the guileless Stan preferred the sunshiny lawn, and proceeded to moon about, trying to think of a good tune to adapt.

Suddenly the obese Momma bulged herself out of an upper window. "What do you want?" she called.

"I'm just waiting for Dora."  
 "Did she invite you today?" asked the fat lady, with emphasis on the pronouns.

"Why, no," said the surprised Stan, "but she told me to come out any time. I'll just hang around for a while."

"EVERYBODY with a house says that," wheezed Momma, "but they don't expect people to believe it. You better go back to the hotel, Mr. Guffey. Dora is away."

Even Napoleon crowded his luck once too often, and Mr. Guffey was standing beside the honeysuckle bush where Dora had let him hold her hand. "It's nice out here," he said, with the recklessness of ignorance. "I get swell ideas out in the sun." Momma made a gurgling noise, and slammed the window, so, to avoid irritating her, the little organist strolled down the gravel path to the back of the house. He poked an inquisitive head into the patio, and then remained stockstill, regarding the loosely dressed figure of Mr. Joe Garvin.

"Howdy, Professor," greeted that gentleman coolly. "How's the love song?"

"Not bad," countered Stan feebly, dredging about for a solution of the publicity man's presence. "How's every little thing?"

It appeared that every little thing was all present and correct. Joe talked easily on motion picture topics, and was going strong with his opinion of supervisors, when Mr. Guffey crashed blindly in with the all-important question: "Where's Dora?"

"Oh, her," said Joe, arraging his dishabille. "Why, Cuthbert just got back from the East, and she's out with him."

"Cuthbert," repeated the stricken swain. "What a hell of a name. Who's he?"

Joe yawned, and blew a row of smoke rings. "A big hub and spoke man from Wheeling, whose dad left him a few million. Dora's going to marry him."

Mr. Guffey took this verbal wallop right in the nose, and sat down suddenly, quite certain that his legs had turned to rubber. "Marry him!" he gasped. "When?"

MR. GARVIN smiled grimly. "As soon," he said, flicking a match alight with his thumbnail, "as she can divorce me. She's grabbing him for insurance against the time when she's through." Joe went on, "and it's a wise move, at that. He can have her. When I married her, Mr. Guffey, she was pearl diving in a Memphis restaurant, and it wasn't so long ago, either. We came to Hollywood, she clicked, and now I get the runaround like the rest of the Good Samaritans."

The pride of Gravity Falls moaned. "And all the stories said she was so different."

"That was just my method of giving her publicity. No matter what the writers really thought, they'd spill the same old bunk. Lots of stars have personality, but Dora is a bit heavy in the conk, so we cover that up by making her mysterious. She don't know anything. Did she talk to you about Brahms, and all the rest? Well, I wrote their names in the lid of that candy box, and put her wise. And the only reason she's been sticking so close to you is to prevent some other dame making a play for the song idea. I never could figure out why you chose her, Mr. Guffey. Don't gape at me like that."

"I was crazy about your wife," mumbled Stan, "and there's something you ought to know. I kissed her."

"You'll get over it."

"I thought she was reserved, and all that."

"Sure," said Joe, "reserved for Cuthbert."

*Thank you for this*  
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*It has answered questions I couldn't ask my friends"*



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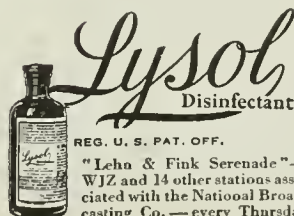
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# BASHFUL?

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Listen, maybe you better go now," he suggested, patting the other on the shoulder. "Remember her as she is on the screen, but I guess you'll have a tough time composing now."

MR. GUFFEY was trying to assemble a few words, when there were raucous shrieks from the house, and footsteps came running across the floors Mr. Guffey had trodden in rose-colored bliss. The next moment out catapulted Dora and a stupid-looking youth with an infantile pink face.

"So there you are," she squawked, and Stan realized that she had been using her natural voice all the time. "You impostor! You no-good—"

"I'll handle this," said Cuthbert, endeavoring to appear heroic. "Now, then, what do you mean by passing yourself off as Professor Stanton Guffey, of Chicago?"

"Pass off, hell," snorted the maligned musician. "Stanley Guffey is my name, not Stanton." Mr. Garvin suddenly tensed.

"I suppose you never heard of Stanton Guffey," sneered Cuthbert.

"He's a stranger to me," said the truthful Stan.

"I think you're a liar," pursued Cuthbert, "but anyway, Professor Stanton Guffey, of Chicago, is a very famous musician and a friend of my family. When Dora told me he was out here, and then described you, I knew something was wrong.

"All musicians are funny-looking birds, of course, but—"

"That's just it!" yelled Dora. "I thought he was a new comedian, all made up like a minstrel, but Joe gave me the tip to be nice to him. How was I to know? I don't pal around with a flock of professors, glory be to Will Hays. Oh, you dumb cluck," she howled at the shrinking suitor, "I could strangle you!"

"Fold up," said Joe. "Listen, Guffey, how did you come to send that telegram? It got us all excited, having such a famous signature, and we didn't notice the little difference in the names."

"I just wanted to sound important," admitted Stan. "Honest, I never heard of this other Guffey."

Cuthbert let out a nasty chortle. "You must be well up in the music world. What do you do—dust off pianos?"

Mr. Guffey, miserable as he was, froze with dignity. "Listen, you," he snarled, "a crack like that gets us artists sore. There's other places besides Chicago, and I'm here to tell you that I'm the best little organist in Gravity Falls, Wisconsin."

"Gravity Falls," cackled Miss Delura.

"What's that—a slogan?"

"It's a town," he informed her, "that has better looking dames than a Memphis dishwasher."

Strangely enough, he was thinking of the way Viola's hair framed her face and how her black eyes could flash.

Dora reddened beneath her enamel and kept staring fixedly at the deserter from her public.

"Grab him!" she screamed, "I'm going to get publicity out of this, one way or another. Grab him, I tell you!"

"Grab him yourself," said Joe, walking away. "He's given me the only laugh I've had this year."

MR. GUFFEY retained only cloudy memories of the events leading up to the tragedy. He recalled vaguely that the chauffeur, aided by the pulpy Cuthbert, sat upon him while the stentorian Momma phoned for a policeman. And after the bluecoats came reporters and camera men, subsequent to which he lost interest in the case, as becomes a gentleman who has been struck with a blunt instrument.

After a night in the seldom used Beverly Hills jail, a warden presented him with a cup of villainous coffee and a morning paper. The thick headline leaped at him accusingly, and with his good eye he read:

## DORA DELURA SAVED FROM ATTACK BY MORON

Crazed by love, musician  
pursues fragile beauty to  
Beverly Hills boudoir

Below ran six or eight poses of the fragile beauty and one of the fiend, which turned out to be a playful term for Mr. Guffey. Looking things over, he decided that the only break he had received was that someone had booked him under a fictitious name. Then, suddenly homesick for the friendly audiences of the Bijou, he lowered his head into shaking hands. The next moment he sprang to his feet.

"THE charge is withdrawn," came Joe's voice. "Open up, sergeant, and I'll tow him to safety." And when the grateful Stan tottered outside Mr. Garvin braced him against a telephone pole, and flagged a taxi. "Listen, kid," he told him, "I'm a small townner, too, like the rest of the Hollywood push. You better go back if you know what's good for you."

The possessor of a broken heart drooped unhappily. "I will," he promised, "but first, where is a good place to get stewed?"

Mr. Garvin gazed at him with complete understanding. "I know how it is," he said, depositing his burden in the corner of a cruising taxi. "Tia Juana, kid, if you've got the price."

So Mr. Guffey stumbled over to Mexico with numerous bruises and forty-two hundred dollars in cash, and after weaving around for several hours discovered that he was at the race track. An owlish inspection of the programme showed him that there was a horse called Love's Labor Lost in the next race, and, having reached the weeping stage of the celebration, the name made him worse than ever. Carefully undressing himself to the extent necessary before he could disinter the four thousand dollars next to his shirt, he trotted up to the fifty dollar window, and bawled for eighty tickets on the horse of his choice.

"What's the matter, son?" asked the mutual man. "Too much moosemilk?"

"So fair, and yet so false," sobbed the discarded lover, reeling off a subtitle. "Now to toss the dice with fate," and with a gesture that would have made Sydney Carton jealous, he handed over his sheaf of bills.

ABOUT a week later a furtive young gentleman crept into Gravity Falls, entertaining timid thoughts about the prodigal son, the golden-hearted home town girl, warm arms around his neck and all the rest of it. Habit drew him toward the Bijou, but as he neared it, the amorous haze melted like an indestructible pearl when exposed to heat. There was Viola getting ready to leave, arm in arm with a glossy little shrimp who peddled silk stockings. Mr. Guffey reflected for an instant on the perfidy of women, then, entertaining no notions of false chivalry, he clouted the escort in the jaw, and chased Viola all the way home. Unable to catch her, he also had to endure being jeered at by the young lady from the protection of her front door.

Once more he retraced his steps, and resumed the old custom of mumbling to himself. "I'll lead her a dusty road tomorrow," he promised, "because I'll buy in on my share of the Bijou from old Watts. He wants to sell, sure enough. Love's Labor Lost—I'll say so. That plug came in at ten to one, but why should I cheer? The best I got was six to one, on account of that bum on the mutuels slipping me place tickets. Twenty-four grand instead of forty, and all because I was slightly boiled. Some fellows just never have the luck."

An hour before the matinee he paced smartly into the First National Bank, listened to the lawyers and their whereases, and emerged part owner of Gravity Falls' only cathedral. He was wearing his minstrel ensemble, and the glint of battle was in his eyes as he marched up to the box office.

"You're fired!" he snapped at Viola. "Breeze on out to your silk stocking sheik."

The girl paled. "Why, Stan," she said



## MOTHER DON'T BE QUAIN'T

"he's nothing to me." Then her black eyes smoked dangerously. "But who do you think you're talking to? Go on back and massage those keys, and dream of your dizzy Dora."

"Mr. Guffey to you," advised that genius, pounding on the glass, "and one-third owner here. I been to Hollywood, and I got new ideas. Outside, before I run you out."

Viola stared at him, and her lips began to tremble. Nice, curvy lips, Mr. Guffey couldn't help thinking, and not all stiff with paint like certain others. Nevertheless, he walked inside the booth to show that he was in earnest.

"GET your coat," he said. "No woman is going to make a monkey out of me," and he tried not to notice the perfume in her hair, which wasn't heliotrope, and the suedelike softness of her throat. A little hand crumpled his lapel, and Mr. Guffey began to have doubts as to the wisdom of coming into the box office.

"Stan, dear, you couldn't; you wouldn't," she crooned.

"Wouldn't I?" he demanded, but it didn't sound as harsh as he expected. A moment later they were interrupted by an inquisitive person who wanted to buy a ticket.

The erstwhile hound of Hollywood entered the theater, and strolled absently to his place in the wings. "Well, anyhow," he muttered. "In the end, she quit. She's going to walk right out, and over to the new job, which is running that bungalow I'm buying for my wife. But how it all happened is a mystery to me; it's just one of those things that crop up when you pay more attention to the dames than to a five-keyboard console.

"No domination. No master-of-my-fate stuff. It's enough to get a guy sore, but the funny thing is," said Mr. Guffey, as he stepped into the circle of orange light and bowed happily, "that I'm not."

## HEART THROBS

Newark, N. J.

Perhaps I should have written this letter seven, eight or more years ago. But at that time, I did not have a partially paralyzed mother to take care of; nor a large house to manage; nor a consuming ambition to drive me. Today—I have all three.

Last night, I saw a revival of "Over the Hills," in a mood that bordered on desperation at the inexplicable situation that Fate had woven around me. To continue the monotony of a sick room seemed unendurable, with the desire for a career hammering at my temples. Yet how? Leave my mother in the hands of a stranger? I couldn't. Send her to an institution? I'd rather die.

This old story of the unwanted mother unrolled before me. I saw the pathetic wistfulness, the clinging fingers, the frail mother who could not believe that her children no longer wanted her. And something within me swelled—and burst. It was the bitterness leaving my soul, bringing renewed strength and determination to "carry on."

And this letter, coming about a picture of so many years ago, may make some misguided souls realize that the influence of the movies is endless—unimaginable—and beyond the understanding of mere Man.

C.W.

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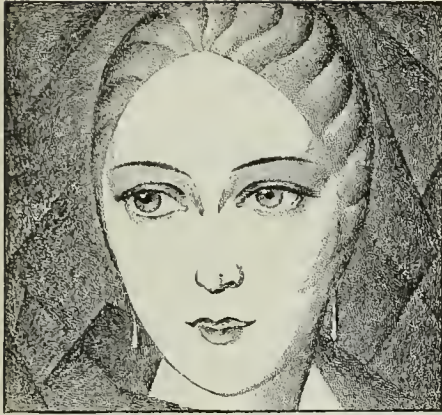


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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

**HEARTS OF MEN**—Anchor.—And producers ain't got no heart. (Oct.)

**HEART TO HEART**—First National.—Agreeable and original comedy of small town life. You'll like it. (September.)

**HEART TROUBLE**—First National.—Harry Langdon writes his own finish in pictures. (Sept.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HIS RISE TO FAME**—Excellent.—Prize ring stuff with night club trimmings. (September.)

**HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

**\*HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HOT NEWS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels hunts for thrills in the news reel game. And finds 'em. (September.)

**HOUND OF SILVER CREEK, THE**—Universal.—Dynamite, the new dog star, blasts an inferior story to success. (August.)

**I FORBID**—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Koshier film of breaking hearts. (November.)

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

**\*INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

**JUST MARRIED**—Paramount.—Honeymoon farce on a transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (September.)

**KID'S CLEVER, THE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE RODEO**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**\*KIT CARSON**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par western. (Oct.)

**LADIES OF THE MOB**—Paramount.—Clara Bow becomes a gunman's "moll" and handles a dramatic story skillfully. (September.)

**LADIES OF THE NIGHT CLUB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—A clown and a millionaire are rivals for the affections of a cabaret girl. Synthetic heart interest. (August.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LIGHTS OF NEW YORK**—Warner-Vitaphone.—First all-talkie feature and, naturally, pretty crude. Squawking night clubs and audible murders. (September.)

**\*LILAC TIME**—First National.—Thrilling and romantic war drama with enough sentiment to lift it above the run of war plays. (August.)

**LINGERIE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a war romance that you'll like. (Oct.)

**LION AND THE MOUSE**—Warner-Vitaphone.—Partly dialogue with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE**—Hercules.—Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (September.)

**LITTLE YELLOW HOUSE, THE**—FBO.—An awful fuss about nothing at all. (August.)

**LOST IN THE ARCTIC**—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

**LOVE OVER NIGHT**—Pathe.—Mystery stuff eased over with some good comedy. (September.)

**MADOLON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAGNIFICENT FLIRT, THE**—Paramount.—Mother and daughter in a mix-up of romances. Snave direction and the fascinating work of Florence Vidor put this picture across. (August.)



Director Richard Wallace is in a terrible jam. When the talkies came he threw away his megaphone and now his technicians are all locked up in a glass show case and can't hear a word he's saying. This is the filming of a scene for "The Shopworn Angel," new Paramount talking picture, and the leggy young lady getting a good horse laugh on poor Richard is Nancy Carroll, the leading woman



**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

**MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE**—Rayart.—Thrilling and enthralling Secret Service yarn. Above average. (September.)

**\*MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MASKED ANGEL, A**—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (Oct.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**\*MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount—Caddo.—Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (Oct.)

**\*ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MIDNIGHT LIFE**—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct.)

**MIDNIGHT TAXI, THE**—Warners.—Bootlegger and hijackers run riot. (August.)

**MODERN MOTHERS**—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Babbitts. (Oct.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

**\*MOTHER KNOWSBEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

**MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo as a spy in a war romance. And, oh what fun for the officers! (September.)

**NAME THE WOMAN**—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (Oct.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice Whitel Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

**\*NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

**\*NOAH'S ARK**—Warners.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct.)

**NONE BUT THE BRAVE**—Fox.—Once more the college hero makes good. (Oct.)

**NO OTHER WOMAN**—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for no good reason. (September.)

**OBEY YOUR HUSBAND**—Anchor.—Horrible moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

**OH KAY!**—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

**OLD CODE, THE**—Anchor.—Heaven help the Indian on a night like this! (Oct.)

**\*ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

**OPENING NIGHT, THE**—Columbia.—One moment of cowardice wrecks the life of an otherwise fine man. A drama worth seeing. (August.)

**ORPHANS OF THE SAGE**—FBO.—Hoss pitcher. (Oct.)

**\*OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively and very modern romance in the younger set, staged in a luxurious background and ornamented by Joan Crawford, Anita Page and Dorothy Sebastian. John Mack Brown and Nils Asther also help a lot. (August.)

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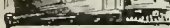
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**\*OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUT OF THE RUINS**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great handfuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PAINTED POST**—Fox.—Tom Mix's swan song for Fox. (September.)

**PHANTOM CITY, THE**—First National.—Fun and mystery in a deserted mining town, with Ken Maynard as the spook chaser. (August.)

**PHANTOM PINTO, THE**—Ben Wilson.—Why expect a pinto pony and a flock of horses to furnish all the brains of a picture? (August.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**POLLY OF THE MOVIES**—First Division.—Inexpensive but entertaining film about an ugly duckling who would be a movie queen. (September.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

**\*POWER**—Pathe.—Romantic adventures of Bill Boyd and Alan Hale a couple of dam good workers—or good dam workers. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**PROWLERS OF THE SEA**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Devastating effects of a beautiful Cuban girl on the morale of a Navy officer. (September.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**QUEEN OF THE CHORUS, THE**—Anchor.—Routine. Temptations of a chorus girl, with virtue triumphant. (August.)

**\*RACKET, THE**—Caddo-Paramount.—Thomas Meighan, as a lone cop, cleans up a gang of racketeers, headed by Louis Wolheim. Don't miss it. (August.)

**RAIDER EMDEN, THE**—Emelka-Columbia.—A thrilling reproduction of the most spectacular sea exploits of the War. (August.)

**RANSOM**—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**\*RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**\*REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

**RIDING TO FAME**—Elbee.—Does the villainous bookie succeed in queering the horse race and wrecking young love? Don't be dumb! (August.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

**RIVER WOMAN, THE**—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

**ROAD HOUSE**—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

**\*ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SALLY OF THE SCANDALS**—FBO.—Bessie Love puts life into a back-stage story that might have been dull. (August.)

**SALLY'S SHOULDERS**—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ld. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SAWDUST PARADISE, THE**—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Raalson. (Oct.)

**SAY IT WITH SABLES**—Columbia.—Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (September.)

**SCARLET LADY, THE**—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

**\*SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compton. (Jan.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

**SHIP COMES IN, A**—Pathe-De Mille.—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**\*SHOW PEOPLE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Marion Davies and William Haines portray the funny side of the goof who would get into the movies. Recommended. (August.)

**SILENT SHELDON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**\*SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

**SINGLE MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

**\*SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIN TOWN**—Pathe.—Just a poor western. (Oct.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKIRTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Syd Chaplin in a soggy British comedy. (September.)

**SMILIN' GUNS**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

**SPEED CHAMPION, THE**—Rayart.—If you can get steamed up over the adventures of a grocery boy. (September.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOP THAT MAN**—Universal.—Arthur Lake in a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch this lad! (September.)

**STORMY WATERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Eve Southern tries a *Sadie Thompson* but this story of love in the tropics doesn't quite come off. (August.)

**STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPER**—Deu-First National.—German picture with original plot. Just a bit heavy. (August.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Back-stage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE**—Excellent.—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

**STRONGER WILL, THE**—Excellent.—Just one long yawn. (August.)

**SUBMARINE**—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**TAKE ME HOME**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**TAXI 13**—FBO.—Chestor Conklin in the funny adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

**\*TERROR, THE**—Warners.—Mystery stuff, well presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)



**THREE RING MARRIAGE**—First National.—Heart interest and comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**THUNDERCLOUD, THE**—Anchor.—A good scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE**—Gotham.—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN**—Anchor.—Fair enough war burlesque but enough's enough. (Sept.)

**TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE**—FBO.—Cactus epic and simply terrible. (September.)

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**—Universal.—Originally reviewed in January. Sound effects have increased its box-office value. (Oct.)

**UNDRESSED**—Sterling.—Teaching us not to be mean to our children and also not to pose for strange artists. An odd plate of hash. (September.)

**UNITED STATES SMITH**—Gotham.—Eddie Gribbon and Mickey Bennett in a roughneck but funny comedy. (August.)

**VANISHING PIONEER, THE**—Paramount.—The return of Jack Holt to the Paramount ranch. And the result is a Grade A Western. (August.)

**VARSITY**—Paramount.—The more sentimental side of life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Brian will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VIRGIN LIPS**—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**\*WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE**—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE**—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellant scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**\*WHEEL OF CHANCE**—First National.—Richard Barthelmess does some good acting in a dual rôle. You forget the improbabilities of the story in your interest in the star's acting and the dramatic situations. (August.)

**WHEN THE LAW RIDES**—FBO.—Something better than the conventional Western plot. With Tom Tyler and Frankie Darrow. (August.)

**WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney *au naturel*. Swell crook story. (September.)

**WHIP, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in an English sporting melodrama that just misses being thrilling. (September.)

**WHITE SHADOWS OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Just misses being a remarkable picture. Its weakness of story is atoned for by some of the most beautiful tropical pictures ever filmed. (August.)

**WIFE'S RELATIONS, THE**—Columbia.—Naive romance of an heiress who finds a job and a husband in a department store. (August.)

**WILD WEST ROMANCE**—Fox.—Some thrills in this Western but Rex Bell, the newcomer, will never fill the Stetson of Tom Mix. (August.)

**WIN THAT GIRL**—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**\*WOMAN DISPUTED, THE**—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in a stirring drama of Central Europe during the war. (September.)

**WOMAN FROM MOSCOW, THE**—Paramount.—Pola Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

**\*WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**WOMAN'S WAY, A**—Columbia.—This time the diamond necklace is lost in the Latin Quarter of Paris. (August.)

**WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT**—Warners.—Charming Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

**WOMEN WHO DARED**—Excellent.—Slumming party to the lower East Side, as the movies picture it. (August.)

**WRIGHT IDEA, THE**—First National.—But gone wrong. (Oct.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)

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# The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78 ]



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were asking, "How did he get back on the lot?" a new voice was heard, a man's voice, MacDougal, the night gateman came to his feet, with a paper in his hand. A stern, hard man! A man with a grim mouth. A man who plainly is not afraid of God, man or devil! He made this startling announcement.

"IN order that the innocent may not suffer . . . I ask the coroner to read this statement to the people gathered here." Somebody took the paper up to the coroner, and while every breath in the room was held, he read:

"I killed Dwight Hardell on the night of December 15th. To this confession I set my hand and seal. Signed, Scot MacDougal."

"To say pandemonium reigned would be putting it mildly. The mental confusion in the coroner's room was beyond description. Up to the press time of this issue, nothing more definite has been divulged, but unappeased curiosity is running rife. Who, then, is the real murderer of Dwight Hardell? That is the question to which, while there appears to have been three answers, there is as yet no proven reply!"

There was more of the sob sisters' story, but this covers the main points.

Captain of Detectives Smith was perusing the lay of the sob sisters with a derisive smile, when Ryan came into his office.

"It's a sweet dish, eh, Cap?" inquired he, looking over his superior's shoulder. They read in silence for a moment, and then Ryan added:

"Which one of 'em do you think is guilty?"  
 "I think they're all liars!" exclaimed Smith angrily.

The expression on Ryan's face brightened eagerly.

"Why . . . anything new?"  
 "No. Merely common sense. Two of them have got to be, anyway! But which one does that leave us? Maybe all three are lying, but the devil of it is, the more I go into the case the

more I can see that any one of them could have done it . . ."

"Well, it's a cinch Beaumont's safe, anyway . . . the way she got everybody going yesterday! All she has to do is to look twice at a jury, and she's cleared . . . that, and the self-defense plea!"

"Huh! Vlatcher isn't the kind to take a chance. . . ."

"What'ye mean?"

"Frame-up!"

Ryan considered this, a slight frown pulling at his brows.

"But, Chief . . . that girl sure must have been telling the truth . . . her face, and . . . fainting, and all! And the fellow who felt her wrist says it's all she claimed it is! I tell you she sure got me going, Chief!"

Smith looked up with a dry smile.

"The sooner you two boys get married, the sooner I'm going to get a heap more savvy out of you!"

"Why?"

"You'll know more about women . . . that's all! Ryan, there isn't a woman on earth who isn't a born actress . . . on occasion! All right. Added to that, with Beaumont we've got a professional! You don't suppose any canny Jew like Rosenthal is going to pay perfectly good money to a girl who can't act, do you? Not he. He's got too much sense! For two years that girl has been drawing down seven hundred dollars a week . . . to . . . put it over! Starting next month she gets fifteen hundred, and a starring contract! Add that to the cleverest lawyer on the coast . . . and . . . what have you?"

RYAN thought a moment.  
 "Ha, I've got it! When West confessed she went to Vlatcher to defend him . . . and . . . being Vlatcher he made use of what he had . . . to the best advantage! It's a cinch West's confession isn't worth a darn if there's another in the offing!"



Meet the Quillans. Eddie, the little Pathe comic whose new one is "Noisy Neighbors," drafted the family for the film, even papa. They are, from left to right, Isabelle, Marie, Joe, Eddie, John, Buster and Dad. The lady is Jane Keckley, who plays the mother. At home are Mamma Quillan and three more girls



# The Story of Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream

Over thirty years ago, when I was a young medical student in Vienna, I worked under the direction of a famous physician and skin specialist who had remarkable success in treating the greatest variety of skin troubles. And although he gave different prescriptions to his patients, they were all founded on one special base.

I marveled at this unguent which had power not only to soothe and heal the skin, but to invest it with great beauty. And I began earnestly to wish that more people might know about this wonderful preparation and benefit by it . . . I dreamed of possessing the formula and re-creating it in the form of a beauty preparation that would be a cleanser, molder and revitalizer in one . . . a balm soothing and protective to the delicate skin of a baby.

I will spare you a recital of the struggles and the failures bridging this vision of mine and its realization. It took years and years of persistent effort before I finally persuaded the Viennese physician to part with his secret recipe . . . the price was a fortune! From this recipe, after many, many more years of research and experimentation, I evolved my Pasteurized Face Cream. And nothing can equal my joy when the great task was completed, when I held in my hands this *concentrated beauty treatment!*

## WHAT IS "PASTEURIZED CREAM"?

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"You said it, fellow . . . but, here's another angle . . . if, one of those two is guilty . . . and I'm not yet convinced this isn't the case . . . Vlatcher will pull them both scot free unless we can pin the dead wood on either one of 'em! That's going to be *some* job . . . and he knows it!"

For a few moments they smoked in silence, then Smith laid down his pipe.

"Well, what did you find out on that Seibert stuff?"

"It checks up O. K. He said he stopped in the traffic hold at Santa Monica and Hyland . . . didn't he? Well, he did. There's a cigar shop there where he has his cigarettes made to order . . . or ordered, or something. Anyway, the guy knows him well, Hardell buys there too. Seems the guy saw 'em both the night of the murder. . . ."

"Can he swear to it?"

"YEP. Recognized Hardell by the lace on his sleeve, and the way he has of waving his hand to him. Seems while they were waiting he called to have a box of cigars brought him, and the cigar store guy went out, and slung it in the back seat, because by that time the traffic was moving. Hardell called out to 'charge 'em.' "

"Well, that's that . . ." said Smith. "All right, we'll mark that off. Now let's go over the whole thing before Clancy comes in. Added to the fact that any one of the self-confessed murderers could have done it, is the fact that each one of the three had a motive! Undoubtedly MacDougal has been keeping something up his sleeve. The daughter, of course. We could eliminate both Beaumont and West on the theory that one confessed to save the other. Let's start with Beaumont—and the scream! She did not mention hearing any such scream while she was hiding by the stage. Answer to that is, she was lying. She never hid by the stage. She doesn't know anything about the condition in which Hardell's body was found."

"Wait a minute, chief!" interrupted Ryan triumphantly. "You who know so much about women! The girl screamed herself! You don't think a girl's going to go through what she did with Hardell, and not yell, do you? Sure . . . it would be an unconscious cry . . . but she'd do it!"

Smith looked over at the other, and the customary deep-lying twinkle appeared in his eyes.

"You're learning, my boy. To dodge an argument I'll grant you that she did it herself . . . but . . . to continue, she spoke of a struggle! There was no evidence of a struggle. . . ."

"A guy could get pretty rough with a girl and not wreck the scenery, even at that, couldn't he, Cap?"

"Maybe so. Anyway, this is the fly in the ointment! How did Hardell get back on the lot! She says he came back. The gateman says he didn't!"

RYAN leaned forward.

"Chief, I've worked with you a long time, and I know that sometimes you have queer ways of going at things. I've seen you pass up what appeared to be the key to the plot . . . and come out a winner at the end. But here's once when I think you're off on the wrong foot. . . ."

He hesitated, but Smith was listening keenly.

"Go on . . ."

"I'd drop everything . . . every, blamed angle of this crazy mix-up and . . . find out HOW Hardell got back! He got back. That's sure thing . . . but . . . HOW? When you get that, you'll get the right dope!"

"Think so?"

"I sure do!"

"Well, I think so myself! I've been sort of letting that slide and checking up on the things that . . . time could wipe out . . . you understand! But . . . it's come to where it can't slide any longer! It's the puzzler, and it's got to be solved. But, now back to West.



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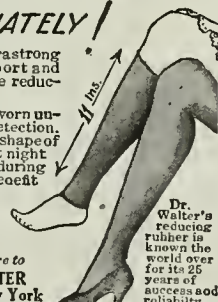
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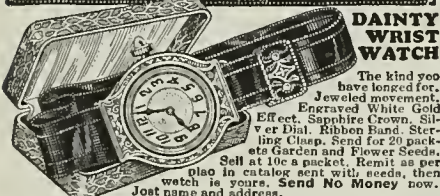
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We've got the same set of circumstances as with Beaumont. He had a motive. Jealousy, or vengeance, because the man was a rotter and annoying his girl. He knew, or suspected, that Beaumont went out to the studio to meet Hardell. He probably saw her go onto the set. Anyway, he up and confessed as soon as I sprung those bloody fingerprints on him. Either he did it, and saw that, through a peculiar happenstance of Beaumont's finding the body, and getting her hands in the blood, it would be pinned on to her . . . or, he deliberately assumed the crime because he believes she did it! The latter seems likely. It looks like he might have known she killed the man, and went and deliberately made those footprints to save her!"

"Gee, it would take pretty quick thinking, and a lot of nerve to do that!"

"That boy was worn out, emotionally, yesterday, but don't fool yourself he isn't a smart one, or that he hasn't got nerve!" said Smith. "I let Clancy bulldoze him a bit to find out! He's got it, all right . . . and he thinks quick, too!"

RYAN looked up with a sudden thought. "It's a cinch he knew that blood was on his heel . . . when he tried to scuff it off! You saw the marks, didn't you?"

"Sure. Of course, did you stop to think he might have thought it was catsup . . . from the dummy?"

"Coincidental," said Ryan softly.

"Huh . . . rather. Too damned much so! And that leaves us only one theory. He knew it was there, and he did it deliberately. That means Beaumont killed the man, and her story is hole-proof! The scuffing of that blood shows just how quick a thinker that boy is! Plus . . . his training! He's been making pictures for years, and he knows to a finish all the little touches that build up a drama . . . the little, what producers call, 'human touches!' Damn it, they all do. That's what makes this case a humdinger!"

"Well, we've disposed of Beaumont and West as well as we can for the present. What about this other bird . . . MacDougal? You know, that guy looks straight, to me!"

"He got that expression being a redcoat! It may cover up a whole bag of tricks," said Smith shortly.

"There's one thing sure, though. Since I

talked to him, he's found out something new . . . something that pins it on him, sure . . . or on someone close to him . . . daughter, of course . . . or he wouldn't have confessed . . . not with two other confessions already on the table! You know, I think he confessed for the reason he said . . . he knows those two are innocent . . . and I believe he's straight and . . ."

"DON'T be silly, boy!" said Smith, impatiently. "No man is going to confess to murder just to keep an innocent person from hanging!"

"Well, that's just a feeling I had. You know you've always been strong on the intuition stuff. . . ."

"Ryan, I've had one about this case, and it won't let me sleep! In the face of all the evidence, I've got a strong hunch . . . that fights with all my reasoning . . . but . . . I believe . . ." and he pounded one fist in the other, but left the curious Ryan with an unfinished sentence. In a moment he went on, as if talking to himself.

"There's the fingerprints on the chair-rockers. Somebody crouched down by that chair, and put her fingers . . . for they are a woman's . . . on the chair to steady herself. Who? And when? Was it Beaumont, witnessing West kill Hardell, and keeping out of it? Was it MacDougal's daughter, who had sneaked in while her father was at lunch, coming to meet Hardell . . . finding him with another woman . . . goes insane with jealousy and confronts him in anger . . . grabs up the sword, and kills him. Then, terror-stricken, she kneels down to see if she has really done it, and . . . with a wild scream of horror runs from the set, leaving the fingerprints on the way! Either that, or . . . she goes there to meet Hardell, hears her father coming, who has seen her enter the lot while he is across the street, and hides. Her father either sees her crouching by the chair, or guesses it, and does what he has said he would do . . . kills Hardell!"

"Then the same action. The girl kneels by the man, screams, flees. Well, we'll have the fingerprint report complete soon, now . . . and it ought to tell us something. Looking at the possibilities of the various ways that murder could have happened . . . it tells us exactly . . . nothing!"



"Any one of the ways sounds logical," said Ryan.

"And ain't a damned bit," said Smith peevishly.

Ryan looked up quickly. It must be a pretty tough nut to crack if the captain was going to get on his ear about it!

"Say, did that fellow at the cigar store tell you about what time he saw Hardell and Seibert?"

"Sure. There's nothing off color there. He says it was around 12:30 . . . or nearly that."

"Was his clock, or watch, right?"

"He says the men working on that new hotel across from his place come in and get their midnight lunch at twelve o'clock. They had all gone, even the stragglers, and they only get a half-hour off . . ."

Ryan wondered why his chief's mind went back to what appeared to be a closed question. But all he got to salve his curiosity was:

**W**ELL, that makes a sweet dish sweeter! Did you check up whether Beaumont or West wore gloves that night . . . and MacDougal?"

"Yep. Beaumont wore driving gauntlets. West also. MacDougal has a pair he keeps in his office for odd jobs, or cold . . . why?"

"No prints on the rapier," said Smith briefly. Then he ran his hand up through his hair, after throwing his pencil down in disgust.

"That's the hell of it! Every time I get an idea that might lead to something, there's more than one answer to it! I'm beginning to think it was a gang up! It beats anything I ever worked on! Four people on that set, when there should have been but one besides Hardell! Four people with motives for a possible murder . . . or possible motives for a murder . . . put it either way you want to! Three willing to hang on their own testimony that they are guilty! Three people wearing gloves when we find one thing . . . one place . . . where there aren't fingerprints! Otherwise fingerprints, clues, all over the place! Damn it!"

"It's sure a muddle!"  
 "Muddle! It's a farce! It's a tragedy! I might as well go to hoeing potatoes for a living if I don't solve it, because it'll go down in history . . . mark my words!"

He stopped, and for a long moment sat staring into space. Then, with a return of his familiar self and his customary confidence, he said:

"Well, my tantrum's over, Ryan. I'm not going to let this thing get me down! Something's got to bust loose pretty soon. I'm going to forget everything in the shape of a clue, or evidence that we've gathered, and start following that hunch. . . ."

CHAPTER XII.

**A**ND the next morning . . .  
 "What the hell's broke loose in this movie murder?"

"Everything," said Smith laconically, watching with some satisfaction the swelling muscles of the chief's fat jowls.

The chief tilted his revolving chair back, and gazed sternly into the eyes of the captain of detectives.

He said: "You remember the Taylor case?"

Smith granted expressively.

"My boy, we can't have another murder mystery left up in the air!"

Smith took one of Rosenthal's cigars from his pocket and handed it to the man at the desk.

"Try that," he said enigmatically. After an instant in which the chief eyed him impatiently he did as bidden. The first whiff, and a slow smile of enjoyment spread itself effulgently over his heavy face.

"Ah . . ."

"Chief, everything about this damn case is like that cigar," said Smith.

"What'ye mean?"

"De Luxe! It's the prettiest murder I ever saw! Spread it with a lavish hand, if you get



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me! Who ever did it had a sardonic sense of humor, that's certain! In some ways it looks like the work of a silly kid . . . all messed up with clues that don't join up . . . haven't got any rhyme or reason! In some ways . . . it looks like . . . the work of a fiend who used to the best advantage all the possibilities of the situation . . . knowing it would create a hell of a tangle! When I went out there day before yesterday I dropped into a nightmare, chief! Another world! Things are faked so that you can't tell the difference with a spy-glass! I followed up the best I could. I knew I was leaving vital things up in the air, but it was a case of grab what I could while the grabbing was good! We won't solve this thing in a week . . . nor yet a month . . . nor . . ."

"WE'VE got to!" snapped the chief. "I'll throw every member of the force into it, if necessary! Man alive, did you see this?" He held out a paper.

"What Power is Behind This Movie Hoax? Does Arch Fiend Roam at Large While Local Police and Local Picture Magnate Sit Smiling and Inactive?"

"Panning us pretty hard, aren't they?"

"Panning?" snorted the other. "It's outrageous libel! They as much as come right out and state we're in with the picture interests to cover up! What about it?" The chief's eyes narrowed speculatively upon the captain. Smith's lips tightened to a thin line of anger as he looked back.

"I've been on this force since I was a kid. What do you think?"

"I think it's easy to go . . . 'the way of all flesh!'" replied the other. "You're smoking Rosenthal's cigars, and handing 'em out pretty free!"

"If you weren't the man you are, I'd bust you in the nose!"

The chief looked with secret satisfaction on Smith's fury-whitened face.

"That's fine. He's fighting mad," he thought. "Now he'll go out and put his mind down to business!" Aloud he said,

"All right. We understand each other. Does any one of these three confessions hold water?"

"Every one of them!"

"Eh?"

"You heard me! D'you think I've been losing sleep over this case for nothing?"

For a space the chief sat in silence. Then, "Have you located that MacDougal girl?"

"Clancy caught MacDougal sneaking to the hospital on the lot. Ought to have a report on it by now. . . ."

The chief grunted.

"I suppose you've tried out the theory that this girl is the meat in the oyster?" he asked.

"Just getting to it," admitted the other.

"Find out if Clancy's in. I'll hear what he has to report. . . ."

Ten minutes later . . .

"You got 'em?" from Smith.

"DIDN'T you send me after 'em?" from Clancy in an injured tone. "Sure, I got 'em!" and he handed his superior an envelope addressed to Miss Beth MacDougal, and marked, "Personal."

Smith took the paper carefully by the corner indicated by Clancy.

"Well, Chief, these ought to help a lot," he said.

"Ought to have had 'em twenty-four hours ago," was the reply. "How did you locate the girl, Clancy?"

Clancy stole a quick look at Smith, but finally replied shamefacedly:

"Oh, the joke's on us, Chief! She was on the lot all the time! Soon's her dad confessed we got the hunch, and looked at the time sheet of the day Hardell was murdered. She was marked in all right. She never left! MacDougal was in the clear, all right, though . . . he's only on the gate at night."

"Hm—well, what did you get out of her?"

"Aw—she ain't in it, Chief! Not the way you two think! She's only a kid . . . a baby! And she's sick. . . ."

"Maybe she's got something on her mind to make her sick," snapped the chief impatiently. "Get into your story, Clancy, and cut out the sob stuff!"

"Well, I went out there first thing this morning. Say, that nurse is a hard-boiled gal, all right! I had to pull my badge on her, and get rough before she'd let me see the kid! Then she keeps glarin' at me like I was a case of small-pox! The kid doesn't know her father's confessed . . . see? First she hauls back in the bed and looks at me like a scared rabbit . . . gets white as the sheet, and starts stuffing her handkerchief down her throat. I goes in and hands her the envelope. She sees her name is on it, and reaches out her little white hand, slow-like, and all the time watchin' me, scared to death, out of her big eyes. Well, she opens it, and . . . you know, there's nothin' in it. She says,

"It's . . . empty . . ." and looks at me puzzled. Before she gets the idea and spoils the evidence, I take it away from her, like I was goin' to look in the envelope, myself, you understand . . . Well, then the kid just stares at me gettin' whiter'n whiter. Finally she says:

"WHAT you do that for?" in a little whisper. I says, offhand like:

"Oh, that's just to get your fingerprints . . . and was goin' to tell her it didn't amount to nothin', when she pulls back on the pillow, and says:

"Fingerprints? Oh . . . my God!"

Clancy choked, and stopped.

"Go on, man," said the chief impatiently.

"Well, she just sits there starin' at me, and gettin' whiter'n whiter . . ."

"Impossible! She's done that three times," snapped the Chief.

"Well, she starts cryin', if you like that better," returned Clancy, not without spirit. "She's shakin' all over, so that you'd think she had a chill. I . . . er . . . try to make her feel better, see . . . so's to get her where she can talk . . . I goes over . . . and . . ."

"Never mind going into details. I presume you went over and put your arm around her," remarked the Chief sarcastically.

"Well, and so would you have," snapped Clancy. "I tell you the poor kid's scared to death, and sick, and . . . well, anyway, pretty soon she quiets down, and . . . say, what d'you think she says?"

"That's what we're waiting to hear, Clancy," smiled Smith, not unkindly.

"She scrouges back into the corner of the bed as far as she can get, and covers her face with her little hands, and cries,

"I wish God had never made men! Ain't that a hell of a thing to say? And her supposed to be dead in love with that guy Hardell, and me talkin' pretty to her, and makin' it as easy for her as I can? Well, then I springs the dope about her dad on her. And say, you can put this in your pipe and smoke it . . . that kid never had a ghost of an idea her dad was goin' to confess to the murder! No siree! I watched her careful, and I tell you it knocked her off her pins!"

"I SUPPOSE she got whiter'n whiter," said the chief dryly.

"She sure did," replied Clancy innocently. "Then she flops over on her pillow and buries her face and . . . God, how that kid cried! No foolin' I thought she was goin' to bust a G string!" Clancy stopped and gazed into space.

"Did she say anything?"

"The nurse comes in, mad as a hornet, and glares at me. She goes over and feels the kid's pulse, and straightens up and gives me the fishy eye.

"It doesn't make any difference to me if the whole police force is back of you, she yelps, 'you aren't going to kill this child . . . not if I know it! Can you beat it? She makes me go



out of the room, and sit in the hall twiddlin' my thumbs for half an hour! She tells me if I've any more damage to do, I'll have to wait until the kid's quieted down. Seems she's got a fever, or somethin', and the nurse says it's as good as curtains if she gets too excited!"

"Just what's the matter with this girl?" asked the chief.

"GOSH, I don't know! She's good and sick, that's certain. Well, while I'm sitting there, I hear her. Gosh, she sounds like a little kid. . . . I seen one once, wandering in the park, rubbin' its eyes and sobbin' . . . cryin' for its Daddy . . . well, that's the way she sounded to me. I heard her sayin':

"They'll hang him! They'll hang my Daddy! Oh, my God . . . what did I ever do it for?"

The two other men looked quickly at each other when Clancy's lips pronounced this last. The Chief said,

"Huh! You are certain that's what she said?"

"Sure! But that baby isn't a murderess! She meant somethin' else . . . I tell you the kid's too little 'n sweet . . . I tell you . . ."

"Shut up Clancy," snapped the Chief, "and get out!"

[ TO BE CONTINUED ]

## The Stars' Mad Night Life

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

Warner Baxters, the Gregory La Cavas, as well as Virginia Valli and Charlie Farrell, Arthur Lubin and Alice Joyce's brother, Frank, are devotees.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey manage to find enough to argue about in the old-fashioned game of croquet. Jack insists that he thought croquet was something to eat until his pretty helpmeet taught him to handle a mean mallet.

"DART" is a game of skill. The target has colored rings with a bull's-eye in the center, each circle numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4 with 10 for the bull's-eye.

Each player has 12 darts made of cork with a pin at one end and a feather at the other, and the one scoring the highest wins.

The darts are elusive things. At the final tournament, Mrs. Hamilton's first dart landed in Mrs. Charles Emmett Mack's foot, Bill Powell's pinned Diana Kane Fitzmaurice to the back of a swing by her hair. Warner Baxter turned out to be champion, with Arthur Lubin a close second.

"Sandown," also known as "Minaroo," is an English racing game adapted to the parlor, patio or garden. Each contestant is given a small horse checker which is set to race down a green baize course. This is Ronald Colman's favorite sport.

Franklin Pangborn introduced Minaroo at a party for May Robson, who became so enthralled with it that she refused to let her guests go home.

A scientific game invented by some Hollywood intellectual is "Binet." A player or a group is given a word; as rapidly as possible words suggested by the initial word are written down, then read back, with explanation.

Renee Adoree gave Dorothy Sebastian the word "Hollywood," which resulted in

Hollywood	Birmingham
hat	dancing
blue	New York
eyes	buildings
Alice Terry	house
Paris	payment
boat	money
ill	Hollywood
sister	

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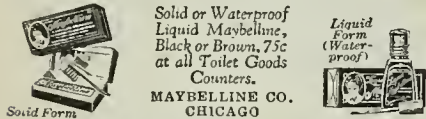
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"Hollywood made me think of the first thing I bought here, a hat; it was blue, which suggested eyes, which made me think of Alice Terry, since my first impression of her was her laughing eyes. Alice made me think of Paris, where we went together, and Paris suggested boat on which I was ill; ill made me think of sister, who has been ill; she lives in Birmingham, which I left to take up dancing; I danced in New York, where buildings are so high. Buildings suggested house on which I am making payments, and that meant money, which brought to mind the place where I've made it—Hollywood."

Dorothy gave Renee the word "dull," but Renee said she knew so may dull people she couldn't think which name to write; Dorothy substituted "work" but Renee denied that work was dull and that was another blind alley, so Dorothy gave her "shoes," resulting thus:

Shoes	street
stockings	lights
runs	camera
walk	work!

Stockings are worn with shoes and have runs,

which suggests walk on streets which have lights, bringing up cameras and back to work again!

Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin originated "Three Minute Man" during the various Liberty Loan drives, the idea being that a guest be given a subject on which he must make a three-minute speech, starting instantly and not stopping until time is called. Thus, Doug may point to Charlie and cry: "Window shades!" The comedian immediately begins a discourse on the subject, explaining the uses, abuses, delights and dangers of window shades.

"Adverbs" is a game for good actors. Two are sent out of the room while an adverb is decided upon—"gloomily," "patiently," "optimistically," etc. Returning they try to guess the adverb, demanding: "Miss Pollard, do a dance in the manner of the word," in response to which Daphne Pollard may arise and move about in slow dance rhythm because the adverb is "gloomily."

"Charades" has long been a favorite recreation, but the newest thing is to make charades on pictures, books, songs or slogans.



Advance tip on 1929 bathing styles. Jane Daly is here being riveted into her smart new water suit. She is working thus in "The Mysterious Island," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's filming of the Jules Verne story



Neil Hamilton and Virginia Valli presented a "A Baby's Prayer at Twilight," with Neil as the baby and Virginia as twilight. "A Woman Disputed" was enacted by Charlie Farrell and Elmer Clifton fighting over Bebe Daniels. "Bad Girl" was indicated by Margaret Livingston standing in a corner and two good children, Paul Bern and Charlie Byer, shaming her.

"Twenty Questions," "Coffee Pot," "Spin the Platter," "Lotto," checkers and chess all have their devotees. The Ernest and David Torrences, the Percy Marmonts, the Fitzmaurices, Florence Vidor and Colleen Moore like to sharpen their wits by one or other of these games. James Hall started the "Hell's Angels" cast and crew to playing "Parchesi" one dull day and he is now waked at all hours to decide mooted questions among enthusiastic players.

"PUZZLE PEG," a game that can be played alone, has taken the place of crossword puzzles on the sets. Walter Byron, Samuel Goldwyn's new find, has a board made in 1834 by one of his ancestors on the Isle of Man. This is very simple until you try it. Strong men struggle for months without being able to win.

Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody have come to the conclusion that "Tiddle-dy-winks" is easier, while Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills pass time with chess.

Over at Rod La Rocque's, a dinner is not considered complete without "Alphabet." Rod calls out a letter, indicating a guest; the guest must reply with a name (author, book, picture, star, etc., whatever subject has been decided on)—the guest having the fewest black marks winning the prize.

"All Fall Down" is a boisterous game somewhat like the ancient "Statue" played by children. Players line up, the leader cries, "All Fall Fown," then, "Rise," and as they begin to get up, "Strike," when each must freeze into whatever uncomfortable pose they happen to have attained, the funniest getting the prize.

Louise Fazenda sometimes plays this game in the surf, the buffeting of the waves adding to the difficulty.

Impromptu theatricals have long been the mainstay of house parties given by Marion Davies and Norma Talmadge. Now the rest of the film colony have taken them up. The other night Mrs. Wallace Reid had a party in honor of Mrs. Arthur Rankin. Bill Boyd, Arthur Rankin and Walter Lang were selected for an act.

Arthur Rankin in a Spanish shawl, a pair of flapper socks and Elinor Faire's hat, impersonated an obstinate wife, with Bill Boyd as a husband who wanted to go to the fights. While they were arguing, Walter Lang, as the family friend, entered and demanded the cause of the quarrel; the wife sobbed her story. "I can settle this!" cried Walter, and pulling out a gun he shot—the wife!

IT wouldn't be Hollywood if fortune telling wasn't a favorite diversion. Jacqueline Logan has a game of Chi Chi, an ancient Chinese method of foretelling the future. In the original, a handful of twigs was thrown in a heap, the future read from the way they lay; but in the game Jackie owns, numbered bamboo sticks are shaken in a small box. The number on the stick corresponds to a number in an accompanying book.

If you don't like the prophecy you can shake again!

Esther Ralston professes to be a wizard at cards, and when Mary Brian is feeling romantic she runs over to Esther's house. The result of the latest fortune telling follows:

1930 will be an eventful year; two men will change the course of Mary's life then. One dark, middle-aged man, through a signed document, will bring Mary great wealth. She will be tempted to retire on her millions, but will not. The other, a tall, fair man, will bring romance. So look out for 1930!

So play the merry, merry villagers of Hollywood. . . .

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## Your Clothes Come From Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Swanson for her first big part. Peggy was so limited in a financial way that she cut out designs in bits of carpet and applied them to frocks to give them an air of richness. When she gowned Swanson, she shortened and remade her own frocks for the budding star.

"Look to Paris for our modes? In heaven's name—why?" she exclaimed. "Have we no originality of our own? During the time that I was with Triangle I did not look at a fashion book from abroad. Our demands are different. We have created a definite style of our own. We do not need Paris." As proof of this she was the first person to take a Hollywood fashion show to Paris.

Peggy believes in gay colors, in hand painted frocks, embroidery and laces and most of all the bouffant gowns that are symbolic of Hollywood.

This brings us to Adrian, the boy who put the "bou" in bouffant. Six years ago he created the first frock of this kind to be worn on the screen. He made it for Leatrice Joy.

"Ridiculous!" cried the producers, as producers are wont to do. "No woman would wear a gown like that. You couldn't get more than three or four of those skirts in one room."

But Adrian and Miss Joy believed in them. "Well," said the producer, "just this one time. She may wear this gown, but never let it happen again."

That was six years ago. Last year fifty per cent of the evening dresses sold throughout the world were *robes-de-style* and Adrian's gown is in as good style now as it was then.

This trick of making frocks that are always in style is one that the designers learn. Sophie Wachner created the costumes worn by Aileen Pringle in "Three Weeks." A certain, gorgeous flame-colored negligée is still in Aileen's wardrobe. She bought it for personal use and wears it.

Miss Pringle, who has gained no mean reputation for her clothes, is not easy to costume. She is short and will, when not properly gowned, look squatty. She must wear her



Picture of a lady who didn't think she could wear clothes with style. Travis Banton was the designer who persuaded Florence Vidor that she was smarter than most of 'em. This costume, called "A Midsummer Night's Dream," has a wrap of black velvet, appliqued with silver stars, worn over a gown of black chiffon



hair close to her head. She must dress in long lines.

In "The Wife of the Centaur," she had to wear a bathing suit. This did frightful things to her really good figure, so black stockings that came to the end of the suit were given her to carry the length of line.

To Travis Banton goes the credit for making Florence Vidor what she is today.

"Strangely enough," Banton relates, "Florence had no interest in clothes. She thought that she could not wear them skillfully and any old thing would do. This makes it difficult for the designer. I much prefer a star who is fussy and likes to have everything just right. Florence had appeared in pictures which gave her no chance for smartness until 'The Grand Duchess and the Waiter.'

"I made some frocks for her that she loved and her interest was born. She began to realize that she could wear clothes. She now dresses in perfect taste and is smart in Hollywood, New York or Paris.

"SHE gives an amazing amount of time to her gowns, stands for hours to have one seam right, goes into a conference over whether or not a dress should be a fourth of an inch longer. She has narrow hips and can wear material swathed about them. She strenuously objects to the 'Hollywood figure.'"

Jetta Goudal has caused more trouble than any other actress. Although they are now the best of friends, she and Adrian were not on speaking terms for over a year. Howard Greer, who has become a prosperous merchant with a sumptuous establishment on Sunset Boulevard, shakes a sad head when he contemplates scenes with Goudal in the fitting room.

Greer made Kathryn Carver's trousseau but the prejudice (born of envy, I imagine) is so great in Paris that the newspapers refused to credit a Hollywood house with the making of her gowns.

"Lilyan Tashman, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, Norma Shearer and Norma Talmadge all have clothes sense," said Greer. "Miss Shearer and Miss Talmadge are very sensible and charming to dress.

"Pola Negri enjoys wearing rags better than dress-up clothes, yet when she wears a real gown on the screen she insists that the slippers be dyed to match the frock because the contrast in color irritates her when she is working.

"Miss Goudal works on details until she loses all perspective on the lines of the gown."

And now we must contemplate Harry Collins. Mr. Collins, of the house of Collins, came to Hollywood to revolutionize the industry so far as dress was concerned. He declared right off the bat that there were almost no smart women in Hollywood, which set him right with the film colony at once! He made an agreement with the producers that if the stars were not satisfied with their clothes they might go elsewhere.

They did, with no uncertain steps.

COLLINS has done some beautiful work but he is not attuned to the studios. He must be the head man or he won't play. So he isn't playing. He's going to pack up his doll rags and go home.

The designers in Hollywood are, after all, dealing with personalities. In this business, as in any other, there are certain common concessions to be made.

There are some stars whom you will do well to copy. Find your prototype on the screen and remember the lines she wears to help you in selecting your wardrobe. Besides the ones mentioned there are Irene Rich, Janet Gaynor, Ruth Taylor, Dorothy Mackaill, Louise Brooks and Mary Duncan.

Some stars are never identified with clothes. Clara Bow became famous without them. It doesn't matter what she wears. She spends less on her personal wardrobe than almost any star on the screen. A fifteen or twenty dollar frock (sounds incredible, doesn't it?) will look the same on her as one that cost five hundred dollars.

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## Science Fights Fat

Through an important gland

People used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. Some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

Then medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

Fat people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

Then experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

Then thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings, with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

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Remember that the stars whose gowns you copy are not all perfectly moulded. Sophie Wachner told me that Dale Fuller, a character actress, far from beautiful, has the best figure of any woman she has ever gowned. It is up to the designer to conceal the defects and bring out the best points. And when you see how beautiful the stars look you know that deficiencies of form don't matter.

Here is a consensus of opinion: Simplicity is the thing. Know when to leave off. Dress in keeping. Hat, shoes and bag must be all in one key to go with the frock. Know yourself. I must quote Collins who says, "There is no mystery in dress. A mirror and observation is all that is necessary."

Observe, then, from the screen. Look to Hollywood and be smart!

## Just a Hollywood Day

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

So to lunch with Nils. And he was not at all the sleek, hand-kissing gallant that Hollywood ravages usually are. I found him bewildered with contract offers and fan mail.

In negotiating his contract Nils had not foreseen the liability of fan mail, and so that day Irving Thalberg had been compelled to send a pick and shovel squad to Nils' dressing room to unearth him from a landslide of 27,891 epistles.

The day I lunched with him he was handed an additional two thousand. He picked one at random and opened it, and I am a sworn witness before notary and Howard Strickling that it read: "My brother, recently killed in an airplane accident, has left you in his will fifteen thousand dollars, a fur coat and an emerald ring. Will you kindly instruct your lawyers to get in touch with us?"

I didn't want to lunch until we'd read the other 1,999 bequests, but Nils' appetite seems above such materialistic prospects. He said he couldn't afford to take care of his correspondence, whereupon I cheerfully volunteered, providing all bequests were turned over to me.

Nils is handsome and rather shy, a combination as ingratiating as it is rare. He doesn't compress English thoroughly, and so I trust you'll pardon him when he says, "In the Royal Theater at Stockholm I play Hamlet, and here I play Hot Papa to Joan Crawford." He says he much prefers working over here.

**I** SOMETIMES wonder if fans would envy us magazine writers our fabulous salaries if they knew how hard we have to work. Some days I lunch with three or four stars, dine with as many more and see previews of silent and talkie pictures.

For instance, after lunching with Nils I saw four pictures in one day. That doesn't include a talkie trailer of M.-G.-M. stars which is to be presented at the Empire Theater in London. It presents John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Ernest Torrence, George K. Arthur and Marion Davies, and the vocal reproduction is the best I've heard to date, so there's no need to worry about silent favorites in the talkies—they're speakeasies for them.

**CLARENCE BROWN** and Frances Marion were in the projection room to hear a talkie sequence of "Alias Jimmie Valentine" so I listened in with them. Lionel Barrymore, the talkie champion, was in it, and Bill Haines proved no slouch, but it seemed to me that the silent work was what put over the picture.

Thence to see Bill Haines in Jimmy Cruze's "A Man's Man." When I returned to Hollywood from my trip to Tunis with Rex Ingram a few years ago one of the local papers asked me to go into my trance and give one of my uncanny prophecies of who the future stars were to be. I hastily consulted friends, and Malcolm McGregor advised me to take a look at Bill Haines' stuff. Bill reminded me of my own fine work as a child reciting, (with gestures), "It's Your Flag, and My Flag, and Oh! How Proud It Waves." But he had a well-meaning smile and a geniality that suggested Wally Reid. I advised placing bets on him. And I'm glad to say that those who took the tip are now making money.

In "A Man's Man" Bill gives a characterization that touches at times some of the best given by Charles Ray—who is still my favorite actor. In this picture Jim Cruze, the director, keeps you entertained with two players in one room for three reels. When I start producing,—as of course I shall as soon as my oil well comes in—I'm going to hire Jim Cruze. He can make a picture for a dollar eighty-nine that beats any million-dollar epic.

**T**HENCE on a gallop to another projection room to see Lon Chaney in "West of Zanzibar." I met Lon when I first came West, nine years ago. He was living in a little bungalow, and his hobbies were carving furniture and cooking swell dinners. He's doing the same today in his Beverly Hills' mansion.

"West of Zanzibar" opens with a flash of a skeleton, which oddly is not played by Lon. Then a flash of a glorious creation named Mary Nolan, who also is not played by Lon. Nevertheless, Mary in her own way is just as wizardly as Lon.

Chaney is the champ deacon of all M.-G.-M. plate-passers. Or, for those who are not church-goers, let me say that he gets more box office dough than any other star. The reason is that his name stands for a certain type of picture well done.

**O**UT of the projection room and aboard a high-powered roadster with screaming sirens to see a star off for location on the Southern Pacific. We found her hiding in her compartment, terrified lest her husband or his process servers arrive to drag her off. We cheered her with the thought that her husband couldn't see her for the flowers that had been sent by her admirers.

**T**HENCE to pick up Harry Carr and out to Santa Monica in the high-powered roadster for dinner with Aileen Pringle, who stars off screen as well as on. Harry had never met Pringle, and I complimented him on being able to get as far as he had as a writer without so doing. Now that he has joined the authors' union no Shakespeare can stop him.

**W**ITH the supreme determination given only to genius, I tore from Pringle's brilliancies to the Westlake Theater for a preview of John Gilbert and Greta Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs," which is a bootlegged version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." I say "bootlegged" because Will Hays banned "The Green Hat" from the screen. But don't worry that Michael didn't get his money and screen credit.

Mike is an Armenian, and for all his charm just as much a genius as any Hollywood executive.

**T**HE picture follows "The Green Hat" closely, thanks to Bess Meredyth, the scenarist, who has Michael Arlen's appreciation for life as it is. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., as Green Hat's brother, gives a performance that indicates all the future that has been prophesied for him. He appears as a sensitive idealist, and that is what he actually is. A lot of hens have been worrying lest his future be



dimmed by his marriage to Joan Crawford, the dancing baby. But I'm a well wisher. Joan is utterly sincere, as anybody knows who read her Life Story in PHOTOPLAY, and she is striving valiantly to make herself over so that she, too, may be received among the nobles at Pickfair.

**MISS GARBO** with her strange world-pain and weariness recalls the Duse of the biographies. I never saw Duse!—but I know I like my Garbo. Gilbert is a real hero. He plays an awfully thankless, spineless part, all for love, I take it.

The unlicensed prophets of Hollywood are predicting that Jack will flop on his nose if he attempts being his own producer. Well, as Jack says, it is a capable nose on which to flop. And we know that the only stars who have lasted are those who have become producers: Doug, Chaplin, Mary, Talmadge.

Furthermore, in an excellent interview with Helen Louise Walker, Gilbert says the wisest thing ever credited to a movie actor:

"I shall go on, of course, as long as I can, and make as much money as possible. But afterward I am going to work. This is not work; you know—just walking through a picture. Other people have written the story, planned the settings, worked out the action. Why, the very things I do on the set are the expressions of the director. I am just a puppet!

"I am an egomaniac, you know. And I think I could do a lot of these things better than most of the people who are doing them. There are a few brain-workers in the industry to whom I take off my hat with tremendous respect. The rest—well, I think I could do a lot better."

And I, for one, agree with Gilbert. Any man worth his gin would rather flop on his own initiative than succeed on others'.

**FROM** the preview I roadstered to the Ambassador's Coconut Grove for supper with my Hollywood life-long friends, the Malcolm McGregors, and Willis Goldbeck and his sister, Elizabeth Goldbeck. Mal, Willis and I came to Hollywood as poor boys and we're all millionaires now. I must say in justice to Mal that he is the only one who came by his money honestly. He inherited it. The few hundred thousand he has made as an actor don't count, because his gorgeous wife, Gen, shrewdly invested it in jewels and Paris gowns, and if ever a wife helped a man to success the same Gen has.

Goldbeck, who started as a fan magazine writer at fifty a week, now draws two thousand and is about to direct one of his own stories for Pathe.

I predict he'll outclass all the geniuses because I'm giving him all my ideas.

**COCOANUT GROVE** was unusually beautiful for our supper, both Billie Dove and Lupe Velez being present. When Billie wasn't dancing she was leaving the room and coming back. The girl is a born movie. And Ringling's parade couldn't give you half the kick of Billie's.

Lupe was with Tom Mix, and she too kept flossing out and coming back with flying feathers (she was gowned in ostrich). I don't know where she went when she went out but probably it was to feed Tom's horse, Tony. Each time she passed my table it grew harder for me to restrain myself from arising and shouting, "Viva Mexico!"

From the Coconut Grove, Mal took us to the Pom-Pom Cafe, where a gifted girl sang a song about Mal and John Gilbert and the other favorites of womankind the world over.

And so to bed, at 4 a. m., as O. O. McIntyre and Pepys say. Such is the day in the life of a hard-working PHOTOPLAY Magazine star. May it prove a lesson to fans who think our life an easy one.

My best regards, also Pringle's, which proves you a writer as well as an editor. . . .

Herb.

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P.P. 2-29

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"A LADY OF CHANCE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Leroy Scott. Adapted by Edmund Goulding. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Photography by Peverell Marley. The cast: *Dolly*, Norma Shearer; *Bradley*, Lowell Sherman; *Gwen*, Gwen Lee; *Steve Crandall*, John Mack Brown; *Mrs. Crandall*, Eugenie Besserer; *Hank*, Buddie Messinger.

"A MAN'S MAN"—M.-G.-M.—From the play by Patrick Kearney. Continuity by Forrest Halsey. Directed by James Cruze. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: *Mel*, William Haines; *Peggy*, Josephine Dunn; *Charlie*, Sam Hardy; *May*, Mae Busch; *Book Agent*, Sam Blum.

"APACHE, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Ramon Romero. Adapted by Harriet Hinsdale. Directed by Phil Rosen. Photography by Teddy Tetzlaff. The cast: *Sonya*, Margaret Livingston; *Pierre Dumont*, Don Alvarado; *Gaston Laroux*, Warner Richmond; *Monsieur Chautard*, Philo McCullough.

"BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES"—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—Continuity by Major George Soldan and Major Erich Otto Volkmann. Directed by Svend Noldan and Leo Lasko. Personalities appearing: Kaiser Wilhelm, Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, Von Hindenburg, Lord Kitchener, The Czar, Emperor Karl of Austria, President Wilson, Von Ludendorff, King George of England, Poincare, The Sultan, Trotsky.

"BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI"—AUSTRALASIAN.—From the story by Beatrice Grimshaw. Directed by Norman Dawn. Photography by Arthur Higgins. The cast: *Lula*, Edith Roberts; *Steven Conn*, Edmund Burns; *Dan Furse*, Walter Long; *Susan Dennis*, Elizabeth Morgan; *A Cannibal*, Arthur McLaglen; *Carberry*, Jack Gavin; *Uncle Pooch*, Compton Couts; *Mack*, Arthur Tauchert; *Die*, Jessica Harcourt.

"BLOW FOR BLOW"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Buckleigh Oxford. Scenario by Jacques Jaccard and Sylvia Seid. Directed by Reaves Eason. The cast: *Tom Richards*, Hoot Gibson; *Mary Lou*, Ann Christy; *Judge Carson*, Andy Waldron; *Pat O'Shea*, Walter Brennan; *Haggerty*, C. E. Anderson; *Aunt Bella*, Mary Foy; *Tony*, Joe Rickson; *Gregg*, Francis Ford; *The Kid*, Joe Bennett.

"CANARY MURDER CASE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by S. S. Van Dine. Screen play by Florence Ryerson. Adapted by Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by Malcolm St. Clair. The cast: *Philo Vance*, William Powell; *Chuck Spotswoode*, James Hall; *Margaret Odell*, Louise Brooks; *Alys La Fosse*, Jean Arthur; *Dr. Ambrose Lindquist*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Charles Spotswoode*, Charles Lane; *Earnest Heath*, Eugene Pallette; *Charles Cleaver*, Lawrence Grant; *Tony Skeel*, Ned Sparks; *Louis Manix*, Louis John Bartels; *Markham*, E. H. Cilvert.

"CAPTAIN LASH"—FOX.—From the story by Daniel G. Tomlinson. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by John Blystone. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: *Captain Lash*, Victor McLaglen; *Hedda Duncan*, Claire Windsor; *English Eddie*, Arthur Stone; *Ahmed*, Albert Conti; *Cocky*, Clyde Cook; *Queenie*, Jean Laverty; *Bull Hawks*, Frank Hagney; *Ahmed's Servant*, Boris Charsky; *Babe of Singapore*, Jane Winton.

"CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Samuel Ornitz. Screen play by Jules Furthman. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg. The cast: *Lena Smith*, Esther Ralston; *Franz Hofrat*, James Hall; *Herr Hofrat*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *Frau Hofrat*, Emily Fitzroy; *Stefan*, Fred Kohler; *Stefan's Sister*, Betty Aho; *Commissioner*, Lawrence Grant; *Pepi*, Leone Lane; *Poldi*, Kay Des Lys; *Janitor*, Alex Woloshin; *Janitor's Wife*, Ann Brody; *Franz* (age 3), Wally Albright, Jr.; *Franz* (age 18), Warner Klinger.

"DOMESTIC MEDDLERS"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the story by Wellyn Totman. Continuity by Wellyn Totman. Directed by James Flood. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: *Claire*, Claire Windsor; *Walter*, Lawrence Gray; *Lew*, Roy D'Arcy; *Jonesy*, Jed Prouty.

"DREAM OF LOVE"—M.-G.-M.—From the play, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," by Eugene Scribe and Ernest Legouve. Continuity by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by Fred Niblo. Photography by Oliver Marsh and William Daniels. The cast: *Adrienne*, Joan Crawford; *Mauritz*, Nils Asther; *Duchess*, Aileen Pringle; *Duke*, Warner Oland; *Countess*, Carmel Myers; *Count*, Harry Reinhardt; *Baron*, Harry Myers; *Michonet*, Alphonse Martell; *Ivan*, Fletcher Norton.

"EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER"—UFA.—Scenario by Robert Reinert and Wilhelm Thiele. Directed by Dr. George Asagorff. Photography by Carl Hoffman, Theodor Sparkuhl and Herman Boettger. The cast: *Eva La Vere*, Camilla Horn; *Barbara*, her nurse, Lydia Potehina; *Arnand Gernain*, Gustav Froehlich; *Mary*, Hertha von Walther; *Henry*, Warwick Ward; *Charles Raimond*, Bruno Kastner.

"FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Frank L. Ingraham. Continuity by

Betty Burbridge. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Photography by Ray Reis. The cast: *Bill Mathews*, Wally Wales; *Henry Mathews*, Jack O'Quise; *Mr. Mathews*, J. P. Lockney; *Mrs. Mathews*, Fanny Midgley; *Sally Brown*, Duane Thompson; *Banker Brown*, Charles K. French; *Mrs. Brown*, Mabel Van Buren; *Delno*, Charles Whitaker; *City Girl*, Helen Marlowe; *Sheriff*, Bud McClure.

"FLYING FLEET, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Lieut. Commander Frank Wead, U. S. N. and Byron Morgan. Screen play by Richard Schayer. Directed by George Hill. Photography by Ira Morgan. The cast: *Tommy*, Ramon Novarro; *Steve*, Ralph Graves; *Anita*, Anita Page; *Dizzy*, Edward Nugent; *Tex*, Carroll Nye; *Kewpie*, Sumner Getchell; *Spees*, Gardner James; *Admiral*, Alfred Allen.

"GHOST TALKS, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Max Marcin and Edward Hammond. Scenario by Frederick Brennan. Directed by Lew Seiler. Photography by George Meehan. The cast: *Miriam Holl*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Franklyn Green*, Charles Eaton; *Marie Haley*, Carmel Myers; *Heimie Heimrath*, Earle Foxe; *Joe Talles*, Henry Sedley; *Peter Accardi*, Joe Brown; *John Keegan*, Clifford Dempsey; *Christopher C. Lee*, Stepin Fetchit; *Isobel Lee*, Baby Mack; *Julius Bouser*, Arnold Lucy; *Sylvia*, Bess Flowers; *Miss Eva*, Dorothy McGowan; *Bell Boy*, Mickey Bennett.

"GUN RUNNER, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHLL.—From the novel by Arthur Stringer. Continuity by John Francis Natteford. Directed by Edgar Lewis. Photography by Harry Jackson. The cast: *Julio*, Ricardo Cortez; *Inez*, Nora Lane; *Garcia*, Gino Corrado; *Presidente*, John St. Polis.

"HOUSE OF SHAME, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Lee Authman. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Burton King. The cast: *Harvey Baremore*, Creighton Hale; *Druid Baremore*, Virginia Brown Faire; *John Kimball*, Lloyd Whitlock; *Doris*, Florence Dudley; *Mons. Fanchon*, Fred Walton; *The Irate Husband*, Carlton King.

"HUNTINGTOWER"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Col. John Buchan. Adapted by Charles Whittaker. Directed by George Pearson. The cast: *Dickson McCunn*, Sir Harry Lauder; *Princess Saskia*, Vera Voronina; *Capt. John Heritage*, Pat Aherne; *Mrs. Morran*, Nancy Price; *Prince Paul Aresbrook*, John Manners; *Dougal*, Harry Malonie; *Speidel*, Moore Marriott.

"IN OLD ARIZONA"—FOX.—From the story by Tom Barry. Directed by Raoul Walsh and Irving Cummings. Photography by Arthur Edeson. The cast: *Sergeant Mickey Dunn*, Edmund Lowe; *Tonia Maria*, Dorothy Burgess; *The Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Tad*, Farrell Macdonald; *Russian Immigrant*, Ivan Linow; *Cook*, Solidad Jimenez; *Piano Player*, Fred Warren; *Barber*, Henry Armetta; *Cowpunchers*, Frank Campeau, Frank Nelson, Tom Santschii, Duke Martin, Pat Hartigan; *Blacksmith*, James Marcus; *Commandant*, Roy Stewart; *Sheriff*, Alphonse Etliher; *Soldier*, James Brabury, Jr.; *2nd Soldier*, John Dillon; *Bar tender*, Joe Brown.

"IRON MASK, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by Alexander Dumas. Scenario by Lotta Woods. Directed by Allan Dwan. The cast: *D'Artagnan*, Douglas Fairbanks; *Aramis*, Gino Corrado; *Porthos*, Stanley J. Sanford; *Athos*, Leon Bary; *De Rochefort*, Ulrich Haupt; *Louis XIII*, Rolfe Sedan; *Constance*, Marguerite de la Motte; *Milady de Winter*, Dorothy Revier; *Father Joseph*, Lon Poff; *Planchet*, Charles Stevens; *Richelieu*, Nigel de Brulier; *Conspirator*, Otto Matieson; *Queen*, Belle Bennett.

"JAZZ AGE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Paul Gangelin. Continuity by Paul Gangelin. Directed by Lynn Shores. Photography by Ted Pahl. The cast: *Steve Maxwell*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Sue Randall*, Marceline Day; *Mr. Maxwell*, H. B. Walthall; *Mrs. Maxwell*, Myrtle Stedman; *Marjorie*, Gertrude Messinger; *Tod Sayles*, Joel McCrea; *Mr. Sayles*, Wm. Bechtel; *Mr. Randall*, R. J. Ratcliffe; *Ellen Mc Bride*, Ione Holmes; *Motor Cop*, Ed. Dearing.

"JOAN OF ARC"—SOCIÉTÉ GENERALE OF FILMS.—Scenario by Carl Dreyer and Joseph Delteil. Directed by Carl Dreyer. The cast: *Joan*, Mlle. Falconetti; *Bishop Cauchon*, M. Silvain; *Loyseleur*, Maurice Schutz; *Jean Beaufere*, M. Ravet; *Jean d'Estivet*, Andre Berley; *Massieu*, Antonin Artaud; *Judges*, M. Lurville, Jacques Arna, M. Mihalesco, R. Narlay, Henry Maillard, Michel Simon, Jean Ayme, Jean d'Yd, L. Larive, Henry Gaultier, Paul Jorge.

"LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Karl Volmoecller. Adapted by Sam Taylor. Directed by D. W. Griffith. The cast: *Nanon del Rayon*, Lupe Velez; *Karl Arnim*, William Boyd; *Diane des Granges*, Jetta Goudal; *Baron Finot*, Albert Conti; *Baron Haussmann*, George Fawcett; *Papa Pierre*, Henry Armetta.

"LAST WARNING, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Wadsworth Camp and the play by Thomas Fallon. Adapted by Alfred Cohn, J. H. Hawks and Robert F. Hill. Directed by Paul Leni. The cast: *Doris*, Laura La Plante; *McHugh*, Montagu Love; *Quail*, John Boles; *Carlton*, Roy D'Arcy; *Mike*,



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"LINDA"—MRS. WALLACE REID PRODUCTION.—From the story by Margaret Prescott Montague. Adapted by Frank O'Connor and Maxine Alton. Directed by Mrs. Wallace Reid. Photography by Henry Cronjager. The cast: Linda, Helen Foster; Dr. Greenough, Warner Baxter; Mr. Decker, Noah Beery; Nan, Kate Price; Mr. Stillwater, Mitchell Lewis; Kenneth, Alan Connor; Annette, Bess Flowers; Mrs. Stillwater, Mrs. Brockwell; Spider, Monty O'Grady.

"LION'S ROAR, THE"—EDUCATIONAL.—Written by Mack Sennett. Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: Johnny Burke, Daphne Pollard, Billy Bevan, Vernon Dent.

"LOOKOUT GIRL, THE"—QUALITY.—From the story by Alice Ross Colver. Adapted by Adrian Johnson. Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald. Photography by Faxon Dean. The cast: Dixie Mowbray, Jacqueline Logan; Dean Richardson, Ian Keith; Dr. Tucker, William Tooker; Pete, Lee Moran; Conway, Gladden James; Sheriff, Henry Herbert; Valet, Jimmy Aubrey; Hargrave, Broderick O'Farrell; Nurse, Jean Huntley; Modiste, Geraldine Leslie.

"MARQUIS PREFERRED"—PARAMOUNT.—Based on the short story by Frederic Arnold Kummer by Ernest Vajda. Scenario by Ethel Doherty. Directed by Frank Tuttle. The cast: Marquis d'Argenville, Adolphe Menjou; Peggy Ruyssdael, Nora Lane; Mr. Gruger, Chester Conklin; Mrs. Gruger, Dorothy Farley; Guendolyn Gruger, Lucille Powers; Albert, Mischa Auer; Floret, Alex Melesh; Jacques, Michael Visaroff.

"MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER"—NATIONAL-BIG THREE PRODUCTION.—Directed by Frederich Feher. The cast: Mata Hari, Magda Sonja; Count Rakofsky, Fritz Kortner; Archduke of Austria, Wolfgang Zilzer.

"MORAN OF THE MARINES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Linton Wells. Scenario by Sam Mintz and Ray Harris. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: Michael Moran, Richard Dix; Vivian Marshall, Ruth Elder; "Swally," Roscoe Karns; Basil Worth, Brooks Benedict; General Marshall, Capt. E. H. Clavert; The Sergeant, Duke Martin; Sun Yat, Tetsu Komai.

"NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the novel, "The Indiscretion of the Duchess," by Sir Anthony Hope. Adapted by Tom Terriss. Directed by Tom Terriss. Photography by Ernest Miller. The cast: Hortense, Eve Southern; Duke de St. Mactou, H. B. Warner; Armond, Duncan Rinaldo; Comtesse, Maude Turner Gordon; Ninon, Gertrude Astor; Housekeeper, Martha Mattox; Berensac, Herbert Evans.

"NOISY NEIGHBORS"—PATHE.—From the story by F. Hugh Herbert. Adapted by Scott Darling. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: Eddie, Eddie Quillan; Mory, Alberta Vaughn; Family, Quillan Family; Colonel Costairs, Theodore Roberts; David, Ray Hallor; Ebenezer, Russell Simpson; Three Sons, Robert Perry, Mike Donlin, Billy Gilbert.

"OFFICE SCANDAL, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Paul Gangelin and Jack Jungmeyer. Adapted by Paul Gangelin and Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Paul L. Stein. The cast: Jugg Cullen, Phyllis Haver; Andy Corbin, Leslie Fenton; Pearson, Raymond Hatton; Lillian Tracy, Margaret Livingston; Deloney, Jimmy Adams; Freddie, Jimmy Aldine.

"ONE MAN DOG, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Leon d'Ussau. Photography by Robert De Grasse. The cast: Ronger, By Himself; Larry, Sam Nelson; Pierre, Edward Hearne; Babbette, Virginia Bradford; Gadsdy, William Patton; Trapper, Art Robbins.

"FACE THAT KILLS, THE"—TRUE LIFE.—Directed by Norton Parker and William Connor. Photography by Ernest Laszio. The cast: Eddie Bradley, Owen Gorin; Eddie's Ma, Florence Turner; Country Girl, Thelma Daniels; Uncle Caleb, Harry Todd; Grace, Florence Dudley; Handsome Nick, Arnold Dallas; Fannie O'Reilly, Virginia Roye.

"PHIPPS"—M-G-M.—Written by Stanley Houghton. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: Sir Gerald, Cyril Chadwick; Lady Fanny, Betty Francisco; Butler, Lowell Sherman.

"RAINBOW, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by L. G. Rigby. Continuity by L. G. Rigby. Directed by Reginald Barker. The cast: Lala, Dorothy Sebastian; Jim, Lawrence Gray; Derby, Sam Hardy; Baldy, Harvey Clark; Pat, Paul Hurst; Slug, Gino Corrado; Dummy, King Zany.

"REDEEMING SIN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by L. V. Jefferson. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Joan Villaire, Dolores Costello; Dr. Kaoul Dehoise, Conrad Nagel; A sewer rat, Georgie Stone; Petite, Philippe De Lacy; Father Colomb, Lionel Belmore; Lupine, Warner Richmond; Miti, Nina Quartaro.

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"RESTLESS YOUTH"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Cosmo Hamilton. Adapted by H. Green. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Photography by Joe Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *Dixie Calhoun*, Marceline Day; *Bruce Neil*, Ralph Forbes; *John Neil*, Norman Trevor; *Robert Haines*, Robert Ellis; *Susan*, Mary Mabery; *George Baxter*, Gordon Elliott; *Office Boy*, Coy Watson.

"SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by A. Merritt. Adapted by Richard Bee. Directed by Benjamin Christensen. The cast: *Eve*, Thelma Todd; *Jim*, Creighton Hale; *The Spider*, Sheldon Lewis; *The Professor*, Wm. V. Mong; *Sojin*, Sojin; *Satan's Mistress*, Laska Winters; *Jim's Valet*, Ivan Christy; *Uncle Joe*, DeWitt Jennings; *Old Witch*, Nora Cecil; *Prof. Von Wiede*, Kala Pasha; *Eve's Chauffeur*, Harry Tenbrooke; *White Haired Old Lady*, Cissy Fitzgerald; *The Dwarf*, Alonzo Rositto; *Tall Girl*, Thelma McNeil.

"SHADY LADY, THE"—PATHE.—From the story by Jack Jungmeyer. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Lola Montell*, Phyllis Haver; *Blake*, Robert Armstrong; *Holbrook*, Louis Wolheim; *Haley*, Russell Gleason.

"SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Dana Burnett. Adapted by Howard Estabrook and Albert Shelby LeVino. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Doisy Heath*, Nancy Carroll; *William Pettigrew*, Gary Cooper; *Bailey*, Paul Lukas.

"SILENT SENTINEL, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Alvin J. Neitz. Directed by Alvin J. Neitz. The cast: *Bob Benton*, Gareth Hughes; *Grace Carlton*, Josephine Hill; *Joe Carlton*, Eddie Brownell; *Mrs. Carlton*, Alice Covert; *Warren Gordon*, Alfred Hewston; *Conrad*, John Tancie; *Chick*, Edward Cecil; *Mazie*, Aline Goodwin; *Tom*, Walter Maley; *Dick*, Jack Knight; *Insurance Man*, George Morrell; *Detective*, Lew Meehan; *Champion*, By Himself.

"SMALL TOWN SINNERS."—Produced by Hugo Brahn. From the play "Meisekin," by Hans Alfred Kihn. The cast: *Asta Nielsen*, Hermann Picha, Hans Adalbert Schlettow, Maria Paulder, Hans Wassman, Ferdinand von Alten.

"SOMME, THE"—NEW ERA.—From the story by Boyd Cable. Directed by M. A. Wetherell. Photography by Sydney Blythe.

"SPEED CLASSIC, THE"—EXCELLENT.—From the story, "They're Off," by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. Photography by Max DuPont and William Underhill. The cast: *Jerry Thornton*, Rex Lease; *His Father*, Mitchell Lewis; *Sheila Van Haulen*, Mildred Harris; *Pedro de Malpa*, James Mason; *Jonoh*, a racing mechanic, Garry O'Dell; *Kestah Stubbs*, Helen Jerome Eddy; *Speed Cop*, Jack Richardson; *The Thirsty One*, Otis Harlan.

"STOOL PIGEON"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Edward Meagher. Adapted by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Renaud Hoffman. Photography by Teddy Tetzlaff. The cast: *Goldie*, Olive Borden; *Jimmy Wells*, Charles Delaney; *Mrs. Wells*, Lucy Beaumont; *Butch*, Louis Natheaux; *Dropper*, Ernie Adams; *Red*, All Hill; *Augie*, Robert Wilber; *Mike Shields*, Clarence Burton.

"SYNTHETIC SIN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Continuity by Tom J. Geraghty. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Betty*, Colleen Moore; *Donald*, Antonio Moreno; *Mrs. Fairfax*, Edythe Chapman; *Margery*, Kathryn McGuire; *Cassie*, Gertrude Howard; *Sheila*, Gertrude Astor; *Sam*, Raymond Turner; *Brandy*, Montagu Love; *Frank*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Frank's Gang*, Fred Warren, Jay Eaton, Stanley Blystone, Art Rowland, Dick Gordon, Julianne Johnston, Hazel Howell; *Tony*, Phil Sleeman; *Tony's Gang*, Jack Byron.

"THAT PARTY IN PERSON"—PARAMOUNT.—The cast: Eddie Cantor, Bobbe Arnst.

"THREE WEEK-ENDS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elinor Glyn. Scenario by Percy Heath, Louise Long and Sam Mintz. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Clarence Badger. The cast: *Gladys O'Brien*, Clara Bow; *Neil Gordon*, Neil Hamilton; *Turner*, Harrison Ford; *Miss Witherspoon*, Lucille Powers; *Mrs. Witherspoon*, Julia Swayne Gordon; *Turner's Secretary*, Jack Raymond; *Ma O'Brien*, Edythe Chapman; *Pa O'Brien*, Guy Oliver; *Carter*, William Holden.

"TRACKED"—FBO.—From the story by John Stuart Twist. Scenario by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Robert De Grasse. The cast: *Kanger*, By Himself; *Jed Springer*, Sam Nelson; *Molly Butterfield*, Caryl Lincoln; *Lem Hardy*, Al Smith; *The Rustic*, Jack Henderson; *Herder*, Art Robbins; *Nathan Butterfield*, Clark Comstock.

"TYRANT OF RED GULCH"—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake. Continuity by Oliver Drake. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: *Tom Masters*, Tom Tyler; *"Tip"*, Frankie Darro; *Milza*, Josephine Borio; *Ivan Petrovitch*, Harry Woods; *Boris Kosloff*, Serge Temoff; *Anton*, Barney Fdry.

"UNEASY MONEY"—FOX-EUROPA.—Directed by Berthold Viertel. The cast: Banknote K13513, Mary Nolan, Werner Fuetterer, Oskar Homolka, Wladimir Sokoloff.

"VEILED WOMAN, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Julio de Moraes and Lia Tora. Scenario by Douglas Z. Doty. Directed by Emmett Flynn. Photography by Charles Clarke. The cast: *Nanon*, Lia Tora; *Pierre*, Paul Vincenti; *English Diplomatic Attache*, Bela Lossi; *Colonel De Selincourt*, Josef Swickard; *Donald Ross*, Kenneth Thomson; *Compte De Bracchi*, Andre Cheron; *Capt. Paul Fenner*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Countess De Bracchi*, Maude George.

"WAGES OF CONSCIENCE"—SUPERLATIVE.—From the story by Mrs. George Hall. Directed by John Ince. The cast: *Henry McWade*, Heroert Rawlinson; *Lillian Bradley*, Grace Darmond; *Mary Knowles*, Grace Darmond; *Frank Knowles*, John Ince; *Dr. Covington*, Henri La Garde; *Mira*, the Servant, Jasmine; *Lillian's Aunt*, Margaret Campbell.

"WHAT A NIGHT"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Grover Jones and Lloyd Corrigan. Screen play by Louise Long. Directed by Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Dorothy Winston*, Bebe Daniels; *Joe Madison*, Neil Hamilton; *Percy Penfield*, William Austin; *Mike Corney*, Wheeler Oakman; *Editor Madison*, Charles Sellon; *Patterson*, Charles Hill Mailes; *Snarky*, Ernie Adams.

"WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Doris Anderson. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *The Wolf*, George Bancroft; *Olga*, his wife, Bacianova; *Philip Graham*, Paul Lukas; *Gert*, the maid, Nancy Carroll; *Frank*, Lane Chandler; *Sturges*, Brandon Hurst; *The Office Boy*, Paul Guertzman; *Jessup*, Cranford Kent.

## The Holy Racketeers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

lis Haver lies upon a couch with her superb legs lamentably unveiled.

In "The Roadhouse" young girls and boys are shown taking a drink and embracing each other. Dr. Twombly does not spare a detail—he even seems to linger upon them lovingly.

THE ladies in the audience tut-tut audibly as the grisly recital goes on.

"I do not see why I should take you through all this filth," says the doctor, looking up from his notes. Nor do I. However, the doctor continues through all this filth.

He goes into the frightfulness of Mr. Griffith's "Drums of Love," particularly the love scenes between Miss Mary Philbin and Mr. Lionel Barrymore.

"Several young people came in late," says the doctor. "Others nearby leaned over and said 'Oh, you missed the hot part.'"

I sigh sympathetically, and am frowned down.

"Adolphe Menjou is a sinister figure for women." I cannot help wondering how sinister he is for the ladies in attendance.

"During love scenes, in many films, boys and girls leer and make loud noises of approval," goes on Dr. Twombly. The tut-tuts rise like the drip of water from a leaky spigot.

"We are not fanatics," shouts the doctor, "But we shall fight and fight."

And as decorous applause rises modestly, I wonder sadly what this humorless band of frustrated, unhappy looking people are really fighting for.

There is gall in them—there is bitterness.

I think of the one who said—

"Though ye speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not love, ye are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."



WHAT, beside the bugle of Canon Chase, called these troops to Armageddon this year? On May 11, 1928, the Hon. Grant M. Hudson of Michigan introduced, in the house of representatives, a bill providing for the regulation of motion pictures.

Note well the word "regulation."

Even a holy racketeer learns by counter-attack. They now realize that the very word censorship is deadly poison to the ears of free men. Now they speak caressingly of "regulation" and "supervision." Even an intelligent child of six would realize that it is only the old davvil "censorship" dressed up in a Santa Claus suit.

The Hon. Hudson's measure provides for the establishment of a Federal Motion Picture Commission, to consist of four gentlemen and two ladies. The chairman would get \$10,000 a year—the commissioners a pittance of \$9,000 per annum.

Of course, it is inconceivable that the Canon, or any of his consecrated henchmen, would care to serve on this board, and junket to Hollywood on government mileage to tell Mr. Louis B. Mayer and Mr. Jesse L. Lasky what not to put into their epics. I quote from the bill.

"THE duties of the commission shall be to protect the motion picture industry from unfair trade practices and monopoly, to provide for the just settlement of trade complaints, to provide for the making of wholesome motion pictures at the source of production, and for the proper distribution and exhibition of non-theatrical as well as theatrical films."

I emphasize the clause with the kick.

It is the puppy in the feed box—the Hot-tentot in the coal hole.

It would give the sainted and omniscient commissioners full power to sit behind the camera and direct the director—to dictate according to what their divinely inspired minds conceive to be the dictates of public morality.

What a monstrous proposition!

The mad measure proclaims the motion picture—an art form and a public entertainment force unique in world history—a public utility, like the gas in your cook stove and the electricity in your toaster. In other words, the photoplay is all celluloid and no soul.

The honorable commissioners would not merely read the meter—they would actually hokum the box before the film flow began.

Well, this astonishing proposal—H.R. 13686—is now in the tender hands of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. And there, as God is good, it will lie until the Last Trump sounds for you, for me and for the Rev. William Sheafe Chase of the City of Churches.

CANON CHASE'S packed conference at Washington in 1928 was the most colossal flop in the history of his career as a self-anointed watchdog of the common weal.

It laid an egg of truly stupendous size.

In fact, five intelligent and honorable ladies, all representing powerful women's organizations throughout the country, sickened by the steam rolling of the conference, arose in their majesty and stalked into the night, leaving our embattled youth to its own happy devices.

Infuriated, the Canon clapped the doors on all but his hand-picked delegates. These ladies and gentlemen passed the customary resolutions denouncing the motion picture industry.

The conference then, without a sigh, faded imperceptibly into history, and then right out again. It is all so sad. It is all so bitter, so petty, so aciduous. Nothing was accomplished save to sicken the onlookers with the triviality of it all, with its venom and its vitriol.

You cannot faintly conceive how pathetic was this tiny huddle of ageing people, seeming so soured, so unhappy, who brought to their deliberations not love, but enmity, not peace, but a sword.

Let us escape—the air is heavy. Come—take a deep gulp of heady fall air and walk with me down the avenue. Clara Bow is at the Palace tonight!

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## Something About Myself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.]

into my consciousness and, although I did not know many of the words, the sheer beauty of expression and the mystery of the ideas must have filled my heart with a certain strange fantasy.

The books and a little puppet theater that I kept carefully guarded from the prying eyes of my brother gave me my only pleasure.

I was not a good student, since only certain subjects delighted me and those in which I found no pleasure I ignored. I was very good in history, because it seemed to have an epic (abominable word, misused in Hollywood) quality. Here I found the suffering of not one person nor group of persons. Here I found the pangs of nations. I also liked drawing and was given the task of teaching the younger and more backward students.

**CHILDHOOD**, pictured as a gay and care-free time, was only hurt for me, yet even had I had everything to make me comfortable I doubt if I would have been happy. It is not my nature. One who persists in an incessant "Why?" is seldom delighted with life and living.

Christmas was coming on again and I felt that I could not bear to hear, "What did grandfather give you? See, he gave me so much money."

I was about fourteen at the time and was beginning to realize that there was an escape, so my mother and I contrived to spend the holidays at a lakeside resort not far from Malmo.

I prepared for it for weeks in advance and saved every penny I could from my allowance to buy my mother a gift. I looked about the town for something that would please her and at last found a little lace jabot. Perhaps you remember them, it was the kind that women were wearing at their throats at that time. It had cost four dollars yet it was the most precious thing in my luggage and I planned to save it as a great surprise for her after we had arrived at the lake.

We sat together on the train and I suddenly felt an emotion akin to happiness. We were escaped temporarily from the great house of my father. My grandfather and the other relatives would come to enjoy the holidays, but there would be no knife thrusts in my heart. He could give my brother as much money as he liked.

**I PEEPED** out of the windows and saw the people nearby. They did not know that I had been miserable. They did not know that my mother was always crying. And I thought about the little jabot laid away for her and the pleasure that it would give me to give to her.

Then fear came to me. Suppose a wreck should overtake the train. Suppose some disaster might occur that would cause my death. I would then die without the pleasure of seeing her face when she opened the package. I had steeped my mind with the philosophy of abstinence but I could not resist the temptation of having my pleasure then. I could not wait until we got to the lake. Since then, this has become my life philosophy.

I opened my valise and gave her the gift on the train. Of course, there was nothing left when Christmas came, but I was not sorry. My delight lay in the moment—and her face then will always be a treasured moment.

At the lake people were nicer than they had ever been. It was the first time I met folk who were charming and gracious to us. Although I had seen charm and graciousness about me, I had been no part of it. These people accepted us and talked to us and seemed to enjoy being with us.



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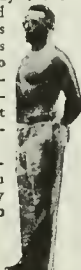


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And it was here that I first fell in love. She was, of course, much older than I, nineteen or twenty, with heavy, black hair and wide apart beautiful eyes and I'm sure that she must have been amused at the adoration of a child. But she was gentle with me and I mooned about the hotel and wrote a long letter to her every day.

**N**OW I know that there was more actual pleasure in writing to her and in thinking of her than in seeing her, but I did not know it then. I had not learned that realities are merely superficial and that the life of the mind is the only one worthy of attention, so I felt myself heart broken when we parted.

But I had been happy. I thought of her continually and paid less attention to my studies than before. It then became my ambition to buy her a ring. It must have a blue stone and, the highest compliment to her, it must be gold.

But alas, I could not save so much money. I counted every cent. I denied myself every pleasure, but there was not enough for the great, sacrificial gift.

And then I remembered an old French proverb, "La parole est d'argent, la silence est d'or." So I bought the silver ring and wrote to her saying that, since silence was gold and speech silver, this ring *spoke* to her of our love.

I was quite pleased with myself. The ultimate had been accomplished. I had achieved my purpose and her memory faded from my mind. She was still my beautiful lady of the lake, but I could not go on writing to her indefinitely.

The condition at home was becoming intolerable and I announced my intention of leaving and becoming an actor. My father was hurt that I should choose the stage for my profession, but nothing could dissuade me and once more I found myself on the train seeking life and adventure and new worlds.

My head reeled with the beauty of freedom and without knowing anything but that I was alive and blessed with newly acquired wings I arrived in Copenhagen.

It was in the theater, thought I, that I could express myself, that I could find new life, that I could blot out the memories of the past.

In Copenhagen there lived a great actor named Hertel and I found an audience with him.

"Ah, but you're too young," he said, "too young and too sickly for the stage. You're thin and weak and how do I know that you can act, anyhow?"

I told him all the things that embryonic "geniuses" tell established actors. I told him that I was filled with a divine fire and that I knew I could express myself on the stage. I begged that he take me as a pupil and declared that I would pay him as best I could.

"I don't want money," he said. "If you have talent I shall be glad to teach you."

There was now two things that appeared necessary for my success, if I was to have it. I must learn to act and I must be strong, so I combined lines with exercises and even now I spend a certain number of hours of each day in the gymnasium with various devices for exercising.

**I**MEMORIZED several plays and again reported to Hertel. He heard my recitation of them and told me that he would instruct me without pay.

I had been taught to repress my emotions so I thanked him calmly but left the house with the wings of freedom now full spread.

For six months I went through a hectic course of instruction. He taught me to read lines, to carry myself well on the stage, to tear out everything from a speech that was in it and when it was over I felt as if both my body and brain were worn out, so I went to Stockholm for the skiing to assimilate all that I had learned.

Stockholm in the winter is brilliant. The minds of its people seem to take on something



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of the dazzling qualities of the snow and ice and I found some friends and enjoyed skiing with a well, strong body for the first time in my life. I had, by this time—I think I was sixteen or so—grown very tall.

It was then that I met Mauritz Stiller. He was looking for a man to play the leading rôle in his screen production, "Wings." This title did not, at that time, carry with it an idea of aviation. It meant the wings of the soul and I felt a great desire to be a part of it, since I myself had so lately grown the wings of freedom.

"YOU look the part," Stiller said, "but you have had no experience. Surely you will not be able to act."

Yet he consented to give me a test and, when he saw it, he said, "But where have you learned acting? How do you know the intricacies of technique?"

And I told him that I had been taught by Hertel.

And suddenly my life changed. I am an extremist. I fly from vivid moment to vivid moment. I take the fullness of each day and exhaust it.

I suddenly became a motion picture star. I earned an enormous salary. I was known all over Sweden. Nils Asther, the cinema star.

The critics praised me, compared my work to that of Valentino and other great names. Money seemed to pour in upon me and being young and being me I threw discretion to the long nights of Scandinavia and lived like a prince.

I bought a house three stories tall and, on the top floor, I entertained my friends. Such wild folk we were, bound together by a common bond of freedom.

The license that was practiced in my palace was due to the fact that I suddenly found myself the master of my fate. I suddenly discovered that I was wealthy and famous and it was my delight to abandon myself to making the most of this.

Oh, we were gay and young and wild! One evening we decided that the tone of the grand piano was bad and without more ado a group of us threw it out of the third floor window. It crashed in the street below. Upon the same evening we found that the champagne was not of the best and we stood in the windows and hurled it out on the streets. The opera was just letting out across the way and we threw the bottles of champagne at the people. They huddled in the doorways and could not get out of the lobby of the theater.

**A**FTER the success I had made with Stiller in Stockholm I had offers to star in pictures in many parts of the world but I refused them and remained in the city where I found the greatest gaiety.

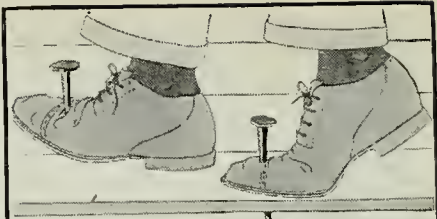
My very repressed, unhappy life at home had led me to this startling existence. I suddenly turned reactionary and found myself bored with all of these wild scenes. The people were all strange and Bohemian and amusing, but I was unhappy. I was seeking that which I did not find. One may throw bottles of champagne out of windows, one may crash grand pianos on the street, one may lead the merriest life and still the ephemeral quality called happiness is out of reach.

I was as chained as I had ever been. This gay life left me without peace and I was sad again.

And then I touched the hem of the garment of truth.

One Thursday evening I was seated at a cafe on a sidestreet in Stockholm that was often frequented by the artists of the town when a man, large, bulky, with a shock of unkempt hair on his head, entered. I thought for a minute that it was Strindberg, whom I very much admired, and then I saw that it was not he. This strange man, who seemed unused to the place, kept staring at me with burning eyes.

I turned to my companion and said, "Who is he?"



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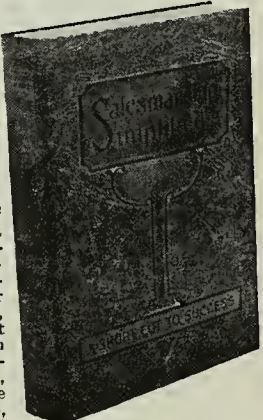
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My friend answered, "That is Djalmar Bergman, the greatest writer of our time."  
 "But why does he stare at me?"  
 "Perhaps," my friend supplied, "he may be writing a play and wants you to do the part. Or, perhaps, he is simply curious and is looking at the great Nils Asther, the cinema star."

IN a moment he came over to our table and began talking to me as if we had known each other always. His manner intrigued me. His brilliance astounded me and, from that minute on, we were the closest of friends.

Some months later I learned the story of that evening. Bergman is one of the most eccentric characters. For nineteen years he had lived completely apart from the world, with his wife. His wife was Augusta Lindberg and he and she had cloistered themselves.

Bergman would have none of people. He was content with his wife and his writing. He had never seen a cinema and he was not attracted to me for that reason. A stranger power had brought us together.

Next month Nils Asther tells about his charming friendship with Djalmar Bergman and his wife, Augusta Lindberg. And about his marriage. And his arrival in America. And his first introduction to Hollywood. Watch for the concluding installment of this Life Story in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY.

## The Hot Baby of Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

smile. "Dis" won and Lupe arrived in Mexico City driving the locomotive that pulled the cars!

Her home seethed with turmoil. Her father was lying close to death and her mother and sisters were beside themselves with grief.

They had sold the piano and the car. Still the money dwindled. "What are we to do?" they wailed.

At last Lupe, like a flame, stood before them. "Fools!" she shouted. "Why do you cry? I see only tears, tears, tears. If each tear were a gold piece then cry forever. But it isn't. Someone must work. We cannot all be fools in this family."

THAT night she went with her sweetheart—the only man she has ever really loved—to a theater and there she saw a famous actress on the stage.

"I could do as well as she," said Lupe.

Her sweetheart laughed, "You might think you could. You can act on the roof of the house with only servants to watch, but when you stand before a real audience with a thousand eyes turned upon you—ah—that is different."

The next day Lupe and her mother, who had been an opera singer, went to see a stage manager.

The manager cast an appraising eye over the child. "You say you can dance? Very well, I will put you in the chorus."

Lupe screamed. "The chorus—no! I won't go in the chorus. I am as good as anyone on your stage. I am better than your stars. I will be a star and sing and dance alone."

The manager shrugged his shoulders.

"Wait," she cried, "I will show you."

She ran to the stage and sang for him—the first American jazz songs he had ever heard. He smiled upon her. "You are right. The chorus is not for you."

The day of the opening arrived. Her mother went back stage with her. In Mexico an actress must furnish her own wardrobe. Lupe had a little red dress and hat that had cost twenty-two pesos. The hat boasted a long red

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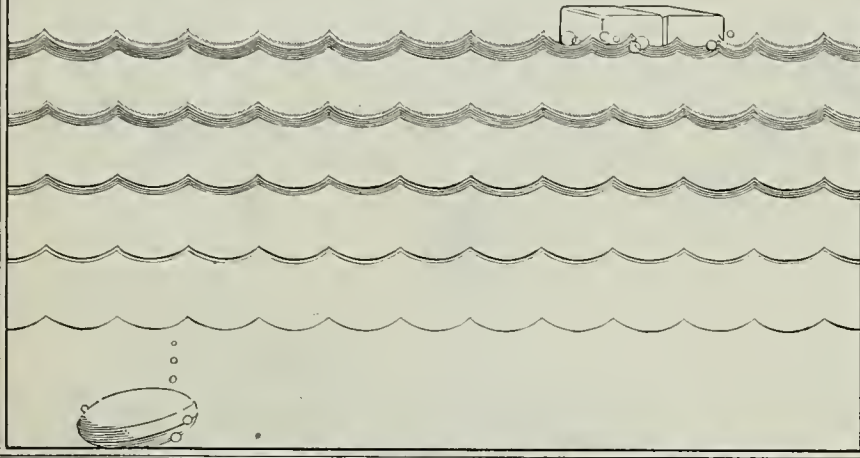
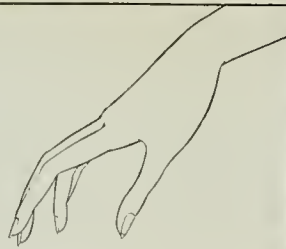
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feather that shook because the child was so nervous.

"You must not be afraid, Lupe," said her mother. "You are singing American songs. No one knows the words. If you forget just say, 'la de da' and no one will be the wiser."

THE star of the show rolled a sarcastic Mexican eye in her direction. "Oh, you are afraid. You are afraid of the thousand eyes!"

"I'm not," cried Lupe. "I'm Lupe Velez. I am afraid of nothing."

"But I was afraid," Lupe told me. "I was so afraid that I shook all over." She laughed, an explosive Mexican laugh. "I was so scared that I did the shimmy better than I have ever done it. I shake all over. I shake my arms and my legs and my hands. And then all stood up and shouted and shouted and yelled my name and threw things—money and flowers—on the stage.

"I forgot the words of the song. It was 'Charlie, My Boy.' Charlie, my boy, oh, Charlie my boy, la da da, oh, Charlie, my boy! But they didn't know the words and they didn't know I forget and they scream and clap and I danced and sang again and again and again."

Lupe became Mexico's favorite entertainer. They are a people given to enthusiasms. Her name was spread across the theater in gleaming electric lights. She was recognized everywhere she went. Her money went to the support of her family.

There was only one situation that marred her happiness. Her sweetheart—whom she really loved. The sweetheart who loved her. But he loved the convent girl, Lupe. He loved the child who had dressed herself in sheets and had danced on the roof. The servants who watched her, then, had stupid lacklustre eyes. But the thousand eyes watching her at the theater were not lacklustre. This pair of long, slim, scarlet, silk legs at the theater—this was not his Lupe. Other men watched his sweetheart as she danced and sang.

He confided his thoughts to Lupe. And what was she to do? Her father was ill. She had to have money. And by this time the excitement of the theater tingled in her finger tips. She could not give it up.

Faced with the problem of love or a career—a problem that confronts every girl who has her way to make—Lupe chose the career. She loved her sweetheart, she still loves his memory, but there was a sick father and the thirst for the theater.

A THEATRICAL agent, Frank Woodyard, had seen her on the stage and had persuaded Richard Bennett to send for her for a rôle in "The Dove," shortly to open in Los Angeles.

Lupe had had offers from South America and from other parts of Mexico, but there was a quarrel with her manager, so she accepted the Los Angeles contract.

Strangely enough, although she was an ardent picture fan, the idea of a screen career had not entered her head. "I knew that I was too ugly," she said.

But when she announced her intention of leaving, the papers screamed in headlines, "Lupe Goes to Hollywood."

She left Mexico City in a blaze of glory, only to discover that there was trouble with her passport and she could not get into the United States.

Crestfallen, she returned, hoping nobody would recognize her, but a newsboy on the street saw her and began to shout that Lupe was back from Hollywood.

The people of Mexico laughed and, when the passport was at last arranged, and she made her final exit from the city of her success there was no ballyhoo. By this time her money had taken wings. She was not well equipped with English. The words she knew were, briefly, "chocolate malted milk," "strawberry ice cream soda" and "hell."

She arrived in Los Angeles with a pair of liquid eyes, a few words of English, a Mexican

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hairless dog and one dollar. The porter tried to take her grips, the baggage man attempted to check her trunks, but she knew that she would have to tip them, so she carried her own baggage inside the station where she sat waiting for something to happen. But Lupe cannot sit for long.

At last she carried her trunk and her bags and her dog to a taxicab.  
 "Where to, Miss?" said the driver.  
 "'otel," said Lupe.  
 "What hotel?" asked the driver.  
 "'otel," shouted Lupe.  
 "What hotel?"  
 "Hell! 'otel."  
 "I didn't catch it. What hotel did you say?"  
 "Oh, hell! 'otel."

Undoubtedly thinking that he had a mad woman on his hands, the driver started for any hotel.

Lupe looked out of the window, breathless. Never had she seen such tall buildings, so many people, such hurrying.

The cab stopped at the Hotel Louise, an obscure hostelry in the apartment house district in Los Angeles.

Lupe went inside and there she discovered a cross-eyed clerk at the desk. "And cuckoo eyes are such bad luck," she said. "I think, 'Oh, my God, I come here with no money and the first person I see has cuckoo eyes.'"

She ran out of the hotel and threw herself into the cab, shouting, "'otel."

"Look here," said the driver, "have you any money?"

Lupe understood him and shook her head. He lifted a screaming, shouting, kicking fiery devil from the cab and deposited her on the curb. She flew at him in a rage.

"Hell! Hell! Hell!"  
 He drove her—after all what could he do?—to another hotel. She showed the wire from Richard Bennett to the clerk. He got the actor on the 'phone and presently he arrived with Woodyard and an interpreter.

Because of the trouble with her passport she was too late for the part. Dorothy Mackaye, now serving a term at the penitentiary, had already gone into the rôle.

Lupe was stranded, but not for long. That very night she signed a contract with Woodyard, as her manager, who found a job for her dancing with Fanchon and Marco.

No manager was stupid enough to give Lupe a place in the chorus girl line and it was inevitable that she be seen. Harry Rapp, the executive with the sharp eyes (he found Joan Crawford dancing at the Winter Garden) saw her and gave her a test, that eventually led to her being cast in Fairbanks' "The Gaucho." There was trouble with her manager and the contract was finally broken.

She has swept Hollywood, as she swept Mexico City. She has been the topic of conversation at every luncheon, tea and dinner. Everyone asks, "What do YOU think of Lupe Velez?"

Such adjectives as "Great," "Marvelous," and "Swell" have been applied to her. It remained, however, for Mrs. William J. Locke,



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wife of the famous English novelist, to add the finishing touch. In her faultless British she said, "Oh, yes, my dear, Lupe Velez. A very noisy young person."

Lupe is noisy—like a storm! She is vivid, like scarlet. And she still speaks the language of the eyes. Men, oh, how many men, have succumbed, like the engineer of the locomotive—George Jessel, Al Jolson, Tom Mix, Dick Jones.

Jones directed "The Gaucho." It was to Lupe's advantage to cultivate him. She did. Their engagement was announced. Jones made a masterly denial that did not incriminate a lady. He left, shortly afterwards, for Europe.

Oh, there have been many men in Hollywood, as there were many boys in Mexico.

**AND** now—Gary Cooper! No stranger pair are to be found. Lupe of Mexico City. Gary of the Montana plains. But it is the first time that Lupe's heart has been affected since she arrived in Hollywood. As a child she exchanged her kisses for bits of ribbon for her braids, later she bartered for orchids and bracelets. But Gary has no orchids to give, yet Lupe says, "Oh, but I luff him. He is so sweet!"

To catch the force of the elements that seethe in the heart of Lupe Velez is a task for the pen of a D'Annunzio. You know now that she was born near Mexico City, that she was a famous stage dancer, that she arrived in Los Angeles with one dollar.

But you do not know and I cannot tell you that she is flame and fire and element and simplicity and passion all rolled together in a tense, vivid little face and a body as lithe as her mind.

Lupe is just Lupe. She acts because she must. She loves because she must. She is Lupe, because it was decreed by a restless god that there be a Lupe to brighten our dull, phlegmatic lives.

## Questions & Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99 ]

**J. E. K., WILMINGTON, O.**—Maximilian Fabian was the head cameraman of "In Old Kentucky," and Peverell Marley headed a battery of cameramen for "The King of Kings."

**A. A. A., MARIETTA, PA.**—By rights, with those initials, you ought to head this department. You certainly have it bad, so I'll take pity on you and tell you about Lupe Velez. Lupe was born in San Luis Potosi, a suburb of Mexico City. Her father was a colonel in the Mexican regular army and was killed in a revolution. Lupe's real name is Maria Villabalo. Her mother was Josephine Velez, an opera singer. Lupe has one brother and three sisters.

**M. A. H., WILMINGTON, DEL.**—Al Jolson has been married three times. His first wife, whom he married in 1906, was Henrietta Keller. They were divorced in 1919. In 1922, Mr. Jolson married Ethel Delmar and that marriage lasted until 1926, when they were divorced. Last September, Al married Ruby Keeler, the stage dancer. Conrad Nagel has only been married once. His wife was Ruth Helms. Conrad was born in Keokuk, Iowa. He has blonde hair and blue eyes.

**M. R., CHICAGO, ILL.**—Yep, she's Irish, with a dash of English, and Mary Philbin is her real name. She's twenty-three years old and attended school in your city before she won a beauty contest and a chance in the movies.

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- Harp
- Mandolin
- 'Cello

old and not married. Tom Mix has one daughter, Ruth, by his first marriage. Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Ill. Pauline Starke comes from Joplin, Mo. So far as I know, neither of them ever lived in Topeka.

M. H., TORONTO, ONT.—Molly O'Day is very much alive. She went to the hospital for an operation to have some of her extra weight removed. Lloyd Hughes' next film is "The Mysterious Island."

ASTRID B., TAMPA, FLA.—Mother knows best! It was Antonio Moreno, not John Gilbert, who played opposite Clara Bow in "It."

CLARA AND DOUG, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Not Bow and Fairbanks? Yes, "War in the Dark" and "The Mysterious Lady" are one and the same picture. The title was changed from the former to the latter, before the film was released. George Lewis is twenty-five years old and Ramon Navarro is four years older. John Boles is six feet tall, while Joe Striker is five feet, nine and one-half inches tall. Mr. Striker has brown hair and brown eyes. Loretta Young and Sally Blanc are sisters.

K. B., RICHIBUCTO, N. B.—Irene Rich, Helen Foster, Ruth Taylor and Harold Lloyd are all Americans. Miss Rich is about thirty-four years old and married to D. F. Blackenhorn. Ruth is single and Harold is married to Mildred Davis.

A. S., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Tom Santschi is an old-timer. He has been in pictures since 1907. That's his real name. Tom was born October 24, 1880. And he's married. Louise Dresser is married. She's been in pictures for about seven years. Helen Lynch is twenty-five years old.

CECY, RIO DE JANEIRO.—Your English is very good. But you mustn't quarrel with your brother. Harriet Hammond was the heroine of "The Midshipman."

THELMA, HILLSIDE, N. J.—Richard Arlen was the leading man in "Padlocked." Dorothy Mackaill's address is in care of the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Jacqueline Logan may be reached at the Pathe-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Calif. Estelle Taylor and Donald Keith are free-lancing.

V. A., SEATTLE, WASH.—Lois Moran is not married.

J. S., CHICAGO, ILL.—Alice Joyce is married to James Regan. Write to her at the First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

MILDRED AND JANE, BARABAS, WIS.—John Barrymore still has a contract to make more pictures, so it isn't likely that he'll go on the stage in the near future. Raymond Keene played in "The Magic Garden." Lane Chandler is a bachelor.

GERTRUDE D., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—John Kolb played the title rôle of "The Gorilla." It's good work when an actor can fool you. Al Cooke is the gentleman's real name. Kit Guard was born Christopher Klitguard.

J. A. B., CHICAGO, ILL.—John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland are not related. Jack's name is his own, but Mr. Roland is a Mexican who adopted a box office monicker for film purposes.

D. S. W., WORCESTER, MASS.—Lawrence Gray isn't married. Does that make you happy? He was born in San Francisco July 27, 1898, and his first film appearance was in "The Dressmaker from Paris." He has brown hair and green eyes. Now that you've found the way, come again!

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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

N.S.E.

# PHOTOPLAY

MARCH  
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Davies*




*Charles Sibley*

This Cover  
Drawing is a  
Color Chart  
For Blondes

## Don't Envy the Stars

See Page 32

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# PHOTOPLAY

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WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
March  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 4

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# As We Go to PRESS

**R**ICHARD BARTHELMESS returns to the First National coast studios on March 4th to start his new starring contract, following a 5,000 mile vacation trip with his wife. This trip included New York, Palm Beach, Havana, Vera Cruz and Mexico City. Dick's buddy, William Powell, joined Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess in New York and accompanied them on their trip. Dick's new contract, which calls for better than \$8,500 a week, also gives him twelve vacation weeks every year. Good contract, eh? . . . Upon his return, Bill Powell enters the star class with Paramount. His first will be "Darkened Rooms," a spiritualistic play. . . . Jack Mulhall also is becoming a full fledged star for First National. Jack will air his voice in his starring pictures. How many know that Mulhall was one of the first talkie players, in the old Edison talkies years and years ago? . . . All sorts of rumors about Max Reinhardt, the imported German stage producer, and Joseph Schenck, head of United Artists, have been going the rounds in Hollywood. Reinhardt rises to state that all is peace and that it will be Schenck's money and not his own used

in making the production of "The Miracle Girl" starring Lillian Gish. . . . Among the big shots now parking their lipsticks and gutturals at the Warner Brothers studios in Hollywood are Charlotte Greenwood, Ted Lewis, Joe Frisco, Phil Baker, George Arliss, Pauline Frederick and Sophie Tucker, all scheduled to do bigger and better Vitaphones. . . . As if that roster wasn't enough, the Warners have signed Fannie Ward, the perennial flapper, for a talkie. . . . Like all eminent authors, William J. Locke has been having his troubles in Hollywood. The original story he wrote for Norma Talmadge failed to click with the studio bosses. Locke probably will now make it into a novel, which the movies will purchase later at great cost. Instead of the Locke story, Miss Talmadge is going to do "The Sign on the Door," Channing Pollock's play of some seasons ago. George Fitzmaurice will direct it, his first for United Artists. Meanwhile, Locke is going back to Merrie England. . . . Despite reports that he was out of work, Gilbert Roland is back

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

on the United Artists lot with a new contract and a raise in salary. This flattens the reports that Eugene O'Brien was returning to be Norma Talmadge's leading man. . . . Octavus Roy Cohen, well known to PHOTOPLAY readers for his funny darkie stories, is in Hollywood doing Paramount's first vehicle for Moran and Mack. Now who brought that up? . . . Charlie Chaplin is all upset over the rumors about his infatuation for Georgia Hale. Still, they say he may marry Miss Hale. . . . Paul Whiteman, the heavyweight monarch of music, is due in at the Universal studios on March

1st to start spending a million of Uncle Carl's money on "The Jazz King." Katherine Crawford, of "Hit the Deck," is scheduled to be leading woman. . . . Mary Philbin answers the rumor that her romance with Paul Kohner is cold by showing his engagement ring. But her mother says there will be no marriage when Kohner returns. Figure that out. . . . Doug Fairbanks and Mary Pickford are considering doing "The Taming of the Shrew" as a joint film effort. . . . Tom Mix, whose confessions will be found on another page of this issue, is retiring from FBO without making the last picture called for in his contract. He is scheduled to do several weeks in vaudeville, after which he will sail for Europe. Maybe he is going to strive for a reconciliation with Victoria, now in Paris. At least, that's what they say. . . . Tommy Meighan is going to do "The Argyle Case" for the Warners. . . .

Rin-Tin-Tin is going on a vaudeville tour. He will do four a day if his bark holds out. . . . Parrots and magpies are getting the breaks in the talkies these days. . . . Impersonators of animal sounds get \$15 a day in the Hollywood talkies now. . . . Bob

Benchley is back in Hollywood movietoning for Fox, after a visit to New York. Most of the stay was spent in bed with a temperature of one hundred and two. . . . John Gilbert will follow "Redemption" with "The Way of a Sailor," King Vidor directing. The Metro-Goldwyn studio is not the same with Greta Garbo gone, says Jack, who is reported to be interested a bit in Mona Maris, Joe Schenck's new Argentine discovery imported from Germany. Still, Greta phoned Jack from Stockholm on New Year's Day. . . . Sailor pictures are in vogue. William Haines is to do "The Gob." . . . By the way, Laurence Stallings is adapting Gilbert's "Way of a Sailor." . . . John Barrymore is to do "General Crack," George Preedy's novel of an eighteenth century soldier of fortune, as a Warner Vitaphone. . . . Norman Kerry is back in Hollywood after doing a film on the Continent. . . . Dick Arlen does a prize fighter in his next, "The Man I Love." . . . Little Davey Lee, the heart throb of "The Singing Fool," is to be starred in "Sonny Boy."



International Newsreel Photo

**WAMPAS BABY STARS OF 1929.** Top: Loretta Young, Josephine Dunn, Jean Arthur, Doris Hill, Anita Page. Center: Mona Rico, Betty Boyd, Sally Blane, Ethlyn Claire. Sitting: Helen Twelvetrees, Caryl Lincoln, Helen Foster, Doris Dawson



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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

\***AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**APACHE, THE**—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Bacalova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BABY CYCLONE, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—All right, if you like Pekinese pups. (September.)

**BANTAM COWBOY, THE**—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

\***BARKER, THE**—First National.—Human and humorous story of circus life. With Milton Sills. See it. (September.)

**BATTLE OF THE SEXES, THE**—United Artists.—How a happy home is wrecked by a blonde. Sophisticated drama. (September.)

**BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

**BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES**—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BIG HOP, THE**—Buck Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

**BIT OF HEAVEN, A**—Excellent.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI**—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BLOW FOR BLOW**—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

**BROADWAY DADDIES**—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

**BROKEN MASK, THE**—Anchor.—Ugly story of revenge but well told and acted. (September.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**BURNING THE WIND**—Universal.—One of Hoot Gibson's lapses. (Oct.)

**CAMERAMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

\***CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN CARELESS**—FBO.—You'll like Bob Steele. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN LASH**—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

\***CARDBOARD LOVER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Snappy French farce comedy with Marion Davies—also Jetta Goudal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

\***CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEARING THE TRAIL**—Universal.—Again saving the old ranch. (Oct.)

**CLOUD DODGER, THE**—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blonde! (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE AIR**—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE SCARLET**—First National.—Ken Maynard gets his man. Good out-door story. (September.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE**—Gotham.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**COWBOY KID, THE**—Fox.—A Western for the simple-minded. (September.)

\***CRAIG'S WIFE**—Pathe.—Splendid drama with Irene Rich as the too perfect wife. (September.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DEVIL'S TRADEMARK, THE**—FBO.—Aggravating bunk. (September.)

\***DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

**DIVINE SINNER, THE**—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct.)

\***DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two delinquents, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

**DOMESTIC MEDDLERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

\***DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law ex-patriots of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

**DUGAN OF THE DUGOUTS**—Anchor.—Gauging the Great War again. (September.)

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

**EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER**—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

**FAMILY PICNIC, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Pioneer all-talking comedy. See it and write your own remedy. (September.)

**FANGS OF FATE**—Pathe.—Klondike, the dog grows through an old story. (September.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 12 ]

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"7th Heaven"

"The Singing Fool"

"The Divine Lady"

"Interference"

"Mother Knows Best"

"Street Angel"

"In Old Arizona"

"The Patriot"

"Four Devils"

"Wings"

"The Godless 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.

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Talmege in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CELEBRITY**—Pathe.—A prize-fighter gets culture. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)





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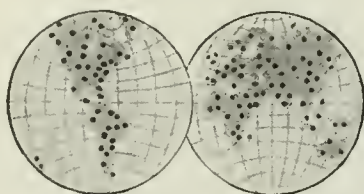
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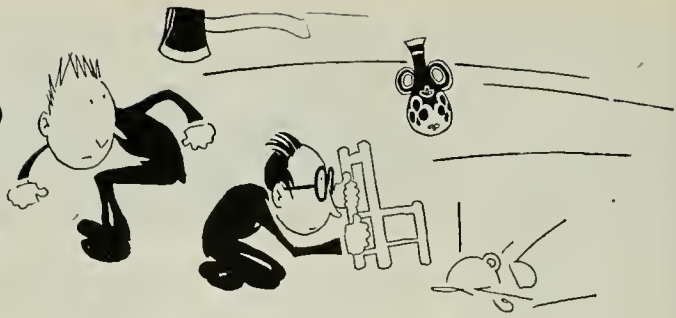
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# Brickbats

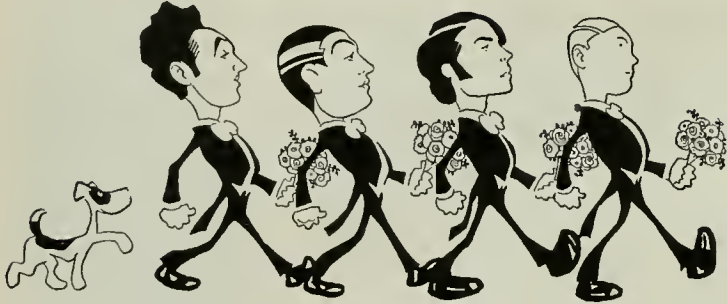
Three prizes  
are given every month  
for the best letters—  
\$25, \$10 and \$5

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS



## The Monthly Barometer

THE furor about talking pictures is subsiding. The "fans" are accepting them for what they are worth—either good or bad entertainment. "The Singing Fool," for instance, is widely praised as a fine use of the new medium. "Our Dancing Daughters" continues to bring in a flood of enthusiastic letters.

PHOTOPLAY's article, "Diet—The Menace of Hollywood," was the most discussed feature of the month. There is a demand for Life Stories of Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper and Baclanova. What are your preferences? "The Wedding March" is receiving some severe pannings. John Gilbert, Nils Asther and Gary Cooper have the edge on all the other boys in letters. Clara Bow, Greta Garbo and Joan Crawford are the queens among the girls.

Extra space is allotted to the prize-winning letter for this month. It comes from the County Supervisor of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and it is recommended to your attention. You'll find it worth reading and thinking about.

What have you to say? What brickbats or bouquets have you to throw at the movies?

### \$25.00 Letter

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Some of our citizens interested in the Eighteenth Amendment were anxious to find out what benefits, if any, had accrued to the people by the passing of that act. I always call on a large number of voters during an election, and I was asked if I would make a report. Having myself been elected to office by the voters on eight separate occasions, I am well acquainted and, it is fair to say, I am well qualified to make such an investigation.

I found, undoubtedly, many families had benefited by the Eighteenth Amendment, but I discovered, and it was something I had not looked for, that moving pictures had contributed more to the making of happy homes than they are given credit for.

One of my former constituents was in years gone by what you may designate as a drunkard. On more than one occasion, when I was alderman in his ward, his wife requested me to intercede, feeling I had some influence with him, because every cent of his pay envelope went to a gin mill. On my recent call, I

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

found him a changed man with a changed home and family.

"Abolishing the saloons hasn't been a bad thing for you, Jim," I said.

"Oh, it isn't exactly the saloons," he responded, "it was the movies. Long before they put the kibosh on the rum shops, the missus got me to go to see the pictures and I enjoyed 'em so much and I got so much fun from seeing my youngsters happy, that I swore off drinking. We always go to pictures on Saturday nights and, you bet, I get more for my money than I did before."

A retired business man said to me: "You remember my servant, Timothy? He has been in my employ for over twenty years and scores of times I've dismissed him for drinking, but he always came back with new resolutions and fresh promises. He seemed hopeless, until he began to go to moving picture shows. Now I don't think he has had a drop for years. Every night, unless I need him, he is out at the movies."

"Isn't that expensive?" I asked.  
"Expensive nothing," was the rejoinder, "why he would spend more in one night in a saloon than he spends in a month at the shows. He hadn't a dollar to his name when he acquired the movie habit, but since then my wife puts a portion of his wages in the savings bank every week."

"Well," I said, "I guess closing the saloons helped a little."

"Maybe they did," said my friend, "but I

don't believe if there were a saloon on every corner that you could get Timothy inside one of them. He has got the saving idea and I give all the credit to the moving pictures."

A lady I called upon said: "The servant problem nearly drove me insane. I finally found a prize cook, but I soon discovered that most of her money went for gin. Poor soul! I was sorry for her. She hadn't a friend in the country. One night my little ten year old girl wanted to go to see Charlie Chaplin and I asked Katrina if she would take her. She had never seen a picture, but she grudgingly agreed. From that night she became an ardent movie fan and never misses a picture of merit. And, wonderful to relate, she hasn't touched a drop of gin since then."

I mention only these three cases but there were many others. My investigation proved to me conclusively that the motion picture has done as much towards the making of happy homes and happy lives as the passing of the Volstead Act.

COUNTY SUPERVISOR RANSON CAYGILL.

### \$10.00 Letter

Baltimore, Md.

After having seen "White Shadows of the South Seas," I am inspired to write a few words of praise about this unusual tale. The moral, so it seems to me, is that the white man more often brings evil instead of good to these far-off islands.

For nearly twenty years my uncle sailed the seven seas and I recall very vividly his telling me as a child how it distressed him when he thought of the way the lives of these peace-loving natives were molested and altered according to American ideas.

Because we are Americans, why are we so egotistical as to think that our ways are best? Who are we to tell these people who live by nature alone that it is wrong. As for being heathens—yes! What if they in their ignorance, worship the moon, the stars or the sun? Here in our own country, where the word of God is spread unceasingly, I dare say there are more heathens than we could find by searching the far corners of the earth.

Charity begins at home. And in my humble opinion, this applies to reformation as well.

Such is the moral of this South Sea Island production, and may the screen continue to bring before the world such vital truths.

MRS. EUTHA ALLEN.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



# Is Intelligence a Handicap to Women?



**G**ERTRUDE ATHERTON—one of the most brilliant present-day woman writers—asks and discusses this vitally important question in the March Smart Set. Read it and then turn to Smart Set's new department—Beauty plus Brains—a series of portraits of beautiful young women who have made outstanding successes in business and professional careers—there's the answer.

## SMART SET

*The Young Woman's Magazine*

Each month Smart Set presents a number of fascinating sparkling articles on subjects nearest the hearts of *young* women. Articles on fashions, make-up, business careers, charm, written in inimitable style by young women who know. And in addition—a wealth of delightful—snappy—clean fiction by America's best known story writers.

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## MARCH

## SMART SET

*The Young Woman's Magazine*

## ON SALE NOW

# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]



**10 minutes a day rolls the fat away!**

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**FIGHTIN' REDHEAD, THE**—FBO.—Buzz Barton eats up the Western scenery. (September.)

**FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

**FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

**FLEETWING**—Fox.—A story of Araby, a girl, a sheik and a horse. (September.)

**FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE**—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

**\*FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

**\*FORGOTTEN FACES**—Paramount.—Underworld story of regeneration and sacrifice. Fine story, fine acting, and 100 per cent entertainment. (Sept.)

**\*FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**\*FOUR WALLS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Story of Jewish gangster, splendidly played by John Gilbert. Don't miss it. (September.)

**FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

**GANG WAR**—FBO.—Yep, bootleggers and crooks again. (September.)

**GATE CRASHER, THE**—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a hit-and-miss comedy. (September.)

**GEORGE BERNARD SHAW**—Fox-Movietone.—Mr. Shaw entertains his public with an imitation of Mussolini. It's a wow. (September.)

**GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

**GHOST TALKS, THE**—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

**GREASED LIGHTNING**—Universal.—Dumb Western. (September.)

**GREEN GRASS WIDOWS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Walter Hagen in a goofy golf story. He should know better. (September.)

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

**GUN RUNNER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

**HARVEST OF HATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

**HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

**HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

**HEARTS OF MEN**—Anchor.—And producers ain't got no heart. (Oct.)

**HEART TO HEART**—First National.—Agreeable and original comedy of small town life. You'll like it. (September.)

**HEART TROUBLE**—First National.—Harry Langdon writes his own finish in pictures. (Sept.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HIS RISE TO FAME**—Excellent.—Prize ring stuff with night club trimmings. (September.)

**HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

**\*HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HOT NEWS**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels hunts for thrills in the news reel game. And finds 'em. (September.)

**HOUSE OF SHAME, THE**—Chesterfield.—Domestic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

**HUNTINGTOWER**—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

**I FORBID**—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Kosher film of breaking hearts. (November.)

**\*IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

**\*INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

**\*IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to D'Artagnan—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

## 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.

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**\*JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

**JUST MARRIED**—Paramount.—Honeymoon farce on a transatlantic liner. Lots of laughs. (September.)

**KID'S CLEVER, TIE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE ROPE**—Universal.—Hoot Gihson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**\*KIT CARSON**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par Western. (Oct.)

**LADIES OF THE MOB**—Paramount.—Clara Bow becomes a gunman's "moll" and handles a dramatic story skillfully. (September.)

**LADY OF CHANCE, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velez runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

**LAST WARNING, THE**—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LIGHTS OF NEW YORK**—Warner-Vitaphone.—First all-talkie feature and, naturally, pretty crude. Squawking night clubs and audible murders. (September.)

**LINDA**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

**LINGERIE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a war romance that you'll like. (Oct.)

**LION AND THE MOUSE**—Warner-Vitaphone.—Partly dialogue with some effective performances. But the story belongs to a past decade. (September.)

**LION'S ROAR, THE**—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LITTLE WILD GIRL, THE**—Hercules.—Lila Lee gets mixed up in a lot of old-fashioned hokum. (September.)

**LOOKOUT GIRL, THE**—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

**LOST IN THE ARCTIC**—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

**LOVE OVER NIGHT**—Pathe.—Mystery stuff eased over with some good comedy. (September.)

**MADÉLON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

**MAN FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE**—Rayart.—Thrilling and enthralling Secret Service yarn. Above average. (September.)

**\*MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth' first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MAN'S MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

**MASKED ANGEL, A**—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (Oct.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**MATA HARI: THE RED DANGER**—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confused fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

**\*MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount-Caddis.—Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (Oct.)

**\*ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MIDNIGHT LIFE**—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct.)

**MODERN MOTHERS**—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Babbitts. (Oct.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

**\*MOTHER KNOWS BEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

**MYSTERIOUS LADY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo as a spy in a war romance. And, oh what fun for the officers! (September.)

**NAME THE WOMAN**—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (Oct.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

**NED McGOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

**\*NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

**\*NOAH'S ARK**—Warners.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NONE BUT THE BRAVE**—Fox.—Once more the college hero makes good. (Oct.)

**NO OTHER WOMAN**—Fox.—One of Dolores Del Rio's early movie mistakes, dug up for no good reason. (September.)

**OBEY YOUR HUSBAND**—Anchor.—Horrible moral lesson for naughty wives. (September.)

**OFFICE SCANDAL, THE**—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

**OH KAY!**—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

**OLD CODE, THE**—Anchor.—Heaven help the Indian on a night like this! (Oct.)

**ONE MAN DOG, THE**—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

**\*ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

**ORPHANS OF THE SAGE**—FBO.—Hoss pitcher. (Oct.)

**\*OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUT OF THE RUINS**—First National.—Dick Barthelmess in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great hand-fuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PAGE THAT KILLS, THE**—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)

**PAINTED POST**—Fox.—Tom Mix's swan song for Fox. (September.)

**PHIPPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**POLLY OF THE MOVIES**—First Division.—Inexpensive but entertaining film about an ugly duckling who would be a movie queen. (September.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

**\*POWER**—Pathe.—Romantic adventures of Bill Boyd and Alan Hale a couple of dam good workers—or good dam workers. And very funny, too. (Sept.)

**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)



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Please send me the Art Questionnaire and the book I have checked.

YOUR FUTURE  A ROAD TO BETTER THINGS

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Occupation \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



You don't know the HALF of him—

You always knew he was the screen's greatest fighting lover . . .

You always knew he was the greatest male star in pictures . . .

..... but YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' YET.

Wait till you get ALL of him—  
**VITAPHONE**

**Makes the Greatest  
Male Screen Star  
TWICE as Great!**

All these years the wealth of Richard Barthelmess' rich voice has been concealed. Now, VITAPHONE unearths this hidden treasure for you to enjoy. VITAPHONE brings you a Barthelmess so much greater it's like discovering a NEW STAR. A voice so sensationally fine he could have won stardom on it alone. You and millions of others have gone just to see him act. Now you can HEAR him TALK and play the piano.

**You'll enjoy TWO GREAT STARS  
IN ONE when you see and HEAR**

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BARTHELMESS  
TALKING and PLAYING in  
"WEARY RIVER"**

An epic of a down-and-outer whose plaintive music reaches through prison's bars to find love and a new life a thousand miles away! Weary River reminds you of the story "The Noose"—it's every bit as big.



With Betty  
Compton.  
A Frank Lloyd  
production.  
Screen version  
by Bradley King.  
Presented by  
Richard A. Rowland.

**FIRST NATIONAL  
VITAPHONE PICTURES**

Here's one to watch for—  
**CORINNE GRIFFITH in "THE DIVINE LADY"**



# Food to Keep You Slim

## How to Adapt the Recipes in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book to a weight reducing diet

**I**N another part of this issue of PHOTOPLAY, Dr. H. B. K. Willis gives you a calorie chart to guide you in arranging your menus if you are trying to reduce by adopting a safe and sane diet. PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book doesn't attempt to count calories but, if you must watch your weight, it is quite simple to adapt the recipes to your caloric needs.

For instance, there is Norma Talmadge's recipe for vegetable salad. Here is the recipe, as it is given in PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book:

1 cup finely cut red cabbage	1 cup finely cut celery
1 cup cold boiled beets	½ cup pimientos
1 cup cold boiled carrots	1 head lettuce
1 cup cold boiled potatoes	1 cup French dressing

Soak the cabbage in cold water for one hour. Drain the finely chopped vegetables and mix well together. Pour over French dressing, serve on lettuce leaves and garnish with pimientos.

Now to cut a few unnecessary calories from the salad without spoiling the taste, all you have to do is to eliminate the fattening potatoes. Instead you may substitute string beans, peas or any other green vegetable in season. And it would be well to cut down on the French dressing, which is mostly oil. You won't need so much dressing if you season the vegetables when you mix them, with salt and pepper and a little vinegar.

Let's consider Mary Philbin's recipe for Brown Betty. This is the original recipe:

2 cups bread crumbs	¾ cup sugar
4 apples	2 teaspoons cinnamon

A little butter

Grease a baking dish and line with a layer of sliced apples, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar mixed. Then a layer of



**Diet and exercise are the two important ways of keeping a slim figure, as Dorothy Sebastian knows. Both must be practised consistently and in moderation. Read how you may cut your calories without starving yourself**

bread crumbs with more cinnamon and sugar. Alternate apples and bread crumbs until the pan is filled, covering finally with bread crumbs. Small flakes of butter will make the pudding richer and, if you like, you may flavor with a little lemon juice. Bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes, keeping the dish covered until the last ten minutes of baking. Serve with hard sauce.

**T**O reduce the calories in this recipe, use whole wheat or non-fattening bread crumbs. And you may either cut down on the amount of sugar or substitute honey, which is slightly less fattening. The apples themselves contain their own sugar and the basic principle of the recipe is to combine the bread crumbs and the fruit. Of course, you don't need the butter but, if you think the pudding is going to be dry, you may add a little water to it.

Naturally, you will pass up the hard sauce, if you really are in earnest about getting thin, because the sauce is made of butter and sugar creamed together with a little flavoring. In fact, in adapting a great many of the recipes in the Cook Book, you can cut many calories simply by eliminating the rich sauces.

Thousands of PHOTOPLAY'S readers have received real pleasure and help from the Cook Book. If you haven't a copy, simply fill out the coupon, send twenty-five cents, and a Cook Book will be sent to you by return mail. In it you will find one hundred and fifty recipes, each one representing the favorite dish of a star.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



## on Girls' Problems

The talkies demonstrate the importance of a good speaking voice. For instance, study Evelyn Brent's clear, unaffected enunciation in "Interference," and you will see how much a voice adds to the charm of personality

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I am almost ashamed to complain, because I have so much to be grateful for. But I really have a big problem and I hope you can help me. First I'll have to explain myself a little, even if it does sound conceited. Before I finish you'll know I'm not conceited.

I'm twenty and considered pretty (and I know I am, although not in the dashing way I'd like). I have light brown fluffy hair and brown eyes and I'm moderately tall, and slender without being too thin. I dance well and my folks have enough money to give me a comfortable home and provide a good social background. I wear as nice clothes as the other girls in my set. I graduated from high school two years ago, have kept up my reading since, and for the past two years have held a good position in a big insurance office.

But in spite of everything I'm not a bit popular and never was, even during my school days. I'm all right in a crowd, but when I'm alone with one boy I get perfectly panic-stricken. I don't know what to talk about and everything I say sounds awkward and wrong. And of course the boy gets bored and he doesn't ask me for any more dates. The next time I meet him at a party or dance he is with some girl who hasn't had half my advantages and isn't a bit prettier or better dressed. But she's probably calling him her "little bitsie boy" and a lot of other foolish prattle and he's drinking in every word.

I just *can't* use "baby talk" to a grown man without feeling like a fool myself. And I can't give him a lot of compliments and tell him how grand I think he is—because the grander he seems the more tongue-tied I get!

I've tried drawing boys out and making them talk about themselves, but Mrs. Van Wyck, I haven't found that to be the magic cure-all. I don't believe boys like to talk about themselves all the time. They do like to talk about their jobs, and sometimes about mine, but most of the time I think they prefer less workaday subjects. And I have no small talk at all and I'm not enough at ease to be sparkling and witty—except at night after I'm in bed and I think back over the evening and the clever things I might have said!

Please, Mrs. Van Wyck, tell me how I can learn to say the things that will be interesting to boys, that will make them laugh and look at me with that little admiring gleam in their eyes—oh, yes, I'd recognize it, I've seen them look that way so often at other girls! JEAN L.

JEAN, I am choosing your letter to answer at some length in the magazine because there are so many, many girls with exactly your problem. And I want to help you all. You don't have to be unpopular. Gayety and companionship and love belong to youth. And every girl can have these in some measure, if she will only seek them in the right way.

I wonder if you realize that the best conversationalists are the most attentive listeners. It doesn't matter whether you are talking with an older person, with another girl or with a boy, the rule is the same—listen carefully. Don't just pretend interest—*be* interested.

## Do You Know How to Talk?

### Is This Month's Problem

HAVE you gone beyond the "baby talk" stage? Conversationally, many women never grow up. And yet, all theories to the contrary, men like women who know how to talk and when to listen. A sincere interest in others, a lack of self-consciousness and a well-pitched unaffected voice—these are the chief requirements of a good conversationalist.

Are there any other problems of beauty, health or happiness you want me to write about? Remember that I will be glad to answer any questions about the care of the hair or the complexion, about your clothes problems or about your personal perplexities. If you will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, you will receive your answer by return mail. Other letters will be answered in the magazine.

For information about the care of the skin, send a stamped envelope. And for the booklet on sane reducing, send ten cents. Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

Before you know it, something the boy says will remind you of something to tell him, and instead of wondering miserably what to say next you will be eagerly waiting for a break in his conversation so that you will have a turn to speak. In that way the talk will drift from subject to subject and the conversation will become vital and interesting to you both. When the evening is over, instead of regretting the clever things you might have said you will be thinking of those that were left unsaid because there wasn't time enough, and you will be looking forward to your next meeting. And the chances are that the boy will be feeling the same way. Your interest and natural manner will have set him completely at his ease.

When the all-talking picture "Interference" comes to your town, if you have not already seen it, be sure to go. Besides finding it very good entertainment you will be charmed by Evelyn Brent's lovely voice. And you will realize then, if you never did before, how important a part of one's personality the voice can be. Evelyn Brent speaks in a firm, well-pitched voice, without a trace of affectation in her accent and with perfect enunciation. Her voice is the natural expression of her emotions—when she is angry it becomes brittle and hard, and when she is trying to win back the man she loves it is resonant with feeling.

But don't get the idea that you must have a cultivated voice or a stage voice in order to talk well. I merely want to impress upon you that just as pretty clothes enhance your appearance, an attractive voice adds charm to whatever you say. Listen to your own voice for a few days—whenever you find it is getting too high-pitched, too loud, or too colorless and flat, try to remedy it at once. You will find it very good practice to read aloud, to someone else or just to yourself, and to watch your enunciation and your tones carefully.

Evelyn Brent does not need to use "baby talk"—she does not have to deal in superlatives. Her manner and speech are simple and direct, but the tones of her voice convey all the charming things she wants to imply.

And so I say to you, Jean, and all those other girls who are troubled by what to say and how to say it—just be your own natural, sweet selves. Cultivate a true interest in others and you will forget all self-consciousness. Listen attentively when others are talking, keep your speech and manner free from affectation, and other people will then enjoy listening to you.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 139]





# LES POUDRES COTY



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THE CHOICE  
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COTY Face Powders  
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**L'AIMANT**  
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FIVE DOLLARS (*Illustrated*) AND TWELVE-FIFTY  
PURSE SIZES — ¼ OUNCE \$1.00, ½ OUNCE \$2.00

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# Voted the Prettiest of **D E B U T A N T E S**

BY

**F. SCOTT FITZGERALD**

**CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.**

**JOHN BARRYMORE**

**S**HE IS ALLIED with some of the oldest families of New York and Boston, but her grandfather and grandmother were Spaniards of Spain, and "Spanish blood" speaks from her beautiful great eyes, her clear olive skin with its flash of pomegranate red; it is in her warm, impulsive, glancing speech, in the instinctive grace of all her movements.

She is quick, frank, eager, intensely alive, with the naiveté of a child occasionally breaking through the utter sophistication of a debutante of the season 1928-'29.

She was presented to New York society early in November at a very distinguished luncheon at a very distinguished club, and has had rather more than the usual success of charming youth.

She likes nearly everything—dogs, people, the theatre, dancing, riding, swimming . . . She thinks young people now are no worse than they ever were—"just franker. We haven't any illusions!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she became a sub-deb at 14, and nothing could be more beautiful than her smooth, clear, brilliant skin.

"A debutante *has* to have a good skin—she mustn't take any chances. That is why I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face. Woodbury's is wonderful!—it keeps my skin always soft and clear and just the way I want it to be."

**OUT OF HUNDREDS** of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

You can get a delightful Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, by sending us 10 cents and your name and address. Send today! The Andrew Jergens Co., 2205 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2205 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.



Nothing could be more beautiful than her clear, smooth, brilliant skin. "A debutante has to have a good skin," she says. "I never use any soap but Woodbury's on my face."



Miss Natica de Acosta of New York City, chosen from Woodbury beauties in forty-eight States as the prettiest of debutantes

© 1929 A. J. Co.





**P**ROFESSOR SENNETT again acts as casting scout for Cecil De Mille. It was the clever Mack who first discovered Carol Lombard. Mr. De Mille has selected Carol to play in "Dynamite," his first feature for M.-G.-M. Incidentally, Carol is not one of your too-thin girls. She belongs to the new anti-starvation school of beauties, which would indicate that Mr. De Mille is going to make curves fashionable.



Dyar

**E**VELYN BRENT shows why boys stayed away from their homes in ancient Greece. This is Miss Brent's idea of how Circe, the Enchantress, looked when Ulysses' ship anchored too dangerously near her palace. Miss Brent posed for this photograph just by way of relaxation, after an arduous season in very modern mystery plays and gun dramas.





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New in its combination of fine net-lined lace and doubled crepe de chine . . . new in its boneless, supple restraint . . . new in its gift of the more slender silhouette, by means of its back fastening . . . new in its completion of the entire under-wardrobe by the skilful design of the pantie-skirt . . .

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*“With all our experience we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that use Lux in the dishpan . . .”*



BEAUTY EXPERTS find Lux for dishes means smooth, white hands. Yet this beauty care costs so little! The big package of Lux does six weeks' dishes. Lovely hands for less than 1c a day!

**N**OBODY in the world has a better chance to compare women's hands than the experts in these famous beauty shops in cities all over the country!

And they find that—

“Lux for dishes means hands that are as truly lovely—as soft and white—as the hands of leisure.”

Here is beauty care *right in your dishpan!*

The secret is this: Lux is quite different from other soaps! It cherishes the delicate oils of the skin, while so many soaps dry these beauty oils—leave the skin roughened and red and drawn looking.

Best of all, this gentle beauty care costs almost nothing. Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1c a day!

Here is the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known—right in your own dishpan!



# PHOTOPLAY

March, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By *James R. Quirk*



AS I reach out to draw my typewriter closer the legend on the engraver's proof of the front cover of this issue of PHOTOPLAY catches my eye—"Don't Envy the Stars."

It's the truth. Poor Hollywood! If it isn't one thing it's another.

Right now the stars are recovering from an acute attack of talkophobia, a definite form of mental illness induced by the threat of the talking picture to cast aside the established screen players in favor of the full voiced stage strutters.

BEFORE that it was the menace of a foreign invasion following closely on the threat of a general cut in salaries.

Indeed, in the last two years confusion has piled on perplexity and ever so often the night air on the Beverly hilltops has seemed filled with hoodoos and flying jinxs, with nightmares rampaging through the slumbers of the elect of filmland.

But now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed up Jack Gilbert without a voice test, at a figure that will make his bank account as handsome as that romantic young devil himself, and they all sleep easier.

For it means that the producers realize there is more to motion pictures than mere talk.

THE Broadway lads and lassies had hardly packed their bags and borrowed the coin for a railroad ticket to California before word came

that, with few exceptions, our favorite shadows are audibly satisfactory, and that even the Thespian needs special training for two-dimensional lispings.

The microphone, which the stage actor looked upon as a friend in need, turned out to be a tricky magician who would not tolerate the bellow-

ings of the Shakespearean veteran or the studied affectation of the English actress from Arkansas.

COLLEEN came through her test with a voice that matched her sweet personality, and from Clara's voice the sound apparatus returned a pert echo that fitted her shadow self perfectly.

One hundred per cent was the report of the new gods of the studios, the sound technicians, on the inimitable Marion, and the same judges said that Corinne's voice sounded like Corinne looked. You cannot ask any more than that and expect to get it.

The beautiful Vilma is mastering English fast, which we regret, for her dialect was as fascinating as Mrs. Rod La Rocque herself, and the languorous Garbo now swings her Americanese as deftly as her tennis racquet.

WHEN the talkie scare started in Hollywood voice teachers put out shingles so fast that the cost of building material doubled.

Now the Hungarian and Swedish beauties will besiege the English teachers of Budapest and Stockholm, and soon you will see a new line

of advertisements (not in PHOTOPLAY) something like this:

**You too can be a talking movie star. No education required. No experience necessary. The demand for trained voices in Hollywood exceeds the supply. You can learn this fascinating and lucrative profession right in your own home in your spare time. Write today to old Professor Louderan Funnyer.**

**D**EATH, too, cast its shadow over the cinema colony recently. Theodore Roberts, Marc MacDermott, then Fred Thomson. The kindly, genial Roberts—"The Grand Duke of Hollywood" we once called him—MacDermott, beloved veteran of hundreds of pictures, we shall miss them, and bless their memory for the many pleasant hours they gave us.

Fred Thomson, the idol of a million boys, not so many years ago champion all around athlete of the world, then the adored chaplain of a fighting regiment overseas—his untimely death came as a real shock.

Hollywood loved to point to him with pride. He died as a result of an injury sustained in making one of his thrilling Westerns. He never used a double in his most hazardous stunts. No one of his group of cowboys was permitted to take the chance he took every day. None of the heroic figures he portrayed on the screen were ever cleaner, or finer, or more courageous than Fred Thomson in his own life and work.

Here is an incident that happened the day following his death. It is not intended as humor, but is told here merely as the reaction of one man to the tragedy and a reflection of the respect with which Fred Thomson was regarded. On reading the sad news a famous motion picture actor called his wife and told her about it. "Close the windows and bring me a quart of drug store gin. If the finest and cleanest go like that what's the use of fresh air and temperance?"

**W**E have heard from everybody else on the solution of the manifold problems presented by the invention of sound and talking pictures. Let's hear from the people who will make the decisions, the public.

Every month there pour into the editorial offices of this publication from three to five thousand letters from motion picture devotees. Most of these letters are sent in by young women to the various service departments, but at least a thousand letters a month are from readers sincerely and intelligently interested in the development of their favorite form of entertainment.

College professors and stenographers, nurses, housewives, mothers, fathers, bank officers, school teachers, all real fans, all expressing their helpful opinions, paying respects to actors, actresses, directors and producers whose pictures please, or voicing kindly criticism of those who disappoint.

These letters are carefully read by the editorial staff, and the editorial policies of the publication are often guided by them. They constitute an accurate barometer of the popularity of plays and players. Of late they have been concerned with talking pictures.

Through them all runs a keen appreciation of the potential possibilities of this wonderful new ally of the screen. Almost without exception they express a generous patience and a realization that it will take time and hard work to perfect the new combination of eye and ear appeal.

**T**HESE letters indicate that the talking picture or the sound effect picture is still regarded as a novelty, and that the public is not so sure that they will continue to be satisfied with full length, all-dialogue

entertainment. Nine out of ten say they would rather have a first rate silent picture than a second rate talking picture. They complain of the mediocre photography and static quality of the acting in the talking versions, and are sensible of the greater sense exertion and brain effort demanded by them. They are unanimous in their praise of talk and sound in news reels, and there seems to be a definite acceptance of two reel talking pictures when combined with a silent feature.

There are many who say they will not attend any more full length talking pictures because of the added strain, but there are many more who name several short subjects they have enjoyed hugely.

**T**HIS new fangled method of making pictures presents a problem for reviewers also. It is natural that, in the keen competition between the leading companies in this development, they are watching each other so closely that very often they put out silent versions of the pictures in the Los Angeles previews, and lo and behold, when they appear on Broadway they speak right out in public.

It is the purpose of this publication to present reviews ahead of the release date of the pictures, if possible, and we have had to learn not to accept one version or the other until we have seen both.

Paramount, for instance, put two corks over in New York that at the Los Angeles previews did not seem quite so hot. One was "The Wolf of Wall Street," in which George Bancroft proves he can entertain your ears as well as your eyes and Baclanova shows us how a foreign accent can be turned into a positive asset.

By the time Richard Dix's "Redskin" reached the metropolis the greater part of it was in beautiful colored photography, with a lovely sound accompaniment in the form of a musical score by Zamecnik, which trebled its value as entertainment.

**T**HE rumor persists that Emil Jannings is going back to Germany. They say that his German accent bars him from American talking pictures. They hint that after two more Hollywood films, sweetly silent, he will pack his blonde frau and his rotund cook and retreat to the fatherland.

It will be a major tragedy if this happens. Unser Emil is one great star who has remained untouched by the petty lunacies of Hollywood. Honored and aided, with the best of American studio facilities at his command, his American pictures have, for the most part, been brilliant pieces of work, with "The Patriot" shining in the sun as his masterpiece.

If talking pictures and their admitted limitations succeed in driving the greatest film actor in the world from American studios we shall—er—we shall—we'll—have to do something about it. But what can we do? Nothing, probably, but spank their microphones and send them to bed without their cough drops.

**E**VERY now and then our smug Western self-consciousness gets a kick where it will do the most good. Out of China comes word of the banning of an American film. "Ben-Hur" had been shown a few times in the great city of Canton when the civil authorities darkened the screen.

"'Ben-Hur' is Christian propaganda deceiving the people to superstition, which must not be tolerated in the present age of revolutionary enlightenment," runs the edict. There is meat and drink for thought. How silly seems our censorial pea-shooting at pictures—long kisses, bear hugs, exposed thighs, cocktail shakers and such moral storms in a coffee pot!

When China bars them, it does so because it believes they are deluding its yellow sons and daughters and not their minor manners and morals, but their very souls!





**A**ND now they are married—Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They have a new home of their own and Joan will roam no more, except in pictures. The romance was the old attraction of opposite, which is a lucky omen for a happy marriage.

# Here Is How the Talkies Have Changed



**T**HIS is a close-up of the newspaper city room built in the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Astoria, Long Island, studios for the all-talkie version of the Broadway play, "Gentlemen of the Press."

This is the first complete detail picture of a talkie studio ever made and shows the entire set-up of sound-proof camera booth, the director's signal switch box and the microphones (here enclosed in white circles) in position.

In the immediate foreground you see Walter Huston, the

stage star, who has the leading rôle of *Wick Snell*, and Mary Williams, who portrays the society editor. Just back of Huston is Charley Seay, who has the part of *Wilkie*, the veteran news editor. Remember Seay as an Edison director of the old days?

In the camera booth you see George Folsey, chief cameraman, and Sam Leavitt, his assistant.

Seated in front of the booth is Millard Webb, the director of the picture.



# Our Best 1929 Motion Picture Studios



Standing at the extreme right is S. C. Chapman, in charge of the sound recording for this picture. Webb's hand rests upon the green and red light switch used to start and stop the motors driving the cameras and the sound recording apparatus. This little machine has succeeded the old time megaphone.

An important gentleman is not visible in this picture. He is the monitor, the new power behind the pictures. The monitor is an electrical expert who sits in a sound-proof

booth overlooking the stage and controls the volume of sound that reaches the machines in the recording room. He prevents the players' voices from reaching the screen either too loudly or too softly.

Here, then, is the new studio lay-out.

Note how the cameraman, a former over-lord of motion picture making, is retreating in power, giving way to electric experts.

The electrician is the new god of the films.

# Giving the Men a Break

With a few sharp words about women, from Madge Bellamy

**S**TAND up, gentlemen, and give Madge Bellamy a rising vote of thanks.

She's a real pal. She gives the men a break.

And if there's anybody who might not feel particularly inclined to do that little thing, it's Madge. Despite her matrimonial misfortunes, however, she still thinks there's hope for the mere Male.

To the casual eye, Madge is a vivacious and cheery sort, apparently without guile, yet exhibiting baffling outcroppings of femininity. She is five-feet-two, weighs one hundred and five pounds, has auburn hair, brown eyes, and interesting ideas (to men) about men.

**C**ARPING critics are apt to misjudge Madge Bellamy upon first acquaintance, thinking she is no deeper than a wafer and as easily seen through as a window pane.

The Bellamy voice and laughter are, I think, the principal cause of this. Laughter with Madge is nothing more than a giggle that titters emptily forth in great haste. And her voice is quite cutie-cutie. But it microphones well, as anyone knows who saw (and heard) "Mother Knows Best."

Conversation with Madge carries with it certain surprises. She leads the parade, megaphone in hand, so to speak, and you are glad, for it prevents any possible display of what might be commonly and vulgarly referred to as your own ignorance.

I asked her a short time ago if her love life had curdled the glorious idea of matrimony for her. You know she holds the Hollywood record for brevity in wedded bliss.

"Indeed not," she said. "I merely made a mistake. And I harbor no ill feeling whatever. I tumbled off the limb of a family tree that is entirely too sturdy to be bent by small breezes."

A year ago last January Miss Bellamy married Logan F. Metcalf. There was an elopement to Mexico that called forth newspaper headlines and startled the film capital. Four days



Madge Bellamy was married—for four days. Her marriage was no more than a briefly annoying experience, now definitely ended in the divorce court. "I merely made a mistake," she says, "and I harbor no ill feeling whatever"

By  
Mark Larkin

"Men are not selfish. Men haven't time for such pettiness"

after the ceremony, Madge returned to the Bellamy home—alone. She said her husband expressed specific ideas regarding finances and other unromantic subjects which she did not like. A divorce was filed some months later by the husband.

**W**ITH this hectic adventure to guide me, I asked Madge if men, like moth-eaten umbrellas, did not, in her estimation, fall into the category of undependable articles; if at best they were not selfish and self-centered animals. "Men are not selfish," she replied. "Women are selfish.

Women think of nothing but themselves and what they want. Their own individual needs are always first consideration. Women are the ones who scheme. Men cannot take time for such pettiness."

I must confess that I gulped a spoonful of horseradish at this. We were lunching at the "Munchers," a club on the Fox lot.

"Men," Madge hurried on, "do not deliberately set out to take advantage of women."

Again I raised my eyebrows and thought of the world's standing record for tying and untying marital knots, which at present is held by Miss Bellamy.

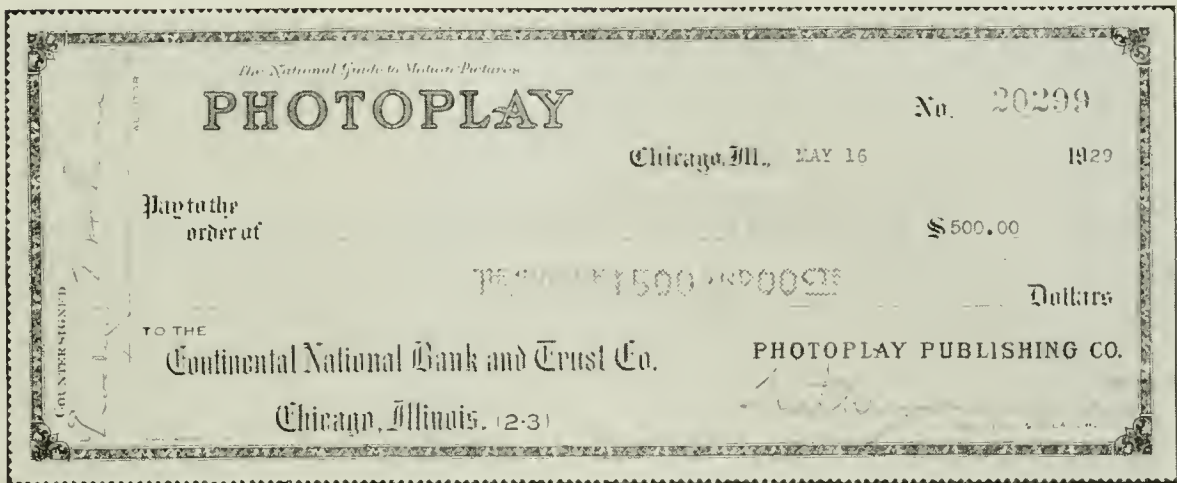
"Masculine minds run in deeper channels," she continued. "Men are more imaginative than women. Other problems occupy men's thoughts. Their work. Their ambitions. Their aims. The goals they have set for themselves.

**B**UT with women it is different. Their most serious occupation is man-catching. Of course there are all kinds of men and all kinds of women. There are, for instance, the men-wise women who have such a tremendous advantage over other women in the field. Then, too, there are the women-wise men. These, of course, are in the minority. As a rule, men know very little of women. Women, on the other hand, know about men almost from infancy. It is their business, their study. Haven't you seen a little girl of three coquet [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



# WANTED - A New Name for the TALKIES

\$500 will be awarded  
by PHOTOPLAY for  
the best suggestion



Your prize—if you create the best new coined word to describe the talkies. The word Photoplay was devised by a Californian eighteen years ago. Here's your chance to win undying fame christening the talkie

**B**ELIEVING that a better word for talking pictures can be found than the abbreviated term "talkie," PHOTOPLAY is offering \$500 for the best new coined word.

Back in 1911 a Chicago motion picture company, long ago departed from the realm of Kleigs and incandescents, offered a prize of one hundred dollars for "the best substitute for motion picture show."

One Edgar Strakosch, of Sacramento, Cal., came along with the lucky word and copped the hundred-dollar prize. You will never guess the lucky word he entered. It was "photoplay," which, up to that time, had not been devised!

Here is *your* chance to win immortal fame and a considerable reward. You must send in your suggested word, together with an explanation of one hundred words or less telling the reason for your selection.

Write your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Put the whole thing in typewriting on one side of a single sheet of white paper. That's all.

You will be interested to know that one of the leading trade film papers, The Exhibitors Herald World, has been trying for some time to locate a suitable word with which to christen the newly devised talking pictures. This paper has canvassed all the shining minds of the industry and prefers the word, *Audien*. Other suggestions have been cinelog, dramaphone, pictovox, phototone, stefnfilm, cineoral, phonies, cinophone, audifilm, vocafilm, photovoice, dramatone, audies, audiograph and movix.

Better forget these and start fresh. Call the family into a talkie conference. Hold a talkie party. Let everybody vote. Then select the best and have your relatives or friends mail them in to PHOTOPLAY. \$500 awaits the person who coins the best and most appropriate name for the talkies.

## Rules for the New-Name-for-the-Talkies Contest

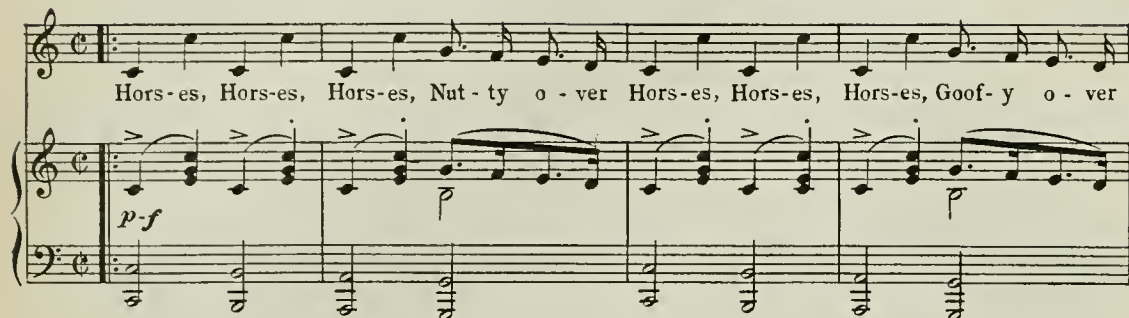
1. \$500 is offered for the best coined name with which to christen the talkies and for the best explanation in 100 words or less, giving your reason for your selection.

2. In the event that two or more names and explanations are found of equal merit, duplicate prizes of \$500 will go to the lucky contestants.

3. Suggested names, with the accompanying explanations, must be typewritten on one side of a single sheet of white paper with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Names and explanations must be mailed to The Talkie Name Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y. You can send in as many coined words as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an explanation in 100 words or less and each is typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper as specified.

4. Names and explanations must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY before midnight of May 15th to be considered. Announcement of the winner or winners will be made as soon after that date as possible. An editorial committee of PHOTOPLAY will judge the submitted words and suggestions and its decision will be final. No names or explanations will be returned and PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to publish any or all of the suggestions submitted.

# The LOVES of



By  
Tom  
Mix

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## Most of the loves of Tom were bald-faced cowponies—but horses are a lot like movie stars

JUST why Ye Editor, James Quirk, of PHOTOPLAY, should ask me to write a piece for his magazine about the romances in my life, was sure puzzlin' when I got the telegram. Incidental, why a editor should be called "ye" is somethin' else I don't know, but recently I saw it wrote that way, an' PHOTOPLAY, I reckon, is a good place for me to try it out.

"Write for PHOTOPLAY," telegraphed Ye Mr. Quirk, "story about the loves of Tom Mix. Others are doing it—why not you?"

When I got home that night I called in my second assistant deputy librarian, who, when not engaged in book research, fixes the flower beds, tends the lawn an' trims hedges around my Beverly Hills home. Likewise, if the cook quits—as cooks usually do—this bookish gent can step in an' get up a better home-cooked meal of bacon an' eggs than the departin' an' high salaried chef ever heard of.

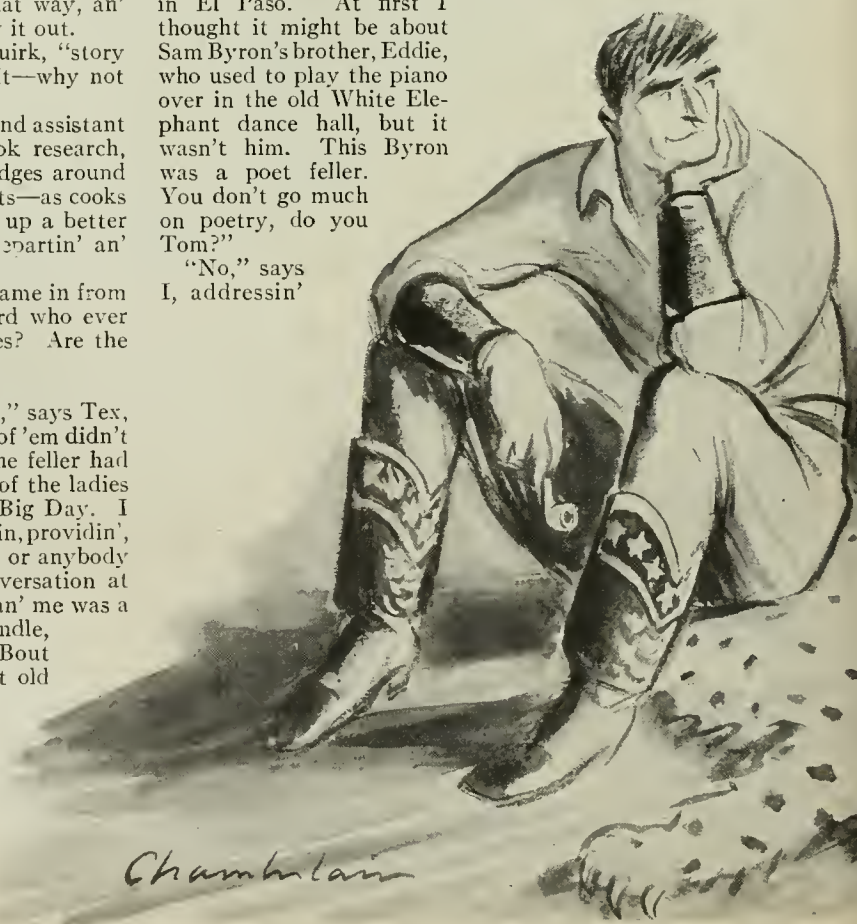
"Tex," says I, when the book-wise young man came in from a waterin' of the trees, "do you know of any bird who ever wrote pieces about his early, late an' middle loves? Are the best people a doin' of it—an' why?"

"IT'S been done a heap of times by smart fellers," says Tex, "an' some of 'em are pretty well known. Most of 'em didn't write it themselves, other gents a doin' it after the feller had passed on or out, whichever was the case. Some of the ladies are a writin' of 'em now without waitin' for the Big Day. I reckon you might as well be the first gent to bust in, providin', of course, that you downright ever loved anybody or anybody downright loved you. It might add to the conversation at this time if I said that a few years ago when you an' me was a punchin' cows around Amarillo an' in the Pan Handle, you wasn't doin' so well along the lovin' line. 'Bout the only thing that seemed to love you was that old bald-faced cowpony you used to ride. For some unknown reason he seemed to have quite a hankerin' for you. Why not commence with him?"

"Of course," Tex went on, warmin' up to his subject, "we ain't got none of these lovin' books on hand, but I seen some of 'em in the book stores. I seen a book once about the Loves of Lincoln, wrote by a Mrs. Babcock, an' Edgar Chapin up and wrote one about

a feller named Franklin. Love stories seem to run to women anyway, an' a young lady named Lilly Beck got up one on 'The Glorious Apollo,' who, it seems, was a gent named Lord Byron—no relation to the Byrons that run the Lone Star hotel in El Paso. At first I thought it might be about Sam Byron's brother, Eddie, who used to play the piano over in the old White Elephant dance hall, but it wasn't him. This Byron was a poet feller. You don't go much on poetry, do you Tom?"

"No," says I, addressin'





# TOM MIX



my bookish friend, "speakin' to you as my literary adviser, an' confidential, I don't. My favorite poet is O. O. McIntyre, who admits that he never wrote but one poem in his life an' it only had two verses in it."

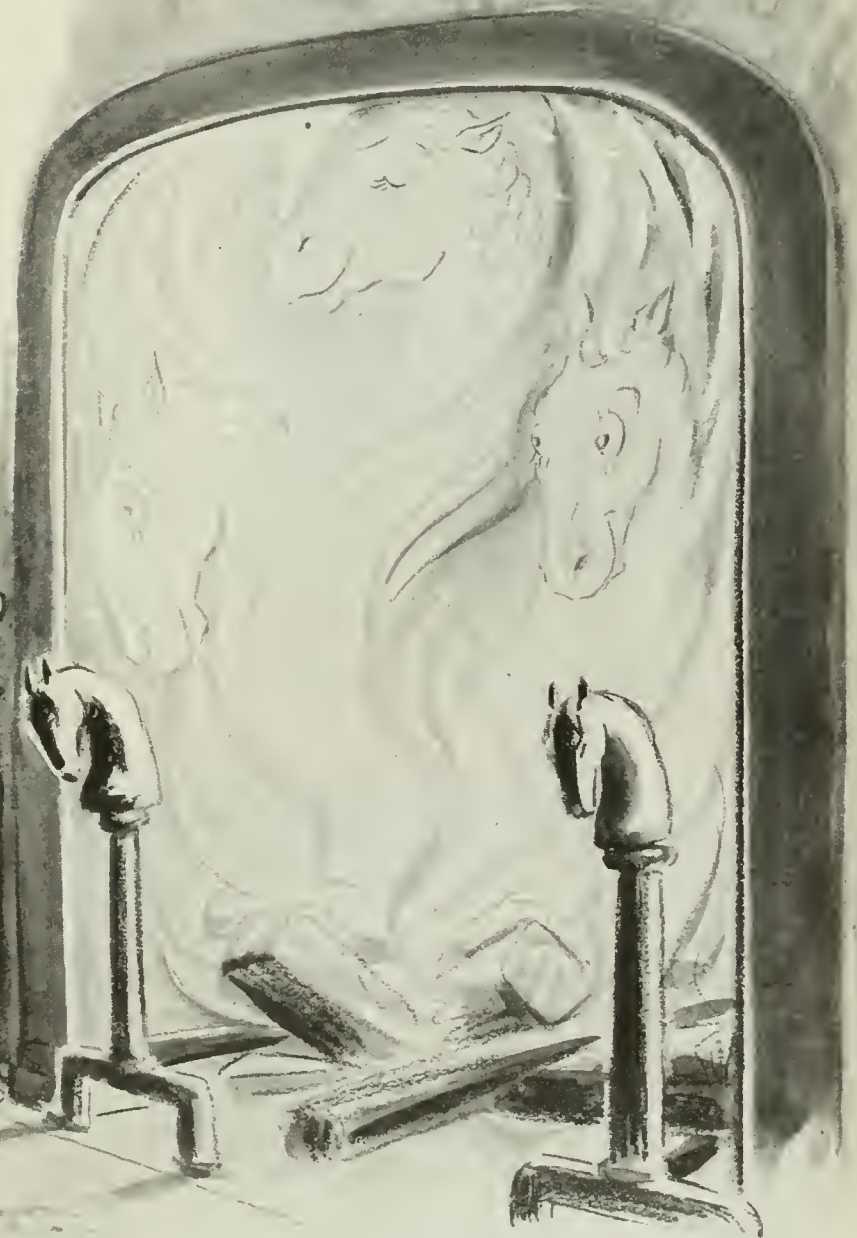
"You know, Tom," said Tex, as he reached for his hat an' edged toward the door, "there's a heap that could be wrote about you—the law permittin'."

So it is with all this writin' background, I decided to get up the piece wanted—I couldn't refuse no request from so good a feller as my friend, Ye James Quirk, an' this is it.

## THE LOVES OF TOM MIX

AFTER a lot of thinkin' the first love that I can recall was a nice little yearlin' I used to have down on my father's ranch near El Paso, Texas. Right here, I reckon I'd better state that cowboys [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 124 ]

A romantic reverie in the Tom Mix *maison*. The cowboy star pauses to think of his loves—Red Ears, Beauty and all the rest. "But there is one great love—Tony. Tony's got more fine principles than any man or beast that I've ever known"



Illustrated by  
Ken Chamberlain



Lon Chaney won't be a good fellow. He won't give out interviews about his private life. He says—and believes—it is nobody's business. This is one of the few photographs ever taken of Mr. and Mrs. Chaney

# DON'T

The public pays the salaries and demands its money's worth in return

**T**HAT private life complex! They all get it sooner or later! Comes a time in the life of every woman star when she wants to Give it All up and have a Home and Babies.

Arrives a day when every male star craves a Fireplace and Pipe.

And why shouldn't they?

Ramon Novarro attended a benefit dance. He was snatched from one ambitious damsel to another. The buttons were torn off his coat for souvenirs!

Charles Chaplin was once visited by an ardent woman fan who found his home and declared that she would kill herself immediately if she were not allowed to see him!

John Gilbert and Greta Garbo were saved from suffocation by the police when a mob surrounded them at a theater opening!

Is it any wonder that the stars long for a little surcease?

Yet where does the professional life end and the private life begin?

A star is on the public's payroll. It is his duty to be a good fellow at whatever cost. And the cost is tremendous!

Wally Beery calls the public his customers. He makes a rather special point of chatting with his garbage man (who calls him "Wally"). According to Beery, the garbage man must be treated as a real estate agent treats a prospective buyer.

Immediately that a star reaches the pinnacle, he is a lofty target for vituperatives from the public, from the press, and from his fellow-stars. Small wonder that the picture folk have a haunted look in their eyes. There is no happiness for them. Even the younger players are bitter Peter Pans.

Yet, surely, they all



Wherever they go, Greta Garbo and John Gilbert are besieged by a curious, admiring, persistent mob. It's all very flattering, but it's hard on the disposition. One false move, one annoyed look, one impatient gesture, and you are stamped as being "high hat"



# ENVY *the* *Stars*

By Katherine Albert

realize the debt they owe the public. They know when they enter the profession that there will come a time when they are no longer able to pull down the blinds of their souls. They labor under no delusions about that.

You can't blame the public for demanding the idols it has bought and paid for and you can't blame the star for wanting a private life.

**JACK GILBERT'S** case is typical. In small parts, he was hailed as a great discovery. "Here's a boy who bears watching," said the critics.

He became a great star. He had a vivid and colorful personality. Perhaps the critics were a trifle jealous, perhaps they wanted to discover newer faces, to say that other men bore watching.

At any rate, after his stardom, certain scribes took delight in calling him a puppet, in constantly referring to him as "the great lover," a term that he loathes, and in finding the most vituperative adjectives to describe him.

When a father whom he did not know, appeared in his dressing room, held out his arms and said, "My son," and when, after all those fatherless years, Jack could not muster up the proper filial affection, invectives were hurled against him by certain writers.

Yet still he remains a public idol. He is hedged in by his own popularity.

It may seem slight to you that he cannot go to a football game without being recognized and surrounded by curious eyes. It may seem a trifle flattering that he cannot attend a night club without having dozens of movie-struck girls beg him for dances.

You think that you would enjoy being the cynosure of all eyes. You wouldn't. It isn't as slight as you'd imagine, this constantly  
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 92 ]

**John Gilbert's** home, high up in Beverly Hills, is supposed to be his castle. The location is hard to find. The winding road up the hill is difficult to negotiate. But dauntless "fans" not only storm the house, but they demand to be invited to remain to dinner



Ramon Novarro likes to travel incognito, so he wears blue glasses. Does the public accept his simple and logical explanation? No; it's all a pose, all a gag to stress his own importance. Figure it out, if you can



# The Studio Murder

## The climax nears in the police hunt for the Hollywood murderer

*The murder of Dwight Hardell still is unsolved.*

*Hardell, a leading player of the Superior Films Company, was found murdered on Stage Six, following a night's work on close-ups alone under the direction of Franz Seibert, the organization's ace foreign director. Alongside the body, still garbed in costume of Hardell's last film rôle, lay the murder weapon, a bloody rapier.*

*The Los Angeles police, headed by Chief of Detectives Smith, take over the investigation. Suspicion in turn rests upon a number of studio workers and a series of baffling confessions piles up. Any one of these confessions may point to the real culprit—but Detective Smith still believes he has not unearthed the guilty person.*

*The finger of suspicion is directed at Billy West, Seibert's assistant; at Yvonne Beaumont, a temperamental young French actress of Superior Films; at Beth MacDougal, a minor player who had fallen under the ill-fated Hardell's evil spell; at Beth's father, Sandy MacDougal, the studio gateman. Hardell's record was a bad one. Women were his victims—and either Miss Beaumont or Miss MacDougal might have killed him for revenge. Billy West, in love with Yvonne, might have been prompted by the same motive, and old MacDougal might well have murdered him to avenge his daughter's honor.*

*There you have the story thus far. Who killed Hardell? That's the problem—and PHOToplay is paying \$3,000 in prizes for the best solutions, provided they are submitted according to the rules, and before midnight of March 10th.*

THEY sat looking at each other, the chief of police and the captain of detectives. Finally Smith said, "Well, Chief, shall I go and get a confession out of her?"

The chief was not in a mood for joking. He sat silent, looking back into the other's eyes, but mulling thoughts of his own. Smith waited patiently. Finally the other slapped his hand down on his desk, as he rose to his feet.

"And make it four confessions for the press to chuckle over? Make it a two-reel . . . four-reel comedy? No, election's too soon. I'm not going to have people saying I took advantage of a sick girl, to force a confession out of her! . . ."

"There's this angle, too, Chief. If MacDougal is guilty, her confession isn't going to amount to much. He's already confessed. He'll probably tell the whole story straight when we want it. If the girl's guilty herself . . . you know what MacDougal will do if we get a confession? He'll have it thrown out on the grounds that his daughter was sick . . . fever . . . out of her head . . . and that nurse is the sort that will back him up! MacDougal confessed for just two reasons . . . he did it himself, and the man's got enough conscience left from his redcoat life to keep someone else from hanging for it . . . or, he did it to save his daughter! If it's the latter . . . he'll save her . . . confession or no confession from her . . . he's that sort!"

"CORRECT. We've got too many confessions on this thing as it is, anyway!" snapped the chief. "What we want now is . . . facts! Facts! You go out to that blamed studio, and you work on any tack you want to. I don't care how you do it! I don't care if you throw all precedence to the wind! Professional procedure is out of our line just now

. . . use your wits and your hunches! Put a guard on at that hospital. We can't do a thing with that girl until she's pronounced normal by her doctor. We'll sew her up tight . . . keep her there—where we can put our finger on her if we want her. In the meantime . . . I want results . . . something besides emotional outbursts! Less talk and more action!"

"Right . . ."

### CHAPTER XIII

SMITH knew absolutely that there could not be more action and less talk until he established the matter of Hardell's return to the lot. Giving MacDougal the benefit of the doubt, he consequently went directly to that portion of the studio grounds known as the "back lot," upon his arrival at Superior Films next morning.

Just as motion picture stages are different from anything else under the sun, so is the so-called "back lot" of a motion picture studio! Gaunt buildings, deserted streets, bits of lands remi-





# Mystery

By

## The EDINGTONS

niscient of all corners of the earth . . . and, unless there is production going on, an eerie silence, broken perhaps by the faint, far distant sound of the city's life, but strangely removed from it!

AS the captain of detectives walked alone through these foreign streets, he seemed to be walking alone in a dream. They gave him that lost and unattached feeling. The thought that came into his mind was, "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'" He could not have told why. Certainly there never could be read into those immortal lines reference to motion picture studio "back lots!" But the haunting suggestion of desolation, the abandoned, decrepit and weird, that lies in them, seemed to fit this place!

Walking there alone his mind toyed with the question of whether it was "Croaked the raven 'Nevermore!'" or, "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore!'" Then he dismissed that as immaterial. It was the "Nevermore!" . . . the hopeless, mourning, melancholy of the words, oft repeated, that expressed

## Send in Your Solutions Now

**WHO** murdered Dwight Hardell?  
Send in your solutions now.

All solutions—in 200 words or less—must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th. Solutions must be typed on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

The full contest rules appear on page 90 of this issue. Be sure to read all the rules carefully.

The two final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery" appear in the April and May issues of PHOTOPLAY. Read these and you will know the real murderer. You will also be able to gauge the accuracy of your solution. The full list of winners of the nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, will be published in PHOTOPLAY as soon after the close of the contest as possible—probably in the May number. Once again—be sure to read the rules with care.



the feeling in him . . . the feeling that the echoing desolateness of these empty structures threw back to him, intensified!

Buildings that once were so festive and gay . . . that had spilled their lightsome overflow into the starlit nights, if only for fleeting hours . . . and now . . . desolate! Smith felt by this time that, if it were not "Croaked," it should be! "Croaked" went with the tap-tapping of torn shutters against empty window frames; with the eerie flapping of once gay and flaunting banners . . . now grey streaks of rags against the empty hulls of halls!

HE felt these lone buildings grieved together in a strange and secret grieving, for habitation within their walls! They were buildings cheated of their birthrights! And many of them were but half-buildings, resembling the street presentations of the false fronts, of little towns. He fancied these whispering disconsolately to their neighbors.

"Ah, but we are even lonelier than you! We have not even our own insides to comfort us!"

Queer . . . this walking alone, through lonely streets . . . dead streets, that still held such eloquent small things of human occupancy, even though that occupancy might have been but for a day! A child's doll, the dress soiled and much-

They were gathered in the studio projection room to see the final shots of Dwight Hardell, made the day before his murder. The place was in semi-darkness. A silence fell upon the gathering as Hardell's mimic death scene came on. The hero, rushing in, finding his sweetheart at the mercy of Hardell, seizes the rapier from Yvonne's hand, and puts it through Hardell's heart

hugged . . . a scrap of torn letter . . . an orange rind . . . an empty perfume bottle and an old shoe, and before one little French shop a flower in pot, just now relinquishing its brave tenacity in the yellowing of one small green leaf.

Illustrated  
by  
C. A. BRYSON



**T**HE prop boy, Kelsey, unlocked one of the doors of a wall cabinet at the end of Stage Six. Chief of Detectives Smith let out an involuntary exclamation as the door swung open. No wonder. A sprawling figure, the exact duplicate of the ill-fated, murdered Dwight Hardell, fell forward. One upturned hand clutched desperately at thin air, the mouth was a twisted grimace of horror, the face a deadly bluish white.



# \$3,000 prizes offered for best solutions received by March 10th

For some psychic reason a lump came into Smith's throat. His common sense told him it was because this deserted street, echoing vacantly to his passing feet, reminded him of sacked French villages . . . the horribleness and unplumbed suffering of war. Some sensitive perception, not common, made him know it went deeper . . . back through the ages . . . back to century-buried birthplaces of fallen civilizations. Dead streets, emptied of their human voices . . . laughter . . . tears . . . the pattering of children's feet . . . the marching of men's . . . always hold a pathos, inexplicable. He thought it might be because they brought to mind, in a new and therefore more effective way, the inescapable dictum of the three sisters . . . weaving . . . measuring . . . ah, and most tragic . . . breaking . . . cutting . . . ending! For a moment it was as though he heard the chatter of voices long since stilled . . . the appearing, from blackened, sagging doorways, of figures long since desiccated!

AND, even as he turned back along the empty way, he heard voices. What he saw was a procession of men and women, laden with many and varied things. A girl in a smock, carrying two fresh-blooming potted plants. A man, with an apron which a great pin cushion bobbed rhythmically, wearing over his arm a pair of gold velour draperies. Two more men, with a bedstead swung between them . . . and on and on, to an undergardener, wheeling a barrow laden with squares of green, grass covered turf. Even as Smith watched, he got down and began planting them, as tile is laid in patterns, about one of the doorways. The girl in the smock held up a gay little sign,

"Ye Arts and Crafts Shoppe"

and a man, one of those many on a studio lot, known as a "prop" boy, climbed a ladder, and set the sign to swinging gayly over the entrance. Another sign, "Ye House of the Iron Kettle," was hung above the next door. A table, the top made of bright, imported tiles, and set on wrought iron legs, was put in the little garden at the entrance. Chairs, with flat, trim cushions of glazed, hand-plaited straw, were put to the table. A purple umbrella, with gold dragons chasing themselves around its circular rim, was opened over the fat little pottery tea-pot, and the squat, bewitchingly decorated teacups. A sleek, contentedly purring black cat, was told to sit, with up-turned rapturous eyes trained upon a singing canary in a swinging Pagoda cage. The cat sat, and so he might have sat, occasionally bending to lick his shining fur affectionately, all the days of his life!

In the space of the short time Smith stood watching, the raven was ousted, and the brilliant plumage of the peacock strutted in its stead!

The whole reminded him of the rose-painting scene in Alice in Wonderland. He laughed to himself, and shrugged:

"Well . . . that's pictures! It's Okay . . . until you have a murder . . . a real one . . . and then, what have you? I'm blamed if I know!"

HE started back the way he had come, and now the dead streets seemed to have been touched by a magic wand, for another group of workers interested him.

It was the most "ramshackle and foul," as one poet has it, of the old buildings. And yet it was not ramshackle enough, nor foul enough, for the purpose to which it was to be put, for a man with a bucket of slops came and threw them at its sides. Another laid a dead and bloated dog carefully in a spot marked in the dirt road. The dog depositor then turned his attention to a bucket of glue and a couple of wooden blocks. These he carried with him up a step ladder. Smith, standing below him, laid his head on the back of his neck and allowed his mouth to fall frankly open. The man was making cobwebs! A blob of glue on one of the blocks, a circular, grinding motion, a slow pulling apart, a swift swinging toward the dusty window pane, and behold, a perfectly woven cobweb, festooning the space



Serge—the Russian cameraman and as temperamental as Director Seibert himself. He had a large head, a pale face and eyes of singular brilliance. About him was a singular air of abnormality

from sill to glass! The man then climbed down, and grabbed up a brand new suit of clothes. Throwing a bucket of pebbles and dirt over it, he began hammering and beating it with his blocks . . . rubbing it shiny across the seat of the breeches, and back of the shoulders.

"If it isn't an asinine question . . . why don't you take an old suit to work on?" asked Smith.

"This is a period suit. Matches up with a new one like it worn in the first sequence. Hey, Bill, there's supposed to be a dead duck out there, too," replied the man, all in one breath.

"Oh, hell! I forgot that blamed duck! What'll I do?"

"You'll go get one!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]

Complete Rules for Studio Murder Mystery on Page 90



*A* Photograph of rare value, as it is said to be the only picture in existence of Dolores Costello in a bathing suit. As Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores will have to get used to a sea-going life. John is not only the most enthusiastic yachtsman in Hollywood, but he likes to select stories that necessitate a location trip at sea.



# Looking *on the* Dark Side *of Life*

By  
Katherine Albert



Farina's chilly  
Boston intellect  
wars constantly  
with his warm  
African soul

FOR Farina, the difficulties with Art are those of the flesh rather than the spirit. He will tell you nothing about Getting into the Mood or Living his Part. Nor will he explain that one must have Lived and Suffered in order to portray Living and Suffering accurately on the screen. Farina's chief complaint with the fickle Thalia he courts is that he must wear shoes that are four sizes too big for him, have his hair done up in rags and be rolled in a washing machine.

I might as well confess that Farina is a pessimist, like most of his race, and is troubled with the divine unrest of the great artist. Unlike the average star who finds everything Just Dandy (for publication) except for an appreciable lack in Home and Babies, Farina gives you but few stereotyped copybook phrases.

He is no longer innocent of the Facts of Life and admits it. This frightful awakening came after the fatal episode of the washing machine. It appears that the property boy, elaborately pointed out to me so that I could judge his heinousness, told him that being whirled in a washing machine for a close-up was exactly like going for a ride on a roller coaster, which flesh pot has delighted Farina many times.

And Farina believed him. He was trusting then, in his innocence. He did not question. Like a dusky Daniel he let them place him in the washing machine. In fact, he crawled in bravely. The machine whirled. It was not, so I learned, like a roller coaster. You are not ill, and you don't get dosed with soda and hot water after a ride in a roller coaster. You need such aid after a jaunt in a washing machine.

"So now," Farina observed, "I'm cautious."

This discreditable episode has led him to distrust his fellow man. He was not quite sure of me and at first answered the questions as he had been prompted to do.

He is on familiar ground when he rules as the uncontested star of "Our Gang." He knows how to collect \$500 of chocolate coated money each week, the neat little sum Mr. Hal Roach pays him. He has stayed in the gang for the last four years because he hasn't grown an inch! The most emotional close-up holds no terror for him, but he is thrown into a panic by an interviewer.

I must admit that I showed little originality. Being in the presence of Farina, my favorite actor, I was a trifle daunted. So my first attempt was, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"A lawyer," said Farina promptly. This is hardly the ambition of an eight year old colored boy, even if he was born in Boston. That one was carefully rehearsed.

I TRIED another. "If somebody gave you a wish and you could have anything you wanted, what would you choose?"

He waxed philosophical, "Well, I don't know. When you gets everything you wants it isn't any fun, so I don't think I wants anything."

We let that go and talked about seals, the kind of seals that are made into coats. It was Farina's choice of subject, for he hates the beasts most cordially. Two of them escaped, it appears, while the Gang was making a picture and Farina "just bawled and bawled when they came my way flappin' their tails."

And suddenly we mentioned hair and I learned Farina's true philosophy, the philosophy of pessimism. The long hair made everybody think he was a girl and now it is shorn, except for some kinks on top. He confided, "When my hair was long I wanted it short and now that it's short I wants it long."

Ah, that was not rehearsed. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

An Interview with a Pessimist Whose Fine Faith in Life Was  
Mangled by a Washing Machine

# Gossip of All

By Cal



The Barrymores take leave of absence from the studio to go on their honeymoon. Dolores and Jack depart from Hollywood on a two months' vacation for a good-will tour of the Pacific ports—the good-will being reserved for the Barrymores

*Blessings on you, Davey Lee,  
Cute and sweet and not quite three.  
While your movie moment rages  
Play about the sunlit stages,  
Never knowing that some day  
You may grow, and fade away  
From the artless infant band  
Into filmdom's Smarty-Land!*

FRANCES MARION collapsed shortly after the death of her husband, Fred Thomson.

This news item is more than twelve tragic words. It is a picture of a broken heart. Frances Marion, one of the very few scenario writers whose name meant anything at the box office, found the great love of her life when she met Fred Thomson while he was recovering from a football game injury.

At the studio she was the highest paid, most efficient woman writer in the business. At home she was a dutiful, worshipping wife. With all their money, with all the luxury of their home, they used to leave the house to the servants and throw their blankets under the trees and sleep beneath the stars. The death of Fred Thomson leaves Frances Marion with merely existence.

CLARA BOW is God's gift to the salesman. The other day she tripped down the boulevard to buy a new auto. On her way she stopped into a jeweler's to leave her watch for repairs.

"Ah, Miss Bow," said the salesman, "you're the very person I wanted to see. This morning—this very morning—we received this lovely sapphire ring, set in diamonds and platinum. When I saw it I thought of you. It's exactly your type."

If you see Clara riding in the old car you'll know why.

IT is a somewhat interesting event when a beautiful lady wears on the significant finger of her left hand a large diamond ring. It is even more significant when the diamond is a large square-cut stone that is really oblong. The lady who wears this stone about Hollywood quite carelessly is none other than the alluring Miss Lupe Velez. It is causing much worry, for all too many



International Newsreel

Two more vacationists. According to the terms of his new contract, Richard Barthelmess gets three months every year away from the studio. Richard and Mrs. Barthelmess chose to spend their holiday in New York, Florida and Havana

persons declare that the weekly salary of Miss Velez would hardly buy one corner of the gem and her salary is large. That leaves only Gary Cooper, and goodness knows Gary would buy a horse and not a diamond, if he had that much money.

THIS is in the nature of a salaam to Evelyn Brent. In "Interference" LaBelle Brent gave one of the best movie-talkie performances of any season, and in the go-to-press frenzy we overlooked her. For this reason I pluck a sprig of the office's grade—a laurel, approach Evelyn and hand it to her with my best party bow.

RAQUEL TORRES hasn't mastered the English language yet. The other day her director, Charles Brabin, instructed her to enter a room "with humility."

"Humil-i-tee— What is that?" asked Raquel.

"It's something nobody in the picture business has," said Brabin.

FOR the past several months Anita Page and her family—her mother, father and small brother—have lived in Culver City in a modest little house. This was so Anita would be close



# The STUDIOS

## York



The boy who doubles for the hero as a child, Philippe de Lacy. Philippe is shown with Richard Arlen, for whom he doubles in a boyhood sequence in "Four Feathers." Young Philippe has played child rôles for nearly all the well-known stars



To convince you that Davy Lee of "Sonny Boy" fame is very much alive. Davy is playing in a picture with Rin-Tin-Tin. It was a Los Angeles orchestra player, "Sunny" Boyce, who died. That's how the rumor of "Sonny Boy's" death started

"That's great," said Joby, "you won't have a bit of trouble finding just the right girl. There are at least four actresses in Hollywood who have had talkie experience."  
That gel is not as meek as she looks!

WHEN Robert Benchley arrived in Hollywood to correct the ills of talking pictures by making a few himself, he was tendered a "Welcome to our Studio" luncheon by Winnie Sheehan and his staff. Arthur Caesar, who wrote "Napoleon's Barber" and has been getting free shaves ever since, made the welcoming speech. In answering him, Mr. Benchley said:

"The last—and first—time I came to Hollywood, I stayed six weeks. I broke my leg the first week. The reason I came this time was not to write and act in the talkies, as has been reported, but to see if Arthur Caesar is actually here. In New York it's reported he's the man who shot Rothstein, and that it's just a gag to say he is in Hollywood."

THERE'S another home in Santa Monica for the tourists to mistake for the Whatsis Country Club. Bebe Daniels has moved into her 27-room mansion on the beach.

JIMMY CRUZE can't lose on a prize fight bet. Jack Roper, a heavy-weight boxer, appeared in "The Duke Steps Out," Billy Haines' picture that Cruze is directing. The night before his fight at the Hollywood stadium, Cruze rang him up. "Look here," he said, "I've bet on you. If you don't win I'll cut out your closeup in my picture."

CONSIDER the mortification of the young assistant director when O. P. Heggie, the distinguished stage star, was introduced to him on the Paramount lot. Heggie, amid much fanfare, had just been signed to a handsome contract with that company.

"Heggie?" repeated the assistant megaphonist. "Oh, yes. Glad to know you. Drop into my office on your way out and leave your phone number. I may have a couple of days' work for you soon."

to the studio and able to go to bed early. This Page kid is having her career handled right.

Now they've moved to Hollywood, but that won't spoil Anita. Her wise parents see to that. Even now there are only certain nights that she can go to parties. And, when she stays at home, she actually dries the dishes! If ever a girl had the chance of remaining young and fresh and unaffected through the strenuous task of becoming a star it's Anita.

Greta Garbo acting kiddish,  
Charlie Murray singing Yiddish,  
Beery amorously bleating,  
Unser Emil Jannings eating—  
These are things I want to hear  
In the noisy films this year.

JOBYNA RALSTON was called by a producer for an important rôle opposite one of the biggest stars.

"Have you had talkie experience?" asked the producer.

"No, sir," said Joby meekly.

"Then I don't think you'll do. We're looking for a girl who has had experience before the microphone."



A picture of palpitating interest to the girls as well as the boys, because the Swedish Charlie Ray at the right is Greta Garbo's brother. Brother met Greta on her return to Sweden. The girl at the left is Mimi Polack, a Swedish screen actress, and one of Greta's friends during her dramatic school days

Lillian Gish returns to Los Angeles with her new director, Max Reinhardt. For months, Miss Gish and Mr. Reinhardt have been writing and rehearsing a new picture at Max's castle at Salzburg, Austria. But the actual camera work will be done in the Cinema Capital. And they say it will be a talkie

P&A

IT was on night location, in the hills back of Hollywood. Eddie Cline was directing the picture. Just as he gave orders for the camera to start grinding, the perfume of skunk was wafted through the air.

"Cut," yelled Eddie, stopping the scene. "Can that be this picture?"

AT one of the big studios, the new owners are getting efficient. And one way of getting efficient is to appoint your relatives to lucrative jobs. Anyway, the relative of an executive was given the position of efficiency expert and pleased all the bosses by firing twenty-five people during the first day of his régime.

All het up over his success, he strolled on the stage one day and asked an assistant director, "Say, what does that boy do who holds up that little board before the camera? Does he get a salary for that?" The assistant director patiently tried to explain the various duties of the camera boy.

Then he watched the script girl for a long time and suddenly a bright idea struck him. "Say," he asked, "can't that girl who sits there and writes take time off and hold up the slate?"

I want but little here below—  
Some fifty grand a year, or so;  
No work, a cottage by the shore,  
And Esther Ralston at the door.

THERE'S a fascination about Hollywood that not even the most heartbroken extra can deny.

One of the drivers in the transportation department at M.-G.-M., known by every star and director on the lot as "Red," decided to leave the industry to struggle along without him while he went home to St. Paul. He was doing nicely, making money and meeting his old friends when he dropped into a picture theater and saw "White Shadows in the South Seas."

There were all his old friends. Raquel Torres, whom he had driven to the studio for her first test. Gwen Lee, who had used his car when she went on location. Johnny Mack Brown, who had called him for advice when he bought his first automobile. And all the rest.

Red couldn't stand it. He took the first train to Hollywood. He got his old job back.

IF you're the type who considers Clara Bow as merely an "IT" girl, then you won't appreciate this touching story of 20th century gallantry.

The other day Clara dropped into a downtown movie. You



International Newsreel

recognize Clara by her bright red hair, as you can spot Tom Mix by his initials. Some bystander of the male sex made a remark about the Bow gal that was not just exactly—er—well, it wasn't just exactly.

And then a real gentleman stepped forward and knocked the offending one flat. When questioned he said, "No, I'm not a personal friend of Miss Bow. But I won't hear her talked about. She typifies the ideal American girl."

CORINNE GRIFFITH is the little practical joker. When her genial husband competed in the tennis match he went down to defeat at every game. At last an enormous wreath of funeral flowers bearing the inscription, "Success to Walter Morosco," was presented to him on the courts. Even this did not change his luck.

INTENSIVE training on the part of Colleen Moore for her rôle in "Why Be Good." In a blond wig and horn-rimmed glasses with brother Cleve as flipper escort she has been doing



Mabel Normand once more steps in front of the camera. But this is no return to the screen. Mabel merely played in a one-reel comedy for a one-man audience. The film was sent to her husband, Lew Cody, who is far away from home on a vaudeville tour, as a wifely reminder of Mabel's devotion



A girl who will always be sure of pretty close-ups. Lina Basquette, widow of Sam Warner, recently married Peverell Marley, crack cameraman. The romance began during the filming of "The Godless Girl." Lina, a Wampus star of 1928, played the leading rôle and Marley fell in love with her as he watched her act



"I'm not sorry," said the man, "I've been in Hollywood three months and this is the first excitement I've had."

**M**OST of the actors who return from the South Seas after making pictures there have nothing good to say about the location or the natives. But Renee Adoree is back from Papeete, having played there in "The Pagan." She was so entranced with the South Seas that she hated to return.

"No telephones—no noise—just quiet," she said. "And the rain—oh, I loved it, while the rest of the company growled about it. Never have people been as kind to me as the natives."

We greet with cheer, huzza and howell  
The gallantry of William Powell—  
So long the movies' finest heller  
And now a clean, heroic feller.  
We wonder if the fans who hiss him  
Can ever learn, in time, to kiss him.

**M**EBBE you think the talkies don't put realism into pitchers. "In Old Arizona" was being shown with sound in a Fox projection room. A lady in the audience had with her a small dog. A scene flashed on showing a pig caught in the crotch of a tree, squealing wildly. The dog sprang up and barked valiantly. Shortly after the pig was dislodged, a band of cattle crossed the screen, mooing merrily. The dog's excitement knew no bounds. He ran to the screen, barking loudly. Then he leaped up and snapped at the passing cattle. For such grand enthusiasm he was booted out of the projection room.

**E**VERY now and then the aristocracy of Hollywood foregathers quite grandly at an affair referred to as "The May-fair." It is the sort of party at which one dines and dances. The Who's Who of Hollywood makes more or less restrained whoopee there. Among the cinema playboys who attended recently was David Butler who, when not touring Europe, indulges in the prosaic task of directing for Fox. Mr. Butler was standing in the doorway that led from the Biltmore ballroom to the butler's pantry (no pun meant!) playfully waving a napkin at some other playboy. Suddenly there ranged into his orbit that extremely facile plotmaker, Byron Morgan, who types out stories for M.-G.-M.

"What's that dam' waiter waving that napkin at me for?" demanded the irate Mr. Morgan as he escorted his partner to her seat.

"That's no waiter," said the lady, "that's Dave Butler." Whereupon, it being New Year, Mr. Morgan opened another bottle for the three of them.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 70 ]

# The BROAD A

## What happened to Brenda Berkeley when the adenoidal drama demoralized Hollywood

MR. ABRAHAM ZOOP, president of Stupefaction Pictures, fidgeted with an imitation jade fountain pen and looked uneasily toward the brass nail-studded door for incoming callers. Would the girl never show up? The Napoleonic frown with which he had creased his moon-shaped countenance was getting a bit hard to maintain, but it never paid to get too clubby with stars. Mr. Zoop sighed as befitted one who knows the secrets of the inner shrine, for his office had been the scene of much raw drama these sunkissed afternoons. The Early Christians, after having been massaged by Nero's lions, had had a soft thing compared to the shattered souls that had stumbled forth from this sanctuary of architectural debris.

Suddenly the door swung noiselessly inward, revealing the delicate person of Miss Brenda Berkeley (nee Burke) clad in foamy lavender chiffon, whereupon Mr. Zoop forgot to scowl, and, instead, regarded her with a gloating stare.

Miss Berkeley trailed sadly to a massive chair and sank into its leathern embrace, managing to look, as one rapturous interviewer had blurbed, "like a jonquil trembling in a June breeze." Trembling was correct. Miss Berkeley was entertaining dire visions of losing her public and likewise, her bank account, unless she could discover a voice. Her renowned cameo

features paled beneath their crown of wheat-colored hair, and the splash of crimson that had kissed a thousand men—plus a couple of highbrow novelists—quivered forlornly as she gazed at the bulbous Mr. Zoop.

"It's like this," said that gentleman, after the usual banal greetings, "you can't get by no more on two eyes, two knees and thirty-two teeth. It ain't enough that we drench the fans with beauty, as the advertising says, but now they got to hear it talk."

"Don't I know it," conceded the lady bitterly. "It's all you hear around the studio these days, and it's got me winging. Does it mean the axe, Abie?"

Mr. Zoop indulged in a series of helpless gestures. "Am I a fortune teller? Believe me, Brenda, if I could find the *schlamiel* who first monkeyed with the sound pictures idea, I wouldn't have no trouble at all moiderink him. And some other producers I know would chip in for a wreath. But, as it is, we got to fall in line."

"I never paid much attention to my voice," faltered Miss Berkeley in her customary croon. "What was the use, with the director shooting off his bazoo all the time?"

"Well, your pipes are kind of thin," advised the president, "but remember, you are still the ashiest blonde in the business."



"Marvelous," said the professor. "Now we come to the more important matter of accent. Allow me to impress upon you that it is the sur-est sign of culture." "Is that so?" inquired Brenda peevishly. "Well, I've been talking for over twenty years and nobody ever misunderstood me"

Illustrated  
by  
Russell  
Patterson



# BABY

By

Stewart Robertson



Miss Berkeley emerged slowly from her haze of rapture and faced the cold grey dawn of fact. So this was the scoundrel who threatened her career—the inventor of the talkie! “I’d like to take you home,” he was saying. The star’s eyes glistened with hauteur. “So would a lot of others”

At nine in the evening, while her car glided through the maze of traffic on Wilshire Boulevard, the mettlesome Brenda tried out her vocal chords on “Frankie and Johnny,” and by the time she reached the Ambassador, her famous features were adorned with a self-congratulatory smirk.

AFTER a little subtle jockeying for position with various other celebrities at the portals of the dining room, Miss Berkeley negotiated a most impressive entrance. Wearing the prescribed pale green in the form of gossamer tulle, she slithered across the floor to a center table while the overshadowed damsels who toiled for the brothers Blotts stared enviously. The brightness of their polish was oxidized by the passage of the nonchalant beauty, and, as a measure of revenge, a gale of shrewish whispering sprung up among them. Just wait, they told one another, until the talkies enthroned brains above torsos.

The shimmering figure paused long enough to waft her detractors a queenly smile in the languid manner approved by directors of society dramas, and then, unknowing, moved on to where fate lurked under a camouflage of gleaming silver and avocado salad. As she neared the main table a strange young man rose swiftly to greet her, drawing out a chair at his side. “Sh-h-h,” he cautioned. “There’s someone making a speech. How are you, Miss Berkeley?”

Brenda surveyed him with interest, and felt a queer little thrill of anticipation. He was tall, dark and grey-eyed. She liked grey eyes, and this particular [CONTINUED ON PAGE 128]

Nobody can tell me the fans are goink to give a face like yours the go-by, and start writing notes to a larynx. The trouble with you, baby, is that your voice sounds the way Lillian Gish looks. Sweet, but weak and fragile, if you get me. But all of us got our own hard luck.” Mr. Zoop tossed an unlaundered glance at a photograph of Momma that adorned the rosewood desk. Momma leered right back. “Maybe,” he continued, “if you could learn to talk like them theatrical actors I hear at the Vine Street stock company, it would help some.”

THE fluttery Brenda gulped a couple of times, and then delivered a message from her bronchial tubes. “More tone like this, hey, Abie? Listen: Unhand me, you scum! Before another dawn comes—” She broke off and indulged in a violent fit of coughing. “It hurts my throat,” she whispered.

“I ain’t a bit surprised,” said her employer, “but it sounds like you got the goods hidden away somewhere. It’s better you should see a specialist.”

“Who’s going to pay for that?” inquired the star. “My contract says—”

Mr. Zoop spread his hands resignedly. “Who else but me? Ain’t I imported six experts gettink ready for this uproar? You can see one of ’em tomorrow, baby, and remember, sex appeal is only the half of it now. You’ll flop unless you can gargle the language to go with it.”

“All right, Abie,” said the star, mustering a pathetic smile.

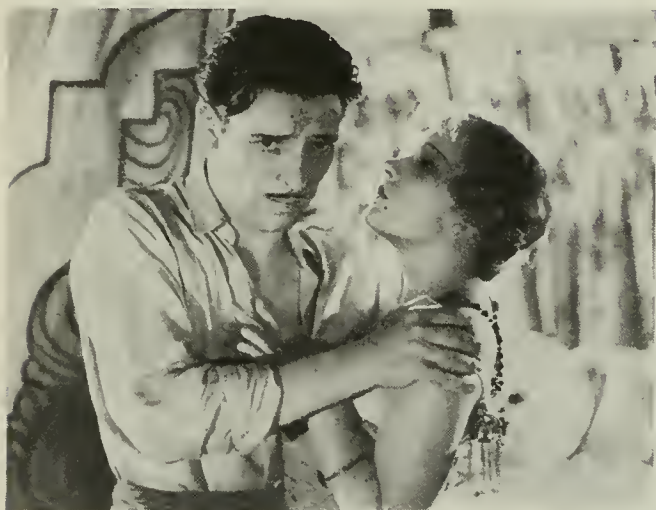
“And listen,” advised the president, “don’t forget to drop in at the Ambassador tonight. Blotts Brothers are celebratink their first all-talkink picture, and it’s up to us to slip them a rave just like we really meant it. Wear pale green, baby, and you’ll make them Blotts wushouts look like the back line in a boilesque troupe.” He trotted over to the door and held it open.

“I’ll panic them,” Miss Berkeley assured him, as she sauntered out. In the empty ante-room she dabbed cautiously at her eyes with three square inches of lace, and then paraded serenely through the outer offices, exposing her pearl and coral loveliness to an appreciative staff. Once outside, she crossed a patch of grass leading to the long, two story frame building that housed the stars’ dressing rooms. How much longer, she wondered, would she be entitled to enter?

THE same thought occupied her mind all day as the director herded her through the closing scenes of her last silent picture. Brenda was quite willing to accept the Hollywood legend that you stayed on top for five years, and then began to fade. Her heart was her own and her money had gone into good real estate, so she faced the future without the misgivings of certain of the film colony’s elite. But what chafed her was the knowledge that she had still two years of glory to come, and that they might be blotted out by the new invention.

Deep within her the blood of many generations of battling Burkes whooped for action, and she hardened her small jaw. “No machine is going to sidetrack me,” she informed her mirror, “leastways, not while my throat holds out.”





*THE RESCUE—Goldwyn-United Artists*

IT'S one of Ronald Colman's best performances. (A vital, restrained performance.) It's Lily Damita's introduction to the American screen. (An inauspicious introduction since Lily—a fiery Frenchwoman—is hopelessly miscast as an English lady.) It's rich in South Sea color.

So here is a "yes" and "no" picture, included in the best six of the month because of the spectacularly beautiful scenes—the outlaws' boats setting out to take the brig; the champion Hawaiian swimmer, Duke Kahanamoku, in an amazing water shot; the harrowing scene where *Lady Travers* stumbles her way alone through a jungle.

This fault is in too much Joseph Conrad plot. It isn't another "Beau Geste" but Director Herbert Brenon has brought out in Colman the same quality that characterized him in that earlier work.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



*WILD ORCHIDS—M.-G.-M.*

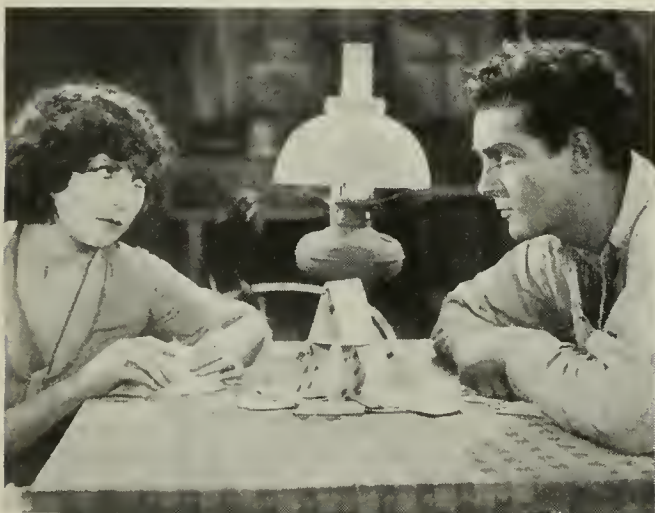
THIS is Greta Garbo's last picture before she departed for Sweden. It is built upon a story of Java, called "Heat," by John Colton. Once Lillian Gish was mentioned for the leading rôle.

*John Sterling* takes his young wife to the Orient when he goes over on business to inspect some plantations. On the Pacific liner is a strange young Javanese prince. Youth calls to youth, as the subtitle writers put it, and before the steamer reaches the East, *John Sterling* is in a fair way to lose his wife. *Lillie Sterling's* struggle against the fascination of *Prince de Gace* forms the dramatic story. Ideals are beaten down under the terrific heat of Java and— But see the film yourself.

"Wild Orchids" is excellently directed by Sidney Franklin. The details of life in the palace of the Javanese prince are picturesque and colorful. Native dances lend atmosphere. Indeed, "Wild Orchids" is directed with surprising care and a deal of lavishness.

Miss Garbo never has been more dazzling nor has she contributed a more compelling rôle to the films. Lewis Stone is admirable as the husband. "Wild Orchids" will do much for Nils Asther. Here is a rôle that will push the young Swedish actor up closer to stardom. To it he lends something of the charm and poise of Valentino.

"Wild Orchids" is another variation of the civilized white collapsing under the heat of the tropics. Willis Goldbeck's adaptation is shrewd and dramatic. The film is superbly acted, expensively produced and, moreover, it has the earmarks of care and taste.



*THE RIVER—Fox*

BASED on Tristram Tupper's novel and pointing the moral "A river is like love, it cleanses all things," "The River" turns out to be a strong, intimate study of two humans alone in a deserted construction camp. One is an unsophisticated mountain boy, the other a woman of the world. The two are frozen in through the long winter with a sinister crow, the left-over gift of the woman's former lover, as their only companion. These two are splendidly played by Mary Duncan and Charles Farrell.

Director Frank Borzage has handled a difficult story with skill and tact, pausing here and there to reveal the changing moods of the two with startling frankness. The atmosphere of loneliness is amazingly maintained. See it, but it's hardly the thing for little Willie.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

WILD ORCHIDS            HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN  
THE RESCUE             THE RIVER  
THE DOCTOR'S SECRET       MY MAN

## The Best Performances of the Month

Greta Garbo in "Wild Orchids"  
Nils Asther in "Wild Orchids"  
Ronald Colman in "The Rescue"  
Dorothy Mackaill in "His Captive Woman"  
Milton Sills in "His Captive Woman"  
Mary Duncan in "The River"  
Charles Farrell in "The River"  
Ruth Chatterton in "The Doctor's Secret"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 138



THE DOCTOR'S SECRET—Paramount

SIR JAMES BARRIE'S charming play "Half an Hour" comes to the screen under the thriller title, "The Doctor's Secret." That doesn't keep it from being a superior talkie, skillfully handled by that master of dramatic sophistication, William de Mille. Ruth Chatterton, as *Lady Lillian*, gives a beautifully repressed performance.

There is too little of John Loder, a newcomer, whose flawless English voice and evenly spaced work is delightful. Throughout the unfolding of the story, too delicately etched in brilliance to be coldly "scenopsized," there is a subtle emotional undercurrent.

H. B. Warner, as *Lady Lillian's* beastly husband, and Robert Edeson, as the doctor, are convincing. A little girl, Nanci Price, in the rôle of an English slavey, contributes some appealing and interesting moments. Don't miss it!



HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN—First National

SEVEN years ago this picture was called "The Woman God Changed." Bob Vignola filmed it at the Cosmopolitan Studio in New York with E. K. Lincoln and Seena Owen in the principal rôles. Now it's with us again, dressed in new fixtures, plus talk and sound. If we hadn't already seen—and heard—"On Trial" and "The Bellamy Trial," we might cheer louder. However, strong men went all the way to Honolulu to make it, and not in vain. The photography is splendid.

The drama is very tropical and Sadie-Thompsonish in spots, with a touch of Robinson Crusoe thrown in. But anybody could tell it was George Fitzmaurice's last picture for First National, or mebbe he just didn't care. The story is told by means of the testimony of witnesses in a murder trial. As each witness testifies, the camera visualizes his conversation. A novel effect once, and good yet if you haven't seen it. There are two unpardonable weaknesses: it justifies murder and needlessly violates legal procedure.

Here's the plot: a cafe entertainer kills her "Sugar Daddy" and skips to the South Seas. A New York cop is sent after her. They are shipwrecked on a desert island for seven years. Eventually a steamer takes 'em off and returns 'em to New York. The cop tells a sob story on the witness stand, the girl is convicted, but the sentimental judge sentences her to life on the desert island with her cop. Soft for the girl and great propaganda for murder. The very good performances of Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill, however, give the picture unusual interest despite its unfortunate premise. See it.



MY MAN—Warners

IF you have liked Fannie Brice in musical revues and in vaudeville, you will like her in her first Vitaphone film, "My Man." It isn't strong on story, just the yarn of a kindly East Side girl who mothers a wayward sister and a little brother and gets treated terribly by circumstances and relatives. In the end, she gets her man and becomes a Broadway star, but the real interest centers in Fannie's songs. She does her entire repertoire of favorites.

Miss Brice is not another Al Jolson. Her acting and personality—when she isn't making a paste song into a diamond—isn't very compelling. The real acting honors go to Edna Murphy. Miss Murphy is excellent as the selfish little sister. Guinn Williams is the awkward window demonstrator who is *my man*. This is a three-quarters talkie.

# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**DESERT NIGHTS—  
M.-G.-M.**



WHOEVER is to blame for putting Jack Gilbert in this vehicle should be spanked. Although he hates the word himself, Jack is romantic. He is also a great actor. But he isn't romantic with a five-day beard; and the story, involving three people, two of them diamond thieves, in a trek through an African desert, gives him little chance for trouping. Mary Nolan and Ernest Torrence give good performances.

**SQUARE SHOULDERS—  
Pathe**



A SPLENDID picture without a leading woman. The story is simple, direct, and full of the natural drama of a boy's hero-worship of his father. A drunken bum, an ex-war hero believed dead, stumbles across his own kid selling papers. Ashamed of his condition, the hobo conceals his identity, but makes the dream of the newsie's life come true. Louis Wolheim gives a penetrating character study of the prodigal father.

**WOLF SONG—  
Paramount**



MOUNTAINS and trees don't make a picture, even with sound effects, so "Wolf Song" won't keep the wolf away from Paramount's door. Gary Cooper, don't you ever, ever wear Davy Crockett clothes again! Trappers are good hunters but terrible tailors. And Lepe, you sing beautifully, but such placid and restrained acting! This time we'll blame the director, but don't do it again.

**FUGITIVES—  
Fox**



THIS Richard Harding Davis story, probably quite new and thrilling when first written, today becomes the conventional formula. Cabaret girl falsely accused of crime flees to fugitive port to be rescued by Horatio Algeresque district attorney who convicted her. Madge Bellamy, splendid in "Mother Knows Best," and Don Terry, superb in "Me, Gangster," seem to feel the mediocrity of the story.

**NOTHING TO WEAR—  
Columbia**



LIGHT but sophisticated wardrobe farce about a sweet sugar mamma with all the clothes in the world, yet with nothing to wear. She becomes clandestinely involved with a bachelor with one fur coat (which doesn't belong to him). Bryant Washburn is the gentleman afflicted with the female dilemma; other players include Jacqueline Logan, Jane Winton and Theodore von Eltz. Titles save the picture.

**CLEAR THE DECKS—  
Universal**



AN attempted steamer farce, incorporating Universal's pet gag for Reginald Denny—mistaken identity—which totters on, regardless of old age. This time he's an obliging fellow who takes a health cruise to save his pal from being disinherited. Complications set in with the nurse hired for the invalid, an irrelevant necklace, and love at first sight. But Denny gets over not because of, but in spite of, the script.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**LUCKY BOY**  
—Tiffany-  
Stahl



**T**HIS is a direct but left-handed descendant of Jolson's "Jazz Singer." In it George Jessel plays the little singing boy who defies his sweet poppa and momma and becomes a mammy singer, winning fame, fortune and a pretty blonde in the last reel. It is a silent picture patched and vulcanized with sound and talk, and Jessel sings several songs, the theme number being a tear-oozer, "My Mother's Eyes."

**PREP AND  
PEP**—Fox



**A**NOTHER story of youth in a military academy, featuring David Rollins and Nancy Drexel. It concerns a boy who started in at Culver with great things expected of him because his father was once its foremost athlete. He causes many disappointments but, with a little encouragement from the colonel and his charming daughter, he comes through and makes good. Plenty of boyish pranks and humor.

**THE  
DRIFTER**—  
FBO



**T**OM MIX is bowing out. The jingle of his spurs will soon be an echo, the sight of his ten gallon hat just a memory. Vaudeville is calling him. He'll probably break little glass balls with a rifle. "The Drifters" is his cinema swan song—his last picture on his last contract. Unfortunately, it won't emblazon the famous Mix initials in film history. Just another Western, but send the kids anyway, just to see the aeroplane.

**TROPIC  
MADNESS**—  
FBO



**A**RACY Anglo-South Sea picture which is well written, directed and acted. Of course, it erupts turbulent melodrama from the opening suicide to the finish, when a disgruntled volcano shoots the works. A London butterfly loses her child through neglect. Sobered by the jolt, she searches six years for the boy, who has been secretly sent to her husband's best friend in the tropics. Leatrice Joy is good.

**BROADWAY  
FEVER**—  
Tiffany-Stahl



**T**HERE is little Broadway, and no fever, to Sally O'Neil's latest spasm of cinematicuteness. The O'Neil plays a stage-struck maid who spends most of her time keeping Roland Drew (leading man) out of the claws of the blonde menace. Incidentally, Sally skulldugs her way to the footlights. Sally is the usual skittish ingenue and Drew is harmless enough. If this is Broadway, we'll take Main Street, Baraboo, any time.

**THE  
REDEEMING  
SIN**—Warners



**T**HIS is an audience picture. If you like Latin Quarter atmosphere and religious hysteria, you'll like this. Moments of rare beauty are furnished by the photography. There are inconsistencies: Conrad Nagel, with a knife in his back, is shoved into a Paris sewer. Dolores Costello falls on her spine from a two-story building. Both live. The Lord's prayer is recited for the first time on the screen. [CONT'D ON PAGE 72]

# What Are YOUR Correct Colors?

**T**HIS month's PHOTOPLAY cover is a color chart for blonds. And the following article, together with the keyed chart, will be an invaluable aid to you in choosing becoming clothes, if you are a blond. Miss Laurene Hempstead, an expert in color harmonies, is writing a series of four articles on color for the four different types of feminine beauty—brunette, blond, red-haired and brown-haired. This is the second of these fascinating articles. Next month Miss Hempstead will write about the color problems of the red-haired girl.

## COLORS ALTER THE FIGURE AS WELL AS THE FACE OF THE WEARER

**C**OLOR may affect both the apparent size and shape of the figure as well as add life, vitality and interest to the face. Although colors should be carefully chosen with specific reference to the exact coloring of the individual, their effect upon size and silhouette must likewise be considered. Every woman, young or old, should eliminate from her wardrobe all colors which make her figure appear to disadvantage, choosing only those which enhance her face, and her figure as well.

Light colors reflect light. Objects of light colors for this reason appear much larger than their actual dimensions. Light colors, however, against a light background, tend to conceal the silhouette, frequently making the figure appear smaller by making it less conspicuous.

Dark colors have an almost entirely opposite effect. They markedly decrease size, making the figure appear smaller, more slender, while against the average light background they reveal the silhouette. Therefore, while the figure appears more slender, bad proportions are relentlessly revealed. Disproportionately large hips or large bust will seem more evident even though the figure seems, as a whole, smaller.

**V**IVID brilliant colors, like light ones and shiny surfaces, reflect light. They seem to advance, to be nearer the observer, therefore they make persons costumed in them appear larger. The silhouette, likewise, becomes more conspicuous in vivid colors, thereby accenting the proportions of the figure, whether good or bad. Therefore, only the woman who knows the outlines of her figure to be pleasing, beyond question, should attempt to wear an entire dress or coat of an extremely vivid color. Dulled, grayed or more neutral colors are much more easily worn, as they not only seem remote,

making the wearer appear smaller, but they do not emphasize the outlines of the figure.

Reds, oranges, yellows, the colors of the sun, of fire, the so-called warm colors, are aggressive, advancing. They, like vivid colors of any hue, seem near, thus warm colored objects seem larger than those of cool, receding colors, such as blues or greens. A warm, vivid color will markedly increase the size of the wearer, while a cool, dull grayed color will decrease it.

**H**AVING considered color in relation to the possibilities and limitations of her figure, every girl should coordinate a list of colors flattering to both her face and figure, keeping constantly in mind the basic rule that colors must harmonize with the actual flesh tints, which may be either a red that is slightly red-orange rather than a pure red, or slightly red-violet, seldom a pure red. The brunette types, with warm color, have flesh tints which are red-orange in tone, as analyzed in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY.

The coloring of the blond is, in several respects, opposite to that of the brunette. Not only are her hair, her skin, her eyes, light, where those of the brunette are dark, but her coloring is cool in effect. The flush on her cheeks and lips is red-violet, a lightly bluish rather than a pure red or red-orange. The background color of the skin has less warmth, being nearer white but in reality a pale yellow, cooler than the darker, more orange skin of the brunette. The blond's eyes, of blue, blue-green, green or gray are likewise cool where those of the brunette are most frequently a warm orange or brown. The hair of the

blond is yellow, itself a warm color, but because it is light, near white in value, and because the yellow, in hair of natural coloring, is a subdued rather than intense yellow, the predominant color of the individual remains cool.

**I**T is not enough to say that a person is cool in coloring, or that she is blond. There are numerous variations of the blond coloring. The girl who complacently calls herself a blond without analyzing the actual coloring of her skin, her hair, her eyes, selecting colors from an arbitrary list supposed to be becoming to blonds, is as likely to find that she is accentuating her defects rather than her best features. She may wear blue believing that it will increase the apparent amount of blue in her eyes, or she may even be aware that blue, being complementary to yellow, will make her hair more golden, yet she may ignore the fact, so obvious to everyone who sees her, that intense blues increase the amount of yellow in her



**M**ORE than any other type, the blond is dependent on correct color harmonies to set off her natural loveliness. Too vivid colors will overwhelm her individuality. Flat neutral tones will make her seem uninteresting. With an effective choice of colors, the blond

may outshine her darker, more vivid sisters—if she knows her color harmonies. In this article, girls with light hair and eyes will find a complete analysis of their coloring and a solution to their dress problems. Do you know how to increase the blue in your eyes and how to add life to your hair? This article explains how, by studying your coloring, you may add, not only to your attractiveness, but to your happiness.



# If you are a blond, here is an article that will tell you how to make the most of your natural coloring

By  
*Laurene  
Hempstead*



PHOTOPLAY'S cover of Marion Davies is a color chart for blonds. Save the cover and save this key to the colors. 1. Blue, medium value, slightly neutralized. 2. Much softened or grayed red-violet—an orchid shade. 3. Red-violet of medium value, somewhat neutralized. 4. Green-blue, nearer blue than green. 5. Red-orange, softened and of light value. 6. Green, medium value, somewhat grayed. 7. Blue, somewhat grayed. 8. Blue-green, more green than blue—a subtle, in-between shade

skin. A softer, more grayed blue might be flattering to her hair and eyes, perhaps even more so than the brighter blue. An intense blue might make the eyes appear faded by contrast, at the same time making the skin appear clear and creamy, rather than a more pronounced yellow. A soft green might be more nearly the actual hue of her eyes, and be more flattering than any blues, however soft and beautiful.

Although there are many variations of blond coloring, almost as many as there are blonds, they may usually be classified either as drab, neutral, colorless blonds, or as colorful vivid blonds. The drab blond, by keeping her hair bright and shining, at its brightest natural color, or perhaps brightened by skillful artifice, her complexion as clear and healthy as possible, aided by the skillful use of rouge, may more nearly approximate the more vivid blond types, there being no definite boundary line between the two groups.

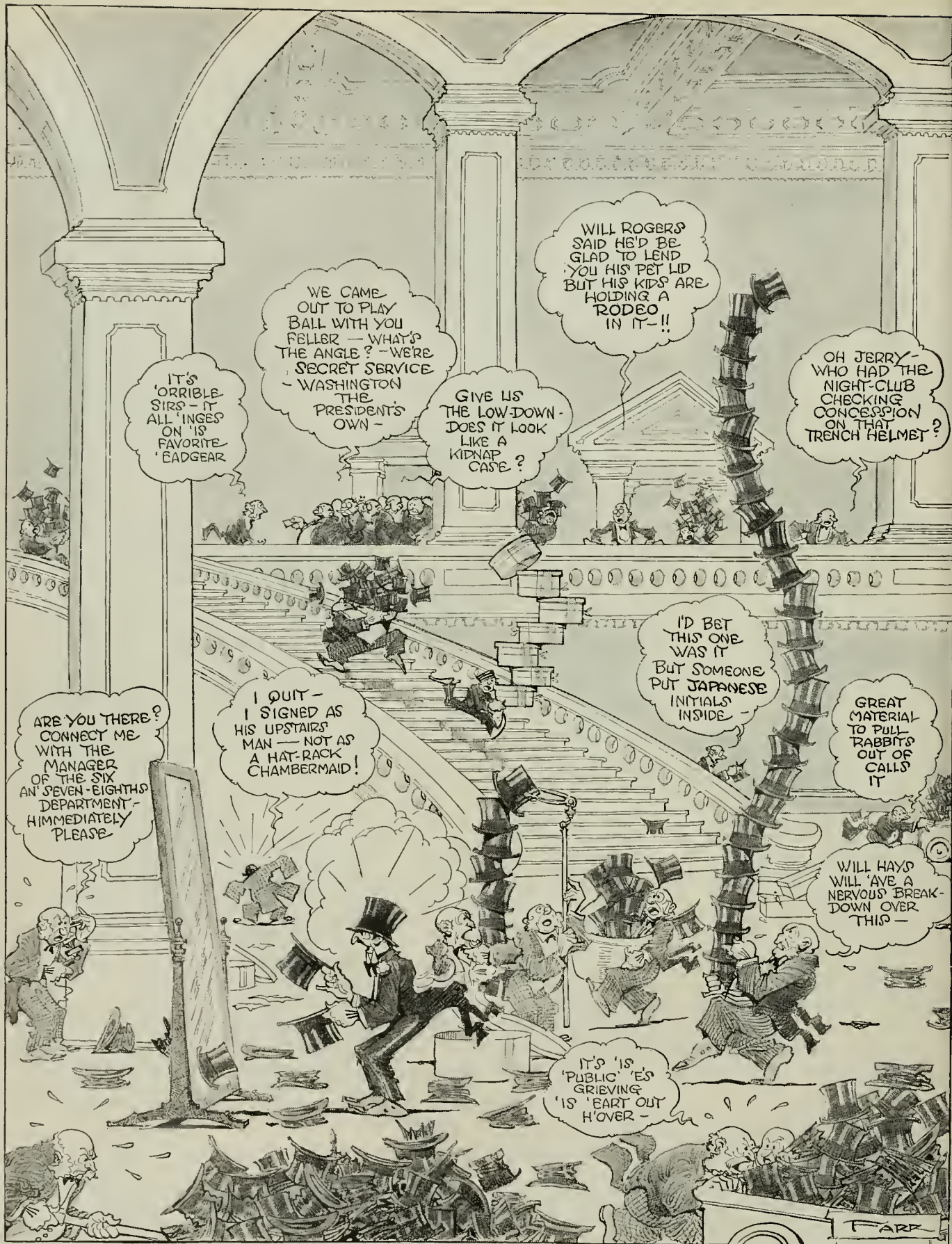
**T**HE drab blond has more grayed subdued natural coloring, her hair is not vividly yellow, but rather a grayed greenish yellow. Her skin is of nearly the same color as her hair, also a light dull yellow. Her eyes, while of a different hue, are also light in value, possessing little contrast; the skin, the hair and the eyes being so lacking in decided contrast that the individual's coloring is monotonous and uninteresting. If she wears neutral unimaginative colors she loses all chance of attaining individuality, appearing uninteresting. If, on the other hand, she chooses extremely vivid intense colors, they, being so much more powerful than her own personality, will further subdue her own faint coloring, making her seem even more insignificant.

The pale drab blond usually finds soft grayed cool hues, blue-violet, blue, blue-green and green her most becoming colors. Violet and red-violet, having slightly more warmth, are some-

times becoming, though they are more difficult to wear, particularly if there are dark tinges in the skin. Even cool colors must be softened, partially grayed or neutralized. They should either be very pale, definitely lighter than the skin, or enough darker to form a contrast, making the skin appear lighter and clear. When light or medium values offering little contrast with the coloring of the wearer are employed in the costume, an accent of darker color should be used near the face to give it character and emphasis. Black or large areas of dark neutral colors absorb the color from the face, making it seem even more colorless.

**V**IVID warm colors should always be avoided for they submerge the wearer, causing one to see the costume, not the individual. Soft, very much neutralized middle and dark values of warm color, soft rose, may, if very subtle and subdued, reflect their warm color into the face of the pale blond, increasing her apparent color. In most instances, reds with a slightly cool or red-violet cast are more becoming than those which are red or red-orange, although the latter, if softened or grayed, may sometimes be wearable. Very dark wine reds, which of course have the red-violet cast, are frequently the flattering warm colors which the pale blond can wear. Orange and yellow are usually most unbecoming, for they will not only make the hair look dull and lifeless, [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 104 ]





Intimate Snapshots of Film Favorites

No. 2

Adolphe Menjou Mislays His Favorite High Hat



# Absent *without* Leave

John Loder, a homesick exile from England in Hollywood, went to school with a prince

By  
*Eloise Bradley*



Mr. Loder studied at Eton and Oxford. He served in the British army. He wanted to be a business man, but Chance made him an actor. And Chance also led him to Hollywood, far from the friendly fogs of his native London

IT was a weary, beating hot afternoon in Suez. A military messenger, en route from one British camp to another, stopped in the road to let a solitary officer pass. The messenger recognized the officer and pulled up his own horse. The two men saluted.

"I *DO* remember your face," said the officer.

"Yes, Your Highness," said the messenger. "You used to drive over from Oxford to see your brother at Eton. I was in his house."

"Oh, yes. It's good to see you. We're very far from England, aren't we? This blazing sun! What would you give to see the streets of London in a good dripping fog? How serenely the lights reflect themselves on the wet streets!"

"And the theaters. You've just come down from London. What are the best plays in town?"

"A rather good season. Do dine with me tonight and we'll talk about everything."

That evening John Loder and the Prince of Wales had dinner together and talked of London and fog and new plays and whatever else two young Englishmen talk about when they're in the army and away from home and lonesome.

John Loder is tall and rather blond and as English as a crumpet. He was brought on by Paramount, promised leads with Esther Ralston and Bebe Daniels, given a rôle in "The Doctor's Secret," another in a Western and then loaned to work for Marshal Neilan in a talkie, although the soft Oxford accent is considered a handicap. That's Hollywood. Legitimate actors affect British ways. The screen should be proud to have one English actor who doesn't drop his "h's."

He comes from a military family and, when he arrived at that age when there is nothing to do with a boy but to send [CONTINUED ON PAGE 140]

# Not Guilty

Bill Powell declares  
he is not a  
picture stealer

By  
Dorothy Spensley



"The  
Drag Net"  
—1928



"The Last  
Command"  
—1927

A pictorial history of the charming villainies of Mr. Powell proving that the evil men do—in the movies—is often remembered after the heroics are forgotten

"IS Bill Powell a picture stealer?" Emil Jannings eyed the rice and egg concoction on his plate, meditatively. "He is an unconscious picture stealer. *Ja*, I think so. He cannot help it. He has that from Heaven. It is a gift of the Lord," raising a hand to the skies.

That's the question that has been bothering Hollywood. Making it lose sleep, forget to eat. Every time Bill Powell appears in a new picture the tributes are the same. "Bill Powell again steals the picture," "The Powell subtlety is again apparent." Placed end to end these encomiums would reach from here to there, which is far enough when you realize that Bill, as a substantial citizen, must live among those against whom he is alleged to have committed lens larceny.

Over the ginger ale and ice he must face Dick Barthelmess and Ronald Colman with the dark secret between them that, at one time or another, he has been guilty of extracting applause from one of their pictures. A decidedly unpleasant circumstance for any man.

What has William Powell to say for himself? What has he to say after his superb performance of *Phillip Voaze* in "Interference;" as *Froggie* in "Forgotten Faces;" as *Baldini* in "Beau Geste"? After his memorable appearance in "Senorita," "The Last Command," "The Bright Shawl," "Romola," and in the twenty-six pictures he has made in the last three years since he has been contracted to Paramount? And in the entire six years that he has been on the screen?

"There is no such thing, actually, as picture stealing," said Bill, pausing to permit the bombshell to explode.

"Some rôles are more powerful than others. They are better high-lighted. Attention is focused on them. The audience thinks one person's acting is finer than the others'. Often the other characters are sacrificed to point up that person's rôle for the good of the production. Thus his work seems superior and he is credited with stealing the picture.

"Again it will be a small dog, a little child, the antics of a monkey that will steal a picture. You can't say that is premeditated.

"Frankly, I think the phrase 'picture stealing' was coined by the critics as a facile phrase to toss additional bouquets to a particular actor. It's a neat little phrase, and nifty. It is obviously well-intentioned but sometimes it becomes devilishly unpleasant. A person is apt to be greeted with the defensive attitude of 'Ah ha! Bring on the picture stealer!' This, however, has been exceedingly rare in my experience.

"Another thing that is seldom taken into consideration when a minor character is said to have run off with the honors of a picture, is that the star is working under a handicap. He carries the full weight of the picture, is on the screen almost all of the time and must sustain the interest of the audience. A so-called 'picture stealer' flashes in and out like a rapier thrust at a perfectly

timed moment, and gets a laugh or a jeer. Naturally, he seizes your interest. You admire his work and forget the star who has to work infinitely harder because he is with the audience all of the time.

"Of course, there is all the difference in the world between what is called picture stealing and scene stealing. The latter is almost too petty to discuss. It is condemned by all reputable actors. It may give you momentary notice but no great career was ever founded upon it. Such niggardly tricks as working upstage or making unnecessary movements to attract the eye (pulling out the handkerchief, for example) when the attention of the audience should be on another character, are petty practices of which no self-respecting player would be guilty. I have known players who would do everything but wave the Stars and Stripes in order to attract attention to themselves in scenes, but for the most part they don't seem to meet with continued success in pictures."

Richard Barthelmess, one of Bill's best friends, grinned broadly.

"Bill a picture stealer? Of course. He can't help it. He characterizes so perfectly, studies and prepares for

each part he plays. He can't help but attract the most favorable attention.

"Why, I know that if Bill were play-  
[CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 103]



"Beau Geste"  
—1926



"Romola"  
—1924



"The Bright  
Shawl"—1923



"When  
Knighthood  
Was in  
Flower"—1922





Hommel

"**B**ILL POWELL is a kindred spirit," says Emil Jannings. And that is one of the reasons why the really big stars like to have Bill in their pictures, even at the risk of sacrificing some of their own glory. Here is an actor who knows his trade and here is a trouper who is also a good sportsman.



Manatt

**W**HEN a leading man is an awfully good leading man and is in high favor, the producers allow him to play opposite Greta Garbo by way of reward. So, just before he sailed for Europe, Nils Asther appeared with Greta in a story of Javanese love. And, from this picture, you can hardly tell it from any other kind of love.



# Something About Myself

*As told to  
Katherine Albert*

*by Nils Asther*

Marriage — Friendship —  
Romance. And also a few  
reflections on Hollywood  
and movie stardom



"I do not want to be the hero in pictures. I do not want to be a great lover. I want to do character parts, to put on a beard, if necessary, and line my face"

## CHAPTER II.

*A lonely, unhappy childhood in Sweden. Then, at the age of fourteen, a sudden ambition to become associated with the theater. These events Nils Asther related in the first chapter of his Life Story. With his first European stage success, Asther plunged into a gay and bohemian life, as a reaction against his somber childhood. Under interesting circumstances, he meets Djalmer Bergman, the writer and philosopher, who was destined to have a fine influence on his career. Now continue with the final installment of Mr. Asther's Life Story.*

**D**JALMER BERGMAN'S wife told me that the night before our meeting (they had just come up from Italy, where they had been living, to Stockholm) he had dreamed of a certain street where there was a restaurant. He had also thought that he had gone into this particular cafe, and there had entered and had found a man who looked exactly like me. The name he did not know, nor did he know that he was a film actor, but the features he remembered perfectly.

Being a cynic and a sophisticate he would not believe in the superstitions of dreams, but, nevertheless, he went to the street he had seen so clearly and there discovered the cafe he had visualized. Upon entering he found me sitting at a table.

He was shocked and surprised and could not resist speaking to me. Lucky I was, for a great bond of friendship between me and

Bergman and his wife was cemented. I was the first person to be admitted to their home, the first person, with the exception of the servants, with whom they had talked for years. I held their confidence and they held mine. More and more the life I was leading wearied me and I turned to them for

Mr. Asther in an airplane scene in one of the pictures he made for UFA. It was in Berlin that Nils made his biggest hit and his German films resulted in his obtaining an American contract



# Some adventures of a romantic young man



Another publicity picture of the UFA days—Nils Asther with his German cook. Asther was so popular on the continent that he was able to ask—and get—a salary that staggered the producers

mental stimulus and for warm friendship. They both saw how petty it was to be a puppet for a camera as I was beginning to see, and it was then that I again cherished the idea of going on the stage.

Nor would I be content with doing something small. I cherished the idea that I should play Ibsen's "Ghosts."

It was a beautiful tribute to our friendship that Mrs. Bergman did not laugh at me. She was the daughter of August Lindberg, the great actor who had created the rôle. Her mother, Augusta Lindberg, owned the Swedish rights to the play, but her daughter at last persuaded her to allow me to translate it from the Norwegian and I hoped that I might persuade Augusta to take me as a pupil. How ambitious I was! Augusta Lindberg, then a middle-aged woman, is the Sarah Bernhardt of Sweden.

**N**OW I must tell the existing relationship between Mrs. Bergman and her mother. Because of the eccentricities of Bergman, the great actress had never been invited to the home of her daughter and son-in-law and naturally the older woman was jealous that I, a mere puppet, a cinema actor, had found the friendship of her daughter and her strange husband. Nor do I blame her for this, yet I was innocent. A stupid dream had led me to meet these people who suddenly became woven into the pattern of my existence.

Augusta was finally persuaded to hear me read "Ghosts."

I shall never forget the day. The elderly lady, jealous of me to the point of hatred, enthroned herself in an easy chair like a queen. She sat in the same room where her famous husband had once studied the lines of this same play. Her face was free of all expression.

The atmosphere was electric. She did not approve of me and she had only consented to this hearing because of her daughter's insistent requests. I did my own translation and when I had finished Augusta said in a hard voice, "Very well, I'll take care of you and train you for the stage." And she left the room. From then on our friendship grew.

**E**ITHER I or the dream of Bergman brought the two families together. Augusta's son, Lorenz, had started an art theater in Gutenberg, patterned after the Stanislavsky theater in Moscow and I became a part of this.

It is with a feeling of awe that I speak of the months to follow. They were like the stanzas of an idyllic lyrical poem. I was happier for a longer period of time than I have ever been in my life.

In the first place the theater gave me complete joy. There were banded together some of the finest artists in Scandinavia, the greatest playwrights and actors. We did the sort of things that we wanted to do. Molière, Strindberg, Shakespeare—dear names the very mention of which has the power to fill me with a sense of beauty.

One actor was no more conspicuous than another. There were no little jealousies. One night I played the leading rôle, the next night I was a servant. One evening I was a young man, the next night I was a doddering grandfather. I was divinely happy in my work and my personal life as well.

And now I speak of The Island!

I cannot contemplate it without mixed emotions. I am both happy and sad at the thought of it, happy in living again in memory of those halcyon days, sad that they came to an end.

Augusta and Lorenz Lindberg, Mr. and Mrs. Bergman and I bought an island near Gutenberg. It was ours—all of it—and there no one could come unless especially invited by us. One arrived at the island in a little motor boat.

**T**HERE were three houses, in which was everything for our comfort, but there were no telephones, no electric lights, no mirrors in the place. The men did not shave and the women used no powder nor make-up of any sort.

We served no liquor and none of us smoked. Our enjoyment lay simply in talk, good, honest innocent talk. Perhaps it was not of the most profound, but we settled all the questions of the universe to our own complete satisfaction.

"Oh, happy days and happy nights, sacred to art and friendship."

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 98 ]



The happy days on the "Island." Djalmer Bergman, noted writer, is at the left and Asther is at the right. In the center is one of the few guests who were invited to visit their select retreat



# REELING AROUND

with

## Leonard Hall

### Yes, You, Jolson!

*Lonely mommas having pains,  
Poppas sweet, but out of brains—*

*Stony blondes and babies' arms,  
Comics blatting tunes from Harms'—*

*Groaning moony mammy songs,  
Gushing over petty wrongs—*

*Jolson, Fannie Brice and Jessel—  
Each a weak, bombarded vessel!*

*Oh, the drivel, bunk and goo  
That we have to paddle through!*

*"Pictures that you must not miss!"—  
Bah! "Jazz Singer," you did this!*

### Anything for a Laugh

Francis X. Bushman's secretary badly hurt by falling into his outdoor swimming pool. . . . No doubt the water had been attached for back alimony. . . . Somebody wants a Greta Garbo picture called "The Clinging Fool." . . . Rosie Pelswick wants a "Noah's Ark" theme song called "I Wouldn't Noah 'Bout That," but she won't get it. . . . Aimee McPherson said to be getting \$50,000 for a talking picture. . . . With those ankles she should pay a bonus. . . . Lupe Velez wore a hoopskirt while filming, it caught fire and she was slightly toasted. . . . This department has always held that in Lupe's case it couldn't be long. . . . Erich von Stroheim, Jr., is working in a picture called "Square Shoulders." . . . Just a sliver off the old square-head. . . . Dick Arlen is now mayor of Toluca Lake, near Hollywood. . . . The big Toluca! . . . The Japanese are said to prefer their own pictures to Hollywood's. . . . Well, who's giving them an argument? . . . Hope Hampton has made her grand opera appearances in "Manon" and "La Boheme." . . . Films, stage, opera. . . . While there's Life, evidently, there's Hope—Hampton.

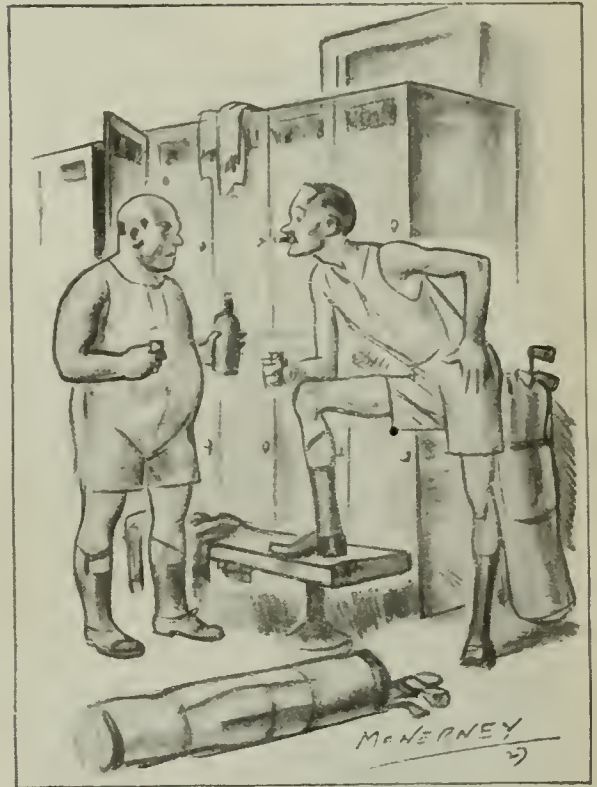
### Riegels' Run

It took this nook to find out why Football Player Riegels of California ran 75 yards towards his own goal line in the game with Georgia Tech.

Alice White was the Georgia team's mascot, and Mr. Riegels was merely running home to mother.

### Getting Personal

Kalla Pasha's real name may or may not be Kalla Pasha, but do you really and truly care, way down deep in your heart? . . . George Jessel's nickname is "Sad Eyes." . . . Clara Bow has gained six pounds. . . . She evidently missed a Lucky and grabbed a Sweet. . . . Tom Mix has bought himself a jade-green Rolls-Royce. . . . Tony, the Wonder Horse, is drinking himself to death. . . . Adolphe Menjou is fond of crapshooting. . . . I thought mauve spats were his weakness now. . . . Lon Chaney's hobby is cooking. . . . The Man of a Thousand



"No, sir, George, what these dames see in fellers like Ramon Gilbert and John Novarro is more than I can figger out!"

Omelettes. . . . Poor Raoul Walsh really did lose an eye. . . . Anita Loos, author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," wears suspenders. . . . Evidently ladies prefer galluses. . . . Vilma Banky wears nine petticoats in her new movie, "Childs', Fifth Avenue." . . . After scouring Hollywood, three had to be brought from New York. . . . Lily Damita is a Wampas Baby Star candidate. . . . If she's a baby star, I'll be born a week from Tuesday. . . . William Haines' voice was sent to New York in seven minutes from the west coast. . . . What do you expect of such a bright boy? . . . The home of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett is called "Misty Mountain." . . . There are no film theaters at the headwaters of the Amazon. . . . The Roxy Theater in New York furnishes mascara to women who sob at its pictures. . . . Yvonne Mulcahey is Hollywood's newest bet among the youngsters. . . . Jackie Coogan ate too much over the holidays and was sick in London and the stomach. . . . Molly O'Day, having had her fat amputated, was rewarded with no contract anywhere. . . . Her sister, Sally O'Neil, is in presentations. . . . George O'Brien and Lois Moran are permanently teamed as billers and coopers by Fox. . . . It seems there were a couple of Swedes. . . . Wallace Beery has never won a beauty contest at an Elks' picnic. . . . Mary Pickford has never studied the piccolo.

### Soprano or Nothing

*A movie lady baritone  
Sat in a corner, quite alone.*

*"The worst of all my business ills,  
Is that I sound like Milton Sills.*

*"No jobs for me, however gifted,  
Until I have my larynx lifted!"*

# MORE TEARS,

An actress writes intimately about the less glamorous side of being a movie star



Miss Hulette is now appearing in the stage play, "The Little Accident." She knows her theater and her movies. As a child, she played in "The Blue Bird." Going on the screen, she was one of the stars of the old Edison Company

EVERYONE is familiar with the skyrocket actress of the movie novels. She wins fame and fortune over night and her life is a beautiful merry-go-round of glittering motor cars, diaphanous gowns and ardent lovers! Once in a while she takes a few minutes off to act in one of her super productions.

No one would believe the truth about the lives of picture stars. No fan, who saw the seductive Leatrice Joy on the screen, would suspect that she left her love scenes to rush home and nurse her baby. Such scandal would never reach the first page of the tabloids. Who would pay two cents to read that the glamorous Leatrice is just like Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Jones when it comes to saving the young heir of the family from the bottle?

Sudden rise to fame and fortune of inexperienced players is the exception and not the rule in the film business. People hailed Adolphe Menjou as a "find" when he made his first big success in "A Woman of Paris" yet he had been a poorly paid "bit" actor in the movies for nearly ten years!

It was Menjou's great misfortune to begin his screen career as a "menace." The high rewards of the movie business go to the players of sympathetic rôles. Menjou had the bitterness of seeing less gifted actors rise to the heights of popularity because they played heroes while he, as an oily peril, earned nothing but hisses and five dollars a day. Screen villains of a decade ago were black with iniquity. Menjou wore a silk hat and a moustache and always came to a bad end. These demises, so popular with audiences, are not at all popular with the actor. "Doubles" are not always provided for unimportant players. Menjou was thrown out of a window, during the filming of a violent "finish," and although he had plenty of time to recuperate at his own expense, the incident left him considerably discouraged.

Several times Menjou left the movies to seek less hectic employment. Once he became a restaurateur; another time, a business manager for a small film concern. Always he returned to his first love, acting. Back to silk-hatted infamy that didn't pay.

Just when his fortunes were at lowest ebb, a remarkable thing happened. Charlie Chaplin decided to film a tragedy. Realizing that his appear-



Miss Hulette in a fashion photograph taken over ten years ago, before girls were flappers. In 1917, she married Captain William Parke, son of her director, and retired. Eight years later, they were divorced and Miss Hulette returned to acting



# Please!

By

Gladys Hulette

ance in a serious rôle would be greeted with roars of laughter, the famous comedian, rather wistfully decided to cast an actor for the part who would be taken seriously. His choice fell upon the obscure Mr. Menjou. As the hero of "A Woman of Paris" Menjou became the sensation of the hour!

Chance plays the biggest rôle in Hollywood. It keeps the undiscovered actor or actress waiting and hoping and starving between pictures, in hopes that some day the right part in the right picture will come along. Sometimes it does, and then the player needs all the prayers of family and creditors. In hard-boiled Hollywood, business methods are ruthless. No player, high or low, once engaged for a part is sure of it until the picture is finished, and not even then. After two or three days' work he or she is very apt to be called aside and told that Mr. Jazbo, the general manager, has decided that instead of a tall, thin blonde for the part, they need a short, stout brunette, and to wash up and go home.

**E**VEN if the actor gets by the projection room critics, he still has an arch enemy, the film cutter. Most pictures when finished are thousands of feet over length. The cutter must tell the story as concisely as possible in the prescribed number of reels. Scenes and characters disappear with a graceful snip of the shears, and gaps in the story are covered up with a subtitle: "Father, John has left us forever!" or "Poor boy, if he had only lived!" may be the grave of some poor player's hopes. It means that he has been "killed" off because the story was too long!

Too rapid rise to stardom often ends disastrously. ZaSu Pitts, who will be remembered by many fans for her marvelous



The theater was her kindergarten. Miss Hulette played with De Wolf Hopper in one of the many revivals of "Wang." She was *Nora's* child in "A Doll's House," when Nazimova put Ibsen among the box-office hits

performance in "Greed," had a most numiliating experience.

She came to Hollywood, a dreamy eyed, gawky girl, filled with a great ambition. It was to be a detective. Movie acting, she thought, would be excellent practice for an amateur sleuth.

She trailed down directors with a persistence that at last won her a small part. Once before the camera, she forgot that she had ever wanted to be anything but an actress.

An enterprising producer was attracted. He realized that she possessed the charm of a Lillian Gish with the comic abandon of a Louise Fazenda. Her hands were more expressive than the average actress's face.

"Star material!" he thought, and signed ZaSu at a thousand a week!

ZaSu had never seen so much money. A fortune dropped in her lap, and for a few minutes she couldn't think what to do with it!

She had noticed a charming house for sale. Struggling into her coat, she dashed out. Not long after-

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 122 ]



Her greatest screen performance—the girl in "Tol'able David," Richard Barthelmess' great picture that won the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal in 1921. In this article, Miss Hulette speaks with authority about some of the heart-breaks to go with the quest for movie fame

# Brains and Sex Appeal

By  
Grace Mack

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn

IT was only six A. M. but with the first shrill jangle of the alarm clock Billie was out of bed and pulling on her stockings. Then she remembered that the orders had been "no stockings" and she quickly peeled them off and dusted her legs with a tannish powder. She felt just a little nude as she thrust bare feet into high-heeled pumps for she had not yet acquired the Hollywood habit of going stockingless.

It was a matter of minutes to step into the flesh crepe shorts, fasten the tiny brassiere, the slip, and, lastly, the crisp sea-green organdie with its tightly fitted bodice, and full, fluttering skirt. A floppy black hat, which she had borrowed from a girl across the hall, added the final note, and Billie was pleased to see that it accentuated the bloneness of the stray curls which were visible beneath the drooping brim. She tried several poses before the mirror, expressing delight, sadness, fear, horror in rapid succession. She hoped they wouldn't want her to cry. She was too excited, too happy to cry now, though there had been many days in the past few weeks when crying had been very easy.

She took a last look at the directions which she had scribbled so excitedly at the phone the night before. Nothing had been said about makeup but she carefully filled the little shiny leather makeup case which had been waiting so long for an opportunity to be used. Grease paint, powder, liner, mascara, eye pencil, rouge, lipstick, cold cream. Everything. She wondered if she should take her diploma from the acting school. The director *might* want to see it, so to be on the safe side she tucked it under the flap of the makeup case.

The diploma certified in large gold letters that Miss Billie Shannon had graduated from the Hollywood School of Screen Technique and was an accredited actress. It represented savings she had amassed as soda dispenser at the Elite Confectionery, Prairie City, Kansas, where local Ziegfelds had prophesied screen fame for the very blonde Miss Shannon and had encouraged her to strike out for Hollywood. It had not, however, proved the passport to stardom which the school literature had so glowingly promised its graduates. Following her graduation she had optimistically telephoned the school each day. Then she called in person, but their attitude had suddenly changed. No longer did they refer to her as a "potential" star. Now that she was not paying them tuition, she was just another blonde in a town already filled with blondes.

AS the weeks crawled by Billie's meals became more birdlike as her exchequer steadily dwindled. She tried to crash the studio gates on her own, even resorting to a subterfuge which had worked for others. But somehow she muffed it. She never even got past the guard. She made daily visits to the Casting Agency but all she got was promises. Hope had become a flickering speck on a far distant horizon.

"Then you don't think I'm an actress?" Billie asked in amazement.

"An actress?" Mr. Luks said with disgust. "No, little girl, you're just another blonde—and dumber than most of them"

She stood on the curbing outside the Casting office, feeling so utterly dejected and friendless that she did not realize that the young man who had just stepped out of a car was speaking to her.

"Whatsa matter, sister?" he repeated his question. "You look as though you had just been attending your own funeral."

SHE looked up to meet the smiling eyes of a clean-cut young man who had apparently stopped his car just to speak to her. He was friendly, rather than fresh, and there was a sincerity in his manner which brought quick tears to Billie's eyes. He was somebody to confide in.

"It's just this town," she answered, trying hard to swallow the lump which had worked its way into her throat. "It's so—heartless—"

"Heartless?" He laughed boyishly. "Why this is a marvelous town. Believe me, sister, you'll travel a long way before you find a town that's so lousy with opportunities as this one. You're just looking at it wrong."

Billie took out a little crumpled handkerchief and wiped her eyes.

"In pictures?" he asked.

She hesitated. "I'm an—actress," she finally said. "But I can't get a job. They say I'm just another blonde—"

The flattering way he was looking at her was convincing proof that he did not share their opinion.

The romance of an actress who made a hit  
story of one of Holly-





"Well, there are blondes *and blondes*. Believe me, I've looked plenty of 'em over and I know. But you've got something that's different. I don't know just what it is—but it made me pull up at the curb when I saw you standing there. Now if it would do that for me it ought to do the same thing for other guys." He studied her with professional interest. "What you need, sister, is a manager."

SHE looked up at him hopefully. Something of his own confidence was reflected in the smile which slowly curved her lips.

"Look at all these Hollywood girls that have made good," he continued. "They've all had managers, haven't they?"

Billie nodded.

"Now I won't make you any gilt-edged promises but I've got a hunch that I know just the right job for you. What's your name and telephone number?"

She watched him jot the number down in a little book. It didn't seem possible that this could actually be happening to her, after all these weeks of hopeless waiting. It was just one of those breaks which is every extra girl's dream. It was a newly confident Miss Shannon who walked up the Boulevard. A Miss Shannon who stepped into Henry's and recklessly ordered the most expensive sandwich on the card, tipping the waiter a dime as she paid the check.

Then for days she sat in her room, waiting for the telephone

call that did not come. She realized that she did not even know the young man's name or whether he was an assistant director or a cutter, or maybe just an electrician. She remembered what nice eyes he had. The way they crinkled at the corners when he smiled. Eyes to be trusted, she had thought. Somehow she didn't want to believe that he had just been kidding her.

And then one night the telephone call came. Just a crisp, businesslike order, but it came nearer to being real music than anything Billie had ever heard.

"Listen, sister." She had recognized the voice instantly. "Be at the corner of Cahuenga and Hollywood Boulevard at seven sharp tomorrow morning. Wear some kind of an organdie dress that fits tight above the waist, one of those big floppy hats, and *no sox*."

She had scribbled the directions, quite too dazed to ask questions. And now, as she hurried along the palm-bordered street, which was still misty with an early morning chill, she wondered which studio it would be—or perhaps it was *location* since a car was to pick her up. It was thrilling to think of having a manager to arrange everything for her.

WHEN she arrived at the Boulevard corner the young man with the nice eyes was waiting for her.

"Gee, sister, you look great!" He noted with approval the bare legs, the fluttering skirt which just missed the knees, the tight little bodice. "With a get-up [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 117 ]

without ever appearing before a camera—A  
wood's unknown stars



# Are YOU Furnishing



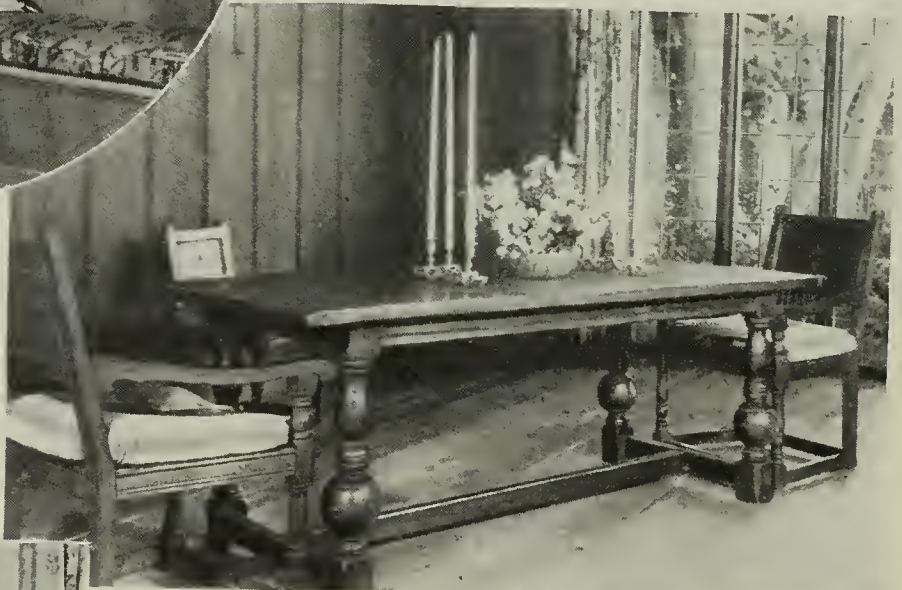
Here was a dull corner in a small den just off the living room that was brightened when Fay Wray redecorated the house. The window seat is painted a restful green and the cushion and drapes are of henna printed linen

ON the back shelf of your bookcase there may be a dusty volume by Louisa May Alcott called "Little Women." In it (*YOU* won't remember) there is a passage describing how *Meg*, one of the heroines, planned her new home for months before her wedding. The linen closet was complete. The jelly glasses were filled with jelly (not home brew) and every detail of the "tiny nest" was in readiness.

Times have changed. Now a June bride buys a can opener and a cocktail shaker and calls it a profitable day. But there are a few old fashioned girls left.

Although you won't believe it, there's one right in Hollywood. And from her you can learn a valuable lesson in home making.

Even if you're planning only a small apartment, you want a few cosy nooks and colorful corners.



Fay Wray's dining room table is made attractive at all times by two pewter candlesticks and a pewter bowl that is kept filled with yellow flowers. The long, graceful candles are also yellow

A short time after Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders were married, they took Florence Vidor's house. Florence wanted to leave the memory-haunted home on Selma Avenue, and begin her new life in new surroundings, so she bought a place in Beverly Hills.

And now Fay has the fun of re-furnishing the Vidor home. She has met the same difficulties and faced the same problems that will confront you. Fay is so sensible and so practical that she is the perfect pattern for the young bride.

"I can't understand," she said, "how very wealthy people can bear to allow a paid interior decorator to have all the fun of furnishing their homes. I wouldn't have missed this for anything."

"Of course, there have been the usual trials. For instance, I bought what I thought was an ideal chair. It was a deep blue basket weave upholstered Kent model. John didn't like it. I argued. Then we compromised. The chair is going to stay for a couple of weeks. During that time John may be won over to it."

Simplicity is the keynote in the charming

A book niche is much more interesting if small *objets d'art* are interspersed with the books. This is a corner of Fay Wray's morning room. The chair is upholstered in yellow, with deeper yellow flowers, to match the walls





# a Home?

By Lois Shirley

## Fay Wray gives the young bride a few simple lessons

English home. (Thank goodness it is English. How bored one becomes with the ubiquitous Spanish style of architecture in Hollywood!) Instead of cluttering up the house with a number of non-essential and stupid articles of furniture and knick-knacks, Fay has used only a few well chosen ornaments in just the right places.

**Y**ET the house is full of original touches. Instead of a large bedroom there is a very tiny sleeping sun porch and the real livable spot upstairs is the morning room, like a little private sitting room. Here I found a smart and novel way of hanging bedroom curtains. The walls of this room are champagne yellow and the curtains a delicate shade of pink in triple voile. Instead of being looped at the sides they are fastened together at the front of the window and caught with a tiny bunch of pink roses.

Fay had difficulty in knowing what to do with a large dining room table when it was not in use. "After all," she said, "in this Emily Post era anybody who doesn't know how to set a table for everything from a breakfast for two to a



These gates lead to Fay Wray's breakfast nook and give it an exclusive, secluded air. In the pantry, which is painted a cream ivory, is the serving table with a pewter breakfast service conveniently at hand

banquet can't read. But one isn't always sitting at a well laid table."

The problem was solved by two pewter candlesticks, long yellow candles and a stunning pewter bowl in the center always filled with tiny yellow blooms.

There was a dark corner in a little den off the living room. The conventional window seat was in brown and the pillow and drapes in the same subdued tones. But who wants to be in a brown study all the time? Certainly not so lively a girl as Fay Wray. So the woodwork was lightened to a restful shade of green and the drapes and cushions in a deep henna of printed linen. Charming and attractive!

**I**'VE been saving the joy of describing the fireplace. It's the nicest part of the stunning living room, where, by the way, stands the blue chair to which John objected. It's such a nice chair, too, and does blend in perfectly (there, Fay!). But to get back to the fireplace. There is one purely ornamental piece, an old English corn popper. The tongs, poker and hearth brush are utilitarian. And there is the stunning antique chair, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 115]



The heart of the living room—the hospitable fireplace with a raised hearth and wing chair nearby. There is a useful poker, with a long handle, fire-tongs, a hearth brush and an antique corn popper



*T*HE most modern version of the old swimming hole, to say nothing of the old swimming suit. But there were no futuristic decorations nor any lights when Miss Clara Bow of Brooklyn used to go for a plunge in the surf at Coney Island, not so many years ago.



# DIET

## for Health

## and Beauty

By

Dr. H. B. K. Willis

*A complete guide to fuel foods compiled both for your weight and occupation*

**G**IVE your body as much care as the small family car of well-known make. It must have fuel for its work and its overhead. Materials lost by wear and tear must be replaced. There is also a definite need for regulative substances, the vitamins. Each will be discussed in turn. In this issue, fuel foods will be considered.

Right now five young women of national prominence in motion pictures are grievously undernourished because they have ignored the demands of their bodies for fuel to burn. Two are said to be on the verge of tuberculosis. One is suffering from a severe anemia, another is a nervous wreck and the fifth one has so affronted her stomach that it now returns to her everything she eats.

This last girl, one of my patients, is in a bad way. Normally weighing 130 pounds, studio Simon Legrees have forced her to bant to 106 pounds, and they are raving because her abdomen does not resemble that of a greyhound or a starving Armenian. This girl's nervous system is shattered, she cannot sleep at night and she becomes hysterical over the most trivial upsets. Her stomach is so shrunk that it will not tolerate more than two ounces of infants' food at one feeding. She is anemic, neurasthenic and under-nourished instead of being a buoyant, beautiful belle.

The fuel foods are the starches, the sugars, the proteins and the fats. Chief among the starch foods are rice, wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye, and the flours, meals, breakfast foods and what have you, made from them. Our humble friend, the potato, is rich in starch, as are tapioca, arrowroot and corn-starch.

Fresh and dried fruits, syrup molas-



As medical adviser to many of the stars, Dr. Willis knows the disastrous results of unwise dieting. In these articles, Dr. Willis tells you how to avoid the errors of dieting that so often lead to tuberculosis, anemia and nervous collapse

ses, confections and honey are foods containing a great deal of sugar.

Dairy products, egg yolk, fat meats and meat fats, vegetable oils, chocolates and most nuts are rich in fat.

Foods rich in proteins include milk and cheese, meats of all kinds, nuts, legumes and grains, such as wheat, oats, rye and barley.

Appetite must not merely cater to desire. One must use a caloric conscience in selecting the day's food intake. As you measure the gasoline for the car, so must you count the calories on the *carte du jour*.

And what is a calorie? The calorie is simply the unit used to measure the fuel value of a food, the amount of energy which can be derived from it by the body for use either for its active or passive work. While important as a summary of the bodily

energy, one must not lose sight of the fact that the calorie does not give any indication as to the body's need relative to regulative materials, of which more anon.

I was recently called to see a prominent-star, who, after drastic dieting could not stop losing weight. I went over her dietary and found she was receiving less than one-third of her daily caloric requirements.

"You need more calories, Miss Blank," I said to her.

"Good grief!" she interrupted, "I cannot eat calories because they are fattening."

And people diet as dumbly as that!

In order to enable a person to estimate the amount of calories they are getting to supply the body's needs for energy, hundred calorie proportions will be listed here- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 101]

**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

## Many interesting productions under way for \$2,000 Amateur Contest—News of the Movie Clubs

ONE of the interesting films being prepared for competition in PHOTOPLAY's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest is a 400 foot 16 millimeter production, bearing the working title of "Destiny," in course of filming by the Undergraduate Motion Pictures Club of Princeton University.

This production is a highly ambitious one. It opens with scenes of the hegira of Mohammed and, following this symbolical introduction, shows a psychological study of various characters in the stress of intense emotional conflict. Several sets were erected and a large number of extras were used in the opening scenes. At times six cameras were in use.

Eric Barnouw is playing the leading rôle and Beatrice Traendly, who distinguished herself in the leading feminine rôle of last year's PHOTOPLAY winner, "And How," is leading woman. Other prominent rôles are handled by William Huff and John Westwood. Edgar Holden III and Brentaigne Windust are directing, assisted by Thomas Emory and Elmer Kincaid. The camera staff numbers J. V. D. Bucher, C. D. Hughes, J. M. Doubleday, John Waterhouse and Henry Louderbough, with A. H. Singer, Irving Perine and C. B. Alexander as assistants.

The Princeton students expect to finish the production on March 1st.

THE Cumberland Amateur Motion Picture Club has completed the filming of "Judgment Fulfilled" for competition in PHOTOPLAY's \$2,000 contest. The film is now being edited. To facilitate this work, a 16 millimeter print has been made. This is being edited for use as a guide in cutting and titling the 35 millimeter production. The club is preparing to start a new production, a symbolic film study, and camera platforms and runways are now being constructed for use in filming this — the second — production of the club.

CONTEST films have started to pile into PHOTOPLAY's office for consideration in the



Bobby Vernon has a big home movie gallery of the world's notables. Here is a highly prized shot of Bobby with Gene Tunney, taken before Gene retired from the ring

divide them into two or more parts, taking advantage of permission to submit "any number of films."

The answer to this query is NO. Every contest film must be complete within the specified length.

HOW is your kodacolor work coming? Better take the advice of Herbert C. McKay, Dean of the New York Institute of Photography, who says that if the light is such that good black-and-white film could be obtained at F.8 or at F.11, or any point between, good color shots may be made. If the subject is in extremely bright light, such as at a beach, where a stop of F.16 would ordinarily be required, add the neutral density filter to the color filter.

This filter should be used in all brightly lighted shots and for semi-closeups in good light where the subject's clothing is white or light toned.

PHOTOPLAY is looking forward to some interesting color films in its \$2,000 contest.

PERHAPS you will be interested in exact specifications regarding the 16 millimeter width film, in general use among amateurs. The following figures have been adopted by the Society of Motion Picture Engineers as standard.

The cutting and [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]



The student production staff of Stanford University on location, making scenes for their film, "The Fast Male." Four cameras were in action. "The Fast Male" sets a high amateur standard



# Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr.

*is Young....Entrancing....Beautiful...  
as the world expects her to be*

**E**NTRANCINGLY BEAUTIFUL as this romantic world would wish her to be is Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. Slim as a nymph, with glorious Titian hair and a skin as fair as hawthorn blossoms, this young bride is winning all hearts with her charm.

Modern to her finger tips, Mrs. Vanderbilt is ever on the wing. In a Maine camp . . . in Provincetown with artists and writers . . . fitting through New York shops . . . then en route for the Far West in the big custom-built car which has crossed the continent 28 times . . . At last to "Sagebrush," the Vanderbilt ranch in Nevada, where much of her husband's writing is done.

Always she shares his work, his constant comrade and chum. The carefree life of the Western desert country delights them both. Mrs. Vanderbilt is a crack shot with rifle, shotgun or revolver, and she can rope a steer as cleverly as any cowboy.

Despite her outdoor life, her constant travel, she has found the way to guard the flower-like freshness of her complexion.

"Even on our Nevada ranch," she says, "I have my daily 'facial'—with Pond's.

"One can keep one's skin really young and lovely with just these Two mar-

(BELOW) Beautiful women everywhere use Pond's four preparations because they are so exquisitely fine and pure. In these special green glass jars, made by Pond's for her dressing table, Mrs. Vanderbilt keeps the Two Creams and Freshener. Several of the dainty velvety new Cleansing Tissues lie ready for her use.



MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR., was Miss Mary Weir of Davenport, Iowa. She is entrancingly lovely, with wistful blue-grey eyes, glorious Titian hair and skin like hawthorn bloom. This chic ensemble is of flame-colored velvet cape over a peach chiffon frock.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Q  
114 Hudson Street . . . New York City.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

velous Creams, the exquisitely fine Tissues, the wonderfully invigorating Tonic. I'm devoted to Pond's."

**W**HEREVER you go, this simple daily treatment with Pond's four preparations will preserve the fitness of your skin:—

First, keep your skin immaculately clean by pore-deep cleansing, after exposure and every night before retiring. Spread Pond's Cold Cream lavishly, with upward outward motion over face and neck, letting the fine oils sink deep below the skin.

Then gently remove the dirt and cream with Pond's soft Cleansing Tissues. They are finer than old linen and absorb the cream and dirt instead of rubbing it into the pores.

Next, pat Pond's Skin Freshener over your face and neck—until the skin glows. This wonderful new tonic and mild astringent closes the pores, tones, refreshes and invigorates.

Last, to complete your daytime toilette, and before you dress for evening, just a thistledown touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Try this delightful Method! Send the coupon below for trial packages of Pond's four preparations, enough to last a week.

(BELOW) Here in their familiar everyday containers are "the four enchanting things Pond's makes" as Mrs. Vanderbilt says. Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener compose Pond's Method—so efficacious, so quick to use. Use them yourself wherever you go, and keep lovely!



Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company



# Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]



A tour of the M.-G.-M. "prop" rooms, conducted by Leila Hyams. This birthday cake was used in "Broadway Melody." It weighs 287 pounds and it took two weeks to concoct it. Wouldn't you like to cut yourself a piece of cake that is several months old?



Here is an Italian chest, shipped from Florence several years ago for a brief scene in "Ben-Hur." It is hand-carved and of rare design. The chest is one of the many antiques that are stored away as "props" until they are needed

SMART way discovered by Carmel Myers' representative to inform her that "Everything That's Nice to Me" had been brought forth into the musical world. That's the name of the song that Carmel composed.

She was doing a teary scene for "The Red Sword" and came weeping down the steps from her seduction to the dirge-like accompaniment of the set musicians. As soon as the director ordered "cut," the orchestra broke into a rollicking little jazz piece. Carmel shrieked, ran to them, and there was "Everything That's Nice to Me" all dressed in black notes and white bars with Carmel's picture on the cover.

It's Carmel's second contribution to the big bar and flat industry. Her first was a ditty entitled "Louella."

ARTHUR CAESAR may be moved from the Movietone department at Fox. He makes so much noise that the song writers can't concentrate.

SHORTLY before Eugene Walters left Hollywood, he and Charlie Judell, who makes Movietone effects (whatever they are) for Fox, nearly burned up an apartment house. 'Gene was batching, and Charlie blew in to pass the time o' day. They gabbed and gabbed and gabbed. Hadn't seen each other in years. Finally they began to smell smoke. Didn't give it much thought, however, just fancied mebbe there was a fire, or something. At last they decided to go out. The corridor was full of smoke and the landlady was running frantically up and down, trying to find out whose apartment was on fire. Suddenly 'Gene Walters remembered he'd left a wooden chopping bowl on one of the gas burners to dry. He ran back and found only the rim of the bowl blazing merrily.

JETTA GOUDAL attempted her first homemade luncheon recently. Paul Bern was going to New York, it was Jetta's maid's day off and luncheon the only chance to see Bern before he departed. Jetta made her first experiment with soup that turned out badly, the omelet was quite flat but the toast was perfect, the reason being that Jetta let the door bell ring for fifteen minutes so that the toast would not be left unwatched for a second.

The year's at the spring,  
The morning's dew-pearled,  
Chaplin is shooting—  
All's right with the world!

RONALD COLMAN'S new picture, "The Rescue," in which Lily Damita has the leading rôle, was being shown to members of the press. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]



You probably caught a glimpse of this clock in "The Student Prince." It was brought from Germany especially for that production and it is a masterpiece of the clockmaker's art. But it will remain idle until the "prop" master can fit it in another picture





## Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later, every week or ten days may be enough.



## Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.



## He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



### Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

#### Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of Packer's

- Olive Oil Shampoo
- Tar Soap
- Tar Shampoo

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-C, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y.: Send me offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

## THE GLORIOUS TRAIL— First National

IF they just keep working on that first overland telegraph long enough, they'll really finish it some day—for good. For the last fifteen years, high geared Westerns have wrestled with the same telegraph line. Ken Maynard and Tarzan give it a try, handicapped by Indian massacres, wet ammunition, famine, prairie fleas and horsefeathers—and succeed, without a scratch, by Jove!

## THE LITTLE SAVAGE—FBO

A WESTERN relieved of the usual monotony by good story and direction, and Buzz Barton's refreshing boyishness. Buzz and his whimsical pal, Milburn Morante, find that a family is a terrific problem, especially to bachelors. Their hobo careers are temporarily blighted when they discover an infant of uncertain parentage in a deserted prairie schooner. Thenceforth the camera emphasizes the little stranger and the ridiculous efforts of his cowboy nurses to become good mothers.

## THE SKY SKIDDER—Universal

A L. WILSON, Universal's flying ace, on the up-and-up in a thrilling flying picture. As a small-town genius at aviation inventions, the townsfolk call him a nut and give him the air. He takes it, with his new flying gas and wins a cross-state "airathon"—and fame—and a girl, despite his rival's dirty work between clouds. Wilson's spectacular parachute drops and stunt flying will keep you up in the air.

## UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS— Universal

AS in "White Shadows," two directors were sent to the tropics to make this picture and one came back. Lew Collins, who was able to stick it out, has done a good job with native actors of the almost extinct New Zealand folk, the Maoris. Although not as beautiful as "Moana," it has the same primitive charm. And a stunning leading man.

## MANHATTAN KNIGHTS—Excellent

CROOKS, b'gosh!—lording it over a weakling forger and his noble sister; melodramatic as a Ruth Roland serial. Sure it has whickers—long ones—but, believe it or not, the action is tense to the last gasp of the debonair villain in the tenement fire he started himself. The cast is headed by Barbara Bedford and Ray Hallor, as the oppressed sister and brother; Walter Miller, the innocent bystander, and Crauford Kent, the shady slicker.

## JAZZLAND—Quality

A SMALL-TOWN cabaret melodrama which gives the audience only a vague clue of what it's all about. The story rambles on indefinitely and the action is consistently irrelevant. Possibly the scenarists overheard someone quoting the famous vaudeville maxim, "Keep your audience wanting," and decided to take it literally.

## ALL AT SEA—M.-G.-M.

IT'S one of the best Dane-Arthur comedies in some time—if that means anything. You just know, from the title, that it's all about sailors. You might also guess that Dane is the hard boiled bozo who makes life a series of hard knocks (literally) for George K. Arthur. The story isn't much, but the gags are laugh-getters. Oh, well—it's a comedy.

## THE YELLOWBACK—FBO

A TRITE but stalwart story of an Irish mountie who gets his man, and his woman (would you believe it?) in the grizzly Canadian

North Woods. Served up in the typical Curwood style by a good director and a scenarist faithful to the book, "The Yellowback." It really offers a wholesome thrill to any who haven't already seen fifty thousand red-coat epics. Tom Moore wears the R. N. W. M. P. cord. Nice outdoor stuff.

## OUTLAWED—FBO

NOT so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! The saddle girths are slipping under the "King of Cowboys." He'll do well to lay low 'til he gets some new gags under his high hat. Here's the same old thing, only worse, without enough sparkle, color and action to keep an eight-year old boy awake. Another flop like



This fancy gent is not Chief Hog-The-Lens of the Sac and Bill Fox tribe, but Mr. Juan Sedillo, once a lawyer of Santa Fe, N. M., and now a new leading man on the Fox film pasture

this and even his juvenile clientele, with the critical precocity of modern infants, will shout a lusty "App'lesauce!"

## CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE— Chesterfield

DJEVER hear the one about the stripling forger who sent his pretty sister to intercede for him with his not over-scrupulous boss? Yeh? Then you know enough to pass it. Oh, you haven't? Well, you wouldn't care about it in a big way. It's a flock of cheap hoey about a little girl who was too good for a wealthy scoundrel who was too bad.

## THE COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY—Universal

THOSE long distance travelers, the Cohens and Kellys, discover new gags to pull at Atlantic City. They go to jail, quarrel with each other, have trouble with murderers and money. Is it a system? Some day they may go too far. George Sidney, Vera Gordon, Mack Swain and Kate Price are the *Cohens* and *Kellys*. You figure out which is which.

## THE ALL-AMERICAN—Supreme

COLLEGIATES and track devotees will eat up this dramatized version of the International Olympics in Paris. The highlight of the picture is, of course, the big overseas athletic meet; the collegiate plot built into it is synthetic but adequate. The world-famous sprinter Charlie Paddock is the hero. As the track hope of a Western college, he is sent abroad to mop up the meet. Harvey Clarke, the coach, supplies some comedy.

## THE FLOATING COLLEGE— Tiffany-Stahl

SUPPOSEDLY based on a Mediterranean University cruise, this picture should have had good farcical possibilities. Through careless story, titles, and direction, the collegiate angle is discarded, and it degenerates into a sordid battle between two sisters for a reluctant male. Buster Collier is charming despite an inane rôle. Sally O'Neill's futile attempts to be coyly collegiate are ridiculous, and Georgia Hale as her catty sister—well, she's beautifully gowned.

## LOOPING THE LOOP— UFA-Paramount

BEING the belated romance of a popular, but middle-aged, French clown, whose life until now has taught him that no woman loves a clown. The background of the picture, Le Grand Cirque de Paris, gives authentic and colorful continental atmosphere, but the story could hardly be called a far cry from the ancient "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" theme. Werner Krauss, as *Bolto*, is excellent, but the conscious histrionic efforts of the heroine and the heavy give a decidedly stilted effect.

## BLOCKADE—FBO

RUM-RUNNERS versus the Secret Service, but you'll appreciate the difference. Here is a consistent story bulging with suspense. Anna Q. Nilsson, the star, shows characteristic poise in swinging between two rôles which call for tremendous versatility. A woman outlaw, a rum hijacker, who knows no law but her own—and a frivolous, indolent yachtswoman. Best of the recent bootleg output.

## SATANESQUE—Sparta

THE eternal conflict between European aristocracy and peasantry is the theme of this picture, which, though a domestic film with the American advantages of make-up, trimming, and photography, is Italian in its very essence. Excellent acting, classic story, and artistic production place it high among the finest independent pictures. The rolling lands of Sardinia, with their lazy flocks and shepherds, give a picturesque setting for the tragic romance of a young Italian count and a peasant girl.

## THE BLACK HILLS—Dakota

A N heiress owns a lumber camp, which in turn is run by a crooked foreman who cheats at solitaire, beats his wife, and puts bolts in people's coffee. A gentleman hobo tells the tough guy not to be childish, and piles in and cleans up the joint. Then the dam breaks! That's all there is.

## TROPICAL NIGHTS—Tiffany-Stahl

A RATHER original South Seas picture, with a realistic tropical setting and spectacular pearl-diving scenes. A white man's vicious lust for pearls drives him to the murder

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 97 ]



# Photoplay's Spring Style Forecast



*A*N interesting detail introduced in some of the smartest sports frocks for spring is the long, narrow throw encircling the throat. Evelyn Brent here wears a frock of gray mottled jersey, combined with plain gray flat crepe. The throw is of the jersey, lined with the crepe

*by Katherine Albert*

**Y**OUR clothes come from Hollywood. Women the world over are unconsciously wearing photographic clothes. Hollywood originates its own designs. Women copy the styles set by the stars. Most of the clothes are made to suit the all-seeing eye of the camera. Therefore, you are wearing clothes the styles of which originate not in Paris nor New York but in the film capital itself.

In this fashion section you will discover frocks that

show the general spring trend in Hollywood and, therefore, the rest of the world. The stars have their own tastes. The studio designers go to Paris yearly but come back and adapt

line and color to the demands of the fair ladies of the gold coast.

The film queens won't take dictation from any so-called stylist or group of stylists. They are individual in their choice of clothes for the screen as well as in their personal wardrobes.

# when your costume is a triumph

SMART in line and made of Skinner's Crepe or Satin Crepe! Skinner fabrics have been worn by the best dressed women of America since 1848—and now you can obtain them in ready-to-wear dresses.

For your afternoon and sports frocks, Skinner's Crepes. For your evening gowns, Skinner's Satin Crepes. Their luxurious texture, their splendid body and draping qualities make gowns of unusual loveliness.

Skinner fabrics are used by the leading motion picture studios for their stars. Buy crepes by name—*Skinner's*—and

*"Look for the Name in the Selvage"*

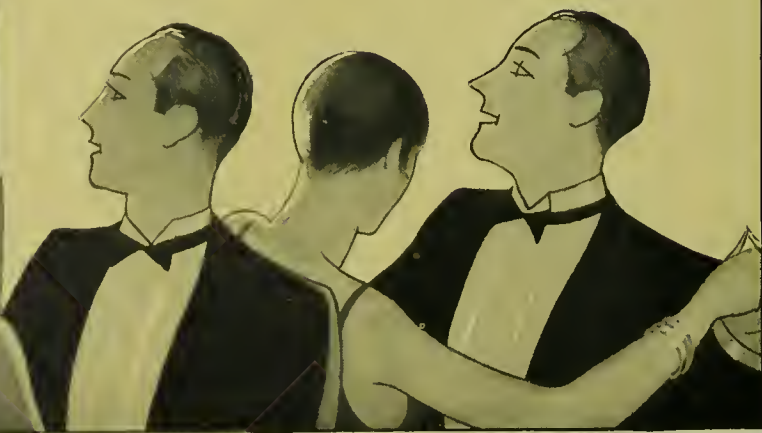
William Skinner & Sons      Established 1848  
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia San Francisco

## Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments  
ready to wear



look for this  
Skinner ticket





**R**ICH yellow and burnt orange brocaded satin is the material chosen for this stunning evening gown, which is the creation of Howard Greer, and is being worn here by Gwen Lee. The form fitting bodice is held in place by two gold shoulder straps, but the interest centers at the back of the gown where a large bow of self material is posed at the top of an inset of gold-colored pleated ruffles



**T**WO new trends are shown in this afternoon frock worn by Gwen Lee. Satin is being widely used in Hollywood for smart afternoon wear, and the black and white combination receives the endorsement of the stars. This gown has a double draped skirt with a wide hip girdle. The blouse is loose and is trimmed with jabots of white. The treatment is repeated in the cuffs



**B**ESSIE LOVE wears a pajama set of honey-beige satin, worn with a coat of metal cloth. The coat piece features an attached sash, which ties about the hips, with a bow in front, allowing a graceful blouse effect. The trousers are wide and have almost the effect of a skirt



# Slippers step out!

*to be enchantingly costumed is not enough*

you must be  
slipper smart



Patent Hostess Slipper—  
Snake Skin Saddle

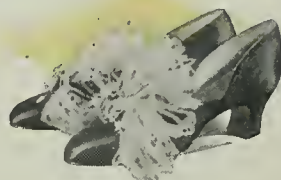


Satin-lined kid D'Orsay

IT was a French diplomat who described the American woman as "gracious, charming, modern to her dainty finger-tip — or should I say slipper toe?"

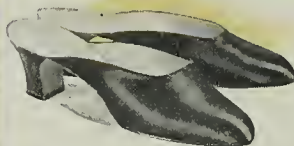
"Slipper toe" is correct. For the charming, *modern* woman chooses slippers for every hour of her home day as carefully as she selects street suit or evening gown. And every slipper must be supremely smart as well as superlatively comfortable.

Daniel Green—slipper maker to the world—has never before offered such an array of beautiful slippers. Graceful D'Orsays in finest satin, in which to receive your afternoon or evening callers. Fine patent leathers, satin-lined; kid, velvet, brocade!



Feathered satin D'Orsay

And of course, famous Daniel Green Comfys for the children; perfectly styled leather slippers for father.



Graceful satin mule

For 47 years Daniel Green has been building beauty and comfort into slippers for every member of the family. Each year brings new materials, new styles to join the long-time favorites. If you want slippers that are comfortable, beautiful, *smart*, ask for Daniel Green's.

DANIEL GREEN SLIPPERS  
Dolgeville, N. Y.



Gold strap satin mule



Felt lined calf slippers

Our name is placed on Daniel Green slippers because we are proud of them. Look for it. It is your guarantee that material and workmanship are as fine as we know how to make them.

## Daniel Green

Guaranteed  
Slippers

SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD



NOWHERE in the world are women as anxious to be beautiful as they are in Hollywood. The stars know every trick of keeping themselves fit. In their homes they discard tight, heavy shoes and wear only the most comfortable boudoir slippers. And this year they have gone in for simplicity. The elaborateness of the negligees demand plain slippers. This is the Spring indication



THE up-to-date woman needs a variety of slippers. Top, Corinne Griffith looks over her slipper cabinet. Slippers are a first aid to beauty. Just above, Dorothy Sebastian poses in her new plain satin boudoir mules. They have a gold kid strap and heel piece. This type of mule may be had in other materials. At the right is Anita Page in her crepe de chine mules with gold kid straps and heel pieces. These also come in modish satin, brocade, velvet and kid



**H**OW to wear the chic little nose veils so popular in Hollywood this Spring. Mary Duncan drapes hers close to the hat but allows plenty of fullness across the face. The ring she wears is worthy of comment, since it is one that she is never without, wearing it with sports as well as with evening and street clothes. It boasts one black and one white pearl



**T**HE theater hat has come into prominence in Hollywood since it was introduced by Baclanova. This wrapped turban is of white satin shot with silver and is trimmed simply with an emerald and crystal ornament. Graduated pearl ear-rings are worn with this stunning accessory



**T**HE fifty-fifty hat—that's Nancy Carroll's contribution to the Spring mode. It is made of light tan straw and dark brown felt. The combination is carried out even in the narrow brim

**T**HERE is not a chance that you'll be wondering if you're the type that can wear a large hat this Spring. The reason is that there aren't any large hats. Hollywood decrees that the smart woman chooses a chapeau that fits the head snugly. Turbans are very chic. Hats with brims that roll away from the face are the last word. The soft felt finds favor. For evening, one notices the theater hat, wherever Hollywood celebs gather. The models shown on these pages are the favorite hats of the stars pictured here.



*A*N ensemble of accessories, Gwen Lee chooses bag, hat and necklace that match. The hat is of black felt with the up-turned brim held in place by a silver and onyx ornament. The bag, also of felt, is decorated with an ornament similar to that worn on the hat. The choker necklace is of silver and onyx



*A* YOUTHFUL and smart hat for Spring worn by Loretta Young. It is a modified bandeau style, the bandeau being of silver mesh and the hat of gray felt. The upturned brim is held by a tailored bow fashioned of moiré ribbon



*"CHIC,"* according to Corinne Griffith, is just another way of saying "simplicity." That's why this hand-made felt hat is her favorite of the season. It has a perfect line for her face. The brim is turned up at the front, with one side rolled down and looped in an opening cut. It is "simplicity," for it has no trimming of any kind

# Printzess

## COATS AND SUITS



*When style steps from "screen" to "street"*

Almost every woman thinks to herself, "If only I could have clothes like that," when her favorite star strolls across the screen. For motion picture actresses are among the smart women of today.

In Printzess Coats, Suits and Ensembles—style steps from the screen to the streets of your town. You can wear a Printzess garment with the serene confidence, the assurance that comes from knowing that your chic costume has

been favored by celebrated stars of the screen.

Ask by name for Printzess Coats and Suits—also "Printzess Petite" for the shorter woman and "Printzess Travelure" for travel and sport wear.

Then be sure to look for the Printzess label. It means smart style, flattering lines and perfect tailoring. The Printz-Biederman Company, Cleveland-New York. *Printzess garments cost less than you expect, \$25.00 to \$95.00.*



D I S T I N C T I O N   I N   D R E S S — S I N C E   1 8 9 3





*A*N interesting interpretation of the costume suit, worn by Joan Crawford, is shown above and to the right. This is a smart, three-piece model, cut along somewhat fitted lines. The skirt and coat are silvertone basketweave. The skirt is pleated and the lining of the coat matches the gay silk blouse



*T*HE new princesse silhouette is especially suited to the youthful figure. This attractive fashion revival is worked out in Oxford covert cloth, with krimmer collar. Raquel Torres wears this chic Spring coat and its fitted bodice and flared skirt accentuate her slenderness. The coat has a lining of silk satin

You will of course want Shuglovs—originated by Miller—immediately. Look for the name. Your favorite shop has them in Nude, Gunmetal and Brown—two styles—the concealed slide fastener and the button-over. Two types of heels—Universal and Cuban. Made of lightest rubber. The top is worn up or down with equal smartness. Sizes 2 to 8. Talon Slide Fastener, manufactured by Hookless Fastener Co. Used on the new Shuglov.



# Fashion Demands the Lovely Ankle line

*Even in Bad Weather*



ONE might have excused the unsightly bulk of yesterday's footgear protection when there was nothing else. But the mode has changed. Fashion decrees that the lovely contour of foot and ankle must no longer be sacrificed.

And so the stylists of smart shoes have designed a method of protection as smart as the shoes themselves.

In this charming new bad-weather accessory, one finds a complete discarding of all old ideas. Unsightly bulk is gone. Weight is found unnecessary. In their place are feather lightness—perfect fit. And you wear Shuglovs over loveliest shoes and stockings in utmost safety.

The complete wardrobe will have two or three pairs—different colors for different ensembles. Easy to wipe clean with a damp sponge. Lined for comfort and ease of removal. The Miller Rubber Company of N. Y., Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

## Miller Shuglov

TIRES • TUBES • ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS • DRUG SUNDRIES  
BATHING WEAR • SHUGLOVS • RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS • MOLDED RUBBER GOODS



**B**ULKY methods of footwear protection have departed, along with tandem bicycles. Right, Mary Brian in her new glovelike shoe protectors intended for the ever-changing Spring weather. These have concealed slide fasteners and are on and off in a jiffy



**B**ELOW, left—Carmel Myers reveals another new model footwear protector. These come in gunmetal, brown and nude tones and are made with concealed slide fasteners

**B**ELOW, right—Myrna Loy in her new Spring protectors. These have two types of heel: Cuban and high heel. They can be worn with the turn over cuff up or down and have elastic linings for comfort





*F*OR the polo game or the whip-pet race, Gwen Lee selects this two piece sports costume of French jersey. The frock, pleated at the front of the skirt and trimmed with a flat tie at the neck-line, is of beige and red in a small, geometric design. The two-button jacket is of red, lined in the same material as the frock. Beige hat, beige gloves and an envelope bag in snakeskin complete the outfit

*A* STUNNING sports frock in black and white, worn by Anita Page. The blouse and knife-pleated skirt are of white georgette and the blouse is trimmed with angora embroidery in white and black. Black and white slippers are worn to complete the costume

**T**HE term "sports clothes" no longer suggests those severely utilitarian outfits for tennis or golf. The classification has been widened by stylists to include, literally, all outdoors. You are suitably dressed for luncheon in a sports costume. Sweaters and skirts are seen even in the afternoon in Hollywood, at tea and informal parties. And no wonder, when they are as ornamental as these two sports ensembles.







# *Do this Every Night* To safeguard skin from dirt and make-up

Unless the pores are thoroughly cleansed every day in this way, blackheads, pimples, sallowness result

*How olive oil, in this facial soap, produces a lather which brings out natural beauty*

**T**ODAY, more than ever before, there is vital meaning in the phrase, "washing for beauty." And yet you may be one of those who overlook its importance. The layers of rouge and powder which you are likely to apply during the course of a day; the dust and dirt, oil secretions, dead skin that find their way into the pores are simply an invitation to blackheads, pimples, dreaded blemishes!

Perhaps you, yourself, go on from day to day abusing a pricelessly lovely complexion. Changes come so gradually that you scarcely notice them. Then—suddenly, one day—you find coarsened texture, lifeless color replacing your naturally youthful skin. The best way to combat these evils is to wash the face, in this way, with a soap containing olive oil.

### *Olive oil and your skin*

This is what a soap containing olive oil does, when you follow the famous Palmolive treatment given below: it soothes as it stimulates, it cleans as it beautifies. Gently, the rich lather from this olive oil soap softens those tiny, stubbornly hard masses that form in your pores. Gradually, they are freed and the skin is able to "breathe" once more. Lovely, fresh color comes rushing to the surface. Blotches, irregularities disappear. You touch your face and it amazes you with its cool softness. You look at it and are delighted with its fresh loveliness!

Millions use Palmolive for the bath as well, because it is so inexpensive. To discover your own possibilities of beauty, you should begin these treatments tonight!

*At night*—Make a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands, apply it to face and throat, massaging gently in an upward and outward motion, to stimulate circulation. Rinse thoroughly with warm water graduated to cold until you actually feel all impurities, oil secretions and make-up carried away. Then dry the skin tenderly with a soft towel.

*In the morning*—Repeat this treatment and add a touch of finishing cream before putting on rouge and powder. That's all! A simple treatment, but it must be observed twice every day to keep the skin lovely and youthful. At 10c Palmolive is the world's least expensive beauty formula. Buy a bar, begin using it today. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Illinois.



Retail Price **10c**

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4224

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION



## THE BRIGHT LIGHTS!

M-G-M stars  
are the greatest  
of all!

And There Are "More  
Stars Than There Are  
in Heaven" in Metro-  
Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

"THE TRAIL OF '98" is the current film sensation of America. With beautiful **DOLORES DEL RIO**, Ralph Forbes, Karl Dane, Tully Marshall. A Clarence Brown production. The Giant picture of the year. Direct from its long run on Broadway at \$2 admission. Tell your theatre Manager it is the one picture you don't want to miss!

# 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 unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

C. T. C., ATLANTA, GA.—More missing relatives. Norma Talmadge's real name is just that. Although Norma never has made any claims of being a first family, the Talmadges are old settlers in Connecticut. Did your mother come from that state? Other Talmadges may correct me if I am wrong, but I think that most Talmadges trace their descent from pioneer Nutmeggers.

B. J., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Yes, your birthday is the same date as Clara Bow's—the twenty-ninth of July. Mary Pickford is thirty-five years old and Mae Murray also claims thirty-five as her age. Doug Fairbanks is ten years older than Mary. Doug, Jr., is eighteen.

JEAN S., SYDNEY, N. S.—Can you hear me way down there? Marion Davies is not married. Her next picture is "The Five O'Clock Girl." Write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. D., CHICAGO, ILL.—Sally O'Neil was born in Bayonne, N. J., Oct. 23, 1908. She is five feet, one and one-half inches tall, and weighs 104 pounds.

C. D., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Poor Anna Q. Nilsson broke her hip and she has been out of pictures for some months. It was a mean accident and Anna has been very brave about it. But she is now appearing in "Blockade." Anna is about thirty-one years old. Write to her at the FBO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif. Francis X. Bushman plays in pictures and vaudeville. He's a free-lance. Lemme see. Unless my memory fails me, Francis is somewhere in the forties.

W. A. C., EVANSTON, ILL.—Tell your sister that she is wrong. Colleen Moore is twenty-six years old. She was married to John McCormick, producer of her pictures, in August, 1923. But what difference does a woman's age make, after all? If a girl looks and acts eighteen, that's her real age, although in point of years she may be eight years older. So you "fans" ought to judge by appearance and actions, not by dates. How many are with me?

PEGGY, CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA—Calm yourself and you'll hear all. Charles Farrell has brown eyes and is six feet, two inches tall. Not married. He's making a picture with Janet Gaynor.

VERA P., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert played together in "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," and "A Woman of Affairs." Don Alvarado was born in Albuquerque, N. M., and his real name is Joe Paige. His father was an American, but his mother was Mexican. Ricardo Cortez is making a picture called "The Younger Generation." Write to him at the Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

H. R., ATLANTA, GA.—Collect that dollar from your husband. Clara Bow was born in Brooklyn, which is a borough of Greater New York. Roscoe Arbuckle is now running a night club in Los Angeles. No, I don't think you'll see him on the screen again. Sue Carol and Nancy Carroll aren't related and they certainly are not the daughters of Earl Carroll.

GEORGE HOLLERAN, HEBBRONVILLE, TEX.—How can you ask? It was Greta Garbo, not Vilma Banky, who played in "Love."

CECIL DE MILLE OF HARTFORD.—Yes, Mr. De Mille! You can stop worrying because here are the answers to your questions. Dolores Costello's latest picture is "Alimony Annie." In "Bride of the Storm," John Harron was her leading man. Dolores is twenty-three years old and five feet, four inches tall. Mary Astor has auburn hair, but Billie Dove's hair is dark brown. Billie's newest picture is "Adoration." Write to Dolores at the Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, Calif.

M. F. L., ANAHEIM, CALIF.—Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a writer. Sue Carol is separated from Alan Keefer. James Hall is not related to Bebe Daniels. Bebe has no brothers or sisters. Clara Bow, Robert Frazer and Alyce Mills played in "The Keeper of the Bees."

## HERE are seven star names often mispronounced.

Lupe Velez is pronounced Loo-pay Vel-ayz.

It is Bee-bee, not Bay-bay, Daniels.

Joan Crawford's first name is all one syllable, not Jo-an.

Ramon Novarro is Ray-moan Noh-var-ro, with the accent on the "var."

Clive Brook is Cl-eye-ve, not Cleeve. And Brook, not Brooks.

Nils Asther is Neels As-ther. And Clara pronounces it Bo, like beau and not bow like a bow-wow.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

NADINE H., JOHNSTOWN, N. Y.—I'm just a little peace-maker. You're both right. Evelyn Brent was the girl in the picture in the Shadow Stage, but Doris Kenyon was also in the cast of "Interference." Hence the mix-up. Maria Corda was born in Budapest and, if I know my geography, that makes her a Hungarian. Percy Marmont was the leading man in "When a Girl Loves."

M. T., DE WITT, ARK.—Right you are! There are no big rocks on the Louisiana coast line. "The Love Mart" was filmed in California. Richard Barthelmess played a dual rôle in "Sonny" and Pauline Garon was his leading woman. Alice Brady and Eugene O'Brien are on the stage. Elaine Hammerstein is married. William Bakewell played Bill Haines' room-mate in "West Point."

A MARQUETTE CO-ED, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Why be silent when I just sit here waiting for questions to answer? John Barrymore's daughter is seven years old and her name is Diana Joan. Pretty name, isn't it? Norma Talmadge is thirty-one; she has no children. Mae Murray refuses to give the name of her little son, so take that! George Bancroft is forty-six and that's his real name. He's married. You'll see Lloyd Hughes in "The Mysterious Island."

HELEN FREAR, SCRANTON, PA.—Only five questions at a time, please, Helen. Charles Rogers is twenty-four years old and has black hair, black eyes, is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. That's his genuine monicker. Also he's single. Mary Brian is twenty years old and has brown hair and blue eyes. She's five feet, two inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. And her real name is Louise Dantzler. James Hall is twenty-eight years old and has brown hair and blue-green eyes. Betty Bronson is twenty-two and just five feet tall. She weighs 100 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Betty uses her own name. Al Jolson's real name is Asa Yoelson and he is forty-two years old. Whoops!

E. J. P. T., HERKIMER, N. Y.—What a movie monicker you have! Norma Shearer has no children. She was married to Irving Thalberg Sept. 29, 1927.

JEANNE, ATLANTA, GA.—David Rollins is nineteen years old. The boy who appeared with him in "Win That Girl" was Tom Elliott. Barry Norton was the lad you liked in "The Legion of the Condemned."

A. C. F., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.—Margaret Morris and Raymond Keane played the leads in "The Magic Garden."

D. G. H., FLINT, MICH.—Laura La Plante is twenty-four years old and married to William Seiter, the director.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]





Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood



A screen star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth under the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for the close-up.

BILLIE DOVE, beloved First National star, in the very charming modernistic bathroom built especially for her in Hollywood.

"A smooth skin is most important to every girl whether she is a motion picture player or not. I find Lux Toilet Soap delightfully pure and refreshing."

*Billie Dove.*

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that thrills, a girl must have  
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*Nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin.*

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"Smooth, flawless skin is beauty's greatest asset," says Al Rockett, production manager for First National. "The perfection of an exquisite skin is much more to the motion picture star—or indeed, to any woman, than any other physical quality."

A screen star *must* have skin so beautifully smooth that even the terrific brilliancy of the close-up lights reveals not a single flaw in its utter loveliness.

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Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. When you see your favorite star, whoever she is, in a close-up, remember that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for by this soap.

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It leaves the skin so petal-smooth! You'll love its quick, generous lather in your bath, too, and for the shampoo.



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

ESTHER RALSTON, popular Paramount star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for keeping skin delightfully smooth."



Photo by R. Jones, Hollywood

MARY PHILBIN, Universal star—"A star's skin must have marvelous smoothness. I entrust mine to Lux Toilet Soap."

Soap

*Luxury such as you have found only in French  
soaps at 50c and \$1.00 the cake . . . now*

10¢

# The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

"There isn't a duck on the place . . . dead or alive," protested the other. "There's a couple of chickens in a crate in the 'prop' room. Won't one of those do?"

"Von Richten said 'duck' and 'duck' it's got to be!" was the firm reply.

"Aw, shucks! Well, I'll go get one of those stuffed . . ."

"No, you won't, brother!" snapped the man of the blocks, looking up for the first time. "No stuffed ducks on this set! It's the insides he wants!"

"Oh . . . all right. I guess I can get one down the boulevard a ways. . . ."

LAUGHING a little at the colloquy, Smith, his hands plunged in his pockets, and his head down, started on. Deep in his own thoughts, he did not stop until he was brought up smack against it . . . a waving bit of bright blue satin, to which a narrow edge of white lace, torn from a wider flounce, was sewn. For a moment the detective's eyes clung to the fabric. Then he looked about him, half expecting to see a third band of workers busily sticking other "clues" about the landscape. But no one was in sight. No voice came to his ears. A lazy, mid-afternoon wind, touched the material with indolent fingers, and rippled the high grass growing along the fence. A blackbird came and jeered raucously at him. A ground squirrel scurried out of sight. . . .

"Well, I guess this 'set' is the real thing," the detective muttered to himself after a moment. "In that case, I'll manifest a little interest in this all too obvious clue!" Outward indifference, but inward excitement as he went closer to inspect it. It fell from its place on one of the barbs of the fence as his hand reached out for it. Apparently it needed but the suggestion of a touch to dislodge it. Smith whistled softly.

"Thanks. Much obliged," he addressed the fallen 'clue.' "Probably saved me a nice little shock. Now, my fine fellow, we'll see who so obligingly turned off the juice for you on that fateful, foggy night of a week ago!" He placed the scrap of material carefully between the pages of his note book. His exultation over

this new evidence had been a bit slow in coming. He was too fresh from scenes of bewilderingly realistic make-believe. But the exultation did come. His step was almost jaunty as he turned back to the "front lot," and he hummed a little tune under his breath. And later, in Rosenthal's office . . .

"But I tell you, Abie, there ain't nobody can get into that switch box vidout bustin' it!" protested Izzie reproachfully.

Rosenthal swung swiftly around on Smith.

"Was it busted?" he demanded instantly.

"Nope," replied Smith gravely.

The president of Superior Films threw out his hands in an eloquent gesture of scorn.

"Vell, now you see . . . busted or not busted . . . somebody got into it vonce!" he addressed his production manager, sarcastically. Izzie kept a sullen silence. Presently Rosenthal said:

"Vere vas the keys? Think, vonce, now!"

"Ve only got vone key . . ."

"Only vone! Vat if it gets lost? Such a dumb head you have got, sometimes, Izzie! Don't you know noddings? Only vone key!"

"Vell, ve had three. Hal Gleason, he takes vone vid him by mistake ven he goes to Europe last year. The other vone I don't know vat happens to it. Anyvays, it vas lost a long time ago . . . before the vone Hal Gleason takes to Europe. . . ."

"Who keeps the key that is left?" asked Smith.

"Our head electrician," answered Rosenthal.

"All right. Let's have him in here," said Smith briskly.

The man was the type that is unmistakably honest. The key had not left his key ring, nor the key ring his possession. Smith was convinced of this. When he had gone out again, the detective rose to his feet, and filled his pocket with Rosenthal's cigars. The president's eyes dwelt upon him with brooding sombreness.

"What's matter? Aren't I welcome?" asked Smith cheerfully.

"Sure, sure . . . take all you vant. Here, I giff you anodder box!" and the president dived

down to his bottom desk drawer and came up with a red face, and an unopened container of his precious smokes.

"Then what's worrying you?" insisted Smith.

"Efferyting is vorrying me! My business, my wife, my nerffs! Efferyting! I tell you, Smith, dis murder vill be the death off me! Already, Rachel, my wife, she tells me I look crazy around the house! She talks to me! I don't hear her! I don't talk back! Ven you came in vid this evidence today, I vas all hopped up! I vas telling myself, 'Ah, now ve vill find out all about it!' But do we? Do we find out? No. We find out noddings!"

The detective clapped him affectionately on the back.

"Cheer up, old timer," he laughed. "Why should you be downhearted when I'm not?"

Rosenthal looked up, hope dawning in his big brown eyes.

"And you don't feel bad because ve do not find out about that switch box?"

"Not a bit in the world! That little bit of blue silk told me what I want to know! Of course, I'd have liked to find out who opened the switch box and turned off the juice . . . and locked it up again . . . but . . . all in good time . . . all in good time, my friend!"

Rosenthal let out a relieved sigh.

"Vell, I am glad to hear that, certainly," he said.

\* \* \*

"SOME whiskers, eh, Clancy? How long d'you suppose it took him to grow them?"

Clancy's eyes traveled over the gnarled, bent figure . . . crouched on the stairs to Stage Six. Hand, in which the veins lay, corded and blue . . . eyes, in which the light had long since bleared . . . an old, old mouth, that trembled constantly.

"God!" said Clancy fervently, "I'd hate to be that old!"

"I saw him put on that beard, hair by hair. He takes each one up with a pair of tweezers, and works it into the grease paint on his face! It took him three hours, he told me! Instead

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 107 ]

## Rules for Studio Murder Mystery Solutions

1. Nineteen prizes, totalling \$3,000, are offered for the best solutions to the thrilling serial, "The Studio Murder Mystery." This story will appear in PHOTOPLAY in eight installments. The first installment appeared in the October, 1928, issue and the concluding installment will appear in the May, 1929, issue. After the appearance of this, the March, 1929, number, solutions to the mystery may be submitted but not before that date. All solutions must be received by PHOTOPLAY before midnight of March 10th, 1929, to receive consideration. The final installments of "The Studio Murder Mystery," printed in the April, 1929, and May, 1929, issues, will solve the mystery. The full list of winners will be announced as soon after the close of the contest as possible.

2. Awards will be made according to the accuracy of contestants in foretelling the real solution to "The Studio Murder Mystery" as worked out by the authors, the Edingtons. Literary merit will not count. The awards will be made wholly upon the detective ability of contestants in working out the mystery, explaining how the crime was committed, giving the reasons and naming the real murderer.

3. Solutions must be written in 200 words or less.

They must be typewritten on one side of a sheet of paper and contestant's name and address must be typed on the upper left hand corner.

4. The nineteen prizes will be awarded as follows:

First Prize . . . . .	\$1,000
Second Prize . . . . .	500
Third prize . . . . .	350
Fourth prize . . . . .	150
Five prizes of \$100 . . . . .	500
Ten prizes of \$50 . . . . .	500

In the event that two or more contestants tie for any award, duplicate prizes will go to each contestant.

5. All solutions must be addressed to The Studio Murder Mystery Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

6. No solutions will be returned to contestants. No inquiries regarding this contest will be answered. Failure to fulfill every rule will invalidate your solution. The contest is open to everyone except employees of PHOTOPLAY and members of their families. It is not necessary to be a subscriber or even a purchaser of a single copy of PHOTOPLAY. You can consult copies in public libraries, if you wish.



Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

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**T**HE importance of the *health* of your skin cannot be exaggerated! For it is perfectly apparent that your skin must be healthy if it is to be beautiful. A clear complexion and a soft skin, innocent of roughness and wrinkles, will be your reward if you faithfully follow the directions that come with every jar of Milkweed Cream.

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Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the skin and fosters its health. Slightly therapeutic in its effects and a meticulous cleanser it does things no other cream, however expensive, possibly can do. It tonics your skin. It is excellent against roughness, redness and blem-

- ★ **The Forehead** . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ **The Eyes** . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very ageing and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
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ishes. It smoothes away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

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Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin can stay young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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# Don't Envy the Stars

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

being in the public eye. If you don't believe it, ask a goldfish.

Jack built a house high on a hill in Beverly. He had cherished a fond hope that here he might have a private life. Was he allowed? Not much. Two young women, unable to pass the secretarial barrier at the studio, at last found his home. The road is narrow, so they planted their car across it and when Jack returned from the studio, his own car was stopped while the ladies insisted that they be invited to his home for dinner.

It happened that Jack was entertaining guests of his own, which is, after all, a man's right. You and I are not in the habit of including two total strangers on our informal dinner parties, are we?

**N**OW these are little things that assume mammoth proportions by their constant repetition.

At the opening of "Flesh and the Devil," at a Los Angeles theater, Jack shook hands with an elderly gentleman. Immediately, he found himself the center of a circle of outstretched palms. That in itself was nothing; rather a touching and pitiful tribute to a great artist, but at last, he and Greta Garbo were so jostled from side to side that Greta, the fragile, was considerably bruised and it took three policemen to get them through the crowd.

The younger players are entranced and flattered by the plaudits. The first recognition, the first fan letter, the first request for an autograph, is an event to be treasured.

At the opening of "Interference" recently, members of the on-lookers recognized Gwen Lee. As she walked through the roped-off passageway, she heard, "Oh, look, there's Gwen Lee, there's Gwen Lee!" Tears of excitement and joy were streaming down her cheeks as she entered the theater, but in a few years if she becomes a great star . . .

The private-life complex, though a vital factor in the lives of most of them, is also one of Hollywood's pet poses. Who is to say where the pose leaves off and the real begins? Every interviewer has at some time been told, "But my dear lady, that is my private life."

The private life of big Karl Dane would hardly make interesting reading. I doubt if he could sell his confessions to a purple-backed periodical.

Yet he has the private life complex, too. Who really cares whether Dane, a big Danish gentleman, whose popularity is certainly not based on sex appeal, has a private life or not? Rumor has it that he's been married several times, but that is merely rumor and nobody gets wildly excited over it.

But Dane has heard Gilbert and Novarro and the rest wish for a little peace. So he had to have rest, too.

A few months ago he married Thais Valdemar. It was first learned that they had been married when Miss Valdemar introduced Dane as her husband. When Karl was questioned he said, "Dot iss my private life." Dane doggedly refused to talk to the press.

The Scandinavian gentleman evidently reasoned that if the great lovers of the screen had private lives he should have one, too.

**R**AMON NOVARRO, the soul of courtesy, consented to attend a benefit dance in New York. He labored under the delusion that an appearance was all that was required. Instead he found himself on the floor in the midst of a group of women of all ages. He began to dance but he had hardly stepped on the floor when he was snatched from his partner into the arms of another girl. The buttons were jerked off his coat, the flower in his lapel was torn to bits.

Yet he had to smile. He had to be a good fellow at whatever cost!

At last three men presented themselves and offered their assistance. Ramon put himself into their hands and he was mysteriously led through a back entrance and into a taxicab. So grateful was he for this service that he invited his three rescuers to supper at a nearby restaurant. But these men were not his friends, they were his public. They followed him to his room at the hotel, they remained talking and smoking until early morning and for days afterwards, called him and demanded



**Baclanova, the girl who thawed out Russia, in her newest party duds. The gown is cloth of gold, trimmed with copper-colored sequins. The coat is also cloth of gold, trimmed with sable. The face is a stunning act of Providence. P. S. She labors in Paramount pictures. Thar's cloth of gold in them thar films!**

the privilege of showing him off to their friends.

Is it any wonder that when he went to Europe he travelled incognito, wearing dark glasses and using his own name, Samaneigos? Is it any wonder that he enjoyed talking to three Heidelberg students who took him for a rather eccentric and wealthy traveler instead of a cinema star?

But for this act he was severely criticized, "It's just a gag, going to Europe incognito. Who cares whether Ramon Novarro is in town or not?" they said.

Does the public care whether Ramon Novarro is in town or not? Well rather!

The stars are subjected to every sort of indelicacy simply for the sake of being known as good fellows.

Hollywood has a persistent old Spanish custom. Some of the members of the press, writers for the magazines and trade papers, have social ambitions. These people insist that certain stars attend their own functions. This is, naturally, a great bore to the star since the typical host of this sort has about as much personality as a parsnip. But the stars must attend the parties on pain of a dirty journalistic slap.

They arrive, receive the proper amount of homage, and leave as quickly as possible. It's just another method of being a good fellow.

**T**HEATER exhibitors come to Hollywood. They believe that in their hands is the future fate of the star. The exhibitor is accorded every courtesy. He is shown the city and made welcome by the picture folk.

Personal appearances at the various theaters are also necessary. Upon these occasions, the star must conduct himself in a manner that pleases everybody. He must be the original gladhandler, he must convince the audience that he is a nice chatty fellow, the sort of person you'd invite right into your own home (but he hopes you won't!).

Lon Chaney is one actor who has held out stoutly in the face of all this good fellowship. He has made but one personal appearance and that was at the opening of "Tell It To The Marines." This concession was for the sake of his good friend, General Butler, who had worked with him on the picture.

The other day, Buddy Rogers was late for an appointment. He arrived at last out of breath and apologetic. "Gee, I'm sorry," he said. "You see, I went to Montmartre today for luncheon and they held me up an hour or so writing in autograph books." Buddy did not complain. He merely stated a fact.

It is true that every Wednesday and Saturday, hundreds of girls and some men line themselves outside the Montmartre Cafe to see the stars and secure autographs. If a star refuses to write in one of the maroon colored, gilt edged books it means dirty looks and starts gossip about her being "high hat."

**N**OW the public has discovered the preview houses. Certain theaters make a specialty of trying out new pictures "on the dog." The stars come to these showings in person for audience reaction. One night, Lew Cody was kept for more than an hour in the lobby of a theater, scribbling his name across the pages of flappers' autograph books.

And those who attempt to lead private lives are invariably brought to task. Greta Garbo refused to give out interviews. She made no personal appearances. She allowed no visitors on her set. The newspaper criticisms began. She was a *poscuse*, she was snobbish, she was trying to be something that she was not. The local adverse publicity did not matter to her, but when she saw that the Swedish journals had taken up the cry, she did an about-face. She is now as docile as a lamb and recently entertained members of the foreign press.

The public has certain expectations of the stars. Clara Bow must always make startling gestures in a startling manner. If she were to find some very ordinary young man and marry him in the most approved and ordinary way, the public would find a sensational angle. It is no wonder that Clara, cupping her face in her hands, said, "I'm just tired of it all!" It's a badly managed phrase, a trifle too dramatic for the sophisticates, but most of these girls manage their phrases badly and wax dramatic. They express, however, a typical attitude.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



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yeast in a chocolate bar. The result is a creamy, delicious chocolate bar called Tastyeast. *The only original chocolate yeast food!* All the wonderful properties of yeast are there. Vitamin B in abundance. Everything but that unpleasant yeasty taste.

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will be toned up. New vigor, new zest will be your reward!

Right now, go to your local store and get a box of Tastyeast. If you cannot get it, send \$1.20 and your dealer's name to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass., for one 24-bar box of

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# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70 ]

Lily was not present, but when the film ended Agnes Ayres, one of the guests, turned to a little blonde on her left and said:

"My dear, I thought you were perfectly lovely!"

Imagine her consternation when the blonde turned out to be not Lily Damita, as she thought, but a reviewer on one of the Hollywood newspapers.

**SOMEONE** asked Madge Bellamy the other day why she didn't build her summer home in the new film colony at Malibu Beach instead of Venice, a more commercial though less picturesque shore city.

"How silly to build at Malibu," Madge replied. "You can't own land there, you have to lease it. When your lease is up, you have a house and no place to put it. Only an actor would do that!"

**MADGE** has just purchased the palatial Maurice Tourneur home, which played so tragic a part in the financial debacle of a once famous director. If Tourneur could have held this property, which crowns a Hollywood hill-top, it might easily have solved his money problems. Its present value is in excess of \$200,000.

Miss Bellamy is now in the throes of furnishing the big house. The other night the andirons she had just purchased melted away in the fireplace.

They were supposed to be solid metal, but it seems they were brazed in the joints and the heat melted the joints apart.

The kind of bathing suit to avoid if you are fat, forty or less good-looking than Lily Damita. The barber pole effect can be worn only on a slim, boyish figure, because who ever saw a fat barber pole? Also the suit is worn with a belt, another fashion than can be adopted only by the slender



**BOBBY AGNEW**, just returned from a vaudeville tour, was surprised to learn how quickly pictures were being turned out. Even the bigger studios, he discovered, had twenty-one day shooting schedules.

He met a friend on the street who said, "Just had a nice part. Ran six weeks."

"That isn't a part," said Bobby, "it's a career."

**AND** then there is the appellation given the young actor who loves his ladies and his liquor with equal intensity.

"He's just a big heart and bottle smasher," lisped one film deb.

**LOIS MORAN** is very fussy about the sort of music that must be played on the set. For those big dramatic scenes she insists that something she has never heard before be played.

Recently, when but half way through a picture the musicians were given their leave and another orchestra hired.

The director called the second orchestra together and said, "Now, boys, try to get along with Lois. You've got to read her mind and have a sixth sense about what sort of music she wants. That's all the help I can give you."

As yet there has been no more trouble.

These movie stars are nothing but a bunch of effete weaklings, as witness this picture of **Lois Moran and George O'Brien** in a scene from "True Heaven." Lois is a trained ballet dancer and O'Brien is a crack athlete

**SUCH** are the reverses of screen fortune that **George Hackathorne**, once a popular juvenile, is now selling radios. The card announcing his new profession, plaintively stated that he was not giving up his career, simply selling radios "between pictures."

[ CONT'D ON PAGE 96 ]



# Why 47 years ago LISTERINE

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For your own protection, gargle with Listerine full strength night and morning during bad weather—and between times after exposure to crowds, bad air or sudden changes of temperature. By so doing you may spare yourself a painful, costly and even dangerous siege of illness. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is safe in action—healing in effect. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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“GREAT!”

men say. They're enthusiastic about Listerine Shaving Cream. You will be also when you try it. So cool! So soothing!

## Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



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**A**GNA CALIENTE is the Mecca of the picture folk over week ends. The women wear blue during the day time and red at night. Dolores Del Rio was stunning in a scarlet costume.

The most startling event that took place was when little Betty Bronson bet on a horse race.

**I**F there is tragedy in frustration, then a tragic event occurred at the opening of "The Barker" at Carthay Circle Theater.

A once-famous star, now a has-been, arrived early, too early to be spotted by the crowd. Drawing her worn fur coat around her, she waited in the lobby for some time, until a guard announced that everyone must take his seat. The has-been returned to the lobby when the guard's back was turned. Just at that moment the lights went off and nobody saw her.

The western films that were a wow  
Are only so much footage now,  
And all those steeds we thought so nice  
Are hauling wagons labelled "Ice."

**R**UTH CUMMINGS, wife of Director Irving, says she's a movietone widow, since her husband has been doing all his talking sequences in the quiet of the night.

**T**WO little Public dancing girls, the day after their arrival in Los Angeles to make a Paramount Theater appearance, were walking down the street. They passed a fruit vendor's stand.

"Look! There!" one tugged at the other, pointing to an alligator pear, locally called avocado, "that's one of those figs I was telling you about."

**A**MONTH or so ago PHOTOPLAY recounted the story of the office boy who didn't want an autographed picture of Carmel Myers or any other "moon pitcher" star. Since this appeared, Carmel has been showered with letters reading, "If you've still got that picture that the office boy turned down, please send it on to me."

**T**HE gentler arts still persist, despite the talkies. Tay Garnett, Pathe's smart young director, has turned poet for the nonce. For "Celebrity," the story of a prize-fighter gone learned, he needed a couple of poems. Poems of the tenderer passions that carried a rhyme in every line.

Tay sat down and wrote some cauliflower-eared doggerel that got more than a giggle when the picture was previewed.

When the picture was released he was approached by a literary agent and asked to do a small volume of lop-sided lyrics of the ring. Already thirty or forty have been written.

And then there is Victor Giusti, Roy D'Arcy's brother, who also does things with a pen. He's just finished a series of dry-point etchings and will exhibit them in Hollywood.

**T**EN poets, after many fannings,  
Could hardly find a rhyme for  
Jannings.

A better bard you than I you are, bo,  
If you can dig a rhyme for Garbo.

Why don't the stars improve our  
score

By taking monikers like Moore?

**M**ARCELLA, the girl in the M.-G.-M. casting office, cupped her chin in her hands and sighed, "No sir, I don't get any fun out of coming to work any more. The place isn't what it used to be.

"Why, I used to know all the extra girls and we used to kid with each other, but the old bunch has gone, since talkies have come in.

They're not using pretty girls, but girls who can dance and sing and they don't need a casting office any more. They get their talent from the vaudeville exchanges."

**S**IGHS, sneezes and too-sibilant whispers are banned from the talkies. Juliet's romantic sigh from the balcony would sound like the exhaust of a boiler, if carelessly micro-phonied.

**L**OOKING over the crop of new "discoveries" at the various studios we are led to believe that producers pick their finds by the blindfold test.

**G**LADYS McCONNELL must have been born under a fiery sign. The Pathe serial queen spent an entire day being rescued from a burning building for the sake of her art. She came home that night to discover her kitchen in flames. The only difference was that no handsome hero was there to rescue her.

**W**HEN Darryl Zanuck, who wrote the screen story of "Noah's Ark," went to Mexico to hunt big game, one of Hollywood's wags commented, "He should have done it sooner. Then there would have been louder and funnier animals in the ark."

**F**OR yearth and yearth I thtarred  
in pictureth  
And never notithed any thtrictureth,  
But now, with talkieth, what a meth!  
They thay I cannot thpeak an eth!

**T**HE story goes that Ludwig Berger, Paramount's German directorial importation, shot 180,000 feet of film making "The Sins of the Fathers." Also gossip reports that Emil Jannings practically directed the picture. And when the opus was finished, Berger had to borrow money to get back to Germany, the reason being that Uncle Sam nicked him for \$4,200 cash in the form of taxes. Inconvenient, to say the least, seeing as how Herr Berger had been sending his money home as fast as he could make it!

**A**NYTHING can be put to good use in the movies.

A studio called for Huntly Gordon for a talkie test.

"Sorry," said Huntly, "I've a bad cold and my voice is husky."

"That's great!" said the director. "You play the rôle of a dissipated broker in this picture and you must have a whiskey tenor."

**G**ENERAL CHARLES P. SUMMERALL, known as "Per Schedule Summerall," during his recent stay in Hollywood was a guest at the Pathe studio. It seems that the "Gen." is very shy. It took much persuasion to induce him to pose for pictures with Jeanette Loff, Phyllis Haver and Lina Basquette. He finally was induced, however, but after the pictures were made and the girls had departed, he requested that the negatives be destroyed and no prints issued.

**T**OM GERAGHTY and Wid Gunning, scenarist and producer at First National Studios, respectively, are both golf sharks.

The other day Tom found a ball stamped with Wid's name in a pile of weeds—one of the hazards of the course. He mailed the ball to Wid with a note:

"Dear Wid: Found this ball in the sixth cup!"

Wid now claims a hole in one.



## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

of his partner, and a marooned American girl is almost the victim of circumstantial evidence. And the murdered man's brother falling in love with her stresses the drama of the situation. Patsy Ruth Miller, as the innocent girl, Malcolm MacGregor, as the brother, and Wallace MacDonald, the heavy, all play their respective parts with ease.

### THE DIPLOMATS—Fox-Movietone

BOBBY CLARK and Paul McCullough, the stage comedians whom Fox is leading as aces from his Movietone comedy deck, are starred in this, playing a couple of phony diplomats in a mythical kingdom story. He seems to be having a struggle getting them good material. This two-reeler, while it packs widely-spaced laughs, is not worthy of the immense talents of Bobby Clark as a giggle-snatcher.

The voices are good, and Cissy Fitzgerald emerges as a promising comedienne for the squawkies.

## Giving the Men a Break

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28 ]

and flirt? It is all part of her woman-nature, a something she has possessed from birth."

Since I had no grain of wisdom with which to brighten this comment, I lapsed into silence and the abysmal depths of a grapefruit salad.

"I insist that marriage is primarily a woman's game," Madge pursued. "It was invented by the practical Eve, no doubt, to ensnare the romantic Adam.

"Can you, in honesty, imagine a domestic Adam longing to establish a permanent residence under a certain tree in the Garden of Eden, and longing to raise babies? No; neither could John Erskine.

"Can you imagine Eve languishing because she feared Adam did not love her for her soul alone? No; neither can most women. But I can, and so, too, can other women—the romanticists.

"EVERY woman needs a man. It's all a part of her destiny. That's why she's so determined to get one. She wants a man to tell her what to do and what not to do; to guide her, to pamper and fuss over her and to tell her when she's nice, and also when she's not so nice.

"PHOTOPLAY, in a recent number, had an article called 'The Simple Art of Fascinating Men,' by Lucian Cary. It was an exceptionally fine article, and enlightening, but it will be of no use to the innate spinster. Neither can she learn these precepts by experience or intuition, for Mr. Cary expressed it all in his last sentence—'A woman is clever only when she wants, or loves a man, or can pretend to do so.'

"These clever, fascinating, feminine women, from sixteen to seventy, study how to control the little-boy-dreams of their men, how to make them happy by being mothers and pals, and sweethearts to them. While for us poor little girls—the romanticists—no articles are written on how our husbands should know when to be papa and spank us and when to be pals and tell us how good we are, or when to be lovers and tell us they adore the way we squeeze toothpaste on the bathroom floor. Educate husbands for romantic women; clever women will educate husbands for themselves."



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## Something About Myself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58]

There was nothing to mar the beauty of life on the island. We were happy among ourselves and we dwelt in the realms of the mind. To us came the greatest artists and philosophers and statesmen in Europe. Chaliapin visited us. Lars Hanson often came, with his beautiful wife, Karin Nolander. And there was one minister who was, in reality, the Mussolini of Sweden.

**I** WOKE up in the morning to find absolute quiet. No clanging of bells, no hurrying of feet, no pounding of motor cars. I walked or read or lay on the ground staring up at the green trees and blue sky in an idyllic haze of beauty.

And then the evenings—all of us together. Dear friends. Dear names. Lorenz, Bergman, Augusta.

Love, the love of man and woman, did not enter in to mar my happiness. We had achieved the highest form of love—friendship—and it was complete and satisfying.

This was the Life Simple. It was the reaction from the gay, wild times in Stockholm. The roistering cinema actor had gone his way along with the sickly boy who tremblingly presented himself before the great actor, Hertel. In their places stood a young idealist, finding his greatest joys in the simple pleasures of a virgin island and the lusty talk of good friends.

There came one day to the island a Russian minister, who spoke in glowing terms of the Soviet government and Augusta, then fifty-four years old, and I decided to go.

Sometimes I wish I had never left the island. The friendly talk still rings in my ears. The trees still play symphonies in my mind. The water still lashes against the shore in my memory. But I am temperamentally unfit to be content with one life for any length of time.

We were given a pass by a Swedish minister to go into Russia, but we did not know that there was a counter order that restrained us from returning. Oblivious of this, we entered the country.

Some day I shall write much of my experiences there. They are gruesome and dramatic at the same moment, and I cannot begin now to tell them all.

We were held at the border for three days in a tumble-down little hut the windows of which had been pasted over with newspapers so that we could not see out. We endured the hardships of cold and hunger, but I shall never forget how staunchly Augusta bore up under the stress of all this.

At last we proceeded to Petrograd, now Leningrad, where we were made welcome by the president of the city and were given leave to go and come as we would.

I made four pictures in Russia. I did not act; I simply directed and ground the camera on them. Two were dramas and two were lengthy travelogues, like our news reels. These were the first motion pictures to be taken out of Russia.

**I**N Moscow I met Lenin and Trotsky and found them to be charming men. With some of their political views I did not agree, but they were always gracious and charming and I explained to them that I could not and would not make propaganda pictures. For these four efforts of mine I got no money, only a chest full of medals.

And now I must relate an incident that almost made me a world famous figure. Many assassins had attempted to kill Trotsky. I, in all innocence, almost did the job. He was not well at the time, but he told me one day that he had always enjoyed lobster. I had brought with me several cans of it from



Watch the man behind the megaphone. He is Paul Fejos, latest hero of Hollywood's Poverty Row where celluloid experiments are tried and art sometimes results. He authored and directed "The Last Moment," an extraordinary quickie made in thirty days in a rent-free studio with the entire bankroll of Edward Spitz, a young wise man from the East. Now critics proclaim the picture one of the finest of the year, though not for popular entertainment



Sweden and I offered it to him. He was delighted and ate heartily and immediately afterwards was stricken and was ill in bed, nigh unto death, for several days.

Only Trotsky's friendship for me and his understanding of the circumstances, prevented my arrest.

AND then came the time for us to leave Russia and return to Sweden, but when we announced our intention we discovered that an order restrained us and we were not allowed to pass the border with the films we had made. I also had other choice possessions, some rare and beautiful paintings that I had bought from a soldier.

They once decorated the home of a prince and, of course, he should not have sold them to me, for barter and trade are strictly prohibited in Soviet Russia.

But our escape was necessary. Augusta and I discussed the matter and at last succeeded in getting an airplane. We made a get-away in the night, flying across Finland into Sweden!

Why I should speak of love at this moment, I do not know, except that it amuses me to turn from the coldness and strict regime of the Russian government to mention the affairs of the heart.

I was once married. I met this beautiful Mona Lisa-like creature in Gutenberg, where she was an actress. I saw her again in Stockholm and we were married quietly in Berlin. Before our wedding our engagement was made and broken seven times. We did not stay married long. The failure was entirely my fault. I am a bad character, I am afraid.

It was stupid, small things that separated us. One can meet the big things in one's life, the smaller things we could not face. I could not bear the little, nagging, petty details of marriage, nor could she. We were both young, both temperamental. Our marriage ended in the same fashion and for the same reason that so many of the marriages of the people who call themselves artists end.

I was impatient. I was violent. I went from one wild extreme to another.

THERE have been many women in my life but only in one did I find everything. And when I found her at last, the woman with whom I am still in love and of whom I will speak at length later on, Vivian Duncan of the Duncan sisters, outside influences kept us apart.

I still seek the perfect woman and the perfect circumstance for happiness but I'm afraid that it is a fruitless search. I expect too much. Intelligence, comradeship, understanding. Beauty does not matter.

I was engaged six times in Sweden, once in Berlin, once in London and I still know nothing of women. They are the eternal mystery to me as they are to every man. Yet I seek the key that will solve the riddle.

In Stockholm there was a brilliant and charming woman to whom I was engaged, Countess Clinowstrom, an artist who painted the story of our love. The pictures hang in the National Academy of Sweden. She was strange and eccentric and vital. Just for a whim she rode a horse from Stockholm to Paris.

There was the daughter of the Roumanian minister in London, there was an actress and a writer and others . . . others . . .

No man's life is complete without women, yet they bring unhappiness and disorder. They leave hurt as they bring joy. The wise man is the one who can live without them, but where is he to be found?

And I, being no different from other men have found women, many women, who have colored the pattern of my life. Some I have remembered, others I have forgotten. They are a part, yet not a part of a man's existence, for, strangely enough, when I think of my life's pattern women come under a general classification and do not seem to have sped through the years with me. They are rather outside



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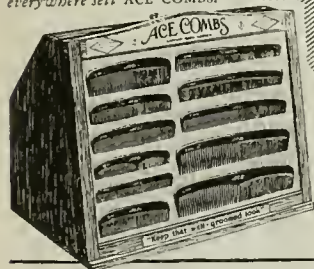
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the events that have taken place and assume a niche of their own, labeled "Women."

We came back from Russia and I was made a member of the Royal Theater at Stockholm. Much has been written of this theater, which is supported by the king and which carries with it great honor. It was at the academy attached to the theater that Greta Garbo was taught. I met her then. Lars Hanson was also a member of the Royal Theater. One worked for a small salary, but one had great honor; however, I found that I was being put off from month to month and my repertoire was not being given. I was the youngest member of the theater and other actors were ahead of me with plays to be done.

Of course, I was a guest at the palace. I knew the greatest people in Sweden and my card bore the seal of the Royal Theater, but honor meant nothing to me. I wanted to work. I wanted to do the plays that I had planned to do. Each time I talked to those in authority I was told, "Wait a little longer. Your turn will surely come. You are so young. You have plenty of time."

But because I was young I was impatient and I left the theater and went to Berlin to act in pictures again. I made several dramatic pictures that were more or less successful, and then I became tired and bored and I decided to leave the continent to rest.

ONE day as I was going into my hotel, a man stopped me and asked if I were free to do a picture. I told him that I was free of contract but that I was bored and unhappy and wanted to leave. He insisted that I read a story he had, a comedy.

I scoffed at comedy. I was a great dramatic actor and would have none of it, so I put my price for my services at such a ridiculously high figure that I knew he would not take me.

The salary that I demanded staggered him, but he begged me to read the story nevertheless. I glanced at the thing, did not care for it and decided to leave Berlin at once. But the producer called me again and said that he would give me this appalling sum if I would make the picture.

I was surprised but the picture did not interest me, so I set my price up. A few days later he told me that they would pay me the money, and I felt that I could not afford to turn it down.

I did the part, was bored with it and wanted to leave immediately afterwards, but again the producers insisted. This time it was that I stay to the opening night and sit in a large box.

I detest such gestures but was persuaded. I went into the theater after it had been darkened.

When the film flashed on the screen the audience howled with laughter and I thought that they were mirthful at my very bad work. I hoped that I might be able to leave the theater unrecognized.

While the picture was in progress the director kept patting me on the shoulder. I thought that it was a gesture such as one would make to a child; "there, there, don't mind, you did your best" attitude.

THE picture ended before I could escape and the entire house rose and looked at our box, applauding and cheering. I was dragged upon the stage and they gave me a veritable ovation. I realized then that they had liked my work in this silly comedy which I had done half heartedly, simply because I could not refuse so much money.

I was almost mobbed when I left the theater and following my car there were two others completely filled with flowers!

It was that picture that was seen by American producers who shortly afterwards deluged me with contracts!

I went to London to make a picture with Lily Damita and was there besieged with contracts. I was interested in coming to America and signed with Paramount. A few days later came an offer from United Artists. I explained that I was already signed and they

bought the first contract. Other studios offered me contracts, as well.

There was much talk in the papers when I arrived in America because Imogene Wilson (Mary Nolan) was on the same boat with me. They said that I was brought here by her. We had played in a picture together in Berlin but I did not know that we were on the same boat until after we had set sail.

My first months in America were beautiful because I then met Vivian Duncan. Charming, intelligent, sprightly Vivian. I loved her devotedly. I love her now but. . .

Our names were linked together for the sake of publicity and that cheapened our love in my eyes. What right had the papers to mention our names together?

She was a social little creature who knew many people and who loved to be amusing. I have very few friends; I want no more. People, just collections of people, bore me.

ONE day Vivian said to me, "We will go to So-and-So's house for supper."

"But I do not know him," I protested, "and he does not know me."

"It does not matter," she answered. "That's all right in Hollywood."

We went to the house. I saw hundreds of people whom I did not know. I could not even find our host. I discovered later that he had been in earlier in the evening and had left. I did not meet the man to whom I was indebted for hospitality!

I find that this is a common occurrence in Hollywood. If that be so, I will have none of it! People accept homes as they would a roadhouse. A home is simply a place to go. "We will drop in on So-and-So."

I have determined that I shall not have mere acquaintances who drop in on me in my home, just to have a place to go. With this in mind, I have found a house high on a hill, in an inaccessible spot. If the great horde of Hollywood pleasure seekers ever find it, then I shall move to a more inaccessible place.

Vivian could not understand this in me, no more than I could understand what quality in her made her find happiness in hundreds of people who meant nothing to her. We were completely happy when we were alone or with a very few friends, but when others entered our lives there was misery.

So the engagement was broken, yet I still cherish her in my heart.

After I had been here for several months, had played in "Topsy and Eva," "Sorrell and Son" and a few others, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought one year of my five-year contract with United Artists.

And now I come to a difficult part in this story. I fear that if I speak the truth I will be accused of posing. I do not want to be a star in America, although I am not unappreciative of what America has done for me. Perhaps I shall be persuaded just as I was to play the comedy in Berlin.

I want to do character parts, to put on a beard, if necessary, and line my face. As a star I would never be allowed to do that. No, I must be romantic. I must receive fan letters.

If a leading man had the right to pick his own stories and his own director then there would be self-satisfaction.

I AM unhappy, but I fear that I will always be. I have never been pleased with life. Only upon rare occasions are there moments of joy and these are times usually completely outside of me.

It is best not to seek happiness, but simply to avoid unhappiness. The eternal question "Why?" is still uppermost in my mind.

Why have I lived? Why am I of the cinema? Why have I loved? Why am I here?

I find no answer to these questions yet I continue to seek—like a fool—a woman who would satisfy me completely; work that would mean something brave and daring; friends like those I have had in Europe—and after I have sought in vain I will find myself an old man still asking the eternal question, "Why?"



## Diet for Health and Beauty

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

with. Cut out the table at the end of this article and stick it on a piece of cardboard for handy reference in calculating your daily bodily needs for fuel.

I am often amused watching women, particularly, eating in Hollywood restaurants, as they select their daily pickings. The flappers and would-be flappers refuse milk and white bread "because they are so fattening," but they will eat candy, use sugar in their coffee, eat salted nuts and oil dressings in blissful ignorance and with utter abandon.

**WE** need fuel on the basis of our daily energy demands. Jack Dempsey in training for the ring would starve on the bill of fare necessary to satisfy one of Singer's midgets. But how many debutantes daily devour enough to keep several Dempseys alive?

The body needs fuel not only for its muscular activity, for the maintenance of the body warmth and the continuance of growth, but also fuel reserves to keep its machinery running while we are asleep, because it, like the well-known pill, works while we sleep.

Energy is needed for the unwilling functions of the individual, the body's internal activities which must be kept going night and day. A young person needs more energy than an old one. A spare individual needs more in energy for internal activities than the stylish stout of the same height and age.

The ductless glands of the body, about which we have all heard so much, affect one's energy capacities. A person whose thyroid is active uses more than one whose thyroid function is decreased.

In order to illustrate the difference between the work and overhead fuel needs of the body, let us consider the case of two men of the same age, height and weight, one a locomotive fireman and the other an editor. Their fuel overhead needs are practically the same, but the fireman is doing many times more muscular work than the editor. In order to supply the tremendous demand for energy the fuel needs of the fireman will be two or three times that of his white collar friend.

Each needs less than 1800 calories for fuel overhead. The locomotive fireman may need as much as 8000 calories a day because of his heavy labors, while the editor may not need but 1000 to 1500 to cover the small amount of his muscular work.

**MUSCULAR** work demands energy to burn, but mental work only slightly increases the body's energy expenditures. If the fireman did not stoke up his own furnace with enough energy to supply his muscles for his daily toil he would be forced to tear down his tissues and fat reserves. If he takes on more food than he can burn the unused part of the body will thriftily store it as fat. This is an important point. Young people should always have a reserve of fat for use in combating sudden expenditures of energy for the resistance of acute infection to which the young are particularly disposed. This is the important thing the banting young women overlook.

Under-weight is a real danger. It is like having too small a balance at the bank. Overdraw at the bank and the cashier informs you at once of your error. Overdraw on your energy reserves of fat and your body will do likewise.

In short, the answer to our fuel needs is simply this, if we eat too much we grow fat. If we eat too little we grow thin. If we eat the correct amount of the right things in the right balance our weight remains constant, and there is a normal weight for every age and height.

To assist in making a rough estimate of the

# "Flatters with its dashing gleam . . ."

says **LADY HEATH**

## England's Foremost Woman Aviator



Famous flyer and hunter of big game . . . Lady Heath is renowned for her beauty and great daring. She has flown from Cape Town to London and hunted big game all over the globe.

### Lady Heath keeps her capable hands lovely with the new Cutex Liquid Polish . . .

Lady Heath, now touring America to recount for us some experiences of her very enthralling life, is that delightful English combination of sportswoman and society woman everywhere admired—fearless, charming, beautiful.

As Lady Heath takes entire care of her own De Haviland Moth plane, we asked her whether she did not find it difficult to care for her hands.

And Lady Heath said to us, "I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle, and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and once a week I apply the new Cutex Liquid Polish.

"Really I'm quite devoted to that new Liquid Polish. It gives a dashing

gleam that is very flattering to my conception of myself."

#### Do these three things

*First*—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, soften and shape the cuticle.

*Second*—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

*Third*—apply Cutex Cuticle Cream or Cuticle Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35c each. Polish and Remover together 50c. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

#### Special Introductory Offer—12¢



I enclose 12c for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 903  
114 West 17th Street, New York.

The new  
Cutex  
Liquid Polish  
flatters  
your nails





**GUARD YOUR THROAT**

**KEEP IT FREE FROM IRRITATION**

**Rub in Absorbine Jr!**

A GARGLE of one part Absorbine, Jr. to nine parts of water brings quick relief. A few drops rubbed on the outside tends to break up congestion. Dampness, dust, exposure and smoking are sources of trouble—guard your throat. A diluted solution of Absorbine, Jr. also sweetens the breath and refreshes the mouth. Use it as a mouth wash—preferably daily—particularly when you know you need it.

At All Druggists, \$1.25  
Send for free trial bottle.

**W. F. YOUNG, Inc.**  
Springfield, Mass.

requisite calories for the daily needs the following table, which will prove valuable in checking the estimated fuel needs for persons desiring to reduce or to gain weight, is given:

**CALORIE TABLE**

**Foods Rich in Starch**

**100 Calorie Portions**

Potatoes (raw).....	1 medium size
Tapioca (raw).....	2½ tablespoons
Rice (cooked).....	⅔ cup
Cornstarch (raw).....	4 tablespoons

**Foods Rich in Sugar**

Sugar.....	2 tablespoons
Honey.....	1½ tablespoons
Apples (raw).....	1 large
Dates.....	4

**Foods Rich in Protein**

Meat (lean).....	Slice 4"x3"x1½"
Egg white.....	6 whites
Fish.....	Portion 3"x2¼"x1"
Cottage cheese.....	½ cup

**Foods Rich in Fat**

Bacon (cooked).....	2 thin strips
Cream, thick.....	1¾ tablespoons
Cream, thin.....	3 tablespoons
Butter.....	1 tablespoon
Vegetable oil.....	1 tablespoon

**Foods Rich in Protein and Starch**

Oatmeal (cooked).....	¾ cup
Macaroni (cooked).....	¾ cup
Beans (baked).....	½ cup
Bread.....	Slice 3"x3½"x⅝"

**Foods Rich in Protein and Sugar**

Milk (whole).....	⅝ cup
Milk (skim).....	1⅝ cup

**Foods Rich in Protein and Fat**

Beefsteak, medium fat.....	Slice 1¾"x1½"x¾"
Egg (whole).....	1½ eggs
Egg yolk.....	1⅓ yolks
Cheese, American.....	1" cube
Milk, whole.....	⅝ cup
Almonds.....	12 to 15 meats.

**Foods Low in Any Fuel Substance**

Lettuce (edible portion).....	1½ solid heads
Cabbage (shredded).....	5 cups
Spinach (cooked).....	2½ cups
Tomatoes (canned).....	1¾ cups

In order to know how much you should eat to insure good health, prepare your diet in accordance with the accompanying tables. Select your occupation from the table which most nearly approximates your weight and compute the number of calories your calling requires. For instance, if you are a typist and weigh 125 lbs., you will require 105 calories per hour to perform your work most efficiently. And if you type eight hours a day, you will need 840 calories. Having established that fact, then choose your diet from the calorie table, making the selection for each meal that best pleases your taste and at the same time supplies a sensible variety. Bear in mind that your heaviest meal should come in the middle of the day.

The calorie table is arranged in 100-calorie portions.

The following tables are compiled to show the approximate number of calories per hour required by a person weighing 125 lbs. and a person weighing 155 lbs.

If your weight is near 125 lbs. choose your occupation from the figures listed at the left; if on the other hand your weight is nearer 155 lbs., then select your occupation from the figures listed at the right.

	125 lbs.	155 lbs.
Sleeping.....	50	65
Awake, lying still.....	60	75
Sitting at rest.....	80	100
Writing.....	85	105
Standing.....	85	105
Reading aloud.....	85	105
Sewing, handwork.....	90	110
Standing at attention.....	95	115
Knitting.....	95	115
Dressing and undressing.....	100	120
Singing.....	100	120
Typewriting.....	105	125
Tailoring.....	115	135
Light ironing.....	120	145
Dishwashing.....	120	145
Machine sewing.....	125	150
Bookbinding.....	130	160
Sweeping bare floor.....	135	170
Light exercise.....	135	170
Light housework.....	145	180
Shoemaking.....	150	190
Walking slowly.....	160	200
Moderate housework.....	180	225
Carpentry or painting.....	190	240
Mail carrier.....	200	250
Heavy housework.....	200	250
Heavy carpentry.....	220	270
Walking fast.....	240	300
Stone working.....	320	400
Farmer.....	320	400
Sawing.....	380	475
Running.....	455	570

There will be another article on diet in the April Photoplay.



## Not Guilty

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54]

ing a crook, a down-at-the-heel, dirty bum, and he had to appear in a close-up—just a head close-up, mind you—he would see to it that his nails were grimy and unpolished, that his heels were run over and his shoes soiled. And none of these things would appear in the picture. It is Bill's honesty with himself, his desire to portray perfectly whatever he sets out to play, that prompts him to be so meticulous in his characterizations.

"I REMEMBER the first picture we made together. It was 'The Bright Shawl.' We went to Cuba to make it and Bill and I formed a friendship that we enjoy to this day. I was the hero, a rather dub part, and Bill was the bold, bad villain who showed me up for fair. It was a great part and he played it splendidly. It was then, I believe, that critics first called him a picture stealer. Bill took no thought of it, I know, except in the lightest manner.

"The morning after the picture opened on Broadway, I called him from the 125th Street Ferry House—I was on my way to the studio. 'Hello, Bill?' I asked. 'Yes.' 'This is Dick. Bill, you blankity-blank! You stole my picture, do you know it?'"

"The reply came instantly back: 'Certainly. I expected to. Good-bye.' And he hung up. But that was spoken in the greatest levity.

"Picture stealer or not I like to work with Bill. It's like playing a fast game of tennis with an expert, or playing bridge with a person who knows cards. It is stimulating. It keeps you on your toes. It makes you do your best. When Bill was a free-lance, I tried to get him for each of my pictures. We did play together again in 'The Beautiful City' and again I enjoyed that vigorous contact."

Jannings, the great German actor, speaks fondly, earnestly, of Bill.

"I was seated at a desk in one scene of 'The Last Command' when I first met Bill Powell." Jannings sat silent, reconstructing the scene. "This man came through the door. It was Bill. He was a radical in the picture. I was of the nobility. Instantly I felt 'here is a man with a soul.' It shone from his eyes. He walked toward me and I felt that he was a brother actor. He is a kindred spirit. The first kindred spirit with which I have worked since coming to America.

"It is something from the Lord, that which Bill has. A gift of God. But in addition to this divine gift, Bill is human. That is the combination which makes him a great actor. He is also of the earth. You do not see his face, his eyes, as much as you are aware of his soul when you watch him on the screen. They have made of him a villain. And he has the soul of a hero. It is too bad. But it is so.

"In a year, I think Bill Powell will be the foremost character actor on the screen. Picture stealer he may be, but it is all unconscious. He feels his parts because he wants to make them live. That is the way with all great actors. And Bill is one."

BILL has worked in two pictures with Bebe Daniels, "Senorita" and "Feel My Pulse." In both he has received glowing notices.

"And I'd have him in every one I made, if I could," says Bebe. "He lends so much to a production. Finesse and dignity and acting power. And if he does steal the picture, I'm glad. Honestly. I want it to be a good picture, no matter who steals it.

"But I know Bill doesn't go in laden to the hilt with superior tricks with which to filch the honors. Like any sane, thinking actor he enters each picture with the thought of doing his consistent best. It's the only wise way to build up a career."

And despite this overwhelming evidence, Bill, the culprit, insists that he is not guilty. The court rests.

# "I am strong for Luckies."

*John Gilbert*

John Gilbert  
Celebrated Metro-Goldwyn-  
Mayer Screen Star

"Motion picture actors are under a great strain—they need the comforting qualities of a good cigarette. That is why most of us smoke Lucky Strike. The marvelous toasted flavor of Luckies brings complete enjoyment and relaxation but does not hurt the throat or wind. I am strong for Luckies—they are the 'stars' of the cigarette picture. I would rather have a Lucky after a meal than rich pastries or desserts."

JOHN GILBERT

The modern common sense way—reach for a Lucky instead of a fattening sweet. Everyone is doing it—men keep healthy and fit, women retain a trim figure.

John  
Gilbert  
Popular  
Motion  
Picture  
Actor

Lucky Strike, the finest tobaccos, skilfully blended, then toasted to develop a flavor which is a delightful alternative for that craving for fattening sweets.

Toasting frees Lucky Strike from impurities. 20,679 physicians recognize this when they say Luckies are less irritating than other cigarettes. That's why folks say: It's good to smoke Luckies."

A reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening sweets are harmful. So, for moderation's sake we say:—

"REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET."



Reach  
for a  
Lucky  
instead  
of a  
sweet.

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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# RUTH ST. DENIS

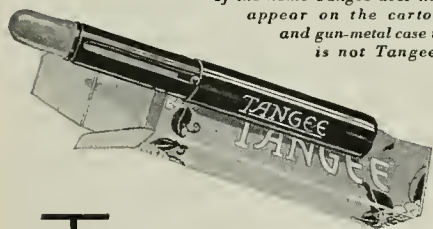
discusses  
off-stage make-up



**Y**OUR make-up should enhance your personality, but never over-dramatize it. Your rouge, creams and powder must be perfect in color, in blending and lasting qualities. I prefer Tangee preparations myself, and I am glad to recommend Tangee lipstick particularly. It is really more than a lipstick! Tangee protects your lips from chapping and is so natural in effect."

**Demand Tangee today. One lipstick for all complexions! On sale everywhere. 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.**

*If the name Tangee does not appear on the carton and gun-metal case it is not Tangee.*



## TANGEE



**Beauty . . . for 20 Cents!**

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set—all six items and the "Art of Make-Up." Address Dept. P. P. 3, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Name.....  
Address.....

## What Are Your Correct Colors?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

but will usually reflect their color onto the skin, causing it to appear sallow and unhealthy. Yellow-green, similar to the actual color of the hair, makes it look more drab, at the same time making the skin appear a displeasing unhealthy color.

**W**HILE all colors chosen by the pale blond should be softened, partially neutralized, totally neutral colors, grays or tans and beiges of nearly neutral tones, are usually extremely difficult for the drab blond to wear. A gray, especially a definitely bluish gray, or one with decided rosy caste, may sometimes be worn if accented with a touch of more active cool color, blue, blue-green, green or sometimes with softened warm color, as violet or the rose shades of red. Tans, being neutralized yellows and oranges closely akin to the color of the hair and skin, are usually extremely unbecoming, probably the most unbecoming colors the drab blond can wear. But how frequently she chooses them!

Colorful vivid blonds, those with bright yellow hair, a more definite red (also faintly red-violet) in cheeks and lips, deeper more pronounced coloring in her blue or green eyes, may be permitted more freedom in her choice of costume colors. There is less danger of her submerging her personality with hues more forceful than those of her own coloring or of appearing drab and uninteresting when neutral colors are worn.

The vivid blond, however, does well to remember that her personal coloring derives its chief charm from its delicacy. While much stronger, more forceful than that of the drab blond, her coloring is not so definite that it will not suffer by contrast with extremely vivid colors, especially with warm vivid colors. On the other hand it appears to marked advantage in contrast with black or other dark colors which emphasize both the fairness of the skin, its clear flesh tints and the yellow gold of the hair. While the sallow blond looks dull and

lifeless when wearing black, which tends to absorb her personal coloring, the vivid color of the colorful blond appears more brilliant by comparison with dark and somber surfaces.

The colorful blond also appears to best advantage in cool colors, but she may wear somewhat more forceful colors than those permissible for the drab blond. Extremely vivid colors, cool as well as warm, should however be avoided, they may force displeasing colors in the skin and make the eyes appear faded by contrast with their own more powerful color. Blues, blue-greens, greens and violets are the colors most becoming to the colorful blond. She may, if her skin is good, wear yellow-green, which makes truly yellow hair appear more yellow by contrast. A few, rare blonds wear dull yellows successfully, but usually in attempting to match their hair they lessen its effectiveness. Orange is unbecoming. Soft rose and red shades are frequently becoming. Dark wine red is excellent, even brighter reds may be wearable, less likely to overpower the personality of the vivid than of the drab blond, but never as becoming as less vivid and cooler colors.

**N**EUTRAL and almost neutral colors are not as difficult for the vivid blond as for her paler sister. Gray, especially those tones which are not too light, which are darker than the skin and hair of the wearer, may be effective on the colorful blond, especially when used with contrasts of color. Tans and beiges, while more effective on the vivid blond than on the drab blond, are usually a mistake on either. When worn, they should be of the decided rosy caste rather than of the yellow beige range.

If you have red hair, watch for the color chart for red-haired girls on the April cover of PHOTOPLAY. Miss Hempstead's article will be devoted to an analysis of the coloring of the auburn-haired type.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10 ]

### \$5.00 Letter

New Orleans, La.

I wonder how many women have acquired self-control, poise and charm from the movies? Ten years ago, I saw my first movie. I was a gawky, overgrown country girl with a wild desire to learn how to act. Today, when in doubt about anything from my personal appearance to rearing my babies, I pick my movie and acquire knowledge.

Several years ago it was not an uncommon thing to see a nice-looking country girl get married and then fade into the background, as though she had achieved life's one ambition—a husband. Today, marriage is where life begins, and I think the movies are responsible for the change in attitude.

After all, aren't the most fashionable bobs and clothes associated with some famous star's name? And why not go to the movies for your tips about clothes? To women, these things are getting more important every day.

Here's hoping the theater will always be a school room, with the picture the subject and the star the teacher.

MRS. W. F. DICKS.

Printed—With Blushes

Chicago, Ill.

Apropos of your courageous editorial in the

January issue on the movement to censor magazine articles, it brings home very forcibly the strides that magazines have taken in the past few years. They have developed not only into splendid entertainment, but they are potent moulders of thought, action and customs.

As a fairly intelligent "fan," I admire the stand you have taken and I am quite sure that there are many others who feel as I do. Motion picture magazines are more than mere chroniclers of gossip. They have developed with the development of pictures. Perhaps, in some cases, they have helped the development, and they ought to be free agents to point out, editorially, what they consider bad acting, bad policy and questionable actions. I am proud and glad to see that PHOTOPLAY is leading the way for truthful articles.

LILA MACK.

### Is Joan Too Thin?

Chicago, Ill.

I feel absolutely powerless and futile when I try to describe my chagrin when I saw Joan Crawford's newest picture, "Dream of Love." I enjoyed it thoroughly, but Joan is so thin. Can't someone tell her to rest or stop dieting?

MARGUERITE FREEMAN.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 106 ]





Miss Phyllis Haver—Lovely  
Pathé Star



Wherever  
beauty Congregates  
Maybelline tells its  
own Story

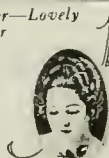
IN Hollywood there occur certain social events which bring celebrities of the screen together, to make the most striking panorama of feminine beauty the world is privileged to look upon.

Gorgeous jewels are in abundance and gowns are such as seem possible only in fairy tales. Yet the material glitter and grandeur of the spectacle is noticeably dominated by an exquisite note of charm—a charm which everyone feels—and which, quite obviously, emanates from the eyes of those present. For, every eye sparkles, and is vividly aflame with amazing expression as it casts melting glances thru dark, long, luxuriant lashes made so by Maybelline.



Such is the story of Maybelline and the fascinating eyes and lashes it makes—whether the setting be in Hollywood as typified by Miss Phyllis Haver whose picture appears herewith, or whether it be any assemblage of smart society anywhere. For Maybelline is always in evidence where beauty is made more beautiful by eyelashes transformed from scantiness to dark, dense fringes of enchanting loveliness.

Have you tried genuine Maybelline?



BOTH Solid and Waterproof Liquid Maybelline are made in Black and Brown from secret formulas and are widely imitated but never duplicated. Both forms are perfectly harmless. To be sure that you get the genuine, look for the Maybelline Girl on the package. Obtainable at all toilet goods counters—75c. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Solid Form



Liquid Form (Waterproof)

"I find Maybelline ideal for darkening and beautifying eyelashes and eyebrows. It is so easy to use and gives such marvelous results. I would not think of being without Maybelline for everyday use, as well as for best effects in my screen work."  
Sincerely yours,  
Phyllis Haver

Maybelline  
Eyelash Beautifier



## BATHASWEET



for a  
**LOVELY  
SKIN**

If you could bathe every day in rain-water, you would see some astonishing changes in your skin. It would grow steadily smoother and softer and clearer. For rain-water is the softest water known—and the kindest to your skin. But it is difficult to get rain-water. So women are using Bathasweet. Bathasweet softens ordinary water and gives it the same wonderful qualities that rain-water has. It soothes and relaxes the skin. It gets into every tiny recess of the pores, and dissolves away the dirt. Your skin glows with new vitality. It becomes more beautiful.

### LUXURY, TOO

Besides, there's such a comfortable, luxurious sensation in lying blissfully relaxed in the perfumed waters of the Bathasweet Bath with the fragrance of a flower garden all about you!

### ALL-DAY LOVELINESS

And then, as you step from your Bathasweet tub, your skin will have the almost scentless fragrance of perfect cleanliness. And because this cleanliness extends deep down in the pores, its wholesomeness lingers all day long.

BATHASWEET costs only 25c, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50 at drug and department stores.

**FREE** A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. C., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 ]

### Leave Lon Alone

Providence, R. I.

A play with a romantic ending for Lon Chaney would be a deplorable thing, from my point of view. Why change an unequalled character actor into an ordinary lover?

METTIE E. BAILEY.

### Ag'in' the Furriners

Cleveland, O.

The thing that I do not like about American movies is that foreigners such as Pola Negri and Nils Asther are starred and receive huge salaries, and then make sarcastic remarks about the motion picture industry and the public here. Nils Asther says that he is leaving the screen, but I doubt that he will.

With his present popularity, he would be a fool to do anything like that. The talk about going to foreign countries is all the bunk. Sometimes they do go, but when they find that nobody cares much, they come back.

HAROLD GREEN.

### Why They Like Nils

Merchantville, N. J.

I am glad to hear that we are to see Nils Asther in better parts. Not to take John Gilbert's place, but to fill a place of his own. Like Greta Garbo, he has a fine individuality and the charm of sophistication. His years of training show in his work and his colorful personality is undeniable.

F. L. DUTCHER.

### Welcoming Pauline

Dayton, Ky.

I wish the innumerable Bows and Garbos would put aside their exhibitions of so-called sex appeal and, for once, really act! It was with profound joy that I read of the return to the screen of a real actress—Pauline Frederick.

HAROLD HENRY.

### What's Your Ambition?

Chicago, Ill.

I guess we all have a foolish ambition in our lives, and mine is to meet Joan Crawford and tell her how beautiful she is and what a marvelous actress. I am not stage-struck, nor do I want to be an actress, as I have a wonderful husband and home and everything I want.

MRS. H. E. HANSON.

### Shooting at Von Stroheim

Cincinnati, O.

Well! After eagerly anticipating a treat in "The Wedding March," I wish to say I have seen it at last. Words fail me! But my permanent wave is uncovered to Von Stroheim. It indeed takes a genius to hypnotize a company out of three years' time and huge sums of money, when the cry of economy is rampant. But genius or fool I hope I shall never have to endure such a mess again. I knew if that butcher pushed his hat back with one finger JUST ONCE again, I should disgrace myself by screaming.

Three years to make a Franz Josef news reel parade!

CHARLOTTE BECKELMAN.

### Not All Stars, But Good Actors

Lincoln, Mass.

I would like to send a bouquet to some of the actors who are really good and of whom we hear so little: Claude Gillingwater, Mitchell

Lewis, Sam Hardy, Eddie Gribbon, an extra big bouquet for George Bancroft, George Fawcett, Hobart Bosworth and J. Francis McDonald.

And a brickbat for Molly O'Day. May she remain fat!

M. B.

### Watch Your Grammar!

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Last night I took my little girl to see a splendid picture, showing the unselfishness of a young, courageous marine. It was applauded by old and young, and, I am sure, each youngster expected to take pattern. But my objection to the picture was that such expressions as "ain't cher," "yez gotta," "yeh" and "I don't wanna" were frequently used when correct English could easily have been employed. Naturally little children, especially from foreign homes, think *that* is English. My little French neighbor told me the result of a football game was "nuttin' to nuttin'."

MRS. W. L. JOHNSTON.

### Teaching Not Preaching

Washington, D. C.

I've had chrysanthemums and been in a mob and yelled "touchdown;" and I've had roses and sat in a swing and whispered "you're wonderful." So I ought to know about those things. But I've never seen a picture that so nearly portrayed these milestones in a girl's life as does "Our Dancing Daughters."

All the ingredients of love, laughter and tears are in this cocktail of youth, and Joan Crawford is the "kick."

This picture *teaches* rather than *preaches*, and my feelings while viewing it alternated between wanting to wave pennants and striving to keep down the lump in my throat.

ELIZABETH E. HOOPER.

### The Business Girl's Guide

I'm just a poor working girl in Hollywood, but do you know that motion pictures taught me my business poise? They taught me how to smile, how to apply for a position, how to dress, how to act around a business man. And yet some dumb people criticize motion pictures!

ADELE CURTIS.

### Primitive Gags

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Humor in the movies has made scant progress. Nearly every comedy depends for its laughs on people throwing things or chasing each other. This type of humor makes its appeal to the element of cruelty in us, which gets satisfaction from seeing someone in trouble. It's the childish idea of something funny.

We thrill to a picture like "The Big Parade," and then we're supposed to laugh at something silly, like a cop chasing some goof all around Hollywood.

CLORINDA MODULA.

### Page Mr. Freud

Waxahachie, Tex.

Why do boys in the movies have to kiss their mothers so often? There is the loving son going to the store to buy a loaf of bread. He kisses his mother several times, then departs. He returns, puts down the loaf of bread, and then kisses his mother again. In real life, sons love their mothers, but they don't kiss them all the time.

HORTENSE GREENE.



# The Studio Murder Mystery

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

of being a hundred and twenty-seven years, as he looks . . . he's . . . just twenty-seven!"

"You're kidding, chief!" exclaimed Clancy, goggle-eyed.

"No, I'm not, boy." They stepped aside as a group of people came toward them. When opposite the two members of the police, one of the men let out an oath.

" . . . there he goes! Hell bent for election!" he roared, and immediately took up chase. Clancy and Smith ducked as a huge black carpenter bee zoomed straight for their heads.

"WELL, keep your shirt on. Let him go. We'll use the 'prop' bee," said a calm deep voice.

"Say, d'you suppose they can make a bee to look like that one . . . and fly?" whispered Clancy, gazing pop-eyed after the party, which had passed on.

"They can make anything in this place! Better keep away from them. I'll bet that 'prop' bee can even sting!" returned Smith. Clancy snorted derisively.

"I'm telling you, boy!" said Smith with quiet conviction in his voice. Clancy walked awhile in silence, then he burst out.

"Say, chief . . . this is a hell of a place to be working in! How you goin' to believe what y' see? Y' think y' got a clue, and . . . gosh, maybe they made it when your back was turned!"

"You said it, boy! That's what makes this case the hardest . . . and the most fascinating, I ever handled. By the way, I've got a couple of hours on my hands. I'll take this time to talk to that property boy of Siebert's. You said he came back to work today?"

Clancy nodded.

"You sure that set's been guarded all the time? If anybody has been on there, it won't do any good to talk to him. . . ."

"Sure, chief! Night and day! Two guys with guns."

"All right. I'm going over. Have the man meet me there."

Smith went unchallenged through the little door in the canvas wall. The overhead lights illumined the place dimly. There was still the dark stain on the wood floor.

The detective sat down in the director's chair and relaxed.

Apparently he went to sleep. But while his body rested, his mind became acutely receptive. Deliberately he threw out of his conscious knowledge all the things he had previously developed concerning the crime. He sat, tuned in like a human radio. Once he opened his eyes. They had the appearance of one drugged. There was no eager seeking in them.

A languid, half-blind gaze. He was not looking for material evidence, but for those not seen, but felt.

Impressions, that with the truly talented detective are as acute guides as a blood-stained handkerchief!

SEVERAL times his eyes opened slowly, and dwelt, without his conscious volition, on different angles of the set. The result was always the same.

Always the camera was the magnet, that drew his gaze, and held it! Smith had often worked on this theory of his. He would have said, in justification:

"Acts of violence . . . of any extremely unusual emotional nature, register what I will call for lack of a proper word, 'impressions.' I believe it has been found that, with certain light and shadow combinations, impressions discern-



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TASTES LIKE CANDY

ible to the eye have been made. At least there are certain East Indian wise men who claim so. I am not in a position to deny it. I know that I have been able to get helpful impressions by putting myself into a receptive state on the scene of a crime!"

While he distinctly received an impression from the camera, it did not satisfy him.

It was too easily explained as a natural conclusion.

"The thing is in a pointing position . . . set to focus on the floor, from the platform where it stands. It is *pointing!* The very position draws my attention to it," he decided finally. He realized also, that it would be an extremely difficult thing to set aside one scene from the many that had been enacted in this place! His mind imagined swiftly the innumerable things . . . innumerable as to number, and as to type, that had been done here! How could he hope to receive a clear impression of this particular murder, when undoubtedly other murders, staged for the screen, had been committed upon these very boards!

CLANCY entered with Kelsey, Seibert's "prop" boy.

"What's your name?" said Smith.

"Jack Kelsey."

"I understand that Seibert gave you a dirty deal the other day. Why don't you go after him! He didn't have any right to manhandle you, my boy!"

"Aw . . . what's the use? I want to stay in pictures. I like the game! Anyway, that gink's crazy! He don't know what he does when he goes off his nut!"

"Do you really mean 'crazy' . . .?"

"Sure, he's cuckoo! Ask anybody! I was mad enough to bust him good when he hit me . . . but . . . aw, well, he sent me a fat check, and asked me to forget it, and it wouldn't do me no good in the business to go kicking up a smoke about it!"

"How long have you been with Seibert?"

"Ever since I come on the lot. Two years or so."

"Did he ever touch you before . . . or anybody else?"

"Not me, no. The worst I seen him do was to shake a girl most to death because she was one of those Saharas that can't cry . . .

and he wanted real tears! Gosh, that girl had a heart of stone! He pictured how she'd feel if she found her mother dying, or her father with his head busted in . . . and everything he could think of, and she just looked back at him with her eyes so darn dry you'd wonder why her eyelids didn't stick to 'em!"

Smith smiled. "So he shook her?"

"I'll tell the world he did! If she'd false teeth they'd been all over the place! Was funny, too, 'cause the big boss. . . Rosenthal, you know, comes puffing along about that time, and gives Seibert the devil, and says he's going to fire him off the place . . . blacklist him in all the studios . . . and just then the girl busts out cryin', and Seibert jumps at the cameraman and yelps, and everybody gets busy and forgets all about the big boss! When it's all over the girl goes up and kisses Seibert's hand, and says he's made a real actress of her! Hell! Can you beat it!"

"I want you to take a look around, and tell me if everything is as you left it the day before the murder. I understand that you property boys can tell if a . . . er . . . cobweb has been removed or added, to a set."

"Sure we can. That's our business."

"**A**LL right. Hop to it, young fellow!"

Kelsey stepped back to the canvas gate.

"I'd better start right here, and cover everything," he said. Smith nodded. Kelsey continued, "Of course there's things that happened since that . . ."

"I understand. What I want to know is how the set looked when you last saw it, before the murder occurred," Smith interrupted. The boy gave a swift glance about.

"That overstuffed chair was facing the other way!" he said instantly.

"Hm . . . so that if anyone crouched down and put their hand on it, they might, in getting up, swing it just that much out of position?"

"Why . . . yes . . ." the boy hesitated.

"Otherwise, aside from the blood marks, everything looks the same," he added.

"Did you put the 'props' away that evening?"

"Sure. That's my job."

"You didn't leave anything, except what we see now, on the set?"

"No, sir. Serge was all through with the 'ummy, which was lying right there where



A new photographic trick for taking close-ups. The camera looks through a special lens that is sunk in the middle of a large and powerful light. This trick is easy on the actor's face but hard on his eyes. The actor, too, must wear a special make-up and the effect is that of a close close-up. Here is Oliver Marsh trying the device on John Barrymore, while Director Ernst Lubitsch looks on



you see those chalk marks now, and so I gathered him up, along with the letter, a lace handkerchief, and a box of snuff, all of which was used in the scenes that day."

"How about the rapiers?"  
 "Seibert's orders to leave 'em out, as he was going to rehearse Hardell that night."

"Hm . . . then he would not go to the 'prop' box, and get out what he wanted himself?"

"NOPE. Anyways, it's always locked, and there's only two keys."

"Doesn't the director have one?"  
 "What for? He don't mess with the props. I got a key and there's another on the rack in Cohen's office."

"You just told me the cameraman—Serge . . . shot the dissolve from Hardell to the dummy, the last thing. Was Seibert here when he did that?"

"Nope. Serge does all that stuff himself. It's all mechanics, you know, after the actor does his business in the scene. Serge is as temperamental as Seibert, himself, and he likes to be alone when he's doing dissolves. Afraid somebody'll upset his counting."

"Counting?"  
 "Sure. When they make a dissolve they count the revolutions of the camera . . . like this . . ." he broke off to count in steady rhythm, "one—two—three—four. The length of the dissolve depends on the number of counts. Sometimes in a tricky scene Serge uses a motor to turn the crank. Then he knows he can't miss."

"Hm . . . did he use one for this scene?"  
 "I don't know. He kicked us all off the set. He had one here. He might have used it."

"Is it customary for cameramen to be so temperamental?"

"Some of 'em are, and some of 'em aren't. The guys that make a lot of fuss . . . always blowing up about something or other, and calling a lot of attention to themselves, always seem to get the big salaries, though, and their names in the screen credit list! This here Serge . . . he's a Russian . . . he's sure stuck on himself! You'd think he was the whole show!"

"In short, he thinks the camera end of a picture is the biggest end?"

"You said it! He's always telling somebody that it's the camera and not the director, that puts over the stuff! He ain't so far off, at that. There's some pictures wrecked because of bad photography, and some rotten stories put over on the screen with good lighting and all that. But this guy Serge . . . he's just a nut like a lot of 'em around here!"

SMITH went and stood under the camera. Mounted on its platform. He stared up at the black box-like machine in silence, and Kelsey stared at the detective's back in the same speculative curiosity.

"I'd like to take a look in your 'prop' box," said Smith, turning suddenly. "We'll go right over to the 'prop' rooms now."

"If it's the stuff that came off this set you want to look at, it's all right here. There's a locker on this stage. So far from the main 'prop' rooms," said the boy, and at Smith's nod, he led the way in the semi-darkness, over and under the underpinning of sets in construction . . . through the spooky blackness of a pirate's cave, and across the polished floor of a small dance room. Smith by now had become accustomed to feeling his way, and with a little sense of enjoyment he realized his feet had developed that extra sense which made them lift instinctively over unseen barriers . . . the sense that all actors and other frequenters of motion picture stages develop.

"Before you open it, there's a couple of things . . . what are those chalk marks on the floor for?"

"Gosh, don't you know? That's what was so darn funny about Hardell's being killed. He was lying right on 'em!" said Kelsey in evident surprise. "They use 'em in a dissolve.



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The real actor lies there first, and then the dummy is put in the exact position, so that there isn't the fraction of an inch difference."

"Thanks. Now another, that set looks pretty dusty to me, for the short time it's been in disuse. . . ."

"Sure. It's supposed to be dusty. We blew it on. It's a room in a deserted house." He waited a moment for Smith to question him further, and then unlocked one of the doors of a wall cabinet at the end of the stage. Before Smith's memory acted, he let out an exclamation when the door swung open.

A sprawling figure, one up-turned hand clutching desperately at thin air, the mouth a twisted grimace of horror . . . the face a blue-ish white, was crammed into the floor space of the locker.

Kelsey grinned. "Skeleton in the closet's got nothing on this bird," he said, and bent to haul the figure out to get at a black box against which it was leaning. Smith stopped him.

"Hold on!" he cried, and for a long moment he bent down, scrutinizing every detail of the figure, its costume and position. One thing was soon evident. There was no tear in the blue satin. He could find no place where the scrap of material he had found on the back fence, would fit. He grunted in satisfaction. He straightened and swung around on Kelsey.

"PART of your job is knowing if anything has been touched . . . moved . . . since you saw it last . . . so that you can be sure things match up in the scenes . . . isn't it?" he asked.

"Yep."  
"Has that dummy been moved since you put it there?"

Kelsey laughed. "Old Bill" ain't so popular nobody wants to take him out nights," he grinned. "Old Bill" is what we call him. We usually name 'em before we get through with 'em. . . . We got a regular old standby in the 'prop' room named Betsy Ross! I don't know who done it, but that's what she's been called ever since I've been here! We use her for fire scenes, and comedy stuff."

Smith smiled back at the idea, then his face sobered, and his keen grey eyes fixed sharply on the boy's face.

"I want you to look closely at that dummy and tell me if it's been moved!" he said. Kelsey bent over "Old Bill" obediently. After a minute, he said:

"Nobody's laid a finger on him. I could

swear to it! I had a time getting him in there and I remember his wig got shoved to one side, like that. It's just the same." He pointed to a couple of the white hairs that had fallen loose, and down over the eyes.

"There's your answer! I remember thinkin' that wig was gettin' fuzzy, and would need dressin', when I put him in there. Them hairs was sticking down like that. It's part of our job to keep the 'props' in condition."

"All right. Now the rest of these things. Are they all just where you put them?"

"Absolutely! Look here," and he bent and moved a small box on the floor of the locker, "there's the dust marks! I tell you, mister, you're barking up the wrong tree! There ain't nobody touched these things and what'd they do it for anyway? That's one thing and another is, nobody can get into here, 'cept Cohen . . . he's the only one's got a key besides me!"

Smith laughed at the boy's earnest face. "All right, Kelsey," he said. "Maybe I am, but a detective has to make a show of asking a lot of questions about something, you know . . . just to show he's working on the job!"

"I guess that's right," agreed the other naively.

### CHAPTER XIV.

CLANCY hastily put down a copy of *The Police Gazette*, and turned an innocent countenance to his superior. Smith looked from the paper to the red face of his co-worker.

"Is this the way you find out if I can talk to that girl at the hospital?" he asked sharply. "Aw, chief . . . it didn't take me no time. I done it already. So I just come back here to wait for you."

Clancy then had an inspiration. "Want to see her? Here she is!" Eagerly he grabbed up the periodical, and thrust it out.

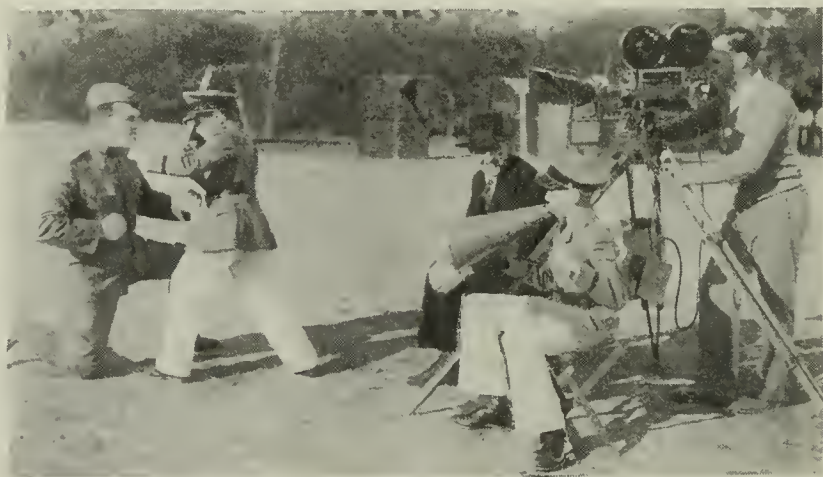
"See who?"  
"Beth. She's sure one of them regular little pocket Vennuses you read about! Ain't she sweet?"

Smith was surprised to find he thought, also, that she was sweet.

There was an appealing wistfulness about the little figure . . . an atmosphere of innocence, despite the deliberate scantiness of her covering.

"What did her nurse say?" he asked.

"That hard-boiled dame gives me a pain! Anyway, she says it's doctor's orders nobody



One for the memory book. Junior Coughlan, going out of his class, pops Sergt. Louis Wolheim one on the buzzer, and the young man rooting with the megaphone is no one but Erich von Stroheim, Jr., doing his first film bossing. Director E. Mason Hopper looks smilingly on. Young Von is working in "Square Shoulders," a Pathe film



can talk to Beth. She says it might get her excited and send her into brain fever!"

"Hm . . . well, could you get anything out of the nurse? If you think she'll talk, I'll go out!"

"Her talk? Say, you couldn't pry anything out of her with a can opener! That dame's wise. She ain't no spring chicken and she's sure a good friend to Beth!"

"Well, what did she have to say?" asked Smith impatiently.

"A.W. chief, that little kid ain't the one . . ." started Clancy, and then shut up instantly at the look in Smith's eyes. "I told you she's a wise bird, that nurse. All I could get out of her was that Beth came on the lot the afternoon of the night of the murder. The kid was sick and she and the nurse have been friends ever since MacDougal come down here from Canada. They met on the trip, or something. Anyway, she said Beth came in and she put her to bed and when she went in to see her the next morning, the kid was out of her head . . . fever . . . delirious. Well, she calls the doctor, and the doctor says the kid has to go to a rest sanitarium, and . . ."

"Why didn't she?"

"'Cause the nurse tells the doctor she's known her for so long and understands her, and all, and the kid would get well quicker with her . . . see?"

"Hm . . . anything else?"

"Oh . . . a novel! That nurse, she gets real uppety with me. Tells me the police don't need to try to pin anything on poor little Beth MacDougal, just because she was foolish enough to be infatuated . . . that's what she said, infatuated, with that bum, Hardell! Then she says she knows that's what we're tryin' to do, 'cause Beaumont and West have got money and pull back of 'em! She says the big boss . . . Rosenthal, you know, don't want either of them to be guilty, 'cause it would be bad for business . . . but poor little Beth MacDougal, she's only a little fool comedy kid, with a pretty face and a swell figure and the woods are full of 'em in Hollywood! Anyway, she says these here Comedy Kids ain't got no morals nor no sense . . . leastwise that's what folks suppose, so it makes it easy for us to take advantage of MacDougal's daughter!"

"Hm . . . Well, the woman's lying. She knows what the girl did that night, but nothing short of third degree is going to get it out of her!"

"Aw, that kid'll come clean when she's well." Smith looked at Clancy kindly.

"I've got the same hunch myself . . ." he started.

"Gosh, that sounds good to me!" burst out his sergeant of police impulsively.

"Why, Clancy! Have you fallen for that girl?"

"Aw, well . . ." and Smith knew he had.

The phone rang, and Smith answered it. When he had finished his conversation he turned to Clancy.

"Want to go out to the lot and see that stuff Seibert shot of Hardell the day before he was killed?"

"Betcherlife!"

Clancy grabbed up his hat and a florist's box that was parked carefully under the desk. Smith raised his eyebrows but made no comment.

Clancy said, going red in the face: "Don't hurt nothing, does it, to take her flowers?"

"NO . . . of course not, old man!" They sat in the cool darkness of Rosenthal's private projection room, upstairs in the executive building.

"I am very glad you are going to look at these scenes. Perhaps you help me settle an argument vid Seibert," said the president of Superior Films.

"How's that?"

"I haff been telling him they are all right,



Though smiles  
reveal glistening  
teeth

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and he has been telling me they are all wrong! Now you see them and I find out vat you think."

"But man alive, I don't know anything about pictures!" Smith protested, laughing.

"Sure you know. You go to see them, don't you? Vell, then you know enough! Sometimes I think we fellows in the business know too much!"

Smith leaned back in the padded leather chair.

"I get your point," he answered.

**H**E was aware of somebody joining them. Rosenthal turned on the dim light that stood on a table close to his elbow.

It revealed a clerk, with a note book and pencil sitting there.

But this was not the man that drew Smith's interest.

It was the short, broad figure of Serge . . . Seibert's cameraman, who had come in quietly, and now stood before them.

In the dim light he took on the aspect of monstrosity . . . abnormality.

He had a very large head, and a thick, black mane of hair.

His face was pale and his eyes seemed to Smith unusually black and brilliant. Yet this unpleasant impression was dispelled when he smiled, showing gleaming, perfect teeth, at Rosenthal's introduction.

"Ve think Serge is the best cameraman in the business, but ve do not tell him very often, for already he has the svell head!" said the latter.

"Quit your kidding, boss," said Serge. Smith was entertained immediately by the man's speech.

American slang in a precise and unmistakably foreign accent.

"All set to go?" he asked next, and Rosenthal grunted. "All right, shoot!" he called back to the man in the projection room, adding, "Stop her right where I hold up my hand."

"Okay. If I don't see you, sing out!"

**S**MITH was surprised to find himself in a slight tremor of anticipation. Rosenthal had turned off the light on the clerk's table, and the place was pitchy. Smith thought it might be that palpitant blackness, through which only the burning ends of cigarettes were visible . . . and out of which voices came as though bodyless, different from the soft, warm lighted interiors of motion picture theaters, that induced it.

Clancy moved uneasily beside him; let out an uncomfortable whisper.

"Gee, chief, I'm not stuck on this looking at a fellow after he's dead. It gives me the creeps!"

"Rot!" said Smith.

There was a sizzling sound from the projection room and a white beam of light shot toward the screen. A flicker or two, and the picture was on.

There was the set on Stage Six, so familiar now to Smith, and Yvonne Beaumont, entering the scene.

Smith's attention concentrated as Hardell entered.

He recognized the man's type. An animal of sex.

The sort of man, who, when not practicing it, is planning it.

Yvonne, struggling in his embrace, showed plainly her aversion to his physical nearness.

Later, using one of the duelling swords, there leaped into her eyes an unmistakable lust for vengeance. Smith found himself unable to decide whether it was acting, or realism, showing itself.

"I did not know Miss Beaumont wounds Hardell in the picture," he said sharply to Rosenthal.

The president's eyes did not leave the screen as he answered . . . it was a close-up, showing only the two faces, and getting over in this way (a method taught Americans by foreign films)

that Hardell received a severe thrust. The action had changed before Rosenthal spoke.

"Sure. Ve put it in because she can really do it. It's good stuff!" He stopped to light a cigar, and then added:

"I tell you ven I get the idea. It vas because I vent offer to International Artists to the continuity for this picture. In that picture I saw offer there, they haff a girl in a duelling scene vid a man. But she iss no good. It is bum! Right avay I see it. That girl she throws that rapier around like a fishing rod! I tell Yvonne, and she laughs herself sick. Then she says, 'Giff me a scene like that, Rosie, and ve'll show them how it ought to be done! Ve'll knock their eye out! My fathair, he haff no sons, and so he make me vat you call Tom boy!'"

Smith admitted it was pretty work.

**A**SILENCE fell on them as Hardell's death scene came on. The hero, rushing in, finding his sweetheart at the mercy of a man infuriated by pain and rage . . . seizes the rapier from Yvonne's hand, and puts it through Hardell's heart.

And the next thing, startling in its horrible familiarity, was the prone figure of the man, the face twisted in the same frightful grimace . . . the eyes starting out of the tortured features. . . .

Clancy clutched Smith's arm, and Smith put out his hand and silenced him. There was continued silence on the part of the little audience as the finish slate, held in the hands of the assistant cameraman, came into the scene . . . obliterated it . . .

"Seibert Productions. Picture No. 186.  
Serge. Scene 220. Take No. 4."

Again the beam of white through the darkness.

Smith roused himself from the mental paralysis into which the amazing reality of the thing had thrown him.

"Is that all?"

Serge answered.

"No. There is the dissolve. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes."

Serge stepped back to the projection room, and soon Smith was again looking at the sprawled figure of Hardell . . . a few feet of this unpleasant close-up, and then the enemy of the heavy, who enters, and, standing over him, plunges the rapier again and again into his body . . . as bayonets were used in the war.

"God Almighty!" gasped Clancy. "They couldn't do that without killin' the guy!"

Serge laughed.

"Ve can do anything in pictures!" exclaimed Rosenthal proudly. "Just the same, I say it myself, Serge, neffer have I looked at a better dissolve . . . neffer! But don't you go hogging the credit. Vidout Cedric Haland's make-up on the dummy you could not do it!"

Smith said:

"It's getting funnier and funnier how much like the dead man the dummy looks . . . in the picture . . . and how much like the dummy the dead man looks!"

**F**UNNIER and funnier! Vell, if you vas in my place you wouldn't think so! It's getting fiercer and fiercer! I tell you I don't have much more patience for you to find out about it, and that's the truth, Mr. Smith! Funny don't express it at all!" returned Rosenthal sharply.

"Meet me on the set in ten minutes. I want to talk to you!" Smith told Serge. Then, gripping Clancy's arm, and forcing the sergeant, through sheer force of will power, to keep silence, he propelled him rapidly out of hearing.

Clancy broke out volubly the instant the grip relaxed.

"It's a dirty, low-down frame-up!" he panted. "They killed him when they made



the picture and the whole gang's sticking together to cover up! Gosh, can you feature it? I'll bet that French broad was tellin' the truth, all right only she changed the action to get sympathy! Gosh, and that oily Jew . . . askin' us out here, and givin' us the key to the studio . . . and chucklin' up his sleeve because we're such dumbbells! What kind of ash cans do they take us for, anyway? The low-down is that Rosenthal's first cousin to every other producer . . . or darn near all of 'em . . . and his wife's first cousin to the rest! So he tells 'em . . . that he'll black-list 'em in the studios if they don't stay by him. Nat'ully they don't want to give up their cushy jobs . . . fat salaries and the rest of the world envyin' 'em on account of bein' in pictures, and so they sit tight! Maybe they figure the guy's dead anyway and tellin' the truth ain't goin' to bring him back to life . . . so why let it ruin 'em!"

"THAT'S the way it hits you, Clancy?" said Smith quietly.  
 "You're darn tootin' that's the way it hits me! I tell you, Cap, that French dame, or the hero . . . did it! And the big saps that we are, we sit right there lookin' at it and enjoyin' it . . . just because it's a motion picture! Gosh, I don't think much of us!"  
 "No," said Smith slowly, "it wasn't done then . . . Clancy, old man . . ."  
 And then he had only time to lower his tone to one of sharp command, before Serge came up to them.  
 "That's a pretty radical idea, Clancy! Keep it to yourself! Understand?"  
 "Sure. I'm wise."  
 [ TO BE CONTINUED ]

## A Mother's Sacrifice

THE mother clasped her week-old babe to her breast.  
 "My boy," she cooed, "what a great man you are going to be."  
 And then she paled and grew faint as she beheld the Grim Reaper standing at the foot of the bed.  
 "What do you want?" she cried, terror gripping her heart.  
 "Your child," replied the gaunt figure, advancing.  
 "No, no," she moaned, holding the young one tight to her bosom.  
 "'Tis better that I take him now than let him grow up to visit a thousand deaths upon you."  
 And stepping forward he was about to lay cold clammy hands upon the mite. Desperately, she sheltered the young one beneath the covers as she wailed, "Take me instead—but, oh, let him live!"

THE intruder paused, then demanded, "Would you have him live to bring shame upon you—a pariah—shunned even by thieves and murderers?"  
 "Yes—no," she contradicted hysterically, "I will not give him up."  
 "'Tis well," said the Stranger. "Your punishment be on your own head."  
 And hiding his scythe beneath his robe he turned to go.  
 "What greater punishment," she challenged, "than to part with one you love more than life itself?"  
 "The torture," he answered sternly, "of seeing him grow up to be an actor's press agent!"  
 With an unearthly shriek she offered the infant to him and cried:  
 "Take him—take him—take him!"—*The Masque.*

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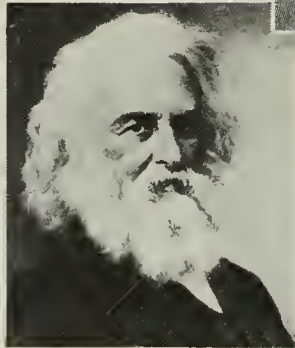
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Evangeline



Longfellow



Leonard Hall

WORDS AND  
 MUSIC  
 BY  
 LEONARD  
 HALL

**EVANGELINE**

*News that the makers of the film version of Longfellow's classic poem, "Evangeline," were seeking a theme song burst like the well known bomb shell in the office of PHOTOPLAY. Then it was announced that Al Jolson would write it. However, the office bard, Leonard Hall, was hurried to his typewriter. Here is the result:*

**F**ROM that land of Acadie  
 (I said, Acadie!)  
 Over land and over sea  
 Goes Gabriel, that lovin' man!  
 Night time dreamin'—  
 Day time schemin'—  
 Lookin' for Evangeline—  
 His lovin' little queen, baby!  
 Huntin' round that old Louisiana shore,  
 Honey-suckle noddin' at the cabin door—  
 Hungry for those windin' arms—  
 Hungry for those lovin' charms—  
 Don't yuh hear him say—

Evangeline!  
 As the shades of night are fallin',  
 Mammy! Pappy! Baby! Honey! I'm  
 a-callin'—  
 Gabe, your lovin' daddy  
 Is callin' yuh home!  
 (Listen, baby!)  
 Hear my heart a'throbbin'!  
 Listen to that fiddle sobbin'!  
 All my nights are lonely—  
 Achin' for yuh only—  
 Come back home—  
 No more to roam—  
 I want yuh, need yuh, crave yuh, honey,  
 baby!—  
 Evan-guh-line!  
 (MAMMY!)

**REFRAIN**

Don't yuh hear me callin', honey—  
 Evangeline?  
 Bring me back that little old sweet smile  
 so sunny—

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Wanted—A New Name for the Talkies—Page 29  
 \$500 for the best suggestion

The Studio Murder Mystery—Page 34  
 \$3,000 for solutions

Amateur Movies—Page 68—\$2,000 for films



## Are You Furnishing a Home?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

really comfortable, of a deep beige hand embroidered in bright colors.

The drapes in the living room are embroidered just enough. They are of natural linen and the decorations are bright peasant shades.

There was a time, my dear, when a book niche was only intended for books, but now it is made more attractive when little *objets d'art* are placed on the shelves.

In the morning room there is such a niche with an easily accessible chair of champagne yellow to match the walls and a little table with a pewter lamp.

IT is impossible to describe the home and its furnishings in their entirety. I have only touched the high points of interest and will let the picture finish my story. But I must add a few "don'ts" Fay gave me.

Don't buy too much all at once.

Don't put the wrong object in a barren spot. Wait until you find just the right thing if it takes a year.

Don't be arbitrary with your husband in insisting on furniture he doesn't like. He'll be won over gradually.

Make the home livable. Don't have a chair or divan unless it is practical and comfortable as well as beautiful.

Express your own individuality in your home as you do in your clothes.

Have one room that is all yours.

I defy the most hard-hearted hotel-dwelling bachelor to inspect the new home of Fay and John and not decide to marry at once and have a house exactly like it.



Instead of a large bedroom, Fay Wray's home has a tiny sleeping porch. The porch is off the morning room and one reaches it through a long hall where there are closets for dresses, hats and shoes. The bathroom, finished in cherry colored tile, is at the left

# Helena Rubinstein's Make-up Chart

THE foundation of a perfect make-up is a skin perfectly cared for—free from blackheads, large pores, wrinkles or other blemishes. Among the creations of HELENA RUBINSTEIN you will find a scientific answer to every need of your skin—plus the ultimate in finishing touches. For Helena Rubinstein is artist as well as scientist.

When you use Helena Rubinstein's new indelible lipsticks, you will marvel at their amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. There is witchery to the make-up masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein.

For your guidance in choosing the smartest and most becoming cosmetics, Helena Rubinstein has prepared the following make-up chart. Read it—you can tell at a glance the correct shades of rouge, powder and lipstick for you.

---Clip the chart and keep it in your dressing table.---

## Which Is Your Coloring?

### Brunette

Valaze Powder in the enchanting  
Mauresque tint.

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge—Chic!  
Fascinating!

Cubist Lipstick in Red Raspberry—  
an unusually warm, beautiful tone.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Black or Brown).

### Medium Type

Valaze Powder in the bewitching  
Rachel shade.

Valaze Red Raspberry Rouge.

Red Ruby Lipstick—a rich, deep tone.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Brown).

### Blonde

Valaze Powder in the exquisite Blush  
tone.

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—  
smartly daring.

Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium—  
vivid, alluring.

Valaze Eye Shadow in Blue.

### Titian Blonde (Auburn Hair)

Valaze Powder in Cream.

Valaze Red Geranium Rouge—  
Irresistible!

Red Cardinal Lipstick—the dashing  
light shade.

Valaze Eye Shadow (Blue or Green).

### For Evening

Valaze Powder in Mauve or Cream.

Valaze Rouge in Red Geranium.

Cubist Lipstick in Red Geranium.

Valaze Eye Shadow to match your  
eyes.

Write to HELENA RUBINSTEIN describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for her booklet—"Personality Make-up". It tells how to express your most beautiful you!

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Before you apply your finishing touches, cleanse your skin with Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurized Face Cream, *the concentrated beauty treatment*. It is a unique cream that benefits and beautifies an oily skin (1.00, 2.00). Dry skin should be cleansed with Valaze Cleansing and Massage Cream (.75, 1.25). Next, smooth a little Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream over your face and throat—it lends the skin a most flattering finish and makes rouge and powder doubly adherent (1.00). Now your skin is ready for the clinging, exquisite Valaze Powder (1.00, 1.50). Next, blend in the provocative, becoming Valaze Rouge (1.00). Follow with Cubist Lipstick (1.00) or Water Lily Lipstick (1.25). Both are indelible yet marvelously soft. Lastly, add a soupçon of Valaze Eye Shadow (1.00) and bring out the lashes with Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara) in black or brown (1.00, 1.50).

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# Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 ]

perforating size of the 16 mm. film is 15.95 mm., the distance between the center of one perforation to the next perforation (center of hole) is 7.627 mm., or .300 inch.

The distance across the film, from one perforation to the other (inside edges) is 10.49 mm. or .413 inch. The perforation itself measures 1.829 mm. or .072 inch wide, and 1.27 mm. or .050 inch high.

YOU may or may not know it, but the camera aperture is slightly larger all around than the projector aperture in 16mm., as with 35 mm. machines.

The dimensions of the camera aperture, which creates the frame on the film, are 10.41 mm. or 0.41 inch wide and 7.47 mm. or 0.294 inch high.

The projector aperture dimensions, on the other hand, are 9.65 mm. or 0.380 inch wide, by 7.21 mm. or 0.284 inch high.

AS this page goes to press, most of the amateur clubs are getting back to work after the holiday vacations.

The Neighborhood Players of Providence, R. I., who have several successful legitimate stage productions to their credit, have entered the amateur photoplay field with a 600 foot 16 mm. production, "Be Yourself."

Marshall H. Cannell is president, Mrs. Thomas R. Clayton is vice-president, Arthur W. Slocombe is secretary and R. Lucian Apple-

by is treasurer. The players have been using three cameras.

A GROUP of enthusiastic Detroit, Mich., amateurs have organized under the name of the Amateur Cinema Club with the leadership of Mrs. Lucille K. Hughes.

Dr. Gilbert Israel, an amateur expert in the making of scientific films, was chosen president, Dr. C. Chandler was named vice-president and H. M. Nelson was voted secretary and treasurer. Glen Lyons is production director and Mrs. Hughes is publicity secretary.

"Fate," a 16 mm. drama recording the dissolution of a young man's character, has just been completed by the newly organized Kino Club of the Webb School of Claremont, Cal. Special outdoor sets were built. Robert Bard is president of the club and the leading rôles in "Fate" were played by Clara Kock, Anne Bard and George Hirschbrunn.

BOBBY VERNON, the popular Christie comedian, is an enthusiastic amateur fan. He has one of the biggest picture galleries of notables filmed with his own camera anywhere and is a runner-up for Lon Chaney, who boasts the biggest home movie gallery anywhere in the world.

Elsewhere you will find an enlargement of one of Bobby's shots, showing Gene Tunney, the book-worm and retired champion pugilist of the world.

## \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:

### Class One.

- \$500 for the best amateur photoplay.
- \$250 for the second best amateur photoplay.
- \$150 for the third best amateur photoplay.
- \$100 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

### Class Two.

- \$500 for the best non-dramatic picture.
- \$250 for the second best non-dramatic picture.
- \$150 for the third best non-dramatic picture.
- \$100 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in their consideration for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each tying film.

- 2. CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateurs in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature. CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.
- 3. In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, lighting, editing and cutting and titling. In Class One, added items of consideration will be direction, make-up and acting ability.

- 4. All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths:  
If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.

If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.

If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-inflammable stock with the names and addresses of the senders securely attached to the reel or the box containing the film. Name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

- 5. Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.
- 6. Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinematographers are barred, as well as anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur movie contest may compete.
- 7. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.
- 8. The jury of judges consists of Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, Philip K. Wrigley, Stephen Voorhees, Colonel Roy W. Winton, Wilton A. Barrett, King Vidor, James R. Quirk and Frederick James Smith.
- 9. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.
- 10. As soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced and the films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.



## Brains and Sex Appeal

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

like that believe me you could interest an Eskimo in an electric fan."

She gave him her very best smile and got into the front seat of the car, carefully spreading out the organdie skirt so it would not be crushed.

The back of the car, she noticed, was filled with pasteboard boxes.

THEY drove out Cahuenga to the Pass, that wide thoroughfare which is traversed each day by hundreds of picture people on their way to studios, tourists northward bound, real estate parties *en route* to subdivisions, long lines of trucks and busses. Just beyond the entrance to the Pass the car stopped and Jerry, who had introduced himself during the short ride, got out and indicated to Billie that she was to do the same.

"Well, here's your spot, sister."

He began unloading the boxes from the back of the car.

Billie looked about for some sign of a camera or other equipment. There was nothing to indicate the shooting of a scene. For the first time she noticed that the boxes were marked in large letters "Cutie's Lunch" and on one corner of the lid was the head of a girl with blonde curls, topped by a big, floppy hat.

"But I thought this was *location*," she looked up at him, puzzled.

"Sure it's *location*," Jerry grinned. "And this is yours."

He arranged the Cutie Lunch boxes in stacks of six along the curb.

"But where's the director—and the camera?" she demanded.

"I'm the director! And we don't need a camera for this act. All the Cutie Lunches need is a cute little blonde trick like yourself to sell 'em."

Billie turned on him indignantly. "But I'm an *actress*."

"Sure you are. But, listen sister, lots of actresses in Hollywood don't always eat regular. If you make good with the Cutie Lunches believe me you'll be eating three squares every day and you can thumb your cute little nose at all these dumb directors who passed you up when you were looking for a job."

An idea was beginning to percolate in Billie's brain. She knew that one of the best known ways to get into pictures was to be *seen*. Girls who could afford it, and many who couldn't, went to Montmartre on Wednesdays and Saturdays for lunch—just to be seen. She remembered the story of the cute little cigarette girl at a popular cafe who got a picture contract because of the very sexy way she threaded about the tables and said "*Ceigarette, please*." And the story of the obscure check girl with the mop of carrot-colored hair who was "discovered" by a well known director when he stopped to check his hat. The Boulevard was paved with stories of girls who had skyrocketed to fame over-night.

Suppose some director, on his way to the studio, noticed the way she sold the Cutie Lunches, and recognized in her star stuff.

"NOW these lunches are absolutely the best on the market," Jerry opened one of the boxes. "Two man size sandwiches—one baked ham and one cheese—hardboiled egg and a slab of real apple pie—all for a quarter."

The box certainly looked inviting. Billie remembered that she hadn't had any breakfast, and that there had been numerous days when she had missed lunch and dinner.

"Just try one of these sandwiches." He held out the box and Billie took one of the sandwiches.

1929

MARLBORO

DISTINGUISHED  
HANDWRITING  
CONTEST

This Month's

FIRST  
PRIZE

\$100.

24 OTHER  
PRIZES

1929

MARLBORO

DISTINGUISHED  
HANDWRITING  
CONTEST

ONE sentence . . . just 12 words . . . to be copied in your own handwriting.

Four impartial judges—a Graphologist, an Art Director, an Author, and a Corporation President—to select the most *distinguished* handwriting.

### Twenty-five Interesting Prizes

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1st Prize—\$100 Cash.   | ability, traits, hidden characteristics, etc., which are revealed by your handwriting. |
| 2nd Prize—\$50 Cash.  |  |
| 3rd Prize—\$25 Cash.  |  |
| 4th to 10th Prizes—Your choice of \$5 Cash or Graphologist's scientific analysis of | 11th to 25th Prizes—Special library gift carton of one hundred Marlboro Cigarettes.    |

Here is the first prize winner of the 1928 contest. Is your handwriting more distinguished?

Marlboro - 7 Cigarette for those who  
can afford 20¢ for the Best

ALL you have to do is to copy the above sentence (Marlboro—A Cigarette For Those Who Can Afford 20c For The Best) in ink in your own handwriting and send it to address below. Don't put it off! It costs nothing to enter this contest.

This month's Marlboro contest closes March 31st. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. The judges will be: Mme. Nadya Olyanova, Graphologist; K. M. Goode, Writer and Psychologist; George Bucher, Art Director; R. M. Ellis, President, Philip Morris & Co. Reproductions of especially distinguished handwritings will be shown in leading society magazines.

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.  
511-C FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

FULL, FIRM  
AND ROUND  
ALWAYS

MARLBORO  
Mild as May

ALWAYS FRESH  
—WRAPPED IN  
HEAVY FOIL

A CIGARETTE FOR THOSE WHO CAN AFFORD 20¢ FOR THE BEST

# Lose unsightly FAT

*this easy*

*Pleasant  
way*



PEOPLE used to think that excess fat all came from over-eating or under-exercise. So some people starved, but with slight effect. Some became very active, still the fat remained.

THEN medical research began the study of obesity. It was found that the thyroid gland largely controlled nutrition. One of its purposes is to turn food into fuel and energy.

FAT people, it was found, generally suffered from an under-active thyroid.

THEN experiments were made on animals—on thousands of them. Over-fat animals were fed thyroid in small amounts. Countless reports showed that excess fat quite promptly disappeared.

THEN thyroid, taken from cattle and sheep, was fed to human beings with like results. Science then realized that a way had been found to combat a great cause of obesity. Since then, this method has been employed by doctors, the world over, in a very extensive way.

## *Next came Marmola*

THEN a great medical laboratory perfected a tablet based on this principle. It was called Marmola prescription.

MARMOLA was perfected 21 years ago. Since then it has been used in an enormous way—millions of boxes of it. Users told

others about it. They told how it not only banished fat but increased health and vigor.

THAT is one great reason—perhaps a major reason—why excess fat is nowhere near as common as it was.

## *No Secrecy*

MARMOLA is not a secret prescription. The complete formula appears in every box. Also an explanation of the results which so delight its users.

NO abnormal exercise or diet is required, but moderation helps. One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. Correct the cause, with lessened weight comes new vitality and many other benefits.

## *Do the Right Thing*

THIS is to people whose excess fat robs them of beauty, youth, health and vitality. Reduce that fat—combat the cause—in this scientific way. Do what so many people, for 21 years, have found amazingly effective.

TRY a couple of boxes and be convinced. Watch the results. Then, if you like the results, complete them. Get a box of Marmola today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1.00 per box. Any druggist who is out will get them from his jobber.

"It's marvelous," she smiled at him between bites. "I'd think anybody would want to buy a sandwich like that. It's got plenty of butter, spread clear out on the edges of the bread, and a real piece of ham in it instead of just a sliver like most sandwiches."

"That's the idea, sister. If you're going to sell anything, you've got to be sold on it yourself first. Now your first customers will be the truck drivers. You'll catch a flock of them between seven and eight. Once they get on to the idea that you're going to be here every morning they'll make it a point to pick up their lunch here. And the psychology, as I see it, is this: A guy would rather buy a lunch from a good looking dame who gives him a smile along with it, than to have some greasy Greek hand him a sandwich across a counter."

In spite of her disappointment about the job, Billie was catching some of Jerry's enthusiasm.

"Do you think they'd be more—interested—I mean would the lunches sell better if I say that I made the sandwiches myself?"

"Sure. That's good psychology." (Jerry had taken a night course in salesmanship.) "A guy likes to help a girl that's trying to help herself."

He rehearsed her in the act, showed her just how to hold out the lunch box, balanced on the palm of her little girl hand, tried out several of her smiles, chose the one that was most appealing and instructed her to "hold it."

THE same something which had brought patrons to the Elite Confectionery back in Prairie City for a soda mixed by Billie Shannon brought customers for the Cutie Lunches.

She was such an incongruous note, standing by the roadside in an outfit that belonged to a garden party, that she invariably attracted attention.

Truck drivers kidded her but they gambled a quarter on the lunch. Lonely young men in lowslung roadsters impulsively pulled up at the curb, discovering too late that the girl had lunches to sell.

They generously paid for their error by buying a lunch which they tossed overboard as soon as they were out of sight.

By noon only four of the original boxes remained.

Before the week was over Billie had acquired "her public." The warm California sun was her spotlight and the mounting sales of the lunches testified to her box office appeal. She was as proud of her success as a newly arrived star. She added several bits of business which she felt bolstered up the act considerably—such as nonchalantly putting on a new make-up when traffic was heaviest. She thought it was a very effective way of attracting attention to herself.

And it was.

Perhaps the truck drivers got the greatest kick out of it.

"When you have the new scenery painted on suppose you hand me a lunch, cutie," wisecracked a brawny Irishman.

And Billie would look up with an expression of feigned embarrassment, as per Lesson Number Six of her Screen Acting Course, park the lipstick, turn on her Grade A smile, and hand out the lunch.

MANY men tried to date her up but Billie was out for big time stuff. She scanned every Rolls-Royce that went by. She was confident that *someday* a director would "discover" her and in her mind directors and Rolls-Royces were synonymous. In a little diary she made notes of all her "propositions." Somebody might want to make a story out of it, after she had become a star. The funniest story, she thought, would be the one of the man in the rather battered roadster. Billie had just finished putting on her second make-up for the morning when he pulled in at the curb. She started to hand him a lunch but he shook his head.

"No, little girl, I don't want to buy a

# MARMOLA

PRESCRIPTION TABLETS ~ THE PLEASANT WAY TO REDUCE



lunch." He smiled at her. "I was wondering how you would like to play in one of my pictures."

Billie sized up the car, and the man's none too immaculate getup, and assured him with a withering smile (Lesson Number Eight) that she was too wise to fall for a gag like that.

"But I'm Von Bergheim, the director!" He seemed insulted that she didn't know him.

"Yes, and I'm Greta Garbo—out on location!"

She had given a little upstage shrug and the man quickly drove away.

ALMOST every night Jerry picked her up, checked over her sales for the day, and then they would have dinner—usually at the beach. It was fun to be with Jerry, even though he did talk about business a lot and was always building aircastles about a string of Cutie Lunches which would reach from coast to coast.

"Listen, sister," he would say when they strolled out on the pier after dinner, watching the flicker of lights along the shore, "some day every tenth sign will be spelling out Cutie's Lunch in electric lights—with maybe an alternating flash of you in that big, floppy hat." The vivid way he described the sign made it seem a wonderful thing.

"And would my name be on the sign?" she asked eagerly.

"Don't be *st*," he scoffed. "It's the lunches we're advertising. Not you."

"But, Jerry," she pouted. "You always seem to forget that I'm an *actress*. I can't always keep on selling lunches—even though I have been such a success at it."

Jerry generously overlooked her vanity. "Sure, you're an *actress*," he humored her, "but so are hundreds of others. Why this town's full of blondes that say they're actresses just because they're playing in pictures. And who ever hears of 'em? Now you—you're different. You've got your stage and you've got your public. Have you ever stopped to figure out just how many people you play to in a day?"

Billie gave him one of those Oh-you're-so-wonderful smiles.

"And what's more," continued Jerry, "you've got *me* to manage you."

Billie cuddled close against him and his arm tightened about her. It was hard to keep from loving Jerry when he talked like that.

But she knew that a girl must not let her emotions interfere with her career. Jerry could only do just so much for her. He was a darling and all that but she must think of getting on in her art. So each morning she asked God to make her a good actress and make some director *see* her.

And one day the answer to her prayer, in canary yellow Rolls-Royce with black stripings, drew up at the curb.

It was late afternoon and the last lunch box had been sold.

Billie had taken out the make-up box and was drawing a little firecracker of rouge across her lips.

VERY aloof and correctly uniformed chauffeur was at the wheel. But it was the man in the back seat who spoke to her. She took in the flower in the buttonhole, the chamomile gloves, the lavender handkerchief peeking from the breast pocket. Her heart tapped an exultant tattoo against her ribs.

Certainly this was a director if there ever was one.

"Are the lunches all gone, little girl?" he asked. Voice all oil and honey.

"Why, yes, sir. They are. I just sold the last one."

In her excitement she almost muffed the Grade A smile.

"Then perhaps I can drive you into town."

Intuition told Billie that this was Her Big Chance—but she didn't want to appear too eager.

## "Women applicants so often must be told"

*Says an employment agency manager about this phase of feminine hygiene*



No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization\* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

WHEN this delicate subject is brought up for discussion, many women become embarrassed and self-conscious. They, too, may be offending. Now, Kotex scientists have found and patented a method that ends all odor in sanitary pads, safely and thoroughly. No longer need this worry interfere with business or social life.

### *New, non-revealing cut*

A certain bulkiness associated with old-fashioned methods has been overcome, too. Each pad is rounded and tapered in such a way as to leave no evidence of sanitary protection.

You can so easily remove layers of filler. It is, as always, amazingly absorbent. Cellucotton absorbent wadding absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

\*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

### *Use Super-size Kotex*

*Formerly 90c—Now 65c*

Super-Size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes.





Feed away the Wrinkles

**WRINKLES** appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

For three generations women have used Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. 50c the box, \$1 the jar, at any druggist.

## Dr. Charles' FLESH FOOD

This coupon will bring you a FREE sample jar of Dr. Charles' Flesh Food. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food Co., Dept. P. C. 220-36th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely



Hides Large Joints

### Fischer Protector

Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

**Free Trial Offer:** Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.  
P. O. Box 383 Dept. 35 Milwaukee, Wis.

## BURNS and SCALDS

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

# Resinol

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition. Easy terms. Send for free booklet of interesting information.  
Page-Devis School of Advertising  
Dept. 2833, 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

The man opened the door. She hesitated. She had promised to meet Jerry.

He would be waiting for her. "Perhaps you don't know who I am," said the voice of oil and honey.

Billie flushed and admitted that she did not. "I'm Morris Luks—of the De Luxe Pictures. I guess you've heard of me."

Billie pretended that she had. "I've been watching you," continued Mr. Luks. "I'm getting ready to make 'Virgin Lips' and I think I could use a girl like you. You're wasting your time here."

Billie saw her long dreamed of heaven just around the corner.

"**H**OW about having dinner with me tonight?" suggested Mr. Luks. "I could go over some of the scenes with you—"

She found herself stepping into the car, sinking back luxuriously into the soft grey upholstery.

Two hours later, alone with Mr. Luks in his isolated hillside house, she listened intently while he talked picture business.

"I can make an actress out of any girl," he expanded. "But I've got a theory of my own about how to do it."

There was an insinuated meaning which Billie missed.

"Do you think I'd make a star?" she asked naively. It was wonderful being able to talk to a real director like this.

"Well, it depends on just how well you take direction."

Mr. Luks had finished a tall drink. His eyes were like little pin points of flame as he came closer to her.

Something about the way he looked at her made her feel all shivery inside. She thought it was stage fright.

"Suppose we rehearse one of the scenes from 'Virgin Lips.'" His moist hand slid along her bare arm and she involuntarily drew back. Funny she should think of Jerry at that moment—what nice clean, trustworthy hands he had.

"First of all, if you're going to be an actress, you've got to learn to relax," explained Mr. Luks.

Billie gave a nervous little laugh, for his arm had closed about her and he was drawing her close to him.

This was so different from the way they had rehearsed scenes at the School of Screen Technique.

"Don't be afraid. Just let yourself go." She felt herself being pressed back against the cushions of the low couch.

"Don't let your mind work at all," he whispered hoarsely. "Just let your body respond, naturally."

**S**HE tried to follow his directions, but she was tense, frightened. This was too real to be acting.

"You have just been awakened to love. It is burning you up like a flame. You have found out that your lover is going away. You want to hold him. Your arms go about him, pressing him close to you—"



Meet Corinne Griffith's latest discovery. Captivated by the *sang-froid* with which Master Bob Freeland laid the morning paper on her door-step, La Belle Griffith gave the lad film work in First National's "The Divine Lady," "Outcast" and now in "Prisoners." His favorite actress is, oddly enough, Corinne Griffith



Mechanically, and with all the fire of a mechanical doll, Billie's arms reluctantly went about Mr. Luks.

Love scenes, she had always thought, should be played with nice young heroes—like Jerry—not with men like Mr. Luks.

"No—no—not *that way*."

It was obvious that Mr. Luks was annoyed. "This girl is a hot little number—not an iceberg."

"But I don't want to play *bad* girls, Mr. Luks." She managed to turn her face away from him. "I want to play sweet parts like Mary Pickford plays—so my public will love me."

"AND I suppose you think that Pola Negri and Greta Garbo are starving to death because they're not afraid to play a love scene like it ought to be played."

"But I have to play a scene like I *feel* it, don't I?"

Her voice was trembling.

"Well, if that's all the feeling you can put into it you'd better run along and sell your Cutie Lunches. I haven't any time to waste on you."

"Then you don't think I'm an *actress*?" she asked in amazement.

Mr. Luks had released her now. He picked up a cigarette and lighted it.

"An actress?" he said with disgust. "No, little girl, you're just another blonde—and dumber than most of them."

It was a very chastened Miss Shannon who went to the Pass the following morning with her daily quota of Cutie Lunches.

She watched Jerry as he stacked the boxes in rows of six.

"Jerry," she spoke hesitantly. "Did you ever hear of Morris Luks of the De Luxe Pictures?"

"Sure I've heard of him. He's the bird that got arrested a few months ago for signing some little extra girl up on a phoney picture contract. Made her think he was going to make a star of her. You want to steer clear of birds like that."

He finished stacking the lunch boxes and Billie was suddenly very busy with her makeup kit.

"There's the boy that knows how to make stars," Jerry pointed to a battered roadster which had just passed.

"Never think from that car that he was one of the best directors in Hollywood, would you? Now if you could just get him to 'discover' you, you'd be made."

BILLIE stared after the car. For the first time she was ready to admit that she was just a dumb blonde—so *dumb* that she had upstaged the great Von Bergheim when he had asked her if she would like to play in his picture. She looked up at Jerry with a wistful, little girl smile.

She wondered if he really believed that she was an actress.

"I guess I've changed my mind about being an actress."

Their fingers met as she reached for a lunch box.

"I'd rather sell Cutie Lunches—and have you for my manager—"

"Atta girl!"

The box fell to the ground for Jerry had impulsively gathered her in his arms and their lips met in a first kiss.

Passers-by slowed down their cars, wondering if this was a picture scene. But Jerry and Billie were blissfully unaware that they had an audience.

"You don't think that I'm just another blonde, do you, Jerry?" It was of course a purely feminine question, but Billie just had to ask it.

"You're the only blonde in the world for me," he looked down at her adoringly. "And listen, sister, with my brains and your sex appeal, we'll simply clean up on these Cutie Lunches."

And they did.



Miss Jeanette Loff of Pathe Studio never worries about spots on clothing—she keeps a can of Energine handy for their quick removal.

## The World's Finest Wardrobes Kept Spotless with ENERGINE

NO PRINCE OR PRINCESS of ancient or modern times could ever boast of a wardrobe to compare in size or cost with those owned by the great movie studios. And clean each garment must be—as spotless as a lily. For, the movie camera sees things that the human eye cannot.

that *Energine* removes spots—quickly, easily, completely. Leaves no ring, no clinging odor.

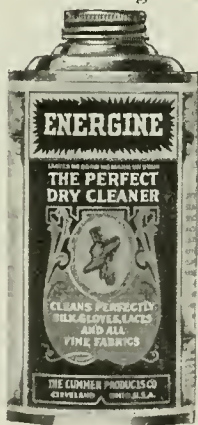
Nothing can take the place of *Energine* for quick removal of dirt and grease spots from suits, neckties, coats, hats, scarfs, dresses, gowns, gloves, kid shoes and fine leathers.

For twenty-five years *Energine* has been tested and used with success—by millions of people. Insist on *Energine*, the Perfect Cleaning Fluid.

Druggists everywhere sell *Energine*. 35c for 10 oz. can; 60c for 20 oz. size. Slightly higher in foreign countries.

In practically all the great studios *Energine*, the perfect cleaning fluid, is used exclusively. For, those whose business it is to care for these costly garments know

LARGEST-SELLING CLEANING FLUID IN THE WORLD



## For Bad Complexion

Never again need you be ashamed of your complexion. The admiration lavished upon the vivacious, beautiful woman can be yours to enjoy. The cause of your trouble is probably constipation. It ravages the system, destroys beauty. Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, better than calomel, is a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil, known by their olive color. Will eliminate constipation, cleanse your system, give you health that makes beauty. A famous, sure but harmless corrective used for 20 years. Non-habit-forming. No bad after-effects. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

## GOOD NEWS for BLONDES



IS your hair darkening? Is it dull? Faded? Streaked? Bring back its true golden beauty with Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Gives new life and sparkle to dull, faded hair—keeps it light, bright and lovely. Safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals—fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



**WHITENS**  
*Your Skin*  
**Quickly and**  
**Positively . .**



**Don't let blotchy skin**  
**mar your beauty . .**

**A** MILLION women use Golden Peacock Bleach Creme regularly to make their skin pearly white and satin soft — and to keep it so.

This exquisite creme not only lightens the skin several shades, but it banishes freckles, unsightly blotches, muddiness, blackheads, and other skin defects almost overnight, leaving your skin lovely and white.

**A 3-Minute Test.** Use it tonight according to the simple directions. Tomorrow look in your mirror with amazement and delight. For even in that short time an almost unbelievable improvement is noted.

**Begin Now.** Don't go another day with unsightly skin. Why let skin blemishes destroy your beauty when so wonderful — so quick — are the results of this wonder creme that we absolutely guarantee it? Your drug or department store has it, or, if you wish . . .



. . . write your name and address on the corner of the page. Tear off corner and mail today. Send no money. We will send full-size \$1.00 jar C. O. D.

Golden Peacock, Inc.  
21 Oak St., Paris, Tenn.

*Solve the mystery*  
*of quiet waters*



There is a mysterious lure in the soft ripple of shadowed waters. Let the gentle witchery of streamland lull you into understanding. Drift from sunlight into shade . . . float through moon-mellowed pools. Solve the mystery of quiet waters—in an Old Town.

You'll appreciate the graceful trimness of Old Town Canoes. They're patterned after real Indian models. Light and perfectly balanced. Durable too. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 923 Main Street, Old Town, Maine.

*"Old Town Canoes"*

## More Tears, Please!

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61 ]

ward, the triumphant ZaSu and family were moving into their beautiful new abode. Furniture, purchased on the installment plan, completed the homelike atmosphere. ZaSu, happy in her new found glory, flitted back and forth to the studio, carefree as a butterfly.

Her mother was ailing, and a trip to the dentist revealed the need of an expensive operation. ZaSu readily advanced the money.

Several weeks of unreal prosperity and then the dream came to an end.

**T**HE enterprising producer found himself on the verge of bankruptcy and committed suicide.

ZaSu faced ruin more bravely.

Nothing remained of the thousand a week she had earned so joyously. Nothing remained but debts.

Dramatic as the catastrophe had been, there was no curtain to descend on the ensuing woes of the heroine.

Creditors in grease paint had pursued ZaSu before the camera, but now, she had to flee from real ones!

With histrionic presence of mind, she answered dunning phone calls in a negro maid's accents, "No, suh, she ain't heah, suh," said ZaSu, tremblingly.

In the meantime she tried to establish herself with another company. Her odd little personality didn't seem to fit in to the usual pictures.

She was considered a "type" and she had to go back to doing bits in an occasional picture.

From a thousand dollar a week star to a ten dollar a day extra girl over night!

ZaSu's gift for eccentric comedy, unfortunately, kept her in these small parts for over a year. Then fate and Eric von Stroheim took a hand in her affairs.

Von Stroheim was casting "Greed" and needed a heroine who could cry beautifully. All the leading women in Hollywood took "tests" for the part. Colleen Moore, and others, now stars of the first magnitude, coveted the rôle.

The Goldwyn lot teemed with excitement as the competition neared an end. A leading lady was about to be picked!

Passing the set where ZaSu worked, Von Stroheim noticed the care-worn face of the little comic actress. Something in the pathos of her attitude as she rested between scenes attracted him. Introducing himself, he asked her to come to a reading of the script. With beating heart, ZaSu climbed the steps to the famous director's office.

As Von Stroheim read the sad parts of the scenario, all that she had suffered made her feel the heroine's woes. Real tears rolled from ZaSu's beautiful eyes! The director glanced with wonder at the grief-stricken little face. Many actresses could weep, but Von Stroheim had found one who could feel!

Needless to say, ZaSu found herself cast for the biggest rôle of her career, and this time safely on the road to stardom.

It would be nice to say that she was happy ever afterward, but the truth is that troubles do not end with stardom.

**A** SCREEN beauty must retire early and diet carefully. There is frequent need for quieting influences to keep the nervous system from breaking down under the strain of intense emotional demands, long hard hours under the grilling lights, and worst of all the daily ordeal of the projection room.

Those who imagine that life in the movies is a merry round should see the tired, white-faced people who go into the studio projection room on soft, California evenings. It is a black, cheerless little place with a square of white at one end, about one-third the size of the screens

used in movie theaters. Dante's inferno held nothing like it for refined torture! Day after day the sins and mistakes of actors, directors and cameramen are thrown up to them. No one escapes the final reckoning. Hopes and ambitions are built up and smashed to pieces in its pitiless depths.

Many a beautiful star has left it with tears in her eyes and a premonition of the end of her triumphs.

Al Jolson once left a projection room and took the first steamer for Europe, to forget what he had seen. Only when time had softened the painful memory could he be lured back to try once more.

The scenes shown are never in sequence. Long shots, closeups and miscellaneous angles are all jumbled together. Subtitles are lacking and the general effect is that of a crazy quilt.

Frequently, an underdeveloped print shows the actor's faces as black as minstrels, while an overdeveloped print gives them the appearance of having fallen in a flour barrel. All defects easily remedied before a public showing, but very disheartening at the moment.

**T**HE actress watches herself. It has been said that no woman, however beautiful, is camera proof. There is always one angle of her face, one part of her body, that is not perfect.

The public never sees the bad shots, but the actress must.

A closeup leaps on to the screen. It is her face magnified fifteen or twenty times. Her heart sinks as she sees a tiny line, almost unnoticeable in her looking glass, heavily shadowed!

It makes her look old and hard.

"Can't you do something about that?" she hears the director's voice asking her in the dark. He speaks to the cameraman:

"Watch that, George, that's a bad angle of her face."

Another shot leaps on the screen. It is a scene her heart is set on, a big scene. . . . Why does the light make her nose stand out like a golf ball on the end? . . . the dress isn't as smart as she thought it was going to be . . . a beautiful yellow, it has photographed murky grey . . . and they made it too tight, it makes her hips look enormous! Another closeup. A bit of rouge she has put under her chin to take down an almost imperceptible little sag, has photographed absolutely black like a dirty neck! Instead of one little chin she has three!

The director is furious. There is a sarcastic remark and an ominous silence.

Sometimes the actress has the supreme joy of seeing herself beautifully photographed. The cameraman, electrician and dressmaker have cooperated in making her a dream of beauty. Murmured compliments make the little dark hades Paradise!

**I**T is now the director's turn on the fire. His pride is centered on scenes about to unreal. To his dismay they have not filmed well. The action, when taken, was so full of feeling that even the stage hands wept! Now it comes upon the screen like a piece of music played out of tune!

The impulsive, staccato gestures of real life are a mere blur in the camera's eye. Even scenes of great passion must be acted slowly and deliberately if they are to register. "Timing" action is one of the great arts of movie making.

The luckless actress squirms as she watches her "big moments." The place where she gave that heartrending cry has photographed like a great chasm. She shouldn't have twisted her mouth in that ludicrous way. Real feeling is often unphotographic. One can't make the faces one would in real life under the stress of emotion.



Other scenes flash on the screen. She is not in them but her heart is broken and she still wonders why things looked so badly. In her bitter state of disappointment, perhaps she wonders if it wouldn't be better to give up starring and get a nice quiet job as a telephone operator or something.

The director is in a good humor again. He murmurs, "Fine shot, George! . . . that man looks like a million!"

A little extra girl, playing a maid's part, steps on the screen. She has the fresh appeal of one unused to the daily grind of movies.

"Who is she?" queries the producer with sudden interest.

The tired assistant searches in his notebook and supplies the information.

"Take a test of her in the morning" is the order.

**N**EXT day, an excited little extra girl will report, with her hopes high, eager to tread the thorny path of stardom.

The lights go up. The last shot has been run and the little crowd of happy or disappointed people file out.

The director to go home and tell the family what good stuff he's getting but that the star is a rotten actress . . . and the star to go home and cry all night, though she knows she must look her best in the morning!

Keeping a star job is no sinecure. The jealousy and hate of a thousand other less successful players follows the popularity of the lucky one.

They are croaking her ruin long before her star actually descends.

Prosperity in the moving picture business is a very perishable thing. A single indiscretion in the private life of a diamond-trimmed star has put her out of the business forever. A wrinkle, loss of hair, a few extra pounds and her diamond-trimmed goose is cooked!

There is no sadder spectacle in the world than the has-beens of Hollywood. They haunt the sunny boulevards like lost souls, always hoping to regain their vanished glory.

One of these former favorites of a fickle public sat waiting for a friend in the lobby of the famous Montmartre restaurant of Hollywood.

Her shoes were shabby and her hat had seen better days, but she wore a beautiful leopard skin coat, relic of the glorious days when she had earned fifteen hundred a week.

A friend, who was still on the top wave of prosperity, accosted her merrily, and remarking her beautiful wrap, said:

"You must be working?"  
 "No," she replied, simply. "But if I don't get a job soon, I'll be the best dressed woman in the poorhouse!"

**I**N Hollywood, an actor works hardest when he's out of a job. A "front" must be kept up at all costs, and the illusion of grandeur maintained even with the bailiff waiting at the door.

False optimism is the keynote of the film capital. Tourists have difficulty believing that everyone is not happy and everyone rich, in Hollywood. Appearances are all that count in the City of Make Believe.

Even the shopkeepers make believe that their wares are worth more than they are, and when they sell them to impecunious actors, they have to pretend that they're going to get paid!

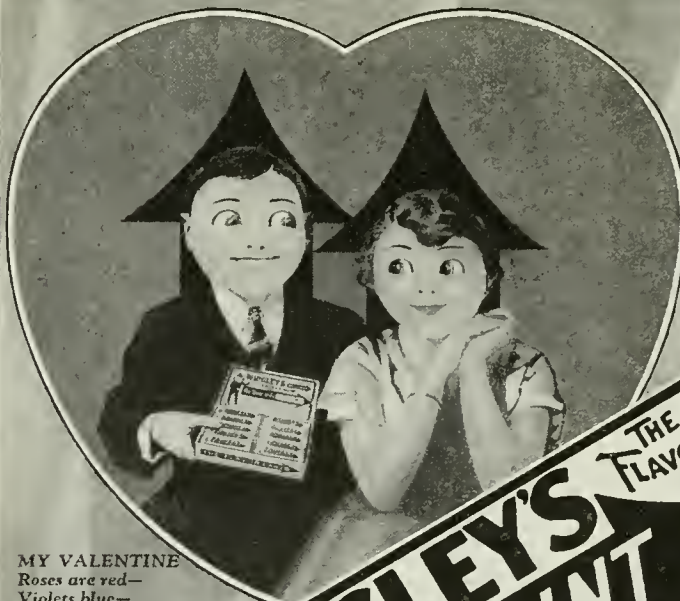
People who live by their emotions, as actors must, need the stimulation of beautiful things. Indeed, extravagance is forced upon them. "Looks" are a player's stock in trade, and his "job" clothes more important than meals.

"When we live in palaces all day," Eugene O'Brien once said, in the midst of a resplendent Graustark romance, "how can we go home to a two room flat?"

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## The Loves of Tom Mix

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

name horses because of some peculiar characteristic they possess—some odd trait. Sex has nothin' to do with a cowpony's name. You're just as apt to hear a meek, quiet horse called Annie Laurie, because of supposed Scotch ancestry an' hard to get anything out of, as to hear him named Harry Lander or Bobby Burns. It's mighty hard, at times, to find the right name for a horse, but every one of us down there just named this horse Sweetheart, the only one that seemed to fit him. I sure thought a lot of this colt. He was a light cream color with long curly mane. Boy like, I sort of regarded Sweetheart as my property. He would follow us around an' snuggle up sort o' sweet an' lovin' like. As a four year old, when I broke him he never showed any sign of bad tricks—never bucked—or did anything mean like that—just remained Sweetheart to the end of the day. Another thing, this colt never growed up—just remained always the same sweet, affectionate, lovin' little yearlin'.

If I owned him today, I'd change his name to Mary Pickford.

THE next love I remember was when quite a young man I was a workin' on the Circle Dot ranch, close to Hog Eye, Texas. One of the horses detailed to me was a young five year old named Red Ears. He sure was a beautiful horse, but no one had ever gentled him. Mebbe that was why they gave him to me. Red Ears was here, there an' everywhere, kickin' up his heels an' runnin' off every chance he got. I spent half my time ridin' around the draws an' over the prairies either a chasin' or a searchin' for this sorrel, runaway pony with the bright red ears. Red Ears could be mighty sweet an' gentle if he wanted to be, but I got to know him. Whenever I'd see one of those fond, far-away an' affectionate looks in his eyes—like a young doe deer lost from its mother an' he'd remind me of little Sweetheart—I knew the sign an' made a quick an' certain exit, always a goin' backwards until I got so far away that he couldn't swing his heels on me, an' then I'd turn an' make a fast getaway run for the fence. An' what a kickin' pony Red Ears was—it took

two husky cowhands to rope an' saddle him. While he wasn't a regular outlaw, he came as near to it as any colt ever could an' not be guilty.

Today, if I was back on the old Circle Dot, by a vote of ten to one, the cowboys would a re-named Red Ears, a callin' him Clara Bow, instead of what they did, even if his ears was bright red.

AFTER Red Ears, my affections sort o' wandered around, not gettin' settled anywhere very much. Then I sort o' traded for a thoroughbred—a nice, stately horse with a lot of the original Steel Dust in him—he was always dignified—not much of a horse to ride out on the range, but a mighty fine animal if I wanted to go into town a wearin' of my best clothes. I thought a heap of this new horse.

I named him Beauty, although at this writin' if I still owned him an' had it all to do over again I'd call him Claire Windsor.

About this time I made a trip down on the Rio Grande where I did quite a lot of horse tradin' an' became the owner of about the wildest, highfalutin' cowpony I was ever interested in. He was sure hard to handle. If I broke that horse once, I broke him a hundred times. There was just no understandin' him. Even if he came in off'n the range, tired an' hungry, he'd up an' shy at a bale of hay, just to be doin' somethin' unexpected like. I called him Mexico, seein' as how I'd got him down on the Border. In disposition, Mexico reflected the sunbaked desert an' wide, cactus covered stretches of his native country. There just wasn't any trick of cuttin' up that he didn't savvy an' savvy pronto. He was just mischievous an' hard to gentle—I reckon he never was gentled—I know I couldn't do it. Mexico had a lot of grit an' you couldn't wear him out, but with all that he was about the best an' smartest circlin' pony I ever owned. In the present up-to-date way of doin' things, if Mexico was over on my ranch on the Hassayampa range in Arizona, the cowboys by unanimous consent would call him Lupe Velez.

My wanderin' affections at about this period



Three great box-office winners—and all Irishmen. These faces need no identification—each has played to a wider audience in his respective field, perhaps, than any other living person. Just for reference we will tell you that they are Jack Dempsey, John McCormack and Thomas Meighan



settled on a mighty good lookin' young horse. I took him in notwithstanding the fact he had been traded around an awful lot, which as everyone knows, don't sound none too good for no horse. Just as I was fond of Mexico, I was fond of this horse. His name when I got him was Buster. With him around, about the only thing safe on the ranch was what was locked up in the office safe. There wasn't a corral gate latch that he couldn't manage to get open. There wasn't a grain bin in the barn that he couldn't pry into. Buster always found some way to bust a bottom board off'n the corn crib an' help himself. He would eat up all his own feed an' then drive the rest of the horses away just to get their alfalfa, which he didn't want. He overlooked nothin' an' kept all the cowhands a guessin'. Buster was especially good to look at, bein' one of them slim kind, built for a long race with lots of endurance.

Today, if I had the re-namin' of him, I'd make it Peggy Joyce.

**B**USTER, Red Ears an' Mexico sort of tired me of wild, tricky horses, so I decided to trade for a gentle one an' my affections this time centered on what was one of the most beautiful young ponies I had ever seen. He had big trustin' eyes, sweet manners an' was always gentle—he seemed to have quite a bit of the same strain that made little Sweetheart so wonderful. I sure was terrible fond of that little pony. No matter how hard we used him about round-up time or on the long, trail-herd drives, this pony remained, kind, gentle an' loveable like. I named him The Dove, as he was more like the grey-coated, soft-callin' turtle doves we used to hear in the Cottonwoods than anything else. Today, if the namin' of him come up again, I'd just put Billie in front of it an' call it a good job.

As I was leavin' Texas, I got me another horse an' for a time I thought a heap of him. He had one peculiar trait—he couldn't be loose-herded—you couldn't ever find him. He just kept movin' around. He was never satisfied with the range he was a feedin' on. He always found a way to either get over or under the line fence an' wander away to new feedin' grounds. He'd leave good, fine, range grass to get over on pasture that sheep had been grazin' over, an' where, as any cattleman knows, a horse ain't got the slightest chance to live. From there, you'd think reason or good sense would coax him back to the home corral, but it wouldn't. Lookin' for stray horses you always hunt around the long, grass ranges on the south side of the hills, but this was no help or guide in locatin' the missin' Wanderer—that a bein' the name I gave him—when he was strayin' around, which was most of the time.

But if I had to do it over again, I'm pretty sure that particular horse would be called Gloria Swanson.

**B**Y this time, as you may have guessed, I always liked the unusual horse—the more unusual, the more I was fond of 'em. I had one for a little while in Oklahoma—a Pinto—he'd start out in the mornin' with his head up an' a cattleman a passin' along would 'a' said, "there goes a mighty good cowpony," judgin' from his mornin' style, but the best thing High-Tide, as I called him, could do was to run around in circles. Almost at any time, an hour or more after sun-up, you could expect High-Tide to tire an' quit. If he lasted through the day through easy ridin', he'd generally quit when you was along way from the ranch an' at an hour when you knew that dinner was waitin' in the cookhouse. High-Tide sure wasn't a long distance horse an' instead of bein' called High-Tide, we should 'a' named him Pola.

One of the nicest young horses I ever had an' one I was mighty sorry I couldn't keep, was a good lookin' brown chestnut I traded for in Missouri. He was one of the most dependable ponies I ever knew, always gentle an' willin'—one that would stay hitched—throw



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the bridle reins over his head an' come back in six hours an' he'd be waitin'. He was one of those sweet dispositioned ponies that no man would ever have the heart to put a whip or spur to—always reliable an' dependable. Usually horses of this kind ain't smart, but this one was smart as a whip lash. I called him Sister—he seemed like that. Now as I'm writin' this, an' stop an' close my eyes an' remember Sister, I can't help but thinkin' of Dorothy Dwan—mebbe that would have been a better name.

ONE of the cutest horses I ever had an' one that took quite a place in my swervin' affections was a dark brown, peart lookin' colt that I called Alabam—the feller I got him from said he had been shipped up from that state with a lot of other horses. Alabam was sure an engagin' young colt. He was sly—not mean or inclined to run away or be tricky, although like any high-spirited colt, he would buck now an' then, just to be entertainin'. Alabam would eat carrots out of your hand an' then, like a streak of greased lightnin', turn an' let both heels fly at you. He was careful never to hit you—just wanted to be funny—but Alabam always kept you guessin' for fear that unintentional, one day he'd misjudge the distance an' then it would be too bad for all concerned except the arnica bottle an' court plaster roll.

I always thought Alabam was a real cute name for the colt until in later years, Dorothy Sebastian worked for me in a picture an' then I knew I could 'a' picked a better one.

Once again, I got back in Oklahoma an' that meant a new horse. I reckon I put my affections on this one, because I couldn't understand him—no one could, so it seemed—no one ever had. You've seen folks who would just sit an' day-dream—all same this Oklahoma horse.

He was something of a thoroughbred, like Beauty, but he would put his head over the corral fence an' day-dream.

For a while I thought mebbe he was homesick—horses get thataway once in awhile, just like us folks. I thought it might be that whoever he was a pinin' for might live in that direction, but I soon found that direction had nothin' to do with it, for he'd stand an' look north, east, south or west, whichever was the handiest, an' there he'd think. I used to wonder what he was a thinkin' about. Anyway, this horse would gaze away over the foothills an' forget to eat—he'd stop an' day-dream.

I named him "The Dreamer" an' it seemed to fit pretty well until I met Mary Nolan, which, all things considered, might have been a better name.

LOOKIN' back now, I remember another incident of heavy affection on my part for one of the nicest horses I ever had. I got him from the Bar "Y" in Oklahoma. There wasn't anything particularly different in this horse except a sunny disposition an' the fact he was more dependable than most of 'em. No matter the weather—whether snow-swept prairies or velvet-green pasture land, he was always the same—a joy to have, so that's what I called him—Joy. I still think it was a good name, although today, I might considered a callin' him Leatrice.

I once put a lot of affection in a young horse I traded for in Colorado. I never saw such a friendly animal—always interested in you and what you were a doin'.

I an' the rest of the boys around the ranch called him Quaker, because he was such a Friend.

Today, if I owned Quaker, I'd give him to Molly O'Day, believin' they would fully understand one another.

Once, down in New Mexico, I had a young colt that I thought a heap of. Not only was he good lookin', smart an' attractive, but he had a lot of natural thoroughbred in him. But try as I may, somehow, I could never get this colt broke. In the morning when I'd start out

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to ride range or look for stray stock. I'd have a tough time a gettin' a saddle on him. Then he'd start to buck. On the days that he throwed me, I'd take a nail an' make a mark on one of the boards of the corral fence. The next day if I managed to stick an' didn't get throwed, I'd put a mark for myself on the other side of the board. For quite a few years we stuck together and the throwin' an' markin' up credits went on. Finally, one day I counted up the marks an' they was even on both sides of the board. I'd been able to stick as many times as I'd been throwed—it was an even break—so me an' this good lookin' pony shook hands an' called it a day. Because of this constant changin', I had two or three names for this horse. Mebbe one of 'em was Victoria.

**B**UT headin' now for the end of this essay on lovin', at the present time, my affections is pretty well fixed an' standardized an' I don't waver around so much. Just now, while I can't call it love, I may say that I got a lot of interestin' admiration for an animal over on my ranch at Mixville named Virgil—he's a classic. Virgil is a mule. All mules is obstinate as everyone knows, but the rest of the family learned it from Virgil. If you want to go north, Virgil heads south, an' the cowboy don't live that can change his mind or direction.

I'd hate to say that at times Virgil reminds

me of Red Ears, Mexico, Buster, Alabam, the Wanderer or mebbe the horse with the four names.

It wouldn't be nice to announce here an' now that I think there is mule strain in any of the animals mentioned, but when I remember some of the things I've seen 'em do, I sure get to thinkin'.

**B**UT footin' it all up, in my present day life, there is one great love—Tony. Tony has a lot of tricks that mebbe ain't so good, but he's got more keen savvy, more fine principles, more rough affection, more gentle consideration, more dependable companionship, first, last an' always than any other thing—man or beast—that I've ever known.

As life's shadows grow longer an' lengthen toward the east the closer me an' him seem to be.

Tony's is one of those affections that'll end only when either him or me crosses the pass into the purple valley beyond, where the pastures are always green, the streams always blue an' the shade always soft an' cool—that's the valley from which no one—man or beast—ever returns—then an' then only, will the love between Tony an' me cease to be a livin' joy.

**I** RECKON, Jimmy, if you feel so disposed, you can head this chapter "The Loves of Tom Mix," an' sign Tony's an' my name to it.  
**TOM.**



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## The Broad A Baby

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

pair held something very much like adoration. She liked that, also. Furthermore, the young man had none of the Hollywood veneer of sophistication; instead of looking bored, he seemed brisk and eager. But who was he? She smiled with just the proper shade of encouragement, and started to reply, but the braying tones of Mr. Zoop discouraged any such effort.

The belligerent Abie, listing slightly to port as a result of having taken aboard some of Scotland's favorite perfume, was flourishing his arms with perspiring zeal.

"It ain't that I don't wish you boys good luck," he shouted, "nor that I think you're a lot of bums. But what I want to know is this: Since when has youth and beauty got to fold up and check out on account of a voice?"

MINGLED jeers and cheers answered him.

"Listen," howled Mr. Zoop, becoming purple, "we ain't got no records as to whether Cleopatra dropped her Gs, but from her pictures we can tell that baby had visible means of support. Madame Du Barry's boy friends tore off passionate poems to her eyes, but does history say whether she was alto or soprano? I'm askin' you. And give a look at all them paintings about Lorelei luring the sailors. Not that it's so much of a trick, but believe me, boys, when she sobbed them siren songs she took good care that eighty per cent of her was out of the water."

Several guests registered agreement with these sentiments, but the six Blotts brothers grinned amiably at one another.

"You been creeping around the Public Library, ha?" inquired Joe, the eldest.

"Not me," gasped Mr. Zoop, flopping into his chair. "The dope I got from my Milton, a smart boy."

"Well, it runs for Sweeney," said Mr. Blotts rudely. "It's a great age we're living in, Abie, and you should get wised up on the facts of life. Now, I'll ask—"

The strange young man stirred uneasily, and leaned toward Brenda. "Suppose we slip away to a corner?" he suggested, and as she rose impetuously, he followed her to a table partly concealed by giant ferns. Once there, the steady grey eyes began to watch her hungrily; then he flushed with embarrassment.

"I forgot to introduce myself," he apologized. "My name is Garry Devlin."

"Sa nice name," murmured Miss Berkeley, studying the firm sweep of his jaw. "How did you know me?"

Mr. Devlin's face grew radiant. "Whenever your pictures played Saint Paul, I'd see them several times a week. You—well, you helped me a lot with my work."

"Saint Paul," echoed the star. "Why, that's funny, Mr. Devlin, I come from Minneapolis."

"Then we're practically all one family."

"Well," admitted Miss Berkeley with becoming local pride, "it makes you a sort of poor relation, anyhow." By this time she had decided that he was too ruggedly good looking to be an actor. "Who are you signed with?" she fished.

"OH, I came out here for Blotts," said the young man, dismissing Joe with a wave of his hand, "but principally to see you. Do you know that your mouth is like an azalea bud?"

Brenda's lashes lowered to suddenly glowing cheeks. Any other man would have said something about rosebuds, but this one was different. "You sound as though you really meant it," she tinkled.

"I do," declared the ardent Mr. Devlin. "Everything about you is wonderful. Your voice, now—it throbs and caresses, and that

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little touch of huskiness gives it such an attractive quality."

"And don't you think it's weak and fragile?"

"Certainly not," said the cavalier, frowning at a waiter to sheer off. "It's soft and low, yes, but as much a part of you as those iris blue eyes. You—"

A boisterous hail from the main table made him turn a reluctant head, and then, in answer to the profuse beckoning of all the Blotts brothers, he escorted Brenda back to their former seats. The massive Joe draped an arm around his shoulders, and addressed the diners.

"AND this is the guy I mentioned," he gloated. "He can tell you anything you want to know—Mr. Garry Devlin—perfector of the first successful talking picture." He paused a moment, and then inserted the harpoon. "Owned and controlled by Blotts Brothers, Incorporated, and the rest of you fellows will have to make out with a punk imitation."

As Mr. Devlin commenced his speech, Miss Berkeley emerged slowly from her haze of rapture and faced the cold grey dawn of fact. So this was the scoundrel who threatened her career! This earnest stranger who had had her heart whirling within five minutes—was his invention going to ease her into the subtitles called "the shadowy corridor of oblivion"? Down the table she could see the scrambled features of Mr. Zoop, as he scowled like a venomous chipmunk. Abie was sore, and so, Brenda decided, was she.

She sat stonily until a splatter of lukewarm applause heralded the close of Mr. Devlin's remarks. The next moment he was leaning over the back of her chair.

"I'd like to take you home," he admitted.

Miss Berkeley's eyes glazed with hauteur. "So would a lot of others, Mr. Devlin."

He smiled disarmingly. "Of course; but I was wondering if you wouldn't give the favor to a newcomer. And the name is Garry."

Brenda, trying not to look directly at him, thaved in spite of herself. In the background hovered several rapacious beauties, each displaying the fullest intention of pouncing on the defenceless Mr. Devlin if he were set free. She drew the azalea bud into a provocative pout, and her voice was like the rustle of silk.

"All right, Garry, you win." Her triumphant gaze swept the platoon of thwarted damsels. "A stranger here needs someone to look after him unless he's old enough to be out of season."

Professor Oscar Pawle reposed with dignity in the Berkeley sun parlor, and meditated on the inconsistencies of fortune. He was a lank, dismal appearing man who would have made an excellent model for a statue of Bigotry, and although seemingly an undertaker's understudy, in reality belonged to the loose-lipped tribe that had begun to clutter up the film colony. When the panic started, he had been engaged in harassing a group of youthful Polacks at a school on the sooty fringes of Pittsburgh. Then, purchasing a Prince Albert and a gates-ajar collar that allowed his Adam's apple to gyrate freely, he trickled into Hollywood as a professor of tone expression.

The estimable professor, along with many of his species, including clergymen, social climbers, ham actors and congressmen who have made a free trip to Europe, labored under the delusion that all language should be neatly disguised by an illegitimate English accent. He recoiled from the raucous timbre of the Ohio and Wyoming dialects, while the Louisiana drawl gave him goose pimples.

He assembled a few remarks on this subject when Brenda made a timorous entrance. The first three lessons had taught her how to intone from the diaphragm, and also had equipped her with a highly gilded inferiority complex.

"Ah," said Professor Pawle, in a sepulchral voice, "my little sunbeam! Now then, Miss Berkeley, I want to hear an example of your chest tones."

The sunbeam proceeded to give an excellent imitation of wrestling with a severe case of the croup, and ended by gasping like a gaffed tuna.

"MARVELOUS," said the professor, who lied easily. "You have the correct idea regarding volume, but now we come to the more important matter of accent. Allow me to impress upon you that it is the surest sign of culture."

"Is that so?" inquired Brenda peevishly. "Well, I've been talking for over twenty years, and nobody ever misunderstood me."

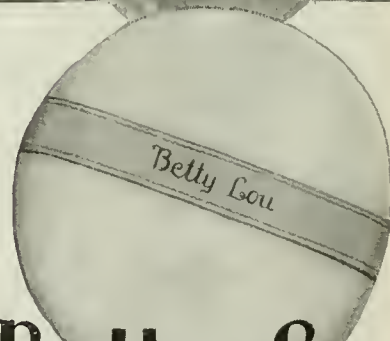


Jimmy Brown and his Pa. Otherwise, Mr. Clinton Hall, proud parent, visiting his son James Hall, popular Paramount leading man, in Hollywood. Jimmy ran away from home in boyhood and made good on the stage and screen. "I told you so!" remarks young James

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Joan Crawford, that feminine masterpiece, is here shown hitching a ride on the ten-ton truck that is needed to haul her fan mail to the Metro-Goldwyn studio ever since PHOTOPLAY published her life story and she crashed through for a touchdown in "Dancing Daughters"

The professor closed his eyes to denote martyrdom and then spoke in his richest Piccadilly. "You will endeavor to repeat after me the following sentence: Aw tomatwoties hawmful?"

"Are tomatwoties harmful," prattled Brenda. "Nothing like it," groaned the elocutionist. "You must lengthen your As and drop your Rs altogether."

"Do I have to say 'potawtotes,' too?" asked the star. "It sounds foolish."

"I haven't time to go into that now. Secondly, try this: Waitaw, send faw my caw."

"Say, listen," protested Brenda, "all that fancy stuff is no use to me. I play a sweetheart of the lumber camps in my next picture and what would I be doing with a car?"

"I didn't come here to discuss the social evil," said Professor Pawle, commencing to boil. "Mr. Zoop desires me to equip you for the future, so pay strict attention to me. Let me hear that sentence, please."

Miss Berkeley flapped her tonsils and tried again; then quailed before the expert's scornful eye.

"MY good woman," he said icily, "may I ask where you come from?"

"Minneapolis. What's it to you?" "And do you imagine that a producer would allow a Minnesota accent to run wild through his dramas?" The Professor pronounced it "drahmas," with a slight neighing effect.

"Why not?" countered Brenda. "It's as good as that phoney English one of yours."

"Rubbish," said the Professor. "You'll be a lady, or choke. Next: Hawness my hawss, Tom Mix, and also my hawt."

"Hawness my—oh, hell!" screamed Brenda, sprinkling her makeup with salty tears. "If I catch the bird who started this, I'll have him taken up an alley."

Then she checked herself, realizing that she was threatening someone who had become as necessary to her happiness as a news reel photographer at a Hollywood premiere. Her face crinkled into a forlorn smile as she glanced at Professor Pawle. "It's just my temperament," she told him, as he gaped at the sudden change, "and I'm ready to obey orders."

By the end of a month Miss Berkeley had

astounded the professor by her adenoidal acrobatics. Besides being able to imitate the artificial accents of the so-called best people, she could keep a flock of polysyllables in the air without appearing dubious as to their meaning.

Others were not finding it so easy, and some of the five pointed stars began to wish their educations had been rounded off a little better. The leaf-shadowed drives of Beverly Hills resounded to the mellow inflection of the stressed consonant.

During one of Garry Devlin's nightly visits, Brenda kissed him with the pride of ownership, and announced in her painfully acquired tones, "We start making 'Passion in the Pines' tomorrow, darling. My first talker—isn't it wonderful?"

Garry regarded her perplexedly. "Of course I'm glad to hear it, but you don't need to use that taw-taw voice with me. I'm afraid elocution's breaking out on you like the measles."

Brenda laughed airily. "I'm beginning to like it, and I guess I did sound rather common before. Why, Professor Pawle says my voice is as clear as a diamond."

"It is," admitted Garry, "but a diamond is hard and cold, too. I like your real one better, honey; it's like an opal—color and subdued fire. Why not use it now that you know how to get volume?"

"No," said Brenda obstinately, "it was quite coarse, really. The professor said so."

Garry laughed shakily, and held out his arms. "Well, I guess a fellow can't have everything. But speaking of diamonds, won't you let me get the ring tomorrow? I've waited long enough, dear."

Miss Berkeley's iris eyes blurred a trifle, then she nodded happily and tried to think of the correct cinema procedure in such cases. Not being able to remember, she simply snuggled in almost plebeian manner and forgot to wonder if her profile would register like a cameo.

**T**HREE months later Abie Zoop slouched in his chair and blinked unhappily at a young snowstorm of mail and telegrams that littered his desk. His pudgy features contorted themselves into the near-Napoleonic scowl



as he shifted his gaze to the glistening figure of Brenda Berkeley that was framed in the doorway.

"What's the trouble, Abie?" she inquired throatily.

"You should ask!" gulped Mr. Zoop, turning the color of pale ale. "Me and you is going to talk business, baby, and I want that you shouldn't have historics nor nothink when you hear the lowdown."

Brenda arched a well tweezed eyebrow. "Is that the way to talk to a lady?"

"Oi!" moaned Mr. Zoop, giving vent to his favorite diphthong. "Talk is what it's all about. Listen, Brenda, ten days ago we released 'Passion in the Pines' to our Eastern exhibitors."

"Good for you," said the star, brightening. "When is the West Coast showing? I'll wear—"

"Don't be so anxious," cautioned Abie. "When the picture was finished, I'll admit I thought it was the goods. Oi, has Brenda the classy voice, I tells myself. But it's the re-reaction of the public what counts, baby, and the public—your public—"

The blasé Miss Berkeley changed suddenly into the likeness of a frightened little girl "Why, Abie," she quavered, "what—?"

"On the desk," said Mr. Zoop, waving an aimless palm. "Just give a look at any of them squawks."

**B**REND A scurried across the room, and picked out a few sheets at random. The first was a telegram.

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Brenda flushed indignantly and inspected a typed communication on expensive paper headed by a crest.

"My dear Miss Berkeley:—

"We regret to inform you that you no longer hold the position of our favorite screen actress, as Dora Delura was voted your successor at yesterday's meeting. The principal reason for this change is, that after hearing Passion in the Pines, most of our members feel that your diction is not commensurate with the perhaps too roseate conception they entertained of your personality.

"CLASS OF 1932 — MASS. EMBALMERS COLLEGE"

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"Dear Miss Berkeley:—

"As one of your earnest admirers, I am writing to tell you how heart-broken I am after hearing your voice. It does not seem possible that the lovable child whose image I have cherished should be so artificial. Don't you think you could change?

"Your friend, ELIZABETH BROWN"

Brenda's face grew solemn. This woman, she knew, spoke for hundreds of her kind. Then the unreasoning anger of those who know themselves to be wrong took possession of her, and her mouth twisted ominously.

"That one's bad enough," said Mr. Zoop, leaning over her shoulder, "but that clippink is what sinks you. It's by one of them smart aleck New York crickets, not that they can make or break a picture, if you get me; but when they start snearkin, Brenda, it's time for the red light."

**M**ISS BERKELEY gazed mistily at the half column of metropolitan criticism, wincing from the uppercuts contained in certain sentences.

"Brenda Berkeley, hitherto the most saccharine portrayal of Our Nell, and who has

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battled successfully with every lustful heavy in the films, is now equipped with the additional armor of the broad A. . . . In the manner of Eliza crossing the ice, she flitted blithely from one broad A to another, although at times a bit fearful of splashing into the murky waters of her natural accent, if any . . . the audience roared when Miss Berkeley, playing the daughter of an Oregon woodsman, turned loose a line of talk that would have impressed a sentry at Buckingham Palace . . . so don't fail to hear that comic tear jerker, that anachronistic heroine, the Broad A Baby!"

"That last crack," lamented Mr. Zoop, "is what you call a slogan, and he's hung it on you. Hey, where you goink? Sit down, Brenda, we got to talk—"

"Let go of me, Abie," said the star. "I'll be back, but first I'm going to breeze over to Blotts Brothers, and see the fellow who thinks he's my fiancé." She did a little deft retouching and walked purposefully to the door, while Mr. Zoop appraised the stitching on her sports skirt.

"If there should be a fight," he yelled after her, "maybe you could sock him one for me, hey?"

Brenda drove rapidly to the Blotts stronghold three miles away on Sunset Boulevard, slammed her way through various outer rooms and proceeded to swamp the astounded Mr. Devlin with a flood of blistering comment.

"And not only did the picture flop, but they made fun of me," she ended. "Ridicule does a girl more harm than all the knocks in the world. Imagine calling me the Broad A Baby! It'll be on everybody's tongue in no time."

Garry tried to hide a smile. "Isn't it rather deserved, honey? Why, you're using your own voice right now, and it sounds so much nicer. I—"

Brenda's Killarney eyes glinted blue fire and her fingers curled into a fist that was more Burke than Berkeley.

"If you say 'I told you so,'" she warned, "I'll slap your face."

"I wasn't going to say that," said Garry gently. "What I had in mind was that if you'd marry me right away, you wouldn't have to bother about the public any longer."

"You!" cried Brenda wildly. "You and your machine are the reason for all this grief. You're ruining my career and hundreds of others."

"Do you think I'd marry you now?" She tugged frantically at her engagement ring, then it clinked musically on the desk. "That's what I think of you!"

For a second Garry's face wore a look of anguish, then it hardened into a mask of pride. "I'm sorry," he said briefly, and suddenly became interested in the view from his window.

The seething Miss Berkeley returned to the Stupefaction lot to find two worried gentlemen engaged in a huddle with Mr. Zoop. Both of them nodded carelessly, the loutish, cynical director and the dapper press agent who looked as though he could do with a little more sleep. Abie suspended operations long enough to grin reassuringly.

"You're through with them poor-but-honest rôles," he advised.

"You mean that I'm all washed up?"

"A fat chance," Abie beamed elatedly at his helpers. "We're sending out publicity that says 'Passion in the Pines' was your kidding farewell to your old parts, and that now, because of your natural, swell, high class accent, you'll be seen in nothink but society dramas. So dry those tears, Brenda."

The Broad A Baby blinked her lashes very fast and managed a wry little smile. "What tears? Well, anyway, Abie, why would I be crying if it wasn't for joy?"

easily through the opus, cheered by the inner glow of one who knows she is playing a part to the hilt. The derisive nickname clung to her, but not in the way Mr. Zoop had feared. The Broad A Baby had triumphed in the very shadow of defeat, and everyone spoke of her enviously, admiringly.

Everyone, that is, except the invisible Mr. Devlin. Brenda, whose anger had speedily faded into aching loneliness, drove her roadster with casual deliberation around and around the Blotts encampment. She maneuvered stealthily in the vicinity of Garry's bungalow on Canyon Drive, but with no more success than the police in a detective story.

And during working hours she was supposed to be romantic!

The irony of it was uppermost in her mind as she listened to the director outline the closing scene of the picture.

"Well, Brenda," said that gentleman, "it's the usual slop. After the millionaire exits, you walk to the window and part the curtains. Carlos comes up behind you, but you don't hear him. He touches your shoulder and says, 'Gwendolyn.' That's all—just Gwendolyn." He turned to the leading man. "Carlos, let me have that baritone tremble when you say it. Then, Brenda, you turn swiftly, give a cry of surprise and here's the gab to go with it." He read a sentence or two, which Miss Berkeley repeated carefully. "And when you clinch, I want that profile against his dark coat. All set?"

THE actors nodded, and moved to their appointed stations. The director distributed a few warning glances at the felt-shod electricians and technical men, then picked up a telephone connected with the recording expert.

The camera man, clad in a singlet and running pants, entered his suffocating, sound-proof booth and a little group of players seated themselves well out of camera range. The director spoke tensely into the mouthpiece. "Interlock!" he ordered, and an eerie stillness settled over the set.

The trim, clipped accents of the actors cut smartly through the blanket of quiet, as the scene proceeded. The downcast millionaire disappeared from the room, and Brenda walked slowly to the window. Carlos made his entrance and stole up behind her, until his hand rested on her shoulder. Miss Berkeley, counterfeiting emotion, wheeled suddenly, unloosing the cry of glad surprise as per instructions.

It ended in a little gasp of ecstasy. As she swung around, Brenda's eyes took in a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the complete stage, and they were riveted now on a tall figure that had risen silently from behind the cluster of idle character people. Garry Devlin, a bit thinner, but with grey eyes that yearned toward her in the way she knew so well.

TOO good a trouper to wreck a scene, Brenda, holding fast to her leading man, looked beyond him to Garry's outstretched arms and spoke her lines tremulously.

Forgetting to act, her real voice throbbled through the warm air like a muted violin, caressing, alluring, woven through with a delicious huskiness; giving life and color to the stilted words.

"It's you at last!" she crooned. "Oh, my dearest, never leave me again; life is so empty without you. And I love you so!"

"Carlos, old kid," remarked the director, as he made ready to leave, "you've been in the business a good while, but it's never too late to get a pointer."

"You know me," said the leading man interestedly. "Always ready to learn. What's the tip this time?"

The director studied his watch. "It's an hour since we quit," he said reflectively, "but that isn't long to some people. Oh, the tip? Just sneak out on the set and take another look at the fellow who's kissing the Broad A Baby."



## Don't Envy the Stars

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92 ]

A change comes over them all when they become stars. The criticism they undergo makes them lead strained, unnatural lives. Their every gesture is cause for comment. Everyone waits with bated breath for that moment when they can be accused of wearing a tall Kelly. The conscientious ones, poor dears, struggle to keep up a genial air. They may not thumb their noses at the public. They are in the same position as the sales woman who confides that "that hat looks so chick on you, dearie" when she knows you look a fright.

**FLORENCE VIDOR** will give out no interviews about her romance, nor her marriage with Jascha Heifetz. Eleanor Boardman will not be photographed with, nor speak about her baby for publication. Both of these stars claim that they have a right to a personal life.

Yet have they? One unalterable fact remains: they knew what they were getting into when they entered pictures.

So don't envy the stars. Most of them have their troubles. Even Billy Haines has suffered a change. He isn't the gay, wise-cracking kid he used to be. They all start out fresh and agog and glowing. They end up as public servants with the simple pleasures denied them.

They cannot sup, nor shop, nor stroll, without being surrounded by fans.

They strive so hard to be good fellows, to please everybody, yet even if they succeed in impressing the public with their genial manners, they are doubly harassed, called upon for everything. They may not be natural; they must simply be stars. And as stars, they are, for the most part, miserable and discontented.

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 ]

**M. A. T., CHICAGO, ILL.**—It's a fascinating and romantic story, but I'm afraid your friend is not the long-lost mother of Vilma Banky. Vilma has a father and mother in Budapest and she was born Jan. 9, 1903, not Oct. 24. Also she was born in Nagydorog, near Budapest, not in Presburg. And she was too young to have served as a nurse during the World War. I am sorry to disappoint your friend, who is evidently sincere, but I am afraid she has made a mistake. Why doesn't she take up the case with the Hungarian consul in your city?

**H. B., DAYTON, O.**—So here's an answer to that strange rumor about Davey Lee's death! With your permission, I'll print part of your letter just to enlighten other "fans" who asked about Sonny Boy. "Some one told me that it was announced over the radio that his (Davey Lee's) parents had requested that 'Sonny Boy' should not be sung any more because the little boy had died." Now will some correspondent tell the Answer Man what

announcer made such a statement and what radio station broadcast such a false report? And will some one also please tell the Answer Man how the rumor started that Clara Bow had died of the flu?

**MOVIE BILL, ENGLEWOOD, N. J.**—Yes, you're right. Glenn Tryon played in two-reelers for Hal Roach before he became a high-falutin' comic in feature length pictures. Don't know what lady of the cinema makes the most jack per week. I don't have mercenary thoughts when I am looking at the bee-yew-tiful girls.

**W. B., TRENTON, N. J.**—Sorry I can't guide you to a job in the movies. Nor can I tell you authors how to sell scenarios. Nor can I give girls advice on how to become actresses. Have a heart; I'm only human.

**CONSTANCE A., BRIGHTON, ENGLAND.**—It was a man, not an ape, in "The Leopard



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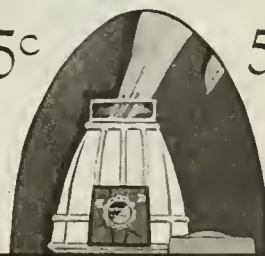
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Lady,” although no screen credit was given to the actor in the cast. Hope I haven't kept you in suspense.

P. P. B., DAYTONA, FLA.—Wallace Beery was *Professor Challenger* in “The Lost World.” Nancy Carroll was the girl you liked in “Manhattan Cocktail.”

A. M., TOMAHAWK, WIS.—So you're out after my scalp? Corinne Griffith is five feet, three inches tall and is thirty-two years old. That's her real name and she is married to Walter Morosco. Gwen Lee is a great big girl—five feet, seven inches tall.

B. D. Y., KNOXVILLE, ILL.—The old picture from PHOTOPLAY is one of Joan Crawford who first came to the screen under her real name of Lucille Le Sueur. It takes a red-haired girl to be smart. Nils Asther is twenty-six years old, six feet, one-half inch tall and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He is divorced. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

V. B., TORONTO, CANADA.—Dorothy Mackaill was born Dorothy Mackaill in Hull, England. She's twenty-four years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. Write to her at the First National Studio, Burbank, Calif.

L. B., ROCKFORD, ILL.—Monte Blue is very much an American; he has Indian blood. He's thirty-eight years old and married to Tova Jensen. Leila Hyams is married to Phil J. Berg.

TERESA, CLEVELAND, O.—If Lupe Velez is a typical Spanish girl, then I am going to sail for Spain on the next boat. Lupe was born in Mexico City, July 18, 1909. She has black hair and dark brown eyes and is five feet, two inches tall. Her weight is 112 pounds. Write to her at the United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa, Hollywood, Calif.

M. A., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—Fay Wray is a Canadian—born in Alberta, Sept. 15, 1907. Sure, I've met Gary Cooper. He's a great big fellow with broad shoulders.

BETTY LEE, WATERTOWN, N. Y.—Do you think that one old man will be able to handle all your mail? Just to show you how kind-hearted I am, here is a notice for your scrapbook. Mrs. Milton Sills (Doris Kenyon) was born in Syracuse, N. Y. Clara's birthday is in July, not August. James Murray is twenty-six years old, has light brown hair and brown eyes and is not married. His address is the Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif. Ramon Novarro is twenty-nine years old with dark brown hair and brown eyes. And single. Write to him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. Richard Arlen is about twenty-nine years old and has dark brown hair and blue gray eyes. He is married to Jobyna Ralston. Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

MARY A., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lars Hanson played the *Rev. Dimmesdale* in “The Scarlet Letter.” And he was leading man for Greta Garbo in “The Divine Woman.” Mr. Hanson is now in Sweden. It was Einar Hansen who was killed in California.

Q. L. B. D., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Lois Wilson and Bebe Daniels also played in “Monsieur Beaucaire.” Gladys Brockwell played the old manie of a sister in “Seventh Heaven.” William Boyd's hair is very blond. Goodness, he's a young fellow and his hair won't turn white for years and years. As for the lady whose age you question, she is thirty years old. PHOTOPLAY has records of her career from its humble beginnings and her age, as given, is correct. Don't be cynical.

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**Gloria Swanson**

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There were scores of others, too, great and small—all serving humbly as Cecil the Great dished out the rôles. There has been nothing like that troupe in the history of the cinema. It stood, and still stands, alone.

**G**EORGE LOANE TUCKER has just created his "Virtuous Wives," following "The Cinderella Man." Anita Stewart and Conway Tearle have the leads. What a movie!

**L**EW CODY, scented and silken, has just founded the short lived school of male vamps.

Here are pictures of him—sneering at Gladys Brockwell, kissing Mildred Harris (poor pale flower!) on the neck, looking devilish. He tells our Adela Rogers St. Johns all about it.

"A male vampire exists," says Mr. Cody, leering, "because all women want to be a man's last love, not his first. Women dislike amateurs. They don't care to be practiced on."

**H**ERE'S a full-page picture of Evelyn Greeley . . . we remember a Horace Greeley, but an Evelyn? . . . Tom Ince telling about the early days at Kay-Bee. . . . Constance and Faire Binney are "racing for stardom," says a story by Arabella Boone. . . . The Binneys are now devoted to matrimony in a big society way. . . . Wally Reid's new picture is "The Dub." . . . How young and clean and handsome he looks. . . . Nina Byron is his leading woman. . . . A middle Western exhibitor advertised a film of Ibsen's "A Doll's House" as "a treat for the kiddies."

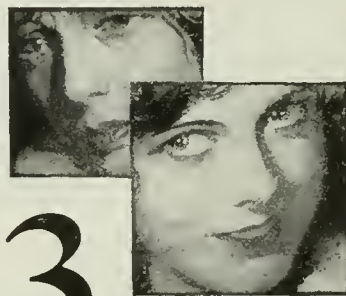
. . . King Baggott is still a hero . . . remember that darling strip of white hair on the front of his head? . . . Gahy Deslys has just sent over a picture from France. . . . It is called "Infatuation," and is pretty terrible, if you ask us. . . . The soldiers are back from the wars . . . Rex Ingram, Tom Forman, Eddie Sutherland, Capt. Norman Kerry, and Bert Lytell. . . . Alma Rubens is working in a Russian picture. . . . Griffith is about to film "The Chink and the Child," by Thomas Burke, with Barthelmess and Lil Gish. . . . We know it is as the immortal "Broken Blossoms." . . . The courts have officially allowed Samuel Goldfish to change it to Samuel Goldwyn. . . . Bushman and Bayne are in "The Poor Rich Man," a Metro picture . . . and Maurice Costello is doing "The Captain's Captain."

**G**ERTRUDE, LONG BEACH—Believe us, Marguerite Clark is NOT dead. Let's hear from you again, Gertie!

**LIBERTY BELL**—It's time to ring again! Dorothy Gish is 20, Norma Talmadge, 22; Billie Burke, 33; Wally Reid, 27; Doug Fairbanks, 36.

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## Looking on the Dark Side of Life

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39 ]

"That was straight from the soul of an artist. That was the divine unrest. No copy-book, namby-pamby phrase, this.

It is impossible, however, to carry on a relevant conversation with Farina, who has a southern accent for all his New England birth. He is too artistic to continue long on one subject and too cautious to plumb the depths of any given thesis. His mood changes momentarily and there seems nothing to be done.

Suddenly he questioned me, "Boy! Have you ever been to a banquet?"

I nodded.

"Boy! I bet you didn't eat for a week. The gang went to a banquet when we were in vaudeville. I didn't do nothin' but eat. I

didn't listen to no speeches. I just looked like I wuz listenin'."

Although he is as dutiful as a June bride, there is something of the Prometheus spirit about Farina. Perhaps life bores him a trifle, perhaps he longs to go his way unhampered by "do's" and "don't's" from various kinsfolk.

Pictures he dismisses with a word, "They're O. K." I'm afraid they bore him. The rest of the business of living is taken as a matter of course.

Farina, like the true pessimist, does not seek happiness, therefore he is not disappointed when tragedy comes. He does look on the dark side of life, which is the only attitude of a real artist.



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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**PROWLERS OF THE SEA**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Devastating effects of a beautiful Cuban girl on the morale of a Navy officer. (September.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

**RANSOM**—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

**\*RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

**RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia.—Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**\*REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE GOP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

**RIVER WOMAN, THE**—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

**ROAD HOUSE**—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

**\*ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SALLY'S SHOULDERS**—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SAWDUST PARADISE, THE**—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

**SAY IT WITH SABLES**—Columbia.—Heigh-ho! Another gold-digger story. (September.)

**SCARLET LADY, THE**—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

**\*SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

**SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**—First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHADY LADY, THE**—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

**SHIP COMES IN, A**—Pathe-De Mille.—How patriotism comes to an immigrant family. (Sept.)

**SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE**—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**SILENT SENTINEL, THE**—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

**SILENT SHELDON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**\*SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

**SINGLE MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Ailen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

**\*SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIN TOWN**—Pathe.—Just a poor Western. (Oct.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKIRTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Syd Chaplin in a soggy British comedy. (September.)

**SMALL TOWN SINNERS**—Hugo Brahn.—German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

**SMILIN' GUNS**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

**SOMME, THE**—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

**SPEED CHAMPION, THE**—Rayart.—If you can get steamed up over the adventures of a grocery boy. (September.)

**SPEED CLASSIC, THE**—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOOL PIGEON**—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

**STOP THAT MAN**—Universal.—Arthur Lake in a comedy that's a riot of fun. Watch this lad! (September.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Backstage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE**—Excellent.—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

**SUBMARINE**—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

**TAKE ME HOME**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**TAXI 13**—FBO.—Chester Conklin in the funny adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

**\*TERROR, THE**—Warners.—Mystery stuff, well presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)

**THAT PARTY IN PERSON**—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)



**THREE RING MARRIAGE**—First National.—Heart interest and comedy in an original story of circus life. (September.)

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**THUNDERCLOUD, THE**—Anchor.—A good scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE**—Gotham.—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TOP SERGEANT MULLIGAN**—Anchor.—Fair enough war hurlesque but enough's enough. (Sept.)

**TRACKED**—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

**TRAIL OF COURAGE, THE**—FBO.—Cactus epic and simply terrible. (September.)

**TYRANT OF RED GULCH**—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**—Universal.—Originally reviewed in January. Sound effects have increased its box-office value. (Oct.)

**UNEASY MONEY**—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

**VARSITY**—Paramount.—The more sentimental side of life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Brian will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

**VEILED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VIRGIN LIPS**—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

**\*WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE**—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE**—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellent scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**WHAT A NIGHT!**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

**WHILE THE CITY SLEEPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney *ou naturel*. Swell crook story. (September.)

**WHIP, THE**—First National.—Dorothy Mackaill in an English sporting melodrama that just misses being thrilling. (September.)

**WIN THAT GIRL**—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE**—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Baclanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

**\*WOMAN DISPUTED, THE**—United Artists.—Norma Talmadge and Gilbert Roland are excellent in a stirring drama of Central Europe during the war. (September.)

**WOMAN FROM MOSCOW, THE**—Paramount.—Pola Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

**\*WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT**—Warners.—Charming Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

**WRIGHT IDEA, THE**—First National.—But gone wrong. (Oct.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)

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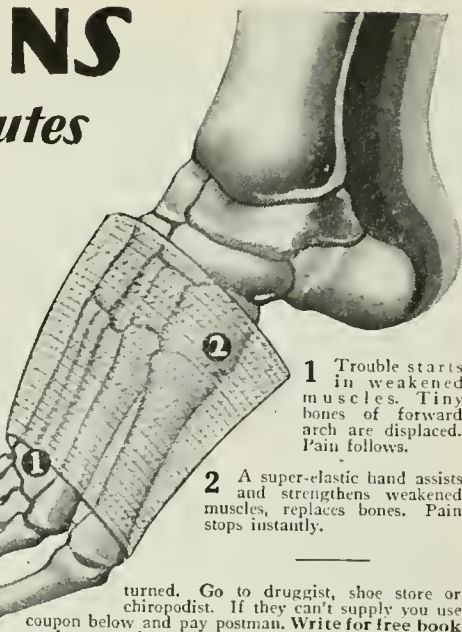
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALL-AMERICAN, THE"—SUPREME.—From the story by Ronald de Gastro. Adapted by Ronald de Gastro. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Charlie Paterson, Charlie Paddock; Mary Brown, Julianne Johnstone; Coach Regan, Harvey Clarke; Assistant Coach, Donald Stuart; Harold Fellows, Jack Selwyn; Grandpa Brown, Emil Chautard; Man-About-Town, Crauford Kent; Professor, Richard Pennell; Physical Instructress, Eileen Manning; Balfor Champ, Bob Maxwell; French Champ, Raoul Paoli.*

"ALL AT SEA"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Byron Morgan. Continuity by Ann Price and Byron Morgan. Directed by Alf. Goulding. The cast: *Olaf Jensen, Karl Dane; Rollo The Great, George K. Arthur; Shirley Page, Josephine Dunn; Shirley's Father, Herbert Prior.*

"BLACK HILLS, THE"—DAKOTA.—From the story by Ravenal Anderson. Continuity by Sol Lowman. Directed by Norman Dawn. The cast: *Edith Bidwell, Susan Denis; Jack Merrill, George Fisher; Dude McGee, Bob Webster; Lizzie McGee, Aldine Webb; Soapy, George Chandler; King, Roy Daw.*

"BLOKKADE"—FBO.—From the story by Louis Sarecky and John Twist. Continuity by Harvey Thew. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Bess, Anna Q. Nilsson; Vincent, Wallace MacDonald; Gwynn, James Bradbury, Sr.; Hayden, Walter McGrail.*

"BROADWAY FEVER"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore. Continuity by Lois Leeson. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Sally McAllister, Sally O'Neil; Eric Byron, Roland Drew; Lila Leroy, Corliss Palmer; Buller, Calvert Carter.*

"CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE"—CHES-TERFIELD.—From the story by Wilfred Noy. Directed by Wilfred Noy. Photography by M. A. Andersen. The cast: *Jean Benton, Helen Foster; Henry Lord, Charles Gerrard; Arthur Rowland, Cornelius Keefe; Lucy Bishop, Alice Lake; Tony Benton, Ray Hallor; The Judge, Fred Walton; Prosecuting Atty., Jack Tanner.*

"CLEAR THE DECKS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by E. J. Rath. Continuity by Earl Snell and Gladys Lehman. Directed by Joseph Henabery. The cast: *Trask, Reginald Denny; Sydney, Olive Hasbrouck; Nurse, Lucien Littlefield; Pussycat, Otis Harlan; Blondie, Colette Merton; Trumbull, Brooks Benedict; Mate, Robert Anderson; Aunt, Elinor Leslie.*

"COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Jack Townley. Adapted by Earl Snell. Directed by William J. Craft. Photography by Al Jones. The cast: *Mr. Cohen, George Sidney; Mrs. Cohen, Vera Gordon; Mr. Kelly, Mack Swain; Mrs. Kelly, Kate Price; Pat Kelly, Jr., Cornelius Keefe; Miss Rosie Cohen, Nora Lane; Miss Rosenberg, Virginia Sale; Murderer, Tom Kennedy.*

"DIPLOMATS, THE"—FOX MOVIE-TONE.—From the story by Arthur Caesar and Clark McCullough. Scenario by Arthur Caesar. Directed by Norman Taurog. Photography by Ben Kline. The cast: *Two Diplomats, Clark and McCullough; Princess, Marguerite Churchill; Prime Minister, Andreas de Seguroa; Countess, Cissy Fitzgerald; King, John Sainpolis; 1st Intelligence Officer, John Baston; 2nd Intelligence Officer, Andre Cheron; Steward, Joe Marba.*

"DESERT NIGHTS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by John T. Neville. Adapted by Dale Van Every. Directed by William Nigh. The cast: *Hugh Rand, John Gilbert; Steve, Ernest Torrence; Diana, Mary Nolan.*

"DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Half an Hour" by Sir James M. Barrie. Adapted by William C. DeMille. Directed by William C. DeMille. The cast: *Lillian Garson, Ruth Chatterton; Richard Garson, H. B. Warner; Hugh Paton, John Loder; Dr. Brodie, Robert Edeson; Mr. Redding, Wilfred Noy; Mrs. Redding, Ethel Wales; Susie, Nancy Price; Walters, Frank Finch-Smiths.*

"DRIFTER, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Oliver Drake and Robert De Lacy. Continuity by George W. Piper. Directed by Robert De Lacy. The cast: *Tom McCall, Tom Mix; Ruth Martin, Dorothy Dwan; Happy Hogan, Barney Furey; Pete Lawson, Al Smith; "Uncle" Abe, Ernest Wilson; Seth Martin, Frank Austin; Hank, Joe Rickson; Henchman, Wynn Mace.*

"FLOATING COLLEGE, THE"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Stuart Anthony. Continuity by Stuart Anthony. Directed by George Crone. Photography by Harry Jackson. The cast: *Pat Bixby, Sally O'Neil; George Dewey, William Collier, Jr.; Frances Bixby, Georgia Hale; The Dean, Harvey Clark; Snug, Georgie Harris; Nathan Bixby, E. J. Ratcliffe; Miss Cobbs, Virginia Sale.*

"FUGITIVES"—FOX.—From the story by Richard Harding Davis. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by William Beaudine. The cast: *Alice*

*Corroll, Madge Bellamy; Dick Starr, Don Terry; Jimmy, Arthur Stone; Al Barrow, Earle Foxe; Earl Rand, Mathew Betz; Uncle Ned, Lumsden Hare; Mame, Jean Laverty; Mrs. Corroll, Edith Yorke; Scal, the Rat, Hap Ward.*

"GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Marion Jackson. Directed by Albert Rogell. The cast: *Pat O'Leary, Ken Maynard; Alice Harper, Gladys McConnell; Gus Lynch, Frank Hagney; Horse-Collar Keller, Les Bates; Billy Keller, James Bradbury, Jr.; Jimmy Bacon, Billy Francey; High Wolf, Chief Yowlache.*

"HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Donn Byrne. Scenario by Carey Wilson. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Officer Thomas McCarthy, Milton Sills; Anna Janssen, Dorothy Mackail; Alostair de Vries, Gladden James; "Patty" Fargo, Jed Prouty; Means, Sidney Bracey; Lovers Smythe, Gertrude Howard; Baby Meyers, Marion Byron; Howard Donegan, George Fawcett; Judge of the Court, William Holden; District Attorney, Frank Reicher; Governor of the Island, August Tolaire.*

"JAZZLAND"—QUALITY.—From the story by Samuel Merwin. Continuity by Ada McQuillan. Directed by Dallas Fitzgerald. The cast: *Stella Boggott, Vera Reynolds; Homer Pew, Carroll Nye; Hamilton Pew, Forrest Stanley; Ernest Hallam, Bryant Washburn; Martha Boggott, Virginia Lee Corbin; Kitty Pew, Violet Bird; Joe Bitner, Carl Stockdale; Wilbraham, Edward Cecil; Nedick, George Raph; Jackson, Nicholas Caruso; Mrs. Baggott, Florence Turner; Mr. Baggott, Dick Belfield.*

"LITTLE SAVAGE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Frank Howard Clark. Continuity by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Louis King. Photography by Virgil Miller. The cast: *Red, Buzz Barton; Hank, Milburn Morante; Baby, Willard Boehner; Kitty, Patricia Palmer; Norton, Sam Nelson; Blake, Ethan Laidlaw.*

"LOOPING THE LOOP"—UFA-PARAMOUNT.—From the scenario by Arthur Robison and Robert Liebmann. Directed by Arthur Robison. Photography by Carl Hoffmann. The cast: *The Clown, Werner Krauss; The Girl, Jenny Jugo; The Artist, Warwick Ward.*

"LUCKY BOY"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story by Viola Brothers Shore. Directed by Norman Taurog and Charles C. Wilson. Photography by Harry Jackson and Frank Zukor. The cast: *Georgie Jessel, George Jessel; Momma Jessel, Rosa Rosanova; Poppa Jessel, William K. Strauss; Eleanor, Margaret Quimby; Mrs. Ellis, Gwen Lee; Mr. Ellis, Richard Tucker; Mr. Trent, Gayne Whitman; Becky, Mary Doran.*

"MANHATTAN KNIGHTS"—EXCELLENT.—From the story by Adeline Leitzbach. Directed by Burton King. Photography by Eddie Kull and Walter Haas. The cast: *Margaret, Barbara Bedford; Robert Ferris, Walter Miller; James Barton, Ray Hallor; Henry Ryder, Crauford Kent; Chick Watson, Eddie Bolland; Julia, Betty Worth; Duke Mellis, Noble Johnson; Barry, Joe Burke; Guiseppi, Leo White.*

"NOTHING TO WEAR"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Peter Milne. Continuity by Peter Milne. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Joe Walker. The cast: *Jackie Standish, Jacqueline Logan; Phil Standish, Theodore Von Eltz; Tommy Butler, Bryant Washburn; Irene Hawley, Jane Winton; Detective, William Irving; Maid, Edythe Flynn.*

"MY MAN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Mary Canfield. Scenario by Robert Lord. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. Photography by Frank Kesson. The cast: *Fannie Brand, Fannie Brice; Joe Halsey, Guinn Williams; Edna Brand, Edna Murphy; Landau, Andreas De Seguroa; Waldo, Richard Tucker; Thorne, Arthur Hoyt; Sammy, Billy Seay; Mrs. Schultz, Ann Brody; Forelady, Clarissa Selwynne.*

"OUTLAWED"—FBO.—From the story by George W. Piper. Continuity by George W. Piper. Directed by Eugene Forde. Photography by Norman Davol. The cast: *Tom Manning, Tom Mix; Ann, Sally Blane; Seth, Frank M. Clark; Dervish, Al Smith; McCasky, Ethan Laidlaw; Sagebrush, Barney Furey; Sheriff, Al Ferguson.*

"PREP AND PEP"—FOX.—From the story by John Stone. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Cyril Rade, David Rollins; Dorothy Marsh, Nancy Drexel; "Flash" Wells, John Darrow; Col. John Marsh, E. H. Calvert; Bunker Hill, Frank Albertson; Coach, Robert Peck.*

"REDEEMING SIN, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by L. V. Jefferson. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Joan Villaire, Dolores Costello; Dr. Raoul Deboise, Conrad Nagel; A Sewer Rat, Georgie Stone; Petite, Phillippe De Lacy; Father Colomb, Lionel Belmore; Lupine, Warner Richmond; Mitsi, Nina Quataro.*

"RESCUE, THE"—GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Joseph Conrad. Scenario by Elizabeth Meehan. Directed by Herbert Brenon. Photography by George Barnes. The cast: *Tom Lingard, Ronald Colman; Lady Edith Trotter, Lily*





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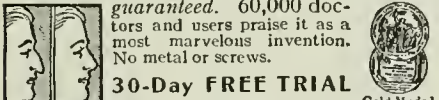
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"RIVER, THE"—FOX.—From the story by Tristram Tupper. Scenario by Philip Klein and Dwight Cummins. Directed by Frank Borzage. Photography by Ernest Palmer. The cast: Allen John Pender, Charles Farrell; Rosalee, Mary Duncan; Sam Thompson, Ivan Linow; Marsdon, Alfredo Sabato; Widow Thompson, Margaret Mann; The Miller, Bert Woodruff.

"SATANESQUE"—SPARTA.—From the story by John Reinhardt. Directed by John Reinhardt. Photography by John P. Whalen. The cast: Count Umberto Della Saradesca, Jack Hoyle; Count Guido Saradesca, Norman Trevor; Felipe, F. Schumann-Heink; Luigi, Alexis Demetrius; Cresio, Florence Allen.

"SKY SKIDDER, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Val Cleveland. Adapted by Val Cleveland. Directed by Bruce Mitchell. Photography by William Adams. The cast: Al Simpkins, Al Wilson; Stella Hearn, Helen Foster; Silas Smythe, Wilbur McGaugh; Bert Beetle, Pee Wee Holmes.

"SQUARE SHOULDERS"—PATHE.—From the story by George Dromgold, Houston Branch and Peggy Prior. Adapted by George Dromgold, Houston Branch and Peggy Prior. Directed by E. Mason Hopper. Photography by Dave Abel. The cast: Slag, Louis Wolheim; Tad, Junior Coghlan; Eddie, Philippe De Lacy; Mary Jane, Anita Louise; Cartwright, Montague Shaw; Hook, Johnny Morris; Delicate Don, Kewpie Morgan; Commandant, Clarence Geldert.

"TROPICAL NIGHTS"—TIFFANY-STAHL.—From the story, "A Raid on the Oyster Pirates," by Jack London. Continuity by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Elmer Clifton. Photography by John Boyle. The cast: Mary Hale, Patsy Ruth Miller; Jim, Malcolm McGregor; Harvey, Ray Hallor; Snavon, Wallace McDonald; Singapore Joe, Russell Simpson.

"TROPIC MADNESS"—FBO.—From the story by Ramon Romeo. Continuity by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Robert Vignola. The cast: Juanito, Leatrice Joy; Koki, Lena Malena; Henderson, Geo. Barrand; Johnson, Henry Sedley; Lennox, Albert Valentino; Frankie, David Durand.

"UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS"—UNIVERSAL.—Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: Patiti, Patiti Warbrick; Miro, Witarina Mitchell; Rangi, Hoana Keepea; Anu, Ani Warbrick; Te, Kahu, Apirihana Wiari; Paiaoka, Te Paiaaka; Tamani, the fat carver, Paora Tamati; Eura, carver's wife, Ewa Tapiri.

"WILD ORCHIDS"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by John Colton. Adapted by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by Sidney Franklin. Photography by Wm. Daniels. The cast: Lillie Sterling, Greta Garbo; John Sterling, Lewis Stone; Prince de Gace, Nils Asther.

"WOLF SONG"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Harvey Fergusson. Adapted by John Farrow. Directed by Victor Fleming. The cast: Sam Lash, Gary Cooper; Lola Salazar, Lupe Velaz; Gullion, Louis Wolheim; Rube Thatcher, Constantine Romanoff; Don Solomon Salazar, Michael Vavitch; Duenna, Ann Brody; Ambrosia Guiterrez, Russell Colombo; Louisa, Augustina Lopez; Black Wolf, George Rigas.

"YELLOWBACK, THE"—FBO.—From the story by James Oliver Curwood. Continuity by John Twist. Directed by Jerome Storm. Photography by Phil Tannura. The cast: O'Mora, Tom Moore; Elsie, Irma Harrison; Jules, Tom Santschi; Pelcon, Wm. Martin; McDougal, Lionel Belmore.



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## Girls' Problems

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**IRENE:**  
I think that you should frankly ask the boy in question about this other girl. Really, it is the only way to know, and it is the only way in which you can be fair both to yourself and to him.

**FLUFFY:**  
By all means do not consider dyeing your hair. It sounds very lovely, as it is. And remember that a good permanent will not hurt the hair—but the permanent must be skillfully done.

**CARMEN:**  
No, you are not overweight—in fact, I think your weight is just about right. But I do think that you wear your dresses too short. I don't blame people for taking you to be a child. Your method of hair arrangement sounds charming and original.



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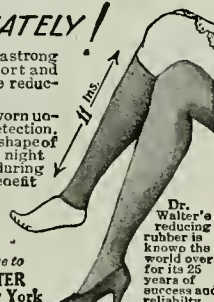
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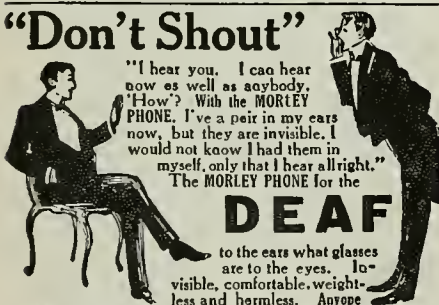
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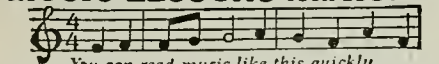


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**MARIE:**  
Yes, you are overweight—almost twenty pounds overweight, in fact. I think that you should seriously consider dieting, and you should certainly read my booklet on weight reduction, which will help you to diet wisely. If you were slimmer, with your coloring you would be of a decidedly exotic type.

**CAROLYN L.:**  
You also are overweight—I should say you are ten pounds too heavy. But your case is not so serious as Marie's! My suggestion to her will do nicely for you.

If your hair is becoming when worn long, and you have gone through the troublesome "growing-in" period, I think you would be silly to cut it again. By all means wear it done up.

**DOLLY:**  
You are not very much overweight—in fact, good hearty exercise is all that a girl of your age needs to keep her weight right. Dancing is one of the best exercises you could have incidentally, and you like it.

**FRITZIE:**  
Your trouble is a common one—you are self-conscious. Try to be natural with other people, to express clearly to them the thoughts that you carry in your mind.

**G. T.:**  
Your hair is a chestnut tinged brown, and is very pretty. You are right in being proud of it and taking good care of it. Do not neglect brushing it, even though it seems oily. Constant brushing will tend to lessen the oil instead of promoting it.

**M. K. H.:**  
You deserve a good spanking. And you don't deserve a good husband. I think you should look at the man to whom you are married with real gratitude. I know of hundreds of women who would gladly change places with you.

**RUFUS:**  
Yellow eyes have always seemed to me the loveliest of all—because they are so rare, I suppose. In your case I would certainly dress in a manner to emphasize such an asset. I'd comb my hair back from my face, to give my eyes full play, and at night use just a dash of mascara on those curly black lashes. Being dark and sal-low your best colors are: amber, yellow, orchid, burgundy, all pinks, cream and ivory white.

**"BROKEN HEARTED":**  
I think the reason for your lack of popularity with the boys is the fact that you are far too self-conscious. In fact your self-consciousness amounts almost to conceit. Certainly you are foolish in not dancing with boys that are shorter than you. You are only accenting your height by being so over careful.

**CHERRY:**  
Don't tell yourself that you are going to lose the boy after a few dates. Convince yourself that you are going to keep him and you will.

The mental thing is quite important in your case. Try, by all means, to be more tolerant and less overbearing in your conversation. That is important. And don't think that you need relax in any of your high ideals. You are quite right in your attitude toward boys and their relations to you.

**L. S.:**  
If you have a radio or a phonograph do exercise with their help. The bending exercises will be especially beneficial. Be as natural and unaffected with the boys as you are with the girls. And you will no longer be a social failure. As to colors—shades of green and brown will be the best answer to your problem. Especially Nile green and beige.

**LILLIAN LEE I.:**  
Apply rouge far out on your cheeks, towards your ears. Make a smooth surface that follows the far line of the cheek. This will make your face seem plumper. Blue, violete, lacquer red—you will be lovely in them. But no color will be absolutely unbecoming to you. You are wearing your hair in the best possible fashion. No, you are not underweight.

**TRIXIE:**  
If you must wear blue, you will be sweetest in the powder shade. You will be lovelier, though, in orange, yellow, lipstick red and kindred colors. Your fair skin, with your dark hair and eyes, should lend a lovely contrast.

**M. J.:**  
The moles can only be safely removed by the treatment of a skin specialist. Have you tried covering them with a liquid powder?

**MOLLY:**  
The popularity that grows out of "petting" is a false and cheap popularity. Holding yourself away from commonness will pay in the end. Men seldom marry the girls who are too ready to "pet."

**"QUESTIONNAIRE":**  
Shades of blue will be your most becoming colors. Especially the glorious shades that are being worn this year. You are also one of the few women who can wear the shades of purple and lavender that Paris this year is sponsoring.

**ELEANOR:**  
You are not overweight—in fact you are underweight. Don't let any one tell you you are too heavy, for it is not so.

**"DEVOTED ADMIRER":**  
Don't worry about being shy and self-conscious—I am sure that it enhances your charm. The fact that you have attracted one young man proves that you are not lacking in appeal.

**RUTH:**  
Read popular books and keep up with current events. This should help you carry on interesting conversation with the other sex. Remember, however, that the most popular girl is often the girl who is the best listener. Cultivate this habit.

## Absent Without Leave

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53 ]

him to school, he attended Eton where he was put in the same house with young Prince Henry. At Eton His Highness was plain Henry Windsor who had no special privileges. "They're rather shy, all the royal family," said Loder. "Shy and blond and charming. Henry used to invite us to his room in the afternoon for tea and talk. The tea was excellent. The talk rather bromidic, I'm afraid. There was the latest news about football to be gone over and much about rowing. Affairs of

state bored us and their discussion was considered in poor taste.

"We never thought of Henry as a prince. He was fairly good in his studies, better at sports, and always quiet.

"There was great excitement when the Prince of Wales came from Oxford to visit on Sunday afternoons. He used to drive down in an open sports car (always alone, for he is a lonely fellow) and we boys hung out the window to see him.



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"Oh, mind you, we weren't entranced because he was successor to the throne, but merely because he was from Oxford. All Eton boys respect Oxford men and look up to them. "Sometimes Prince Henry invited us to have tea with his brother and, when questioned enough, he would regale us with fine tales of life at Oxford."  
Loder paused to ask the waitress at the restaurant where we were lurching what buckwheat cakes were. He decided to take a chance.

"WE really love our royalty in England," he continued. "They are a symbol of something fine and substantial. They are the nation. Strangely enough, even the poorest of us or even those with political differences, respect them."

"On the very day that I was going to Hollywood I passed by Buckingham Palace in a cab. The King was just coming out of the gate for his morning canter and the cab driver stopped, open-mouthed. That man was, no doubt, a socialist. He had probably shouted no end of times, 'To 'ell with kings,' yet he stopped and took off his hat and waited until the King of England had passed. And he was impressed. He found himself in the presence of the British Empire!"

He paused, turning a ring on his finger. The ring had been taken from a captured Bedouin sheik.

"King George is a simple, kindly man. He visited Eton while I was there and I was one of those chosen to be in his guard of honor. Taught as I was to conceal my feelings, I didn't let anyone know how excited I was. We drew up at attention and he passed down the line to speak to each of us."

"His words were far from brilliant, but I shall never forget them. He asked me in what house I was. 'Ah,' said he, 'Henry is in that house. Is he a good student?'"

When Loder left school, Henry bade him an English farewell. It is done by placing a right hand on a left shoulder. The prince was younger than Loder and remained while John went away to war as one of the King's hussars. It was during the war that he met Wales riding alone in Suez. He saw him again, alone, behind the lines in France. They talked of England and their homesickness.

Even then Loder was not finished with royalty. On a military mission to Germany, after the war, he was thrown in contact with the cousins of the Windsors, the German princes. He found that they had the same shy manner that characterized the English family.

AT this time a theatrical career had not entered young John's head. He knew that the army bored him, but when he got his release he turned business man.

It took no psychic powers to discover that Germans liked English pickles and Worcestershire sauce. But the German mark was sounding its death rattle at that moment and imported delicacies were out of the question. Loder and a friend found that they could manufacture these condiments in Germany at very little cost. They did. And suddenly the mark took a turn for the better. Importing began again and the business failed.

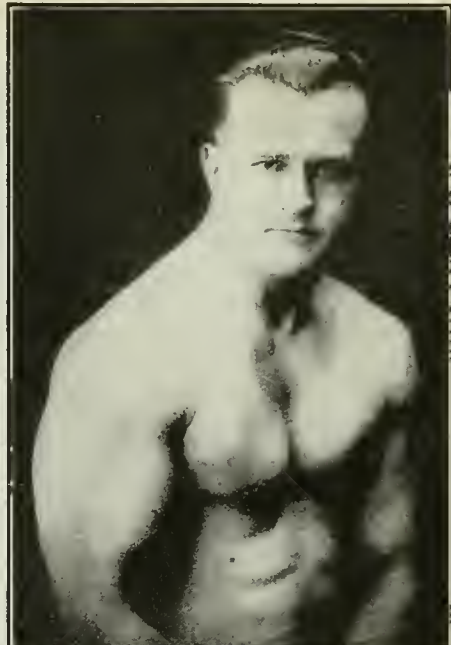
Loder gathered up his pickles and was on the verge of leaving when, through a friend, he found work as an actor with UFA. This led him to England as a leading man and eventually to America.

It was in Hollywood that he met the youngest princeling of the royal family.

At a dinner at Pickfair Prince George was the honored guest. He discovered that Loder was English and they chatted together.

"What are you doing here?" asked Loder. "I'm absent without leave," said Prince George.

"So am I," said Loder, thinking of foggy London nights and jagged reflections from the lights along the damp streets.



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And will your friends notice the difference! Just watch that girl you love so dearly fight to hold your attention! And the boys in your crowd—they'll look up to you as a real leader. Instinctively they worship strength and the leadership that must go with it. But let me tell you all about it.

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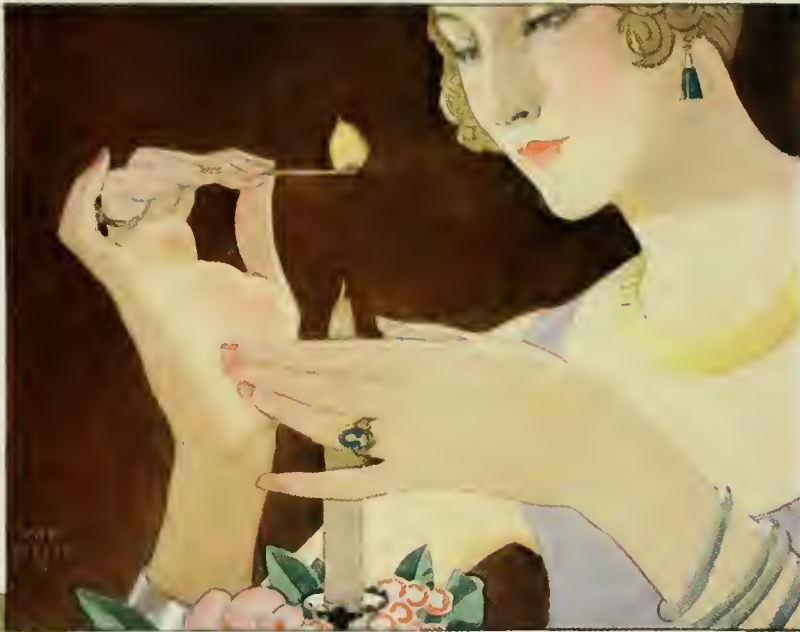
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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

APRIL

25 CENTS



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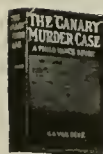
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# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

MARK LARKIN  
WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
April  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 5

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# As We Go to PRESS

**W**ILLIAM RUSSELL died suddenly in Los Angeles on February 18.

Flu and pneumonia caused his death. . . . John Barrymore and Dolores Costello, our most famous honeymooners, are back at the Warner Studio ready for work. . . . Dolo's first picture will be "Hearts in Exile." . . . Jack's next is to be "General Crack," a story about a soldier of fortune, dated 18th Century. . . . Inauguration Day started a lot of film folk on fresh careers with the new President. . . .

Dick Barthelmess' new First National contract took up on March 4. . . . Clara Bow, Richard Dix and William Powell all began new productions on that day. . . . Between pictures Clara made a flying trip to Broadway, and Dix's new film was begun after he had spent months in the East, working and romping. . . . Bill Powell has just completed a long holiday tour to New York and Havana, much of the time in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess. . . . Warner Brothers hang out flags and hire a band, because two of filmdom's dearest and best have just gone to work for them. . . .

Tom Meighan will Vitaphone his way through "The Argyle Case," and Pauline Frederick the Great is to make "Divorce Evidence" as a talkie. . . . Don't be surprised to hear that Baclanova, the Russian tigress, and Nicholas Soussanin are married. The lady has just received her divorce from a shadowy husband in Red Russia. . . . Nothing further on the rumor that Bessie Love is engaged to be married. Ever since Bessie's tremendous hit in "The Broadway Melody" she has been reported amorously entangled, but history tells us that every hit brings a rumor of betrothal, marriage, or both in sequence. . . . Even in death, the late Casson Ferguson upheld the trouper's tradition. He played his last scene in "Dynamite" for Cecil De Mille the day before he died. . . . Nils Asther is suffering some twinges of contract complaint at Metro - Goldwyn-Mayer, and threatens to retreat to Sweden and open an antique shoppe. In the meantime, he is telling his woes to Seena Owen. . . . Aileen Pringle's contract at the same studio has not been renewed. This causes no surprise, as La Belle Pringle has been dissatisfied with her stories for some time past. . . . Smarty Billy Haines will take his first trip to Europe about June 1. Bill rates a three month vacation, after a couple of years of frenzied posing and leaping before the camera. . . . Wallace MacDonald and Doris May, who separated last fall, are

## Last Minute NEWS from East and West

together again, and may be seen cooing in some of the quieter Hollywood night spots. . . . Karl Dane is going to open a beauty parlor in Hollywood, with Karl, no doubt, posing for the "before taking" picture. . . . As your eye meets this, Camilla Horn may be on her way to Africa to play the lady lead in "Trader Horn." She is now dickering. Camilla denies that she is related to the ancient Trader. . . . Mary Pickford is

broken out with social ennui after entertaining fifty women for a week. Twenty-five were from newspapers and the rest a flock of contest-winning beauties from 25 American cities. For relief Mary and Doug went down to Agua Caliente to gambol a bit. . . . About April 1, William J. Locke will check out of Hollywood for Merrie Old England, what, what? The famous novelist will have in his pocket a check for \$50,000 and under his arm the manuscript of a story that Joe Schenck did not want for Norma Talmadge. And as Locke will probably turn it into a fiction best-seller, it would seem that his California sojourn was hardly a total loss. . . . That old dame, Rumor, hath it that Ann Pennington, of "Scandals" and 100 per cent knees fame, will arrive in Hollywood April 1 to make "The Gold-Diggers" for Warner Brothers. But maybe it's just April foolishness. . . . Looks as though Janet Gaynor may end the suspense once and for all by announcing her engagement to Lydell Peck,

the young San Francisco business man she has known for a long time. She promised her mamma that she would undergo at least a year's engagement before breaking the news to her palpitating public. . . . Sue Carol is probably under contract to Fox by this time, with her first film to be "The Exalted Flapper." . . . George O'Brien broke a toe while filming "A Son of Anak." That's one of the best things George does. He also fractured one during the making of "Noah's Ark." . . . F. W. Murnau, director of "Sunrise" and "Four Devils," is going to holiday in Germany as soon as he finishes "Our Daily Bread" for Fox. After three months he will return to Hollywood to make two more pictures, at the rate of one a year. . . . After Olive Borden finished her first picture for RKO, she took her mother to San Francisco for a serious operation. . . . If Colleen Moore signs again with First National in July, it will be for two years at the rate of two pictures a year, and they will make noises. Husband Johnnie McCormick is now negotiating a new document. Colleen has two more to make under the old contract. . . . And Billie Dove has just signed for five years more on the First National lot. She is to make twelve films, all gabbies. . . . Late this month Corinne Griffith will also head for Europe. Husband Walter Morosco will go along to furnish the romance, and Business Manager Bill Goetz to hand the laughs. When she returns in June she will start work on "Lillies of the Field."



P & A Photos

Here comes the bride, not to mention the groom! On St. Valentine's Day Ruth Roland, the former serial queen, and Ben Bard, actor, were made one by a Presbyterian dominie, with three hundred of filmdom's finest in attendance. Ruth and Ben were engaged for a long time, and the wedding, was an event in the history of the cinema city



*Kathryn McGuire, popular film star, wearing her favorite Selby Arch Preserver Shoes in a new First National Picture, "Children of the Ritz."*



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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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



**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

\***AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superslative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The old favorite, revived with William Haines. Good. (Oct.)

**ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Supreme.—How a collegiate sprinter mops up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. (March.)

**ALL AT SEA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Dane-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. (March.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**APACHE, THE**—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Baclanova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BANTAM COWBOY, THE**—FBO.—Only good because Buzz Barton is in it. (Oct.)

**BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Patsy Ruth Miller in gay comedy. (Oct.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

**BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES**—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BIG HOP, THE**—Buck Jones.—Mr. Jones crosses the Pacific. A good film. (Oct.)

**BIT OF HEAVEN, A**—Excellent.—Broadway vs. Park Avenue. A good performance by Lila Lee. (Oct.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI**—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BLACK HILLS, THE**—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. (March.)

**BLOCKADE**—FBO.—Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. (March.)

**BLOW FOR BLOW**—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

**BROADWAY DADDIES**—Columbia.—Trite story but well acted. (Oct.)

**BROADWAY FEVER**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Sally O'Neil being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. (March.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

**BURNING THE WIND**—Universal.—One of Hoot Gibson's lapses. (Oct.)

**CAMERAMAN, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Buster Keaton redeems himself in this one. Lots of laughs. (Oct.)

\***CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN CARELESS**—FBO.—You'll like Bob Steele. (Oct.)

**CAPTAIN LASH**—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

\***CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Talmadge in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CELEBRITY**—Pathe.—A prize-fighter gets culture. Meaning Mr. Tunney? (Oct.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE**—Chesterfield.—Nothing that you could care about in a big way. (March.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEARING THE TRAIL**—Universal.—Again saving the old ranch. (Oct.)

**CLEAR THE DECKS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. (March.)

**CLOUD DODGER, THE**—Universal.—A battle in the air for a dizzy blonde! (Oct.)

**CODE OF THE AIR**—Bischoff.—More air stuff. Good adventure story. (Oct.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE**—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. (March.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE**—Gotham.—Lots of propaganda. With such a live topic, this should have been a better picture. (Oct.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an underworld melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT NIGHTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of Jack Gilbert's less fortunate vehicles. (March.)

**DIPLOMATS, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two reel talkie that will give you some laughs. (March.)

\***DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

**DIVINE SINNER, THE**—Rayart.—Austrian drama with daring but grown-up theme. (Oct.)

\***DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

\***DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Barrie's playlet, "Half and Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. (March.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "In Old Arizona"
- "The River"
- "The Canary Murder Case"
- "Wild Orchids"
- "7th Heaven"
- "The Singing Fool"
- "Interference"
- "Mother Knows Best"
- "Street Angel"
- "The Patriot"
- "Four Devils"
- "Wings"

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.

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

\***CARDBOARD LOVER, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Snappy French farce comedy with Marion Davies—also Jetta Goudal and Nils Asther. Sophisticated and charming. (Oct.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 14 ]



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banjos...chanting  
spirituals...where  
life is infused with  
an ageless melody  
—throbbing with  
emotion—epic in  
its simplicity.

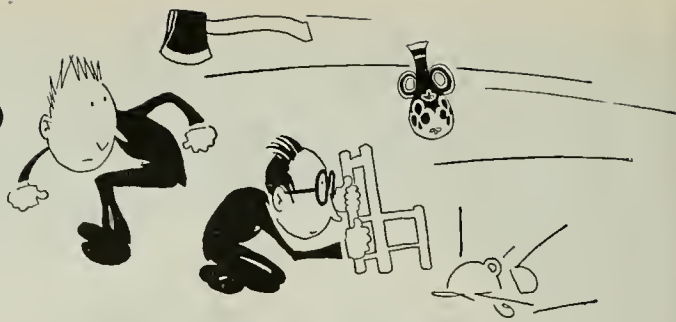
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# Brickbats

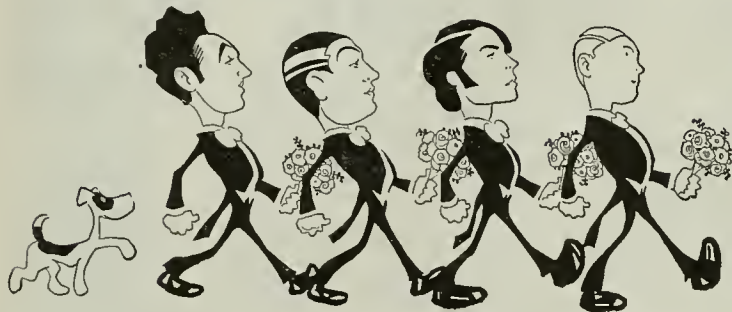
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The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS



## The Monthly Barometer

THIS month the three prize-winning letters are all about the talkies. The "Sound vs. Silence" controversy still leads all other subjects in PHOTOPLAY's mail. Next comes the Starving Stardom problem. It's surprising the number of "fans" who complain about the too-thin girl. Underworld and crook melodramas are receiving an avalanche of brickbats; the public seems to be fed up on them.

Greta Garbo's return to Sweden is causing some anxious moments. Last month Greta led all other stars in PHOTOPLAY's letters. Joan Crawford and Clara Bow were her nearest competitors. John Gilbert, Gary Cooper and "Buddy" Rogers were the leaders among the men. Among the newcomers, Baclanova seems, by all odds, the most interesting personality to the "fans."

"Wings," "Interference," "On Trial," "The Singing Fool" and "The Shopworn Angel" are the most discussed of the newer pictures. But wait till they see "In Old Arizona."

This department is your open forum. What have you to say, either in praise or criticism? Remember that your opinions guide the trend of the movies.

### \$25.00 Letter

San Antonio, Texas.

I have just seen my first all talking picture. Imagine my surprise when I found that the film had a well-defined plot, that the players were real actors, and that the picture was as interesting as a good play on the legitimate stage.

Motion pictures, as a whole, have disintegrated into exploitations of bewildering scenic effects, sex appeal or enormous production costs. Producers, for the most part, have lost sight of the fact that a plot is essential to a good picture, in the haze of attempting to outdo each other in elaboration. Acting is sacrificed before background. The selection of actors depends upon their sex appeal alone. The long-suffering public is surfeited with this sort of thing.

The talking picture, in centering the attention upon the players themselves, offers a panacea. Given good actors, well-written plays, pleasing but unostentatious scenic effects, clever direction and correct photography, the talkies must become what they are intended to be—the acme of interesting entertainment.

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

The public will sigh with relief when the last plotless picture has been withdrawn from the screen and clever, interesting and effective spoken pictures may be enjoyed everywhere.  
MRS. W. J. LACKEY.

### \$10.00 Letter

Minneapolis, Minn.

Naturally the voice of the infant talkies is a little squeaky. So was yours and mine when we were young. Whenever I read or hear a razz on talking pictures, I ponder anew on evolution.

Why have some of the species progressed only physically, still retaining their monkey mentalities? Surely these ridiculers of this advance in entertainment must be throwbacks from the goof who guffawed at the first automobile.

Of course, the spoken words are annoying to the Giddy Gertie who dislikes competition while she gurgles to her girl friend; likewise disturbing to the Hang-over Harry who drops into the cinema for a nap.

Personally, I'm for the talkies. They're already proving a show-down for the "dees," "doses," and "dem" Hash-hustling Hannahs who came before the screen without a brain cell working and have been losing ground ever since. Real actors will elevate the screen from a magic lantern show to an intelligent, living thing.

FRANK M. WOOLLEN.

### \$5.00 Letter

Philadelphia, Pa.

Have you been reading about the terrible depression that has fallen upon the legitimate theaters; about the men in the box-offices who go days without seeing a human face peering in at them; about all those big out-of-town buyers who seem to be staying out of town?

It seems to me that one of the reasons why the movies aren't complaining of such a fate, is that in spite of occasionally poor pictures, frequent mediocre ones and a few inane stories, the audience almost always gets its money's worth. It isn't necessary to peel off many bills from the bank-roll to see a movie, and the evening is well spent. Now that the talkies are here, it looks like more money's worth than ever.

The prospect for the movies is becoming even more inviting. New recruits from the stage, new stars, new personalities—what more can we want?

At present the best talkies are copying methods from the stage, but just wait until some big fellow comes along to do for the talkies what D. W. Griffith did for the movies.  
ROSE DEVON.

### A Brickbat for the Baby Stars

Phoenix, Ariz.

Every year I have observed the selection of the Wampas Baby Stars with considerable interest.

Not yet, however, have I been able to determine the rules governing this selection. For while I keep in touch with Hollywood personalities through your columns, and through a fairly regular attendance at the theaters, there has never yet been a time when even half the list of Wampas babies was familiar to me.

I realize, of course, that this yearly selection is in the nature of encouragement to the newcomers, nevertheless I fail to understand why the babies should be so new as to be practically unknown to the general public. Many girls with several worthwhile performances to their credit are completely ignored by this seemingly omnipotent body in favor of a girl who, the organization blithely admits, has made but one picture and that picture unreleased.

After all, it is the movie-going public that determines in the end which new star is most likely to succeed.

DOROTHY NOERTKER.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 131 ]





**"MY STARS!"**

They are the bright lights of the screen, these merry Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars. Besure that your favorite theatre has booked M-G-M pictures. Then you will know that you have happy days ahead with the Biggest Stars in the Biggest Pictures—

Lon Chaney, Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford, Buster Keaton in M-G-M Pictures.

See It Now!  
**THE**  
**TRAIL**  
 OF  
**'98** *with*  
**DOLORES DEL RIO**  
 RALPH FORBES—KARL DANE  
 TULLY MARSHALL  
 HARRY CAREY  
 from Robert W. Service's Novel  
 Directed by  
**CLARENCE BROWN**

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*

# Capt. George Fried,

*“- reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet”*

“AN S. O. S. from the ‘Florida’! We change our course. We on the ‘America’ strain to arrive in time to rescue the men on their sinking ship, 350 miles away. Through the icy, freezing storm and high seas we plunge on—all speed ahead! Then the night-time rescue, the search lights, the whirling waves, the manoeuvring to get near the ‘Florida.’ Finally, the ‘Florida’s’ crew coming off one at a time, pulling themselves through the water on the line our men had thrown them. These 32 men, dazed, many half clothed, needed reviving after their long exposure. Hot coffee, food and Lucky Strikes—these gave new life to many of them and we on board the ‘America,’ crew and passengers alike, found after the strain and struggle that there was nothing quite so comforting and relaxing as the inviting, toasted flavor of Lucky Strikes. Playing this game with ‘Davy’ is ever fascinating, ever thrilling. And we who follow the sea must be ever ready for adventure. Ours is an active life, demanding nerve control and physical fitness. In my health program I have found that Luckies are most important not only because they provide a respite for frazzled nerves and an exhausted body but because whenever I crave anything which is over-fattening, I say to myself, ‘Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.’ In the toasted flavor of Luckies, I get complete satisfaction. And I find that toasting, by removing the irritants, protects my throat.”

*Geo. Fried*  
George Fried  
Commander of “S. S. America”

“REACH FOR A LUCKY INSTEAD OF A SWEET.”

© 1929. The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

“It’s toasted”

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.



# heroic rescuer, says:



*Note* Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]



**10 minutes a day rolls the fat away!**

*Fashion decrees* that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry!

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no where else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5.00. Act today! Send \$5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

*Frances Jordan*  
**REDUCER**

FRANCES JORDAN, INC.  
802G FINANCE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA

## Button Rupture Newest Way [Without Pressure]



Science now advises discarding cruel steel springs, barbarous leg straps, and other harness that press against the rupture and thus prevent nature from healing it. A new sensible method has been perfected, after thousands of test cases, called **Magic Dot**—entirely different from any other way. It is no larger than a quarter. Instead of "pressing," it "seals" rupture, and of course allows users to run, jump, bend and cough in perfect safety.

### Breathes Air

With this 1-25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually breathes air, and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you'll frankly admit, that is lacking in your present appliances. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as "an entirely new departure." Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don't buy it yet.

### See It First

By a special arrangement, you can now have it sent to your home without obligation to wear it. Don't send a penny or order it now. Just write for full description of Magic Dot and details of this unusual "no obligation" offer. Tear out this ad now and write today, for quick relief.

**NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE**  
7559 Clay St., Steubenville, O.

**DOMESTIC MEDDLERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

**DRIFTER, THE**—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. (March.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

**\*DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law ex-patriots of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

**EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER**—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

**FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

**FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

**FLOATING COLLEGE, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Based on one of those university cruises, this picture had possibilities that aren't realized. (March.)

**FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE**—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

**\*FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

**\*FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**FUGITIVES**—Fox.—Conventional story of a wronged girl and a Horatio Alger district attorney. (March.)

**FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

**GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

**GHOST TALKS, THE**—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telegraph line. You know the rest. (March.)

**GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

**GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

**GUN RUNNER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

**HARVEST OF HATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

**HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

**HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

**HEARTS OF MEN**—Anchor.—And producers ain't got no heart. (Oct.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

**\*HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN**—First National.—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill make this melodrama worth your attention. With sound and talk. (March.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

**\*HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HOUSE OF SHAME, THE**—Chesterfield.—Dramatic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

**HUNTINGTOWER**—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

**I FORBID**—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Koshier film of breaking hearts. (November.)

**\*IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

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## 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.

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*The Voice of* **VITAPHONE**  
brings to you *the living pulse-beat of Paris*—



See and Hear **DOLORES COSTELLO** in  
**"The REDEEMING SIN"** with **CONRAD NAGEL**



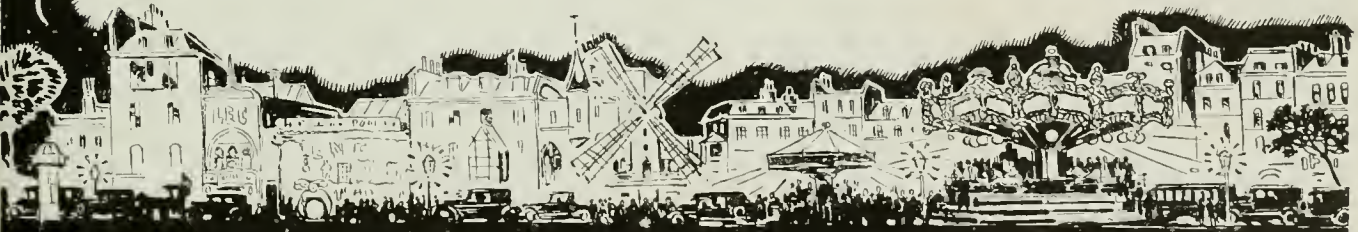
*If there is not a theatre in your town equipped as yet to show "The Redeeming Sin" as a Talking Picture, see it as a Silent Picture. Either gives you matchless entertainment.*

*Vitaphone does it again!* Brings to you adorable Dolores Costello—in the crowning achievement of her career—"The Redeeming Sin."

A swift unforgettable drama that wells up out of the haunts of the Parisian underworld—with Love at last emerging—redeemed—triumphant—in the flowery fields of France.

Through *Vitaphone*, you see and hear with the thrilled senses of a spectator in the Montmartre. Here is science with voice—action—heart-throb!

See and hear Warner Bros. *Vitaphone* Talking Picture—"The Redeeming Sin." And remember—you can hear the real *Vitaphone* ONLY in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures.



*You See and Hear* **VITAPHONE** *only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures*





*Friendly  
Advice  
from  
Carolyn  
Van Wyck  
on  
Girls'  
Problems*

A little critical study before your mirror, a little experimenting with hairdressing, cosmetics, and color and line in your clothes, will make you feel and look "right" and help overcome self-consciousness

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

I need your advice so much, Mrs. Van Wyck. Perhaps you will say there is an article in *PHOTOPLAY* I could refer to, but I'm one of those discouraging "in-betweens" of no particular type and without any distinctive coloring or features.

I am five feet, three inches—neither tall nor short, you see. I weigh 125 pounds and don't think I am too stout for my height, but my legs are too fat for the rest of me. What can I do about them?

My skin is rather dark, but clear. My hair is that abominable medium brown—how I wish it were auburn or gold or shiny black, instead of just plain brown! It has a slight natural wave, which helps a little. I let it grow into a Garbo bob for a while, but it wasn't curly enough to look neat so I had it cut quite short again.

My eyes are dark brown and not bad. I've been told they're intelligent looking, but no one ever said they're beautiful. I guess they are just good average eyes. My nose is just a tiny bit long and so is my chin. Do you think close hats emphasize that? I just love them—the snuggler they fit and the smaller they are, the more I adore them. But sometimes I think they make my features stand out too much.

My arms are rather fat, especially at the top. Exercises haven't helped them much so far. I guess they're just hopeless.

Clothes are a terrible problem. I don't have a lot of money to spend and I can't afford to make mistakes in buying. I usually wear solid colors because I think they give me height and keep me from looking dumpty. Is that right? What colors do you think would be best for me in the daytime and, because I seem paler under artificial light, what colors should I wear at night? I need your encouragement and advice.

JANET S.

AFTER all, Janet, you're one of the lucky girls. You haven't any major defects to overcome—even if you did, there would be ways of covering them up and bringing out

your best points. You have a good foundation on which to build and you need just a few "do's" and "don'ts" of advice. You should study yourself critically and carefully in front of your mirror and decide just what your good points are. Then make the most of them. You may not achieve actual beauty but you are bound to gain the attractiveness which results from being properly dressed and well groomed.

## Are You a Lucky "In-Between"?

Is This Month's Discussion

ARE you an "in-between"—neither blonde nor dark, beautiful nor plain? Then learn to bring out beauty, by playing up your best points and skillfully hiding the bad ones.

Perhaps you have a specific problem regarding clothes, make-up or health. Perhaps there is some puzzling situation in your life which a few words of impersonal advice might clear up. I want to be the friend in need, who will respect your confidence and help you solve these problems.

Letters enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelopes will be answered at once. Others will be answered as early as possible in these columns. A stamped envelope will bring you information regarding the care of the skin. Ten cents will bring my booklet on safe and sane reducing. Write to me in care of *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

Instead of being dissatisfied with your hair, which you describe as "just plain brown," be glad it has a little wave, and experiment until you find the shade of rouge and lipstick that will light up your face and set it off against its frame of brown hair. The right color combinations in your clothes will also be of tremendous help here. Plain brown hair can be turned into a veritable asset, if you go about it intelligently.

Perhaps you will find you are more attractive without rouge, and that a touch of lipstick is all you need for daytime. Because artificial light seems to absorb color you may decide to use rouge, with or without lipstick, at night. These are things you will have to determine for yourself, by taking a little time and trouble.

Small, brimless hats *do* accentuate the length of nose and chin. Why not get the snug little hats that are relieved by narrow brims? They are just as chic as the brimless ones and will soften your features and add roundness to your face. Besides, a brim casts a shadow over the eyes and adds mystery and depth to them.

Round necklines will also take away from the length of your chin and make your face appear rounder. And, vice versa, V necks add length to face and neck.

I overheard a conversation the other day which will interest you. Two girls were discussing a mutual friend. One said: "Wouldn't you think a smart girl like Evelyn would know that when you put a tight, tight sleeve around a fat arm you're just giving a good imitation of a sausage? Why doesn't she wear her sleeves a little looser, and a little longer over her wrists, to give her arms length and grace?" The other girl answered: "Yes, and the same principle applies to her legs. They're fairly shapely but they are certainly fat. Can't she see that those tight plain skirts she wears just accentuate the roundness of her legs? And skirts like that aren't even very fashionable now. She's really in luck, if she only knew it. Kick pleats and flares, and dipping, uneven hemlines are immensely chic and they would make her legs look so much more slender and pretty."

As a matter of fact, the second speaker was  
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 102]



**"Why BE Good?"**

**"WHY BE GOOD?"**  
—When it's so much more thrilling to be bad!



**"WHY BE GOOD?"**  
—When you meet Prince Charming who is wise, wealthy and wonderful!

**Does it PAY to be good or is it BETTER to be bad?**



**"WHY BE GOOD?"**  
—When you want to impress him with your worldly wisdom.



Every Picture a "Double Feature"

John McCormick presents

**COLLEEN MOORE**  
**IN "WHY BE GOOD?"**

**SHE'S** at it again. Making hilarious whoopee! . . . This daring darling is on another intriguing tour into the lands of love and whoopee . . . This time her excursion is personally conducted by Cupid . . . She's a shop girl. Seeking sensations. She finds them. And **HOW!** . . . Is it **BAD** to be good? Or **GOOD** to be bad?

Colleen demonstrates in this 1929 version of Flaming Youth...See this exponent of incandescent youth!  
**HEAR** the hilarity Vitaphone adds to the whoopee!

A William A. Seiter production. By Carey Wilson . . . With Neil Hamilton.

**A First National Vitaphone Picture**



# Voted the most fascinating *Young Sportswoman*

by

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD



MISS LILIAS MORIARTY  
of Boston, Mass.,  
chosen from Woodbury  
beauties in forty-eight  
States as the most fascin-  
ating young sportswoman.

SHE is as full of contradictions as she is of bewitchment and charm.

She has close-cut curling bronze hair, a pure, fair skin,—no touch of rouge,—a laughing child's mouth. Her eyes are her most unusual feature. They are rather long, set wide apart, of a curious shade of blue. Their calm, rather remote, far-seeing gaze gives the only clue to her pre-occupation with one of the most dangerous of sports.

No one looking at her, would think of her as an "athlete." She weighs only a hundred pounds. She has a little slim, fragile, exquisite figure. Yet she is a bold and fearless horseback rider, a keen shot,—“but I only shoot clay pigeons,”—a self-possessed, passionately devoted flyer.

She was born at Budapest, where her father was stationed in the diplomatic service. She speaks five languages. She has traveled about the world ever since she was a baby, and likes being on the move.

She “always wanted to fly.” She cannot explain its fascination. “It's being up above everything, and all alone . . .”

She uses Woodbury's Facial Soap because it is the only soap that does not irritate her skin,—a skin of almost transparent clearness and fineness.

“Woodbury's is a wonderful soap, for anyone who is out of doors as much as I am. There must be something unusually pure and mild about it, because it keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition.”



MISS MORIARTY, snapped riding horseback in Central Park. “Woodbury's keeps my skin in perfectly splendid condition,” she says

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns, throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear, together with a brief story of their personality. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of “A Skin You Love to Touch!”

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2207 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.





# NEW PICTURES

SOME pictures of a few girls and a boy whose careers prove that getting on in the movies is not all a matter of luck. When Dorothy Mackaill came to this country from England a few years ago, she was merely a young, ambitious and unknown chorus girl. Because she had read that producers looked for new talent in the Ziegfeld "Follies," she landed a job as a dancer. Because her English accent struck some of the natives as being high-hat, she learned to speak New York. How could a girl with brains like that fail to get along?



Hesser

**W**HEN Lilyan Tashman went into the movies she was just another show girl. Five feet, seven inches tall, she was too big to play heroines. As for acting, she was no Duse. But Lilyan did have brains and knew how to wear clothes. Now she shows Hollywood what the Well-Dressed Woman Should Wear, and producers page her when they need someone to give dash and style to a picture





Apeda

*B*ESSIE LOVE made the mistake of going into the movies, instead of on the stage. For years she played wistful heroines when she should have been twinkling in musical comedy. Came the talkies and Bessie, who had said good-bye to the studios, was summoned from a vaudeville tour to play in "Broadway Melody." Today, in the midst of the microphone panic, Bessie is one of the few stars who know where their next Rolls-Royce is coming from



Russell Ball

L AURA LA PLANTE was handicapped by a pair of dimples. No one takes a girl with dimples seriously. No one gives her a chance at the Bigger and Finer things of Art. Laura was in danger of being "typed" as a light comedienne. Fortunately, as a reward for her loyalty and also, incidentally, for her hard work, Laura was cast as *Magnolia* in "Show Boat," which is one of those rôles that every actress prays for





Hesser

LOIS MORAN'S difficult problem was how to grow up gracefully. The unsophisticated child had to adjust herself to the fact that, after all, the public likes its girls modern and snappy. If you want to realize how much Lois has changed since she went into the movies four years ago, compare this newest photograph of her with your memory of the shy little girl who gave the birthday party in "Stella Dallas"



Louise

**J**OHN MACK BROWN had to live down his reputation as a football player. It was a good reputation, but Hollywood had seen so many crack athletes fail before the camera that it looked upon Johnny with skepticism. By his willingness to work and to learn, as well as by his natural Southern courtesy, Johnny won for himself a place in the movie world. Here is one football player who is running in the right direction



# The Gossard Line of Beauty

The Modern  
Figure Favors

## CHARMOSETTE

—the Celebrated Ten-Point Elastic

Sometime ago, Charmosette made its debut with the Gossard Line of Beauty. Great things were predicted for its success . . . for here was no ordinary fabric, but a real super-elastic . . . an epoch-making achievement.

The experience of several seasons has more than fulfilled every expectation for this marvelous material. Today, the smartest women demand Charmosette-Gossards, thus combining with superior comfort and glove-like smoothness the practicability of much longer service.

Indeed, Charmosette has ten distinct points of advantage over ordinary elastic fabrics:

1. Gossards in Charmosette may be laundered daily in hot or cold water without injury to the fabric.
2. Charmosette three times outwears any other elastic.
3. Charmosette holds its shape—will not overstretch.
4. Charmosette may be cut and altered to please—will not run, pull, tear or break.
5. Gossards in Charmosette fit perfectly—never "ride."
6. Gossards in Charmosette mould and support the figure as is impossible with ordinary elastic fabrics.
7. Charmosette is free from breaks, needle cuttings and ravelings.
8. Charmosette garments, combined with the new Royal Batiste, three times outwear any other foundation garment.
9. Charmosette has none of the faults of ordinary elastic fabrics—it is vastly superior.
10. Charmosette is the greatest development in the art of fine corset making. *It may be had only in The Gossard Line of Beauty, and is obtainable only in stores which regularly carry Gossards.*

Here is the season's newest Charmosette-Gossard . . . a Solitaire combined with dainty, durable Royal Batiste, and finished with adjustable, detachable shoulder straps. This garment is destined to win many devotees.

Model 8434, \$12.50

4

CASTING  
DIRECTOR

## "When a job depends on new-looking clothes"

"Perhaps other girls would like this hint from a real-life story . . . Since coming to Hollywood as one of many 'extra' girls, I have had to make every penny count. My clothes are my most precious possessions! So every night I go over my wardrobe, washing each thing that is a bit wilted in Lux.

"Sometimes I have had to save on breakfasts—but never on Lux—that is an essential. . . . Again and again I've been complimented on my lovely *new* clothes. And I've gotten anv number of jobs, I know, because my clothes look nice—thanks to Lux."

SHIRLEY DORMAN,  
Hollywood, Cal.



## Every great Movie Studio uses Lux!

Not only "extras" but stars—all the great movie studios, with million-dollar wardrobes to care for, use Lux! They find by scientific tests that pretty clothes, whether of sheer or sturdier materials—can actually be kept *new looking twice as long with Lux!* "For dollars and cents' reasons," they say, "we don't dare risk using anything but Lux."



# PHOTOPLAY

April, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

*By James R. Quirk*

**H**ISTORY will be several generations along before we can get a real focus on the results of Lindbergh's epochal flight and character.

Great as was his initial accomplishment it will fade into the background when compared to his effect on national thought and manners.

Lindbergh has put the cowboy into the discard as a type of national hero. The Western novel and motion picture heroes have slunk away into the brush, never to return.

**W**ITHIN the past two years, Western pictures, always sure-fire profit earners, have lost their popularity. Western novels and Western fiction have fared a similar fate.

The Western picture has gone the way of the serial thriller. The cow ponies are retired to the pasture with the old fire horses. Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright are following Horatio Alger and Oliver Optic. Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, and Ken Maynard must swap horses for aeroplanes or go to the old actors' home.

The great open spaces are now landing fields, and the bars in the mountains cannot hurt Little Nell because Little Nell is thumbing her nose at them as her lover pilots her over the hill tops.

**T**HEY used to lure the dimes out of little boys' pockets with lithographs of Tony and Silver King jumping Stetson hats over ravines, and two-gunmen shooting daylight through



clastardly Mexicans who had insulted the ranch-owner's daughter.

But little boys have changed their ideas since Lindy flew the Atlantic, and save their dimes until they can see Sam Brown belted lads plugging aeroplanes marked with German crosses, or air mail heroes winging through the fog and the night to save

the honor of Clara or Corinne, Greta or Colleen. That's just one little thing that Lindy's done.

**I** GET a stitch in the heart when I think of Davey Lee.

Davey is the wonder baby of "The Singing Fool," who only failed to steal the picture from Jolson because he can't sing "Mammy."

Here's a full page ad in a photoplay trade paper.

"Davey Lee, the Screen's Newest, Biggest Box-Office Star," scream huge black letters.

"The Whole World is Singing the Praises of Sonny Boy."

**A**ND here's a picture of him with burnt cork on his face, opening his mouth wide because the man tells him to.

Little Davey's about three now and doesn't know any more what it's about than any stage brace on the lot.

Warner Brothers are going to plug him to the limit. They are going to capitalize on his astonishing performance in the Jolson film in a big way. He'll make money for everybody.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 78]

# HOW TALKIES are MADE

The sound film has changed everything—Here is the first complete description of the new film methods

By Al Cohn

**SILENCE!** That's the loudest, most important word today in the making of what the English euphoni-ously term "the audible cinema." Just now we call them "talkies" and it is rather paradoxical that the most important requisite in the creation of these noisy shadows is "Silence"; for without absolute quiet during actual production, the talkie would be a rather messy affair.

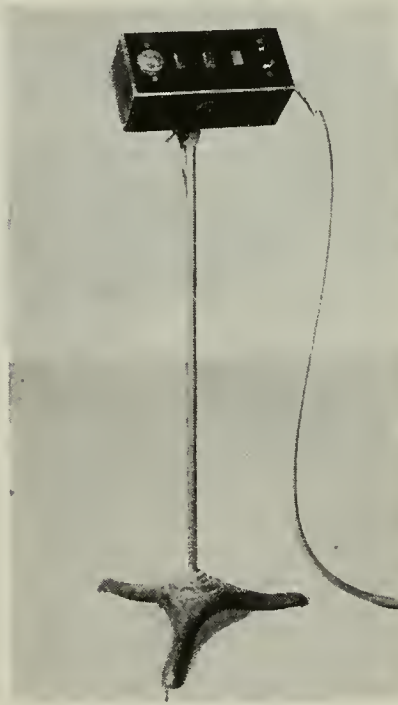
In other days, the magic command was "Lights! Action! Camera!" and then the director began shouting and his puppets walked or made love, smiled or wept, rolled an eye or heaved a bosom.

Now, after ascertaining if things are all okay in the camera booths, the recording room and the monitor panel, the players take their places, there is the command "Silence" or "Quiet." The director or his technical assistant with phone in hand calls, "Interlock." For a few seconds the proverbial pin, if on the job, could be heard to drop; then comes the faint hum of the synchronized motors from within the almost sound proof camera booths.

**T**HE eye of the director is fastened on the little instrument board which is the medium of communication to other parts of the "system." A blue light and a green light are already glowing and then the larger red crystal becomes illuminated as the director gives the wave of the hand to signal the players to begin.

The red glare says that the system is functioning; that the cameras are moving at a uniform speed of "24"; that the cylinders loaded with film are revolving in the recording room ready to receive a faithful record of voice and other sound; that the huge wax disk just a step away is revolving, needle poised to indent the yellow record; that the monitor (sometimes called "the mixer-man") with hand poised on mysterious-looking knobs, and eyes peering at the scene below through a plate glass sound barrier, is waiting to see the scene played and to hear it, *via* the monitor horns in the room below him.

He is the man who is responsible for the quality of the sound reproduction and he can modulate it as he sees fit.



The director's signal box. The round light at the left—red—is turned on from recording room when equipment is ready for operation. Two switch buttons at right are for the purpose of signalling to recording room. The other lights—green, blue, white—flash on before and after the red to indicate recording stages

The cameraman no longer stands with cap reversed, turning his crank nonchalantly and looking about in a bored manner. He either stands outside his booth, in the case of a fixed camera, or crouches inside twisting or turning his camera to follow a player or moving scene.

**E**VEN the lowly "juicer" has a white-collar job under the new order. There are no dirty carbons to handle because the Klieg, the Sunarcs and allied illuminants have given way to the huge, noiseless incandescent bulbs—the answer to the humble electrician's prayer. So much for the mechanics of talkie production.

The scene is "shot," the director gives the signal for a "play-back," if one is desired, and players, technicians and any others listen to every sound of the preceding scene as it is run off again. That's where the wax record in the little recording room comes in. In a jiffy the record on the soft wax is being played back. If it is good, there is every reason to believe that the record of the scene on the sound track will also be good. And back they troop for the next scene.

**I**N only one studio—Warner Brothers—is the wax disc used for a permanent record and film recording not employed, but censorship may compel these pioneers to resort to film reproduction. It is fairly easy to clip a line or speech out of a piece of film but a deleted speech from a Vitaphoned production calls for a new record.

Developments during the past six months, especially along personal lines, have been chock-full of interest. I believe that one of the most significant incidents of the early autumn was the successful test made by Mary Pickford.

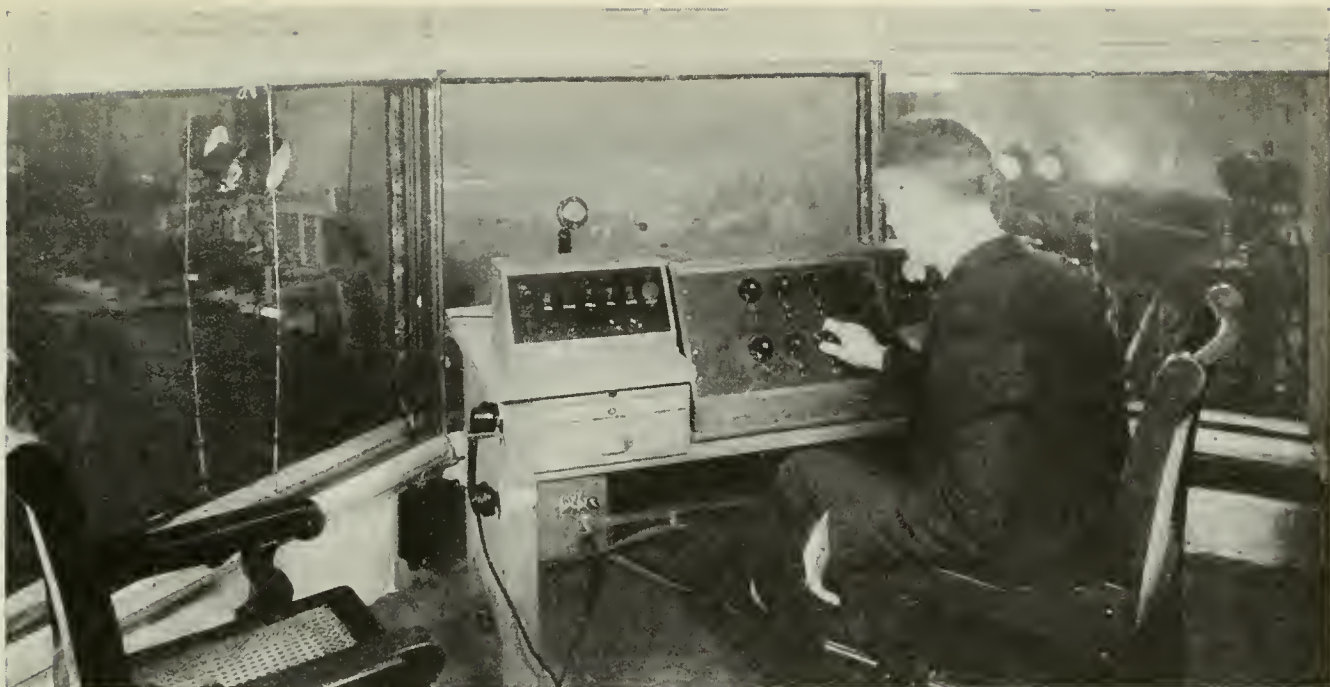
It prompted her to undertake the filming of "Coquette" as an all-talkie.

A short time later Harold Lloyd took over one of the Christie sound stages at Metropolitan Studios for a test.

It had been predicted by some of the sound-wise ones that

*Now Both Speech and Silence are Golden*





International

The monitor room of the United Artists studio in Hollywood. Here you see the monitor—the newest power in celluloidia—at his “mixing table,” pulling up and toning down the voices of the stars. Through the observation glass, the monitor watches events out on the studio floor. He observes the vocal tricks of the film folk and has his hand on the proper knob to prevent voice skidding

Harold would eschew the talkie. He won't. His rather high-pitched voice records splendidly and, more than that, he knows how to get the most out of it.

If his material is good, Harold's next picture should be one of his greatest successes, because his voice will add infinitely to his characterization. Harold in a “talkie” should be nothing short of a knockout.

**M**UCH sympathy has been lavished on the poor “movie” players because of their supposed inability to adapt themselves to the new medium.

Even the easily stampeded producer frantically has signed up stage players for his talking pictures, yet the most signal successes in the “talkies” have been scored by those of the screen, notably Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel (who has almost tripled his salary since Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer unconsciously thrust him into fame by farming him out to the then lowly Warner Brothers) and Richard Barthelmess.

Of course, Conrad had previous voice experience, coming into pictures from the stage and Bessie has been on tour in vaudeville.

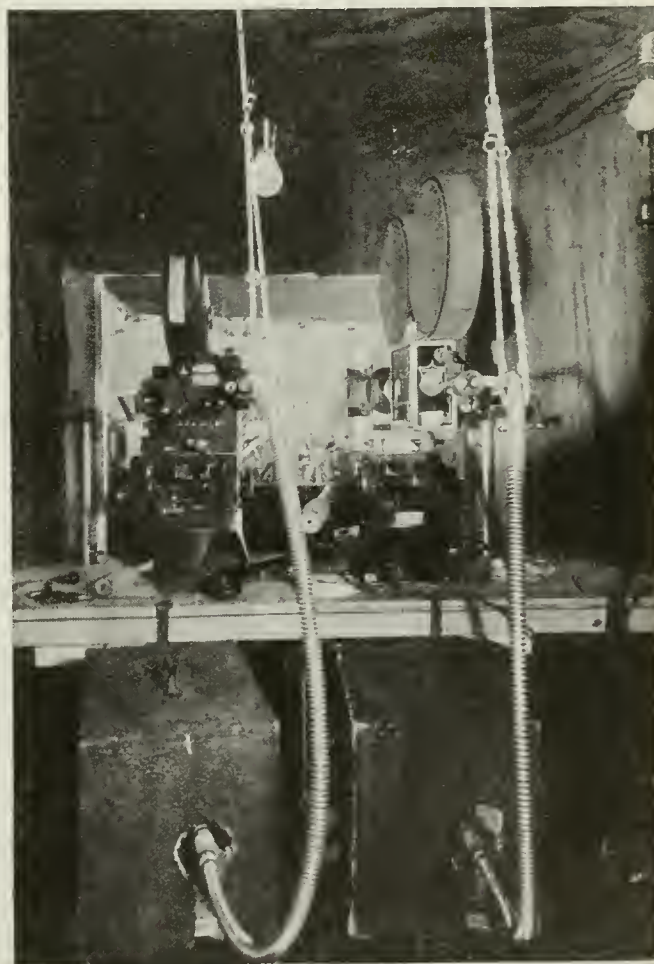
Edward Everett Horton, who was regarded as more or less of a “flop” in silent pictures, scored in Warner Brothers' “Terror,” as did Louise Fazenda, and both are now in great demand.

Betty Compson and Dorothy Mackaill, of the pictures, were great, I thought, in “The Barker.”

There are other evidences of the fact that the capable screen actor will always be pretty sure to have the edge on the stage player who is a stranger to the camera. For after all, we are still making pictures.

**O**N the other hand, in almost solitary hauteur, Charlie Chaplin, the greatest of all comedians, stands aloof and thumbs his nose at the talkies. He says he will have some sound effects in his next picture and some talk—but not his own. Those who have heard Charlie on the radio can understand why. But there is a much more important reason than the barrier of a London accent. Charlie is essentially a pantomimist. Personally I believe it would be as ill-advised for

Charlie Chaplin to break out into speech as it would have been for “Slivers” or any other famous circus clown of another era.



The camera booth from the inside, looking out. The covered motors are below and drive the cameras via flexible shafts. Note the padded walls and thick glass windows

International



# Sound films have transformed the



Left — a portable monitor booth in the Paramount Long Island studios. By means of the radio horn at the top, the monitor calls out suggestions to the director between scenes. Note the signal box in front

Microphone fright is rife in every sound studio. However, Jeanne Eagels, instead of letting the strange machinery bother her, proceeded to wreck the machinery. It was not temperament, but intensity of performance. In her emotional scene at the very end of "The Letter," her voice rises and vibrates to its highest pitch. It sends thrills up and down the listener's spine. And the first time it was taken, it smashed the delicate wiring of the recording instrument. It was the same as a lightning flash burning out the electric light fuses. The actress wasn't cramped at all.

Miss Eagels also shattered a microphone with the noise of a

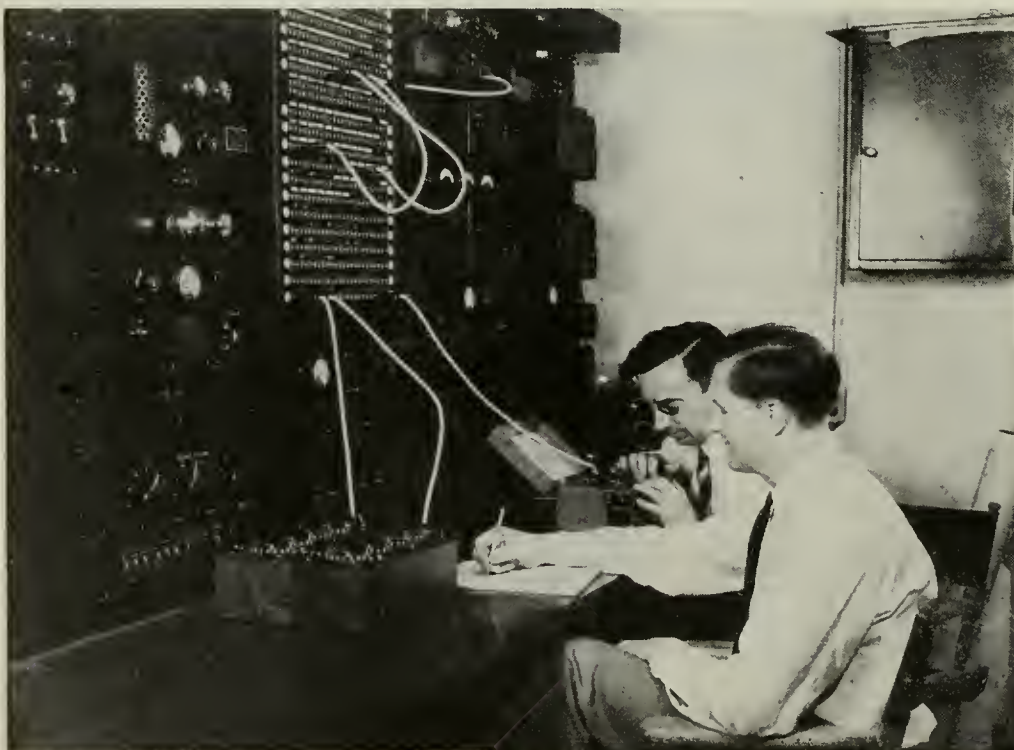
but his impression of his voice test was startled amazement. He never had heard himself in a talkie until he came to New York just before Christmas.

"IT'S the head kick," he remarked. "I never had such a sensation. It took days to get used to my own voice. You don't know that person on the screen, nor recognize the sounds he makes. I found out things about myself I never knew before—for instance, a hesitating drawl in my speech.

"The one thing the stage actor must remember in a talking picture is that he doesn't have to throw his voice out to reach the last row in the balcony. He is playing only for the ringside seats, the first row in the orchestra. The microphone is just a few feet away. He must use a conversational tone, restrain his voice, talk naturally."

The monitor room of a talking film studio is the first station on the way from the microphone to the sound recording machinery. The operating staff here sometimes have all the opportunity of a party telephone line subscriber for listening in on secrets.

For the microphone exercises no censorship. Any



In the sound recording room of the Paramount Hollywood studios. Here the film powers can make a fly's foot-falls sound like the crash of thunder. Their mission, however, is to get perfect synchronization



# whole process of photoplay making

sound is grist to its mill. It looks innocent enough as it hangs in the midst of a set while preparations are made for a camera shot, but it is working all the time. Usually it passes on to the monitor room nothing more exciting than a distortion of noises and voices, as actors, props, grips, electricians, assistants of all sorts, get things ready.

But occasionally there are unconscious, confidential whisperings immediately under the "mike." Then the monitor room may hear some official high in the production department suggest to the director: "How is little Helen Hotlips getting along on this picture? I am particularly anxious that she may have a full opportunity to make good." Or a couple of grand dames from the serious drama may lean their heads close together and tell the one about the Pullman car conductor and the artist's model.

**N**O definite technic has been established for the making of talkies. Most of us are still struggling along trying to develop something approaching that of the stage and screen—a sort of welding of the two but ever keeping in mind that "it's still pictures"; that the sounds and talk must be subordinated to the visual results.

In some of the studios the movie director is assisted by a stage director who rehearses the talking sequences. In others a stage technician actually shoots the spoken scenes. But there has been a noticeable lack of movement in the early talking features and audiences have grown restless, watching—or listening to—them.

Our first talking picture made at the Metropolitan Studios for Paramount release was "The Carnation Kid," starring Douglas MacLean. It had originally been intended as a silent picture and was shot as such while the sound stages were being built.

In shooting the sound picture we learned that three-sided sets produced hollow voice reproduction— [CONTINUED ON PAGE 110]



The old fashioned arc lights have departed to make way for the silent incandescents. Two styles are shown at left and at the extreme right. The one at the left is called a rifle lamp

## A Dictionary of New Talkie Terms

**In sink**—in synchronism; picture and sound perfectly timed together.

**Outa sink**—not in synchronism.

**Phased, or interlocked**—all motors of sound and picture recording equipment lined up in readiness to start out in perfect step together.

**Monitor man**—the person who operates the volume control on talking picture production, modulating sounds as they come through the microphone so as to get a more even and natural tone.

**Three bells**—the ringing of three bells in a sound picture studio as a signal that a scene is to be taken and that everyone must preserve silence.

**One bell**—the ringing of one bell to indicate that a picture has been taken and that normal noise may be resumed.

**Sound track**—the narrow band of space along the left side of picture film on which is printed the ribbon-like strip of light and dark lines which constitute the record from which sound is projected.

**Camera booth**—the movable sound-proof box with a glass front, in which cameras are enclosed in a talking picture studio in order that the sound of the camera may not intrude in the picture.

**Mike**—microphone, corresponding to a telephone transmitter, through which the sounds on the set are picked up and sent to the recording machinery.

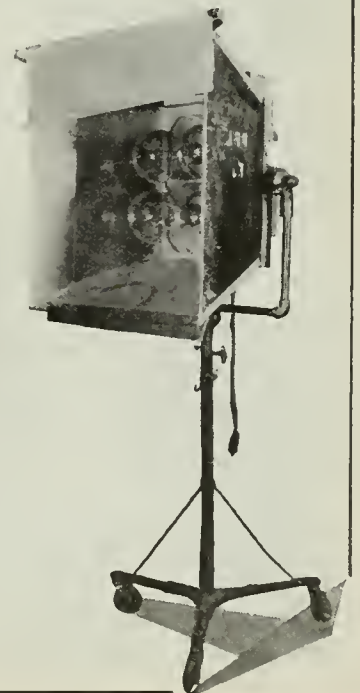
**Incys**—incandescent lights, the silent lights used for talking pictures in contrast to the old noisy arc lights.

**Movieola**—miniature projection machine with earphones used in the cutting room of a talking picture studio for rapid viewing of pieces of film.

**Amplifier**—the electrical apparatus similar to that in a radio which magnifies the strength of the electrical current from the microphone before recording.

**Tormentor**—a large portable wall draped with special material to prevent echo and resonance on the sound set.

(Continued on page 110)





Dimples Lido

Josephine Borio

Natli Barr

Flora Bramley

# Don't Be

## Danger signs line that lead to Holly-

**H**OLLYWOOD has been called "The Port of Missing Girls," "The City of Shattered Dreams," "The Place of Heart's Desire."

Hope has blazed across its sunset sky for some, for others tragedy has stalked its pavements. There have been successes that were brilliant, sacrifices that were magnificent, failures that were dismal indeed.

In the last year a new name has been bestowed upon Hollywood—a name invented by the "Discoveries." They call it "The City of Broken Hearts." Not a chamber of commerce title, exactly, yet in five words it tells the fate of those eager souls who came from far and near to answer the siren call of over-zealous producers.

It is a tragic story. The initial chapter was written in 1928 when talkies first loomed as a problem on the picture horizon.

New requirements made exacting demands. Producers scurried for their financial cellars or climbed high on the band wagon to ride the crest of the talkie wave. Great personalities were submerged in economic upheaval. New blood seemed imperative. Panic was in the air. Certain first line stars dropped out. Other great names grew dim. Pola Negri passed, Mae Murray was forced back to the stage, Tom Mix took his spurs and ten gallon hat to vaudeville, Blanche Sweet submerged herself in matrimonial seclusion—and the glory of other names threatened to die of dry-rot.

**I**T was an emergency that thrust at the very marrow of the craft. To meet it, picture-makers went on a talent hunt. In all directions they rushed, beating the histrionic jungles and sending forth loud cries. They looked here, there, everywhere. Wildly they sought "Discoveries." And in their frantic search they flung opportunity into the wrong laps, always with a dramatic gesture. They even stimulated their forays with the loud blare of publicity. Each producer glorified his "Discovery" in the public prints. Contracts were promised, studio facilities were put at their command, stardom was indicated in every act, futures were assured.

Do you wonder, then, that these poor little "Discoveries" built their hopes to the sky and sat atop them in Cinderella grandeur?

They have become the stars of tragedy, adding another volume to the unique history of Hollywood.

Dimples Lido was one of the first to meet defeat last year—Dimples Lido brought to Hollywood from abroad by Carl Laemmle, Jr., amid the fanfare of press agent acclaim.

There are many stories concerning the finding of Dimples Lido. Carl Laemmle, Jr., however, best knows the facts.

Her right name was Joan, but they called her Dimples, for a very obvious reason, no doubt. Few in Hollywood ever knew her last name. Universal called her Lido—Dimples Lido—because it was

Lovely little Lila Lee, who was originally chosen to fill Mary Pickford's vacant slippers as player queen at Paramount







Lya di Putti



Eva von Berne



Dita Parlo



Joyce Compton

# Discovered

By  
MARK  
LARKIN

## the golden roads wood and glory!

on Lido Beach, near Venice, Italy, that young Laemmle discovered her, at least that was the gist of publicity stories at the time.

Those generous lines upon which many Continental women are built are what defeated Dimples Lido. She was dismissed as being too fat to act.

The tragedy of her failure was suppressed with utmost care and a veil of secrecy thrown over her departure. If she left with a broken heart, the matter was strictly her own secret.

The case of Eva von Berne was different. We know definitely that she left with a broken heart. Like Miss Lido, this little Berlin girl, discovered by Irving Thalberg, was too ample to act. In Europe, however, Miss Berne's weight was not against her. Almost immediately upon her return to the German capital she was given a contract at a salary reported to be three times as large as the amount she received from M.-G.-M.

So her sorrow eventually turned to joy, even though it was a very broken-hearted and pathetic little foreign girl who sailed away from America unheralded and unsung. What a contrast, too, with her arrival. No slight detail had been overlooked. Her American entry was almost as grand as that of a visiting queen. But she smiled bravely when she left, smiled after a night of tears, smiled because the eyes of those she had met in the film world were upon her.

The day before her departure from Culver City, she wandered about the big studio, looking at familiar things she would never

see again: The commissary where she had chattered away happy lunch hours. The flowers banked bright and gay in their spaded beds. The green lawns. The bootblack stand, and "Slickem" with his funny laugh. She hoped he'd fix that wobbly footrest at the second chair some day, the one that had nearly spelled disaster for her.

Even the day before she left, Eva von Berne posed for publicity pictures, posed knowing they were her last pictures, her swan song as a "film find," as a great "discovery."

Of course, a plausible alibi had been devised to protect her—the alibi that her foreign accent made her unavailable for talking pictures. But Eva knew in her heart that it wasn't true.

Fate was kind to her, however, and the tragic blunder that had brought her to Hollywood became the happy circumstance that set her feet on firm ground in her own country.

Hollywood is the cruelest and at the same time the kindest city in the world. There is a ruthlessness apparent with many fighting for success. But with those who have aimed at the stars and hit only the housetops, philosophic understanding is at hand. They have learned their limitations. They make their way now on a less exalted plane. To them the newcomer may safely turn for a helping hand. It is unfortunate, however, that he usually finds this out too late.

Perhaps if Mona Martenson had known, matters might have been different. But she really never learned her Hollywood. She did not stay long enough to get below the surface of things. It takes time to dig beneath the film capital's superficialities. She was banished to her native Sweden for the cardinal cinema sin of failing to live up to expectations—a sin that often wrecks the careers of veterans.

Fortunately Miss Martenson was one "discovery" who fell into merciful hands. Harry Rapf sat in judgment on her future and insisted that there be no publicity ballyhoo about her, that her activities [CONTINUED ON PAGE 142]

**STRANGE**, sad stories, these—  
Of pretty little girls found in the world's four corners and brought to the great beauty mart that is Hollywood. Odd, pathetic stories—of how they danced in, full of youth and hope and loveliness, and left with torn hearts and tear-filled eyes. Dimples Lido, Dita Parlo—the list is long and tragic. Some are half-remembered dreams of fresh faces and personalities who brought us a moment of joy in photoplays long dusty on the shelves. Others are not even fading memories in our minds. Be wary of too much happiness in discovery, for Hollywood is not only the place of heart's desire—it can be the city of shattered dreams!



**A** VERY fancy studio picture of *The Cisco Kid* in his best Hollywood store clothes. Warner Baxter's work in "In Old Arizona," Fox's splendid talking picture, has sent his stock up in a bullish Baxter market. Warner and his pictures are both in great demand these days. The story of his brilliant come-back is on the opposite page.



# The CISCO Kid Himself

The wonderful comeback of Warner Baxter, and how it happened

By Tod Hastings



Warner *Cisco Kid* Baxter, finding himself to be worth \$5,000 dead or alive, seems to consider the whole thing a huge joke on the state of Arizona

IN Hollywood a new roster is being formed—the roster of those who have been saved by the talkies.

Perhaps in time it will resemble the passenger list of a trans-oceanic liner, but at present the names are few.

Heading the roll is Warner Baxter.

Six months ago he was taking the cinema count and preparing to bow out of the glare of the Kleigs for keeps.

Today his is a name that means box-office. He has staged a comeback that startled even himself. As the troubadouring *Cisco Kid* of "In Old Arizona," that sensational talkie that William Fox recently produced, Warner Baxter brought to himself a glory which he could not, under any circumstances, have achieved in the silent pictures.

Great as the performance is, however, Baxter does not consider it a comeback. Nor is this a matter of plain, unadulterated ego. Far from it, in fact. For Warner Baxter does not consider that he ever even arrived! And never having arrived, naturally he could not come back, because, forsooth, there was no place to come back from.

There have been great parts for him in the past, but no great triumphs.

Many times he thought that he might touch the hem of Fame. Many times he thought that his great chance had come, his big opportunity. And each time fickle favor passed him by. It was just another good part creditably done. It was not outstanding, not irresistible in appeal.

There was his work in "Craig's Wife," in "The Great Gatsby," his splendid *Alessandro* in the Dolores Del Rio version of "Ramona," his *Nuitane* in "Aloma of the South Seas," and many other noteworthy rôles. But none of them, despite the skill with which he characterized them, brought him recognition.

For all of which, according to Baxter, there was a reason.

"On the set, working in silent pictures," he explained, "one says one thing, and then it goes into the cutting room and to the title writers, and when it emerges, lo and behold, one finds himself saying something else."

All of which merely means that the characterization the player delineates is often garbled in cutting and titling.

Or to make it simpler still, silent pictures stifle personality.

And that is what was happening to Warner Baxter.

"Personality, after all," he says, "is in the voice."

Not always, Warner, but in your case, yes.

"Therefore," he continued, "when an actor says one thing, and a title writer makes him say something else, naturally his characterization is false and the public condemns him or at least passes him a lukewarm reception. But that, thank the good graces, can't occur in the talkies. A man says what he says, and that's that. No cutter can chop out half of it; no smart title writer can stick a wisecrack into the middle of a serious speech. The result, therefore, is a sincere interpretation, one in which the player gets over the full measure of his characterization and not merely some film editor's idea of it."

Apparently Mr. Baxter feels that too many cooks have been putting garlic in the film broth in Hollywood.

And maybe he's right.

IT is interesting to note that the fight for success is often a grim battle. After some ten years on the stage and seven years in pictures, Warner Baxter, a splendid actor, had just about decided to bow his way out. He was going to give up the ghost, toss up the sponge, as it were. He just couldn't seem to get any kind of worth-while break. He had dreamed of stardom, yes, but it seemed such an empty dream. And in consequence, he was discouraged. In fact, he had become a bit cynical, or if not cynical, at least commercial. Quite frankly now he admits that he had reached the point where he was out after the money.

"I had planned to spend only one year more in the picture business," he admits now, "then I intended to check out."

As to what he would have done, he does not exactly know. Allied lines, probably—the theater, directing, even salesmanship was a calling that haunted his dim consciousness. But most of all, he had always wanted to direct.

When the break came for him as the *Cisco Kid*, he knew it was the big moment. Just the minute he heard the playback on the voice tests, he knew it. Talking pictures were made to order for Warner Baxter. Nothing could stop him. He took a theoretical reef in his belt and plunged into that part with every ounce of his energy, every iota of his intelligence, every particle of knowledge gained in past [CONTINUED ON PAGE 131]

# What a Film First

Some of the stars that  
"Melody" made its  
Chinese Theater



Need we name them? Oh well, for the benefit of a few benighted souls who require labels, here is one of Movieland's most romantic couples—the debonair Adolphe and the fair Kathryn. Kathryn is wearing a becoming costume of cherry and silver



Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, whose engagement was recently reported. Bebe's costume is white and silver — a gorgeous setting for her dark beauty. She is wearing orchids



Bessie Love and Anita Page—two little troupers whose work in "The Broadway Melody" brought roars of applause and congratulation. Bessie (left) is gowned in the popular all-white—taffeta dress, ermine coat trimmed with fox. The only note of color is in her orchid bouquet and gold slippers. Anita is also in white, except for a dark fox fur. Her gown is tulle, her cape transparent velvet



# Night Looks Like

shone when "The Broadway bow at Grauman's in Hollywood



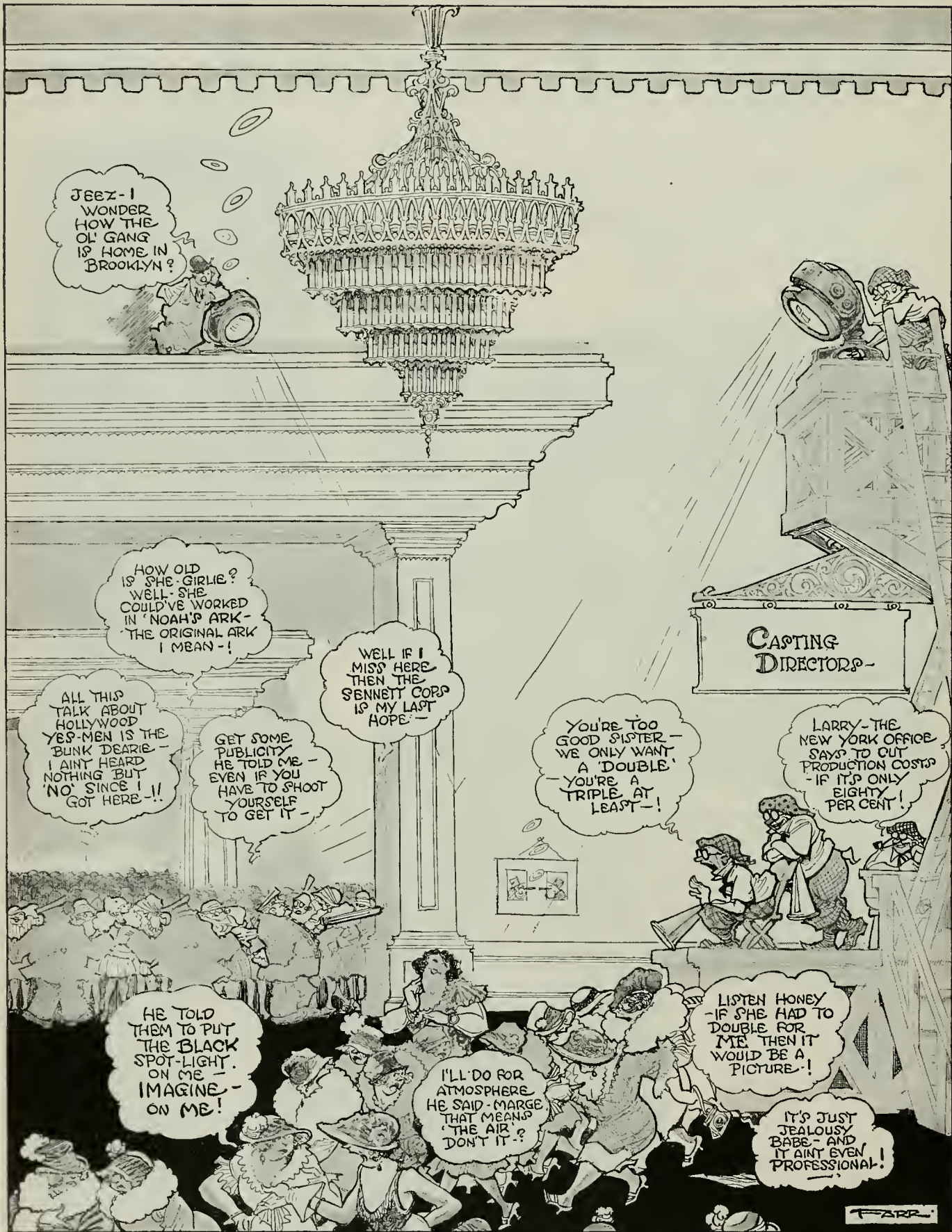
Young Doug and Joan—the most "are they engaged or are they married" couple in Hollywood. Eddie Nugent is the jealous on-looker. Joan is the foil for all the white costumes. She's wearing clinging black velvet relieved only by pearls and a spray of lilies of the valley



Blue-eyed, blonde Virginia Cherrill, a new star in the film sky — with Jack Gilbert. Virginia is charming in a dashing chartreuse velvet cape, allowing brief glimpses of her youthful white moire dress. The dress is made with tight bodice and circular skirt



Marion Davies, looking very dignified and lovely in a graceful rose and gold brocade wrap, heavily trimmed with sable, which almost completely covers her short rose chiffon dress. Her dainty gold slippers are trimmed with stunning rhinestone bows



Intimate Snapshots of Film Favorites

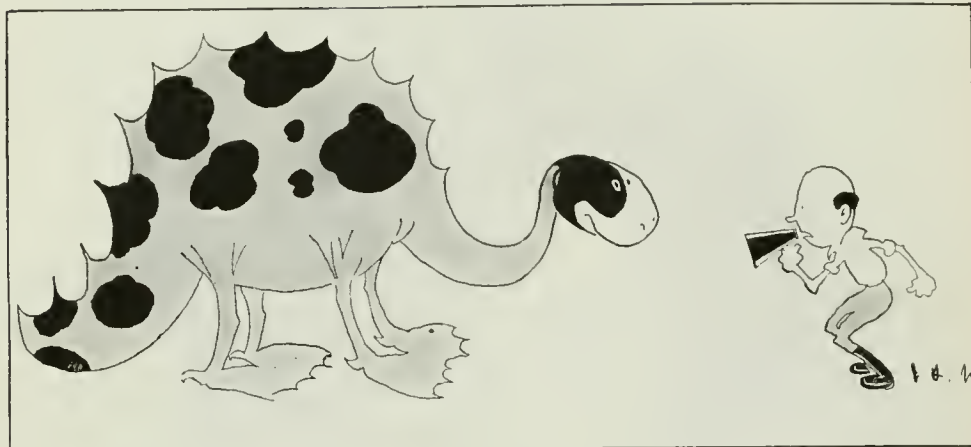
No. 3

Greta Garbo Advertises for a Double



# REELING AROUND

with  
Leonard  
Hall



TALKING PICTURE DIRECTOR—"Come on, now, bark like an antediluvian monster, there's a good creature!"

## Just a Theme Song

Dashed hurriedly off for "Sins of the Fathers,"  
Herr Emil Jannings' Picture.

*Sins of the fathers,  
I love you!  
Sins of the fathers,  
'Deed I do!*

*No matter how hard I try to be bad  
I just can't act as terrible as dear old dad!*

*While I'm sitting all alone  
Father's chasing blondes—  
While I'm drawing thirty per  
Daddy's stealing bonds!*

*How I envy  
Those fascinatin'*

*Aggravatin'  
Sins of the fathers—  
I love you  
(Sweet papa!)  
I love you!*

## Bits from Lots

When you heard Richard Barthelmess sing in "Weary River," that was a young gentleman named Frank Withers. . . . And Belle Mann sang so prettily for Alice White in "Show Girl" that the Victor platter people have given her a recording contract. . . . Alice opened her mouth in Hollywood, but Belle sang in Camden. . . . Milton Sills lost sixty pounds in a three week's illness, and work is off. . . . New York seems to be the easiest place for famous actors to hide. . . . Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore, Norma Talmadge and Carol Dempster have all succeeded in dodging inquiring reporters for weeks. . . . Tom Meighan is in New York, all tanned by the Florida sun. . . . "Singing Porter" is the latest. . . . The Paramount Theater, in Brooklyn, has a colored boy who mingles baritone solos with his lobby sweeping. . . . And when they want the house emptied I suppose they start him on "Ramona." . . . Metro-Goldwyn gave 110 stage actors voice tests in New York and the only one to nab a contract was Miss Gwynne Stratford, of "And So to Bed." . . . The gorgeous Greta Nissen has been playing in an obscure stock company near New York. . . . And that's the high cost of a thick accent!

## The Gag of the Month Club

A boy and girl leaving a talking picture.

THE GIRL—"That leading man gives me an earache!"  
Again "Variety" wins the embroidered blinders.

## Personal and Confidential

Rudolph Valentino's valet is now hired by Samuel Goldwyn. . . . Between Christmas and New Year Paramount laid off 750 studio people. . . . Happy New Year! . . . Hard winter for movie dogs. . . . Virginia Valli lost hers, a little Scotch terrier named Benny. . . . And the famous Bill, who co-starred with Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," died at the Chaplin studio at the ripe old age of 13. . . . It is rumored that Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are expectant. . . . Orville Caldwell, former leading man, is selling bonds in Los Angeles. . . . Cecil De Mille's middle name is Blount. . . . Lya di Putti is permitted to do solo flights in her own plane. . . . Joe Schenck, the magnate, has paid Leo Diegel, the golf pro, between ten and twelve thousand dollars for private lessons. . . . Which ties Joe with Roxy for the honor of being the greatest golf bug in and around motion pictures. . . . Roxy practices continually in his palatial offices in his own theater. . . . Conrad Nagel's brother has gone into the crystallized fruit business. . . . Thirteen hundred Montana citizens visited Los Angeles in a body not long ago, and the crowd was immediately searched for more Gary Coopers. . . . Herbert Brenon, Jr., son of the director, is a cub reporter on the New York Mirror. . . . Ruth Roland, the serial queen, is reported to have given Ben Bard, her fiance, a million dollars for Christmas. . . . What a helpmate! . . . Greta Garbo has a swell sense of humor. . . . She told a couple of French picture directors that her salary to make a picture in Paris would be \$1,000 a day, and they fainted dead away. . . . That's what is known as Swedish punch. . . . Leave it to the ship news reporters to tab the stars. . . . *The Graphic's* man, in New York, says that Dolores del Rio is always pouting about something, that Norma Talmadge is inclined to be chicken breasted, that Florence Vidor is stunning and that Mary Pickford twitters about Art. . . . Well, a ship news reporter has no more illusions than a bell-hop. . . . Hedda Hopper's son Bill is six feet tall and only in his middle teens. . . . Gwen Lee lunches on sandabs (that's a fish) and broccoli for the sake of That Figure. . . . And believe it or not, one of Fox's new talkie directors is none other than John Parrott.



Be "the girl with the wonderful red hair"—not just another "carrot-top." Here's how to do it

By

Laurene

Hempstead

This month's cover is a color chart for red-haired girls. Reading clockwise from bottom of circle, we have soft red-orange, orange, yellow-orange and yellow, fusing into soft yellow-green, green, blue-green and blue. The left side colors are similar to the hair and make it less conspicuous but a pleasing part of the picture created by the wearer. The colors on the right are opposite in character to the color of the hair and by contrast intensify it

*This is the third of a series of four articles on color harmony for four distinct types—the brunette, the blonde, the red-haired and the brown-haired girl. The writer of these articles, Laurene Hempstead, is an authority on color. Next month—the brown-haired girl.*

"WHY! I never knew Anne was so attractive," the young man exclaimed in a tone of chagrin at having entertained a beauty unawares.

"I told you Anne was the sweetest girl I know," responded his sister.

"Sweet," said the man in a tone of deep disgust; "the girl is beautiful! That hair, that wonderful golden red hair, I wonder why I have never noticed it before."

"It's been that same golden red for twenty years. During most of that time Anne has been in and out of this house every day. If you would pay a little more attention to your sister's friends—" she added in a half-aggravated, half-teasing tone, "you wouldn't discover beauties after they become the most popular girls in town and are all dated up weeks in advance."

"But that hair, it couldn't have been so beautiful all these years—she hasn't done anything to change its color?" he asked with the horrified suspicion with which even the most broad-minded men seem to regard artifice in the change of natural coloring.

"No, you silly, her hair has always been that color, you were

today. I helped her pick it out myself and I know how much it does for her, both for her hair and her skin. That black outfit she has this spring, that makes her look so distinguished, also makes her coloring stand out. I was with her the day she bought that, in fact I insisted on her getting it, so I deserve some credit for her beauty; all she did was to be born with it."

"Oh, yes, Sis, you are some artist, you can take the credit if I present you with a beautiful sister-in-law. But, seriously, does a color make all that difference? Anne never did look even pretty before this spring."

"YES, seriously, color does make all that difference. Anne used to be ashamed of her red hair, and no wonder with you rude boys calling her red-head and carrot-top. She used to wear dull browns and tans because she thought they made her hair look brown, and they did, somewhat, but they made her look rather monotonous and uninteresting, for her hair really isn't red enough to stand out when she tries to match it."

"Well, I'm glad it isn't dyed; I'll see that she always wears colors that make it look golden," he said with a mischievous grin over his shoulder as he started to leave the room.

"Just wait until you get her, Anne's all dated up for weeks. She is going to be here for dinner Friday—just in case you should happen to be home," his sister called.

This incident reveals the effects of colors on so-called red hair. Contrasting colors, cool colors such as blue, blue-green

calling her carrot-top ten years ago, before you had the sophistication or artistic sense to realize that red hair is beautiful," was the sisterly rejoinder.

"Well, it looks different now, are you sure it's natural?" he persisted.

"Well, it does look a little more golden red with that lovely shade of blue-green she was wearing



# What Are YOUR Correct Colors?

and green, make the color of hair that is actually red-orange, not red, seem warmer, more vibrant by contrast.

Black, especially lustrous black, likewise makes red hair seem more colorful by contrast. White with its absence of color sometimes makes red hair seem more colorful.

**R**ED-orange tones, beiges, tans and browns, on the other hand, because of their similarity with the actual hue of the hair make red hair less conspicuous.

The red-haired girl may therefore make her hair more striking, or less apparent, at will, simply through the colors which she employs in her costumes. By changing the colors which she wears she may apparently change her personality, changing from the quiet appearing person wearing brown, which matches her hair, to the gay, active effect contrasting colors give not only to the hair but to the girl herself.

Not all red-heads, however, will find it advisable to utilize both methods of color harmony. The girl whose hair is just faintly reddish, rather drab in tone, whose skin is rather dull and lifeless should choose contrasting colors which will increase the amount of warm coloring both in her hair and skin. If she chooses blue-green to increase the red in her hair, to bring out the flesh tints in her cheeks, it may at the same time be reflected into the depths of her eyes, making them seem a deep rather than a faded blue, giving them that blue-green cast which is so subtle and therefore intriguing. If her eyes are definitely blue, a blue may be even more effective. If her eyes are decidedly green, green may increase this distinctive color and accent the hair and bring desirable warmth to the cheeks.

Extremely hard, vivid, cold colors, a very brilliant blue, a vibrant green or a blue-green of high intensity, should, like all other extremely vivid colors, be avoided. A bright blue might make the hair look too brilliant, too glaring in color, at the same time increasing the amount of yellow in the skin. The hair would look cheap, probably artificial in color, the skin would appear jaundiced and unhealthy, while the eyes, dominated by a blue much more intense than their own coloring, would seem pale, faded and expressionless.

**A** VIVID green, a too brilliant blue-green, would be equally disastrous. Softer, more subtle, more truly beautiful colors in these same hues are much easier to wear, more desirable for all types, but especially necessary for the girl with red hair, for her coloring, which may be so distinctive, becomes tawdry and cheap when in contrast with harsh, vivid, cool, somewhat elusive colors. Every red-haired girl should try many shades of blues, blue-greens and greens, noting their effect upon her hair, her skin, her eyes. She should trust not only the judgment of her mirror but that of a critical and sincere friend.

Some red-haired girls will find rather pale tints, especially in green or blue-green, becoming. Pale blue usually lacks sufficient character to be effective with the distinctive red hair. Medium values, colors which are neither extremely light or very dark, are, if softened or grayed rather than vivid, becoming to many red-haired types. Dark, cool colors, dark blue, dark green and dark blue-green are frequently extremely becoming, as the darkness of the color gives a contrast

with the skin as well as with the hair, performing much the same function as black, yet with the added contrast of warm and cool hues.

While cool dark colors may be most effective in dull textures, black is frequently more becoming if in lustrous finish. A dull black tends to absorb the coloring from surrounding surfaces, making the skin look pale and frequently lifeless. Red hair, especially the paler, more drab types of red hair, may also look dull when dull black is worn. Shiny black satin and lustrous, rich black velvet reflect rather than absorb light. They, therefore, contrast their rich blackness with the coloring of the individual, making the skin seem whiter, the hair more colorful.

**W**HILE the girl with vivid red hair and clear skin with healthy color may wear dull black effectively, lustrous black will frequently be even more becoming. The more drab red-haired type will find dull black unbecoming, undesirable at all times, while lustrous black may be flattering, especially if used with an accent of cool color. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

**T**O MAKE an attractive appearance it is necessary to analyze your coloring and choose your clothes in harmony with it. And it's both wisdom and fun to match your color combinations to your moods—at times to bring out vividness and striking effects, at other times to tone down your coloring to quiet, restful notes. Complexion, hair and make-up all enter into this study. The red-haired girl will find it especially fascinating. There are so many ways by which she can make her hair a real crown of glory. The girl with golden-red hair and warm, clear complexion can wear one set of colors—her sister of the drab hair with just a faint reddish tinge, and dull, pale skin requires another set. And there's a trick to keep red hair from looking artificial in color.





# The Studio Murder

The police net tightens about the baffling Hollywood murder and a sensational arrest nears

*Who killed Dwight Hardell?*

That is the problem baffling the whole Los Angeles police and detective departments. Hardell, a leading actor with the Superior Films Company, had been found murdered on Stage Six, following a night's work on close-ups with Franz Seibert, Superior's ace foreign director. Investigation shows that Hardell left the studio in Seibert's car at 12:17 A.M. Apparently finding his way back without being observed by anyone, Hardell met his death in the costume of his mimic rôle and on the very spot where he was supposed to die in the final scenes of Seibert's film.

Four people come under suspicion: Seibert's assistant, Billy

West; West's sweetheart, Yvonne Beaumont; Beth MacDougal, pretty daughter of the studio gateman; and the gateman, MacDougal, himself. Three of these suspects "confess" under puzzling and contradictory circumstances.

Since the police still believe the murderer at large, the hunt goes on. Hardell's past record, an unsavory one in his private life, opens up many channels of investigation. It seems highly probable that the murder was committed by a jealous woman.

As the last installment closed, Chief Detective Smith was about to question Serge, Seibert's strange Russian cameraman. Now go on with the mystery.





# Mystery

By The EDINGTONS

Illustrated by C. A. BRYSON

"I wanted . . . I had to . . . talk to Dwight Hardell," confessed Beth. "My father had forbidden me to see him . . . I went to the stage and Dwight was not there . . . I heard someone coming. I was so scared. I started to run . . . and I fell . . . and that's how I found out that Hardell was there all the time—and that he was dead!"

"NO. No one has moved it since I set it up here," said Serge in answer to Smith's first question.

"Do you usually leave your camera on the set at night?"  
"No. But Seibert wanted to re-take the death scene which matched up with the dissolve and I did not want to chance moving the focus."

"I want to check up, if possible, on the film you shot the day before Hardell was murdered."

"It will take some time, but there will be a discrepancy. The camera jams sometimes and we waste film re-threading."

"Did that happen on that day?"

"Yes."

"How many times?"

"I do not remember."

"You cannot say how much film was wasted in that way?"

"No."

"Well, find out how much film you loaded and how much you shot . . . exposed."

Serge showed his white teeth in his sudden, brilliant smile.

"They'll bawl me out good and plenty at the 'lab' but I'll try to get the dope for you."



“EVEN the greenest amateur knows enough to conceal his fingerprints,” protested Detective Smith.

“But what the greenest amateur does not know, and what even the expert criminal can hardly be acquainted with so soon, is the fact that gloves do not protect him,” responded Professor Middleton. “In wearing gloves the criminal nearly always, because he believes himself safe . . . he, or she . . . leaves a very legible palm print. The lower portion of the palm, that portion lying within the opening of the ordinary gloves, is as absolute an identification print as the finger print”



# Strange Murder Mystery Reaches Climax

"I understand that. I'll wait here for you."

"Oh, I'll phone them. They might have an inspiration to throw me in the 'soup' if I went down there in person!"

Smith could not detect any double meaning in the man's conversation.

"Hello. That you, Sam? Get me the footage on that stuff we shot the day Hardell was killed. Check up all the NGs and the waste ends and the raw stock in the magazines. Tally it with the slate and let me have the total. Certainly I am not kidding. Do you want Captain Smith to talk to you?" Evidently not, for Serge hung up.

SMITH was in the chair marked Assistant Director, and apparently dozing, when the cameraman returned to the set. He lay back with his lean brown hands on his lean stomach. Serge smirked at him and said under his breath:

"If you were fatter, my good detective, you would be very much like a sitting Buddha . . . in appearance! But I do not think you are as wise . . . no, not as wise!" and he began walking with quick, elastic steps, about the set. Smith opened his eyes in time to see him leap suddenly high in the air, twirl his body in a complete revolution and land lightly on the balls of his feet. Just then the phone rang and he went to answer it. Smith retained an impression of the man's legs, revealed fully as to shape, in the golf stockings frequently worn by cameraman and assistant directors. They were the strangest legs he had ever seen . . . very short, and huge with bulging muscles. No wonder the man could leap!

"Film issued Seibert Productions March 31. Unexposed straight stock 4800 feet. Panchromatic 400 feet. Exposed total (straight stock) 4200 feet. Panchromatic 132. Not checked in magazine X 124, 400 straight stock. Total print 380 feet. NGs and slated 3520. Shortage 120," read Serge when he returned, looking at the memo in his hand.

"Hm . . . that means you wasted 120 feet when the camera jammed! Approximately how much waste is there each time it jams?"

"TEN or fifteen feet. It might not all be lost in jamming. There might be a short end left in one of the magazines."

"Why?"

"Well, it usually runs 400 feet to a roll. Suppose we've exposed 380 feet, and Seibert starts a new sequence of scenes which will take more than what's on the roll. We take it out and put in a fresh one."

"How was the camera fixed when you left it? Fresh loaded ready to shoot?"

"Yes. My assistant had just put on a magazine when Seibert called it a day."

"Then, if no one has touched this camera, why is that magazine not on it now?" said Smith.

There was a flicker . . . it might have been surprise . . . in the man's eyes.

"You have already examined the camera? I have not. I will see if you are right." He went to it with his bouncing gait.

"You are right," he said, turning back to Smith.

"Can you explain it?"

"I cannot explain it. It is possible I am mistaken. Very often people imagine they have seen the movements of a familiar routine, when they have not. It is a subconscious thought."



"Those bloody fingerprints on the canvas door were yours," said Detective Smith.

Beth looked at the detective and her blue eyes began to fill with tears. "There isn't any use in keeping things back," she said. "My father . . . I did not see him kill Hardell . . . but I know . . . he did it."

"Correct. Can you conveniently get another camera and bring it here?"

"I think so."

When he returned, Smith said: "I want you to show me how a person familiar with a camera would go about taking off the magazine in changing magazines."

The sensitive, steely fingers of the man clasped the camera. "Here . . ." he said, grasping the back spool, "or here," taking the front one. "With the [CONTINUED ON PAGE 116]"

# Gossip of All

By Cal



When Louise Lovely, who retired from the screen and married Australian millions, came back to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to visit friends, she found Estelle Taylor gone completely oriental for her rôle in "Where East Is East." The use of adhesive tape tying back the eyes gives that Ming Toy appearance

*"If seven maids with seven mops  
Scrubbed Hollywood from morn to e'en,  
Oh, do you think," a censor said,  
"That they could make it clean?"*

**B**ELIEVE it or not, the rumor is going around among Charlie Chaplin's friends that he is that way about Georgia Hale, the Chicago girl who was his leading woman in "The Gold Rush."

There is even talk of wedding bells.

It was Georgia who first brought Lita Grey to the attention of Charlie, and it was Georgia who took Lita's place when she became the second Mrs. C.

And now, Lita having faded out of the picture, the little gray clown is paying plenty of court to the clever girl who began her career in the famous quickie called "The Salvation Hunters," the picture that gave Joseph von Sternberg his big shot at fame.

**T**HE dream home of the late Fred Thomson, western star, is to be sold.

The magnificent \$750,000 estate, 15 acres of beauty spot in Benedict Canyon, is under the hammer, because his widow Frances Marion, cannot bear to live amid its stunning beauties without him.

There Thomson romped with his two children. There he planted and tended rare varieties of plants and flowers as well as common sorts that meant much to him through association. On it stood a 22-room mansion—now filled only with memories.

Sixteen of his horses are to be sold.

Silver King, the great stallion that shared honors with him, is not to be disposed of—may never be ridden again.



Clara Bow is telling the microphone a thing or two. The Brooklyn Bonfire made her radio debut not long ago over Station KNX in Los Angeles during Paramount Hour, which is a feature each Sunday night between 7 and 8, Pacific Coast time

Silver King is to be the mourning Miss Marion's one link between the sad present and the golden days of her life with the big preacher-star.

**F**ATE'S choicest bit of irony for the month.

Raoul Walsh, the director, lost his right eye last winter when a leaping jack-rabbit crashed through the windshield of his car.

And the first story assigned to him after his return to the studio was called "This Cock-Eyed World"!

**W**E hear little Betty Bronson has left the parental roof and established an apartment of her own. What prompted this, we do not know exactly, but mothers of screen celebrities



# The STUDIOS

## York



Unser Emil Jannings, about to begin performing a solo on the Tyrolean harp you see on his lap. Herr Jannings is made up for his Alpine rôle in his current picture. And what it takes to hunt the edelweiss, Emil certainly has!

have a habit of tightening the apron strings long after daughter has learned to cross the street alone, and not always with pleasing results.

**I**N the lavish pet cemetery in the San Fernandino valley, near Hollywood, there's a new stone.

On it is carved—"Kabar, Rudolph Valentino's dog. Born in Alsace, June 20, 1922. Died January 17, 1929."

Kabar was a Dobermann pinscher given to Rudie on a European trip while he was still happily married to Natacha Rambova, and was trained on the Hudnut estate in France.

After the film star's death, Kabar was inconsolable, and lived on at Falcon's Lair, the Valentino home in the hills above Hollywood, cared for by a housekeeper.



Gary Cooper takes all medals for the novel present. He recently gave Lupe Velez a pair of American eagles, and Lupe is finding them a little difficult to care for on the old Velez estate. So she has finally decided to ship them to the zoo in Mexico City, where eagle-handling facilities are said to be excellent

And plenty of romantic folk today are saying that Kabar has found his famous master in Valhalla.

**T**HE month's best title, and don't give me an argument.

It's from Paramount's gabbie, "The Canary Murder Case." And it reads:

"The lock I can't pick is still in Yale!"

**A**NOTHER real romance of the films bloomed in New York recently, when Marjorie Daw and Myron Selznick went to the Municipal Building and were married.

It wasn't a movie wedding, according to the good old Hollywood tradition, with mobs, cameras, music and cutaway coats. Marjorie and Myron just went up, got a license and were spliced. There were only a few people present, and the only noise-making was the grunt of ferry-boats in the East River far below.

Geraldine Farrar "discovered" Miss Daw years ago, and gave her a chance in pictures. Marjie was just a child then. In 1923 she married Eddie Sutherland, the director, and divorced him in 1925.

Myron's family has been in the producing end of pictures for many years. The groom's last zoom into the headlines was when he won a fast five minute bout with Jack Barrymore on the lawn of the Ambassador Hotel in Hollywood.

Myron and Marjorie have known each other for years. He gave his age as 30, and the bride blushed and confessed 25. Good luck to the happy pair, is the wish of old Cal.

**B**ELIEVE it or not, Lupe always gives us the exciting moment of the month.

She was being interviewed by a conservative, Boston news-



There's a tragic story in this picture. It shows Ralph Ince greeting Molly O'Day after her operation to remove fat, with sister Sally O'Neil looking on. There's a little of the old fight and snap in Molly's face, but her operation left her wan and wistful



Tommy Armour gets time to win a lot more golf championships. Jack Mulhall is presenting him with a Mulhall model Helbros wrist watch for being runner-up in the Los Angeles \$10,000 open tournament. Both boys seem happy about the tourney and the timepiece

paper woman. The setting was Lupe's boudoir. The night was warm, so her attire was scanty . . . to be exact, only two pieces, both of soft satin.

Presently, Gary Cooper appeared on the scene. This was too much for the newspaper woman, who excitedly remarked: "Before the interview can proceed, I will have to ask you to put on a dressing gown, Lupe."

**S**PEAKING of Lupe, it is the consensus of opinion that she and Gary Cooper will be married at an early date.

The impression is that the parental anxiety on the part of the elder Coopers had no retarding influence on the love affair between Lupe and Gary.

It has all the ear-marks of the genuine article.

**I**T was the inevitable question the first time we had luncheon with Lillian Gish upon her return from Europe, "What do you think of the talkies?"

"The public has a newer and better toy," said Lillian. "Give a little girl a doll that walks and she's delighted. But give her one that also says 'Mama' and she is entranced. The talkies say 'Mama.'"

**T**HE importance of Hollywood as a fashion center has at last been recognized in Paris. The great Poiret, famous French designer, is planning to establish himself in the film capital.

A deal is now under consideration and the property has even been selected. Also a local capitalist has agreed to underwrite the project to the tune of \$300,000. Poiret left Hollywood greatly elated and much impressed with its potentialities as a style mart.

His plan contemplates the opening of an elaborate institution under his own name which will specialize in interior decoration and in period and custom built furniture as well as in gowns and rare perfumes and cosmetics. The department of decoration and furniture will be under the direction of Harold Grieve, one of Hollywood's foremost designers and decorators.

Poiret will spend four months in Hollywood each year and eight months in Paris.

"**W**HOO'S Meta Morphosis?" asked the big producer. "Why, metamorphosis changed the whole aspect of things."

"Vell den," said the producer, "she better next change her name. She can't be a big star vit a name like det."

**W**HOOOPS, and my word!

Maria Corda has hired a VALET!

She fired her colored maid and hired, as Lord High Guardian of the Royal Lipstick, a big husky man.

Seven stage-hands fainted the first day Corda appeared on the set with her he-maid toting the make-up box.

**W**INFIELD SHEEHAN has picked the leading girl for his "Fox Movietone Follies."

Her name, believe it or not, is "Dixie Lee," and she was lured away from the singing stage by the dangling of Fox lucre.

Incidentally, every time Flo Ziegfeld thinks of the use of the name "Follies" with the Fox picture, his lavender shirt catches fire. Flo wants to film his own "Follies"—a Ziegfeld trademark, hall-mark, and landmark for over twenty years.

**A**L BOASBERG, that exceedingly versatile title writer and wit, was called upon to serve as master of the microphone at Grauman's opening of "Broadway Melody."

Many and deft were the Boasberg quips.

Each arriving star came in for his or her share of kidding.

But the fastest wise crack of all was the one Al pulled on his divorced wife.

"Here comes the former Mrs. Boasberg," he remarked, "I don't see how she wears all those swell clothes on the alimony I give her."

**T**HE news of the engagement of Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels has busted us all up, and we'll never be the same again—no, never!

Whenever we needed a hot squib about the romance of a pretty heart-cracker we could always pin the yarn to Bebe.

We've had her all but hitched to a dozen eligibles—Harold Lloyd, Jack Dempsey, Charlie Paddock, Jack Pickford and a dozen others.

Now we have to quit.

The Lyon angle is just as tough.

Ben has been the real sheik of the lots, though we talked more about Rudie.

Dozens of women have loved him, though he was never more than mildly ruffled. Barbara La Marr was very fond of him.





Who's that chap in the middle? When Eleanor Boardman marches off to war, she usually falls into a shell hole and gets her face dirty, just to start hostilities. This is a scene from "She Goes to War." The other two are Edwin Chandler and Al St. John



Paul Poiret, the famous Parisian dressmaker, is showing just exactly how he makes bad figures better and good figures wonderful. Not that Joan needs any particular help, for Heaven's sake! Poiret is threatening to open a branch in Hollywood

Gloria Swanson is one of his best friends. Marilyn Miller certainly cared in a big way at one time, and we thought he was losing sleep over Marion Nixon.

Now we are all wrong. Whenever we need an attractive bachelor now it will be Gilbert or Nils Asther. This is Warning No. 1.

**O**H how careful actors have to be these days! Lilyan Tashman and Ronald Colman were complaining loudly between scenes of "Bulldog Drummond." They told each other in no uncertain terms that the long hours and the night work completely wore them out. They added a few other choice tidbits concerning Samuel Goldwyn and his methods of picture making.

Imagine their complete consternation when they discovered that the microphones on the sound stage were open and that Sam Goldwyn himself was sitting in the recording room hearing every word of their conversation!

**R**HEBA CRAWFORD, "Angel of Broadway," has parked her Bible in Hollywood and proposes to build a cinema cathedral here. To this there will be attached a hotel for business and extra girls. Furthermore, Miss Crawford has refused to enter pictures.

She was delighted with Lon Chaney, astounded at his keen and sparkling intelligence; she was much pleased with Corinne Griffith and Ernest Torrence. Her frank admiration and appreciation of picture people are in direct contrast to the views held by Aimee Semple McPherson, for Aimee doesn't even want the members of her church to see a picture show.

We suppose a comparison between these two women evangelists is inevitable, since they are in the same locality at the moment, but the points of similarity are so slight, the two names will not often be connected.

**S**PEAKING of Rheba Crawford, her first visit to a studio was to Corinne Griffith's set. Upon her arrival, all the extra men of the company arose, bowed profusely, kissed her hand, etc.

"Did you say these are extra people?" she inquired. "Why, I have been all over the world and I have never seen such gallantry in any drawing room."

What we didn't tell her was that all of these men were foreigners and most of them had been distinguished officers in the Russian army and were trained to be gallant.

**I**N his new United Artists picture, "Eternal Love," John Barrymore walks up snowbanks and down snowbanks and over snowbanks and around snowbanks and across snowbanks.

He walks and walks and walks. And when one of Hollywood's very clever magazine writers saw it she remarked, "Well, I see that United has made its first Walkie."

**H**OLLYWOOD etiquette demands that a dead romance be shrugged off—paid the dubious compliment of a light word. Somebody asked Alice White, the other day, how Dick Grace, the stunt flier, was.

"How should I know?" asked Alice. "Believe me, I fell for and from Grace in short order!"

**N**OT all movie actors live according to the hit or miss idea. I point to Norma Shearer.

She has organized her life and career with precision and perfection.

It is all according to plan, and her rise to fame and fortune is proof that never once did she allow herself to be flagged off the main line.

She refused marriage till she was certain she was firmly founded as a star.

She had little time for love or friendship during the days of her artistic growth.

Now she looks toward another goal. Old Dame Rumor sidles up to say that at the end of 1929 she will retire and attend to the glorious business of motherhood.

She has three pictures to do for M.-G.-M. this year—"The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and "Ballyoo."

It will be characteristic of Norma if she does them handsomely, closes her makeup box and retires quietly to the sunshine to await what is euphemistically called a blessed event.

**L**EW CODY has been desperately ill in New York. At holiday time, it appears, he cancelled vaudeville dates, because of illness.

Then, after a month's silence, came word that he was critically ill at his New York hotel—allowed to see no one, running a tremendous temperature, and so on. His manager did all the talking, and Lew's sickness was in the nature of a bombshell all round.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 82]

# Hollywood's Apostle *to the* SCOTS

When Margaret Mann went home, all  
Aberdeen wanted to hear secrets

By  
*Cal York*

**A**BERDEEN, Scotland, has just had its first view of a mad, bad movie mamma, hot from horrid Hollywood! This palpitating patootie, geared to tell all about the sins of cinemaland, is a dear little old lady of sixty summers and a lot of winters.

Which is another way of saying that Margaret Mann, unforgettable *Mother Bernie* of Fox's "Four Sons," has come back from a long visit to her ain folk in the home town she left thirty-eight years ago.

Hollywood's unofficial ambassador of sweetness and light has returned from a gentle mission to her own people. After eleven years of

weariness and of working in piffing extra bits, Mother Margaret came into her own last summer in John Ford's fine picture of war-battered Germany.

Case-hardened press agents saw a lot of space in the newly prominent little old lady of Fox Hills. Typewriters clattered, and before you could say Joseph von Sternberg she was a personage.

Spotlights bathed her as the film had its world premiere at a proud Broadway theater. Crowds cheered her. Back at the studio, she played a bit in "The River" for Frank Borzage. Suddenly, came November 1, and the end of her contract. She was through at Fox.

At this black moment fate and the postal service dealt her a letter. It was postmarked Aberdeen, Scotland—from her sister, the sole survivor of six others.

"I am tryin' to wait patiently for your big picture," she wrote, "but I am afraid I sha'n't be able to see it when it comes. The cataracts in my eyes are growing worse rapidly. Perhaps when 'Four Sons' gets here I shall be blind."

Margaret Mann made just one move, but that was fast.

She trotted to the cable office and wired her sad sister that she was coming home!—home after thirty-eight years.

On a dank winter day the little old lady of Fox Hills stepped from a train and peered at the

[ CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 88 ]



Margaret Mann, outside her sister's home, being interviewed by Aberdeen tabloid reporters on wild Hollywood parties

Special photo  
for  
PHOTOPLAY



# The Queen of Poverty Row

Betty Compson made a fortune last year in the despised "Quickies" while prima donnas lived on art and crusts\*

By

Herbert Howe

Illustration by  
Ken Chamberlain



Betty Compson is going to do fourteen pictures this year—most of them in Poverty Row. Last year Betty pulled down \$120,000 in these less pretentious studios—while a hundred second-rate stars were holding out for parts that suited their ego

HAVING long heard of the Sunday open house kept by Betty Compson and husband, Jim Cruze, where everyone is as welcome as at a Salvation Army barracks and of the money bowl by the door, an old Spanish custom, where departing guests may help themselves in case they're a little short, I grabbed my tambourine, tilted my bonnet at a rakish angle and set out for Flintridge with sticky fingers.

I hadn't seen Betty since "The Miracle Man" gave us said Miracle. In those days the Miracle focused me with wicked lashes and recited lines from The Miracle of Right Thought. Said she:

"You can be what you wish to be, do what you wish to do, if your thoughts correspond with your desires."

I was converted instantly but never got anywhere.

FANCY my consternation on reading recently that evangelist Betty was dedicating herself to the love of money. According to her own words she was another Hetty Green. I saw the Rose of "The Miracle Man," with her evangelical power of giving men that do-what-you-will-with-me feeling,—I saw her transformed into a tight-lipped bad-bonneted Hetty with a grouch bag at her belt. This was hard to harmonize with the picture of the long-lashed idealist and her flowing silver bowl from which guests helped themselves. I felt it was high time for an old convert to step in.

When I arrived palpitant at the open house neither Betty nor the silver bowl were to be seen. They probably were in a back room making love.

\*Note to Income Tax Collectors—Give her plenty of "exceptions." She gives half of it away.

Jim Cruze received me. The previous Sunday he had staged a radio hour for Betty's benefit. The guests on arriving were told that the Sanitary Plumbing Company of Los Angeles had dedicated a radio hour to Betty Compson and Jim Cruze. What Jim did not tell Betty or the guests was that the radio hour of "The Sanitary Plumbing Company" was being sent in by a wire from his garage where he had placed a man to deliver a program of his (Jim's) own creation.

With Betty and her guests assembled, the announcer came on the air: "The Sanitary Plumbing Company of Los Angeles is dedicating this hour in honor of Miss Betty Compson and Mr. Jim Cruze, beloved idols of the motion picture. The Sanitary Plumbing Company specializes in—"

Indignant whispers were heard from Betty Compson to husband Jim Cruze . . .

"Among the announcements this evening," continued the announcer in Jim's garage, "we have 'Noah's Ark' at Graumann's Chinese Theater in its last week, and we urge you to see it without fail. At the Cathay Circle Theater 'The Barker' is showing with a distinguished all-star cast. Among the great performances . . ."

Everyone tilted an ear, because everyone knew that in "The Barker" Betty Compson blooms again, even greater than the Rose of "The Miracle Man."

"Among the great performances," continued the announcer, "is that of Milton Sills, who is now without a peer among actors of this age. Miss Dorothy Mackaill takes her place among the

great stars of talking pictures. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., fulfills all promises and proves [CONTINUED ON PAGE 126]



WHY BE GOOD?—First National

AIN'T it just grand to be naughty? If you don't think so, see Colleen Moore in this. It's another chapter of the jazz age, and the moral is: "Girls, to get your man, seem to be naughty but still be nice."

"Dancing Daughters" was like that, but more adroit. Still, this picture is clever, and Colleen is pert. How she can dance! There's a cafe called "The Boiler." It will stand night clubs on their ears and give 'em big ideas.

The plot goes thus: Poor girl, rich boy, love, a department store, pretty clothes, mad papas, an understanding mamma, marriage, bappy ending. Neil Hamilton's the boy. He's good. Girls, you'll be crazy about the love story. The picture's lively, full of pep, a little preachy but entertaining. You'll like Louis Natheaux as the sheik.



STRONG BOY—Fox

IF you want a good laugh, see Victor McLaglen in "Strong Boy." In this comedy-drama, dealing with life among the baggage smashers, Vic as the king of the trunk tossers, falls in love with a newsstand girl whose father is a locomotive engineer.

Those sterling cut-ups, Clyde Cook and Slim Summerville, are a great help. And, too, there's a little Sonny-Boy sort of youngster who adds much. Leatrice Joy is the newsstand girl, but it doesn't matter.

The story tells the romance of a baggage juggler and his great effort to become a white-collar guy to please his gal. It's no use, though, and he winds up a grimy locomotive engineer. But a train robbery saves him and makes him a hero, even in the eyes of the gal he loves.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



THE BROADWAY MELODY—M.-G.-M.

"THE Broadway Melody" is going to sing merrily across the screens of the country, entertaining millions and making new friends for the talking pictures.

For "The Broadway Melody" is sparkling, smart and entertaining—a credit to its makers and a joy to the fans.

In it Bessie Love, as half a little sister team who loves and loses, gives the most astounding emotional performance in many months. In it the screen finds a first-rate singing actor in Charles King, from the musical comedy stage. And in it the blonde beauty of Anita Page blooms anew.

The picture is most notable, however, because in it the talkies find new speed and freedom.

The microphone and its twin camera poke themselves into backstage corners, into dressing rooms, into rich parties, and hotel bedrooms.

Smart Broadway dialogue by James Gleason is expertly and naturally spoken.

There is one colored sequence with a new song, "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," that will start you dancing.

The story is an odd twist of the love triangle—a little sister team from the vaudeville honky-tonks of the Middle West in love with the successful song and dance man of a great New York girl show.

The crafty directorial hand of Harry Beaumont has tickled, teased and whipped it into a fast, funny, sad little story, alive in turn with titters and tears.

Don't dare to miss "The Broadway Melody." It is Double A, triple-distilled picture entertainment.

Why, Bessie Love alone is worth the tariff at the wicket!



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

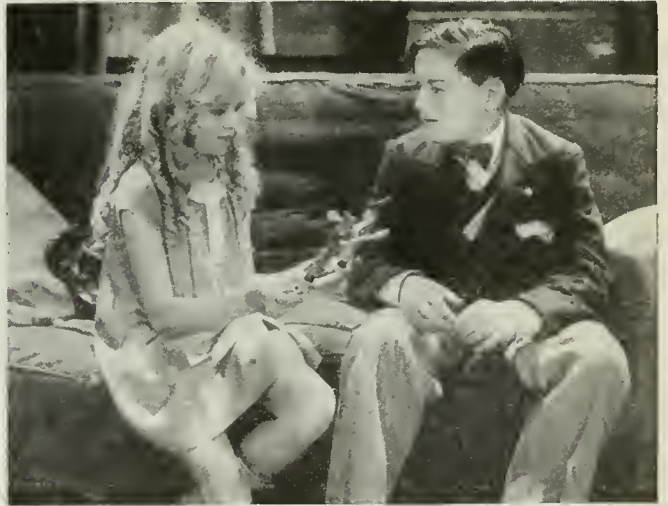
## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE BROADWAY MELODY      THE PAGAN  
WHY BE GOOD              STRONG BOY  
THE DUMMY                WEARY RIVER

## The Best Performances of the Month

Bessie Love in "The Broadway Melody"  
Mickey Bennett in "The Dummy"  
Richard Barthelmess in "Weary River"  
Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan"  
Victor McLaglen in "Strong Boy"  
Charles King in "The Broadway Melody"  
Dorothy Janis in "The Pagan"  
Anita Page in "The Broadway Melody"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 150*



**THE DUMMY—Paramount**

**T**HIS is a bullet-proof yarn—of a tough office boy engaged by a detective bureau to pose as a deaf mute. Thereby the sleuths hope to trap a gang of kidnapers. Freckled *Barney Cook* certainly lands the whole gang, too.

The picture looks like a convention of new Hollywood faces imported from the speaking stage. The roster includes such names as Ruth Chatterton, Frederic March and John Cromwell. It is the first film made by Robert Milton, the veteran footlight director. And, with all the stage talent, a little Hollywood boy cops the honors—Mickey Bennett. He does the office boy Sherlock Holmes in glorious fashion. Another excellent performance is turned in by ZaSu Pitts.

"The Dummy" is well worth seeing, despite its obvious experimental talkie crudities. It isn't within call of "Interference's" voice, but the fundamental appeal gets it across.



**THE PAGAN—M.-G.-M.**

**F**OR the first time since "Where the Pavement Ends," his outstanding success, Ramon Novarro plays a native boy, a rôle to which he is eminently suited. He gives profound understanding and pagan grace to his characterization of a half-caste youth whose "only god is nature, and whose only law is love." Dorothy Janis, a new screen find, plays her first big rôle as Ramon's native sweetheart, combining the warmth of the tropics with irresistible appeal.

This tropical idyl establishes W. S. Van Dyke as an unusual artist and director. In "White Shadows" he shared honors with Robert Flaherty; here he stands alone. To him and to John Russell, the author, a coral reef is a halo and the South Seas are heaven.

The story unfolds the romance of two natives. If left alone, they would have mated as naturally as birds. Enter the white man, with his superior knowledge of good and evil. He tries to make the girl Christian, and cheats the trusting boy of his birthright. Back of this apparently simple tale lies the terrific tragedy of the South Seas. It is a tremendous indictment against the Anglo-Saxons, who arrogantly entered these magic islands to "save," and remained to betray and pollute. Under the delicate story surges the powerful undercurrent of Polynesian history, portrayed with heartfelt sympathy by the perfectly-chosen cast.

Both Renee Adoree and Donald Crisp are splendid—Renee as the generous-hearted French adventuress, and Crisp as the white trader whose greed and lust are a deadly menace to the lovers.

The entire production was made in Papeete, Tahiti.



**WEARY RIVER—First National**

**R**EMEMBER "The Prisoner's Song"? Remember how it was written in prison and how it swept the radio loud speakers of the land? Courtney Riley Cooper seems to have based his "Weary River" upon the incident. The brash young gangster of "Weary River" is sent to prison, reforms, writes a song, sings it over the radio and wins a pardon. His golden voice redeems his blonde lady love.

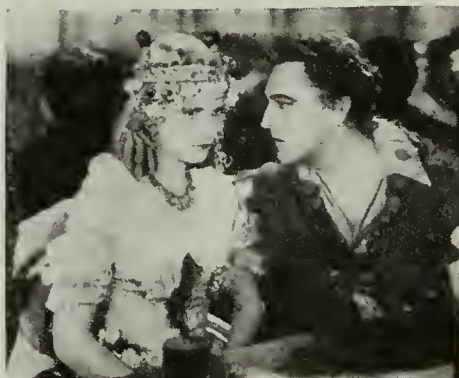
The chief interest of "Weary River" lies in the fact that Richard Barthelmess talks and sings the chief rôle. He really talks, but the vocalism is a neat piece of song doubling. Barthelmess does splendidly in his first talking appearance.

Betty Compson is the blonde who shares the gangster's joys and sorrows. A strong hit is contributed by William Holden as the prison warden.



# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**ETERNAL LOVE—**  
United Artists



**THE LEATHER-NECK—**  
Pathe



**N**OTWITHSTANDING the fact that Camilla Horn is paid \$1500 a week, she works but a few months of the year and is cast in a Barrymore picture where she looks beautiful but has no great dramatic opportunities. The new Mexican find, Mona Rico, is promising and fiery in a small rôle. It's Jack Barrymore's picture. Remember when he was your favorite actor? Story No. 44-A happens this time in the Swiss Alps.

**D**EAR, dear, these talkies! Take "The Leatherneck." Corking drama. But what do they do to it? Why, make it talkie. The story is about loyalty and sacrifice in the marine corps in China. Strong stuff, and virile. William Boyd, Alan Hale and Bob Armstrong are grand. But when beautiful Diane Ellis speaks, bang goes a lovely illusion. Despite vocal distractions, however, the picture's there. Don't miss it.

**THE THREE PASSIONS—**  
United Artists



**SPITE MARRIAGE—**  
M.-G.-M.



**R**EX INGRAM remains in Europe living as he pleases and working when the spirit moves. Personally he has a great time. Professionally, he stands still. So this, a story of English high life, is as old fashioned as a nice girl. Alice Terry with a blonde bob is as unemotional as ever, while Ivan Petrovich, Ingram's own discovery, still looks as if he had a suppressed desire. We hope that boy never comes to Hollywood.

**I**T'S hilarious. It's intense. It has everything a good comedy should have. And is without those wise-cracking titles. It's as Chaplinesque as anything Buster Keaton has ever done and it proves Dorothy Sebastian a charming comedienne of the highest calibre. For all its fun, it is the story of a great love, more pathetic, more vital than many of the Immortal Romances. See it!

**THE HAUNTED LADY—**  
Universal



**HARD-BOILED—**  
FBO



**T**HIS Adela Rogers St. Johns story was written some years ago but you'd never know it. It is an interesting yarn about a woman who has the solution of the murder mystery and is afraid to tell because it will compromise her in her husband's eyes. Laura La Plante, always capable, gives a fine characterization. Laura's little mannerisms are delightful and individual. As an added attraction there are exciting polo scenes.

**T**HIS is a trite tale about a gold-digger—show-girl variety—but is remarkably well-acted by Sally O'Neil and Donald Reed. A high stepper, working on the theory that fools marry for love and wise gals for money, gets the jolt of her sweet young life. Her bank-account love turns into the real article in spite of herself, even after hubby's millionaire pop turns off the gold stream. Modern and sophisticated.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**THE CHARLATAN**  
—Universal



**T**HIS murder mystery is played with light sophistication, evading the heavy dramatic angle which ordinarily accompanies such themes. A fashionable crystal gazer finds himself in the piquant situation of revealing his former wife's infidelities to her present husband. The lady is murdered and, disguised as the district attorney, the fake Hindoo exposes the murderer. Fast work, neatly done by Homes Herbert.



**MOULIN ROUGE**—  
World Wide  
Pictures

**H**ERE is an imported film, shot in a London studio and in the famous Paris music hall itself. It was directed by the German, E. A. Dupont; it stars a Russian, Mlle. Chekova; and the cast is both French and English. The international conglomeration results in a fair picture. Dupont is more concerned with angles than with the frail story, written by himself, which revolves around an idol of the Paris boulevards.

**TRUE HEAVEN**—  
Fox



**A**LASS of the German secret service loves a lad of the British secret service, and so Mr. Fox makes a picture called "True Heaven." The whole affair stretches the imagination until it very nearly snaps back and hits the author and Director James Tinling on the nose. Speaking of operations, you should see the one Miss Moran performs with a pen-knife on George O'Brien. Pretty feeble, this effort.



**THE RED SWORD**—  
FBO

**T**HIS picture, which was made for a minimum expenditure of money, is a good example of artistic effects that can be obtained without bankrupting the producer. A tense melodrama of Cossack brutality prior to the Revolution, it might easily have become depressing but for the fine directorial touches of Bob Vignola. Carmel Myers, in a dual rôle, proves again she can act or look pretty as required. Meaty entertainment.

**SUNSET PASS**  
—Paramount



**J**ACK HOLT returns to Westerns. But this is a very high class Western. You think Jack is a cattle thief instead of an honest man. You're wrong. He just pretends to be a cattle thief so he can catch the ones who really are. Jack's a sheriff. Yes, yes, we know. Anyhow, it's great entertainment and Nora Lane is as fragile a little flower as was ever bullied by a moustache-pulling heavy.



**HIS LUCKY DAY**—  
Universal

**A** GOOD story for Reginald Denny would probably prove a fatal shock to the star and his fans, so, perhaps to avoid wholesale casualties, they continue to give him the usual flimsy stuff. This time he's a high-pressure real estate nuisance who must find suitable neighbors for his prospective father-in-law or lose his job. His protégés are ritzy kleptomaniacs who indulge their impulses at the wrong times. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



The story of  
the love of an  
old actor for  
a fading star  
—and how  
he breathed  
into her the  
soul of an  
artist!

*By*  
*Adele*  
*Whitely*  
*Fletcher*



EVERETT SHINN 1912

**H**ER name was Sonia Savina. And it suited her. It may be, of course, that her press-agent had something to do with it for certainly parents don't usually show such farsight. However, Sonia always insisted it was her baptismal name and she never troubled to confirm the colorful stories of her birth in the lush grasses of the Nile.

Sonia's hair, as blue black as you'd expect, folded about her head like dark wings. And her slanted green eyes were darkened by the long lashes that brushed her ivory pale cheeks. She had a figure, in the old fashioned sense of the word. Curves.

Her clothes, even off the screen, were trailing draperies where they weren't actually needed and next to nothing where a little extra chiffon would have served. Always, even if only in the design of some silk, peacock feathers. And strange jewelry.

This story doesn't tell of Sonia as a star. It deals, instead, with the aftermath of her glory. But it is wise to reminisce a little in order to appreciate the full import of what followed.

You remember when the things possessed and affected by Sonia Savina were the incensed essence of the screen's wicked ladies. Well, it was then young men brought her declarations

# The Old

of devotion on voices that broke and faltered in key. That publicity seekers declared their intentions as nearly on the front page as editors would allow. That Midases of business said it with pearls.

Some of this love was counterfeit. And so were some of the pearls. Sonia found that out when she had need to sell them.

But, through everything, there was one admirer whose love never wavered. Only Harry Hill was the kind whose love didn't matter. Much.

Harry was getting old. He couldn't raise his voice over the loudly boasting voices. He was self-conscious about an ill fitting plate. Hardly anyone ever took the trouble to read the





Posed languorously on the divan in her candle-lit apartment, Sonia Savina glared at the shabby little man who was her husband, and at the greasy parcels of delicatessen food that he carried. In his eyes was humble, pleading adoration. "Take those bundles into the kitchen!" she stormed. "You'll drop them on the rug!"

*Illustrated*  
By  
Everett  
Shinn

But suddenly the public awakened to the fact that real sirens wear Bromley dresses and conceal "It" beneath boyish bobs. Sonia was through. And she married Harry Hill the day her producers advised her that they were not renewing her contract.

I didn't see them when they got to New York but I heard indirectly that Sonia and her husband, for poor Harry was never more than that, were living in a boarding house in the West Fifties. Those who met him in managers' offices did their best to stem his praise of Sonia. Others chanced upon her on the Avenue. And she told them she was considering several offers and expected them to believe her.

**T**HEN Sonia and Harry dropped out of sight, in to the limbus of Has-Beens. There seemed no hope that she could escape this category now, any more than he had.

Needless to trace their odyssey from one boarding house to another, how they moved from second rate places to worse. And always further uptown. No need for them to be central to the heart of theatrical things any more.

Months passed and you never saw the name of Sonia Savina. Small theaters showed her films, leasing them for a song, but they usually advertised an insignificant member of the cast who had since become a great star.

Then, surprisingly enough, I had a note from Sonia. She had taken an apartment in the East Fifties and was giving a tea. And in New York East is East and West is West. She had improved upon her last known address immeasurably.

What is more, Sonia was scheduled to appear in a Broadway production.

Everyone speculated about this. Was she pocketing her pride as a supernumerary? Or could it be that she had a part of even moderate importance? The fact that she had any engagement at all permitted anything to be possible.

Sonia's apartment, rented furnished, had a dignity. The few things she had installed couldn't [CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

# Shoe

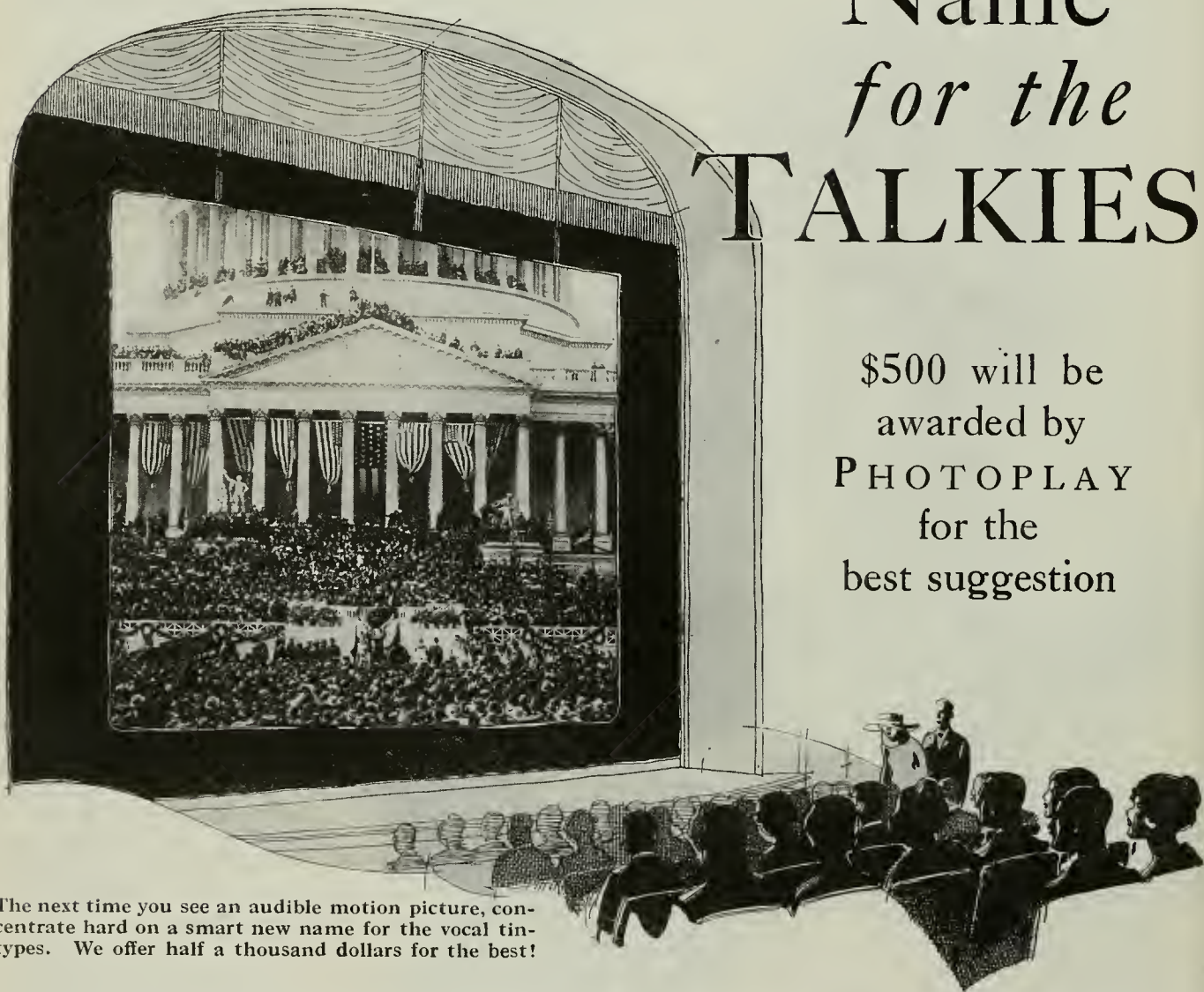
criticisms of his work on the stage. It's hard to read yellowed clippings. But, turning the leaves of his scrap book, Harry must have escaped from the present to stand in scenes long since shifted, remembering a wig which had especially become him and little flurries of applause melting to grow strong and steady.

Everyone marvelled that the glorious Sonia gave the drab little man any of her crowded time. His virtues, judged by her standards, amounted to vices.

As things worked out, however, it was well that she had let Harry stick around. The crash came sooner than it was expected. Most people thought Sonia had another fair year.



# WANTED— A New Name for the TALKIES



\$500 will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY for the best suggestion

The next time you see an audible motion picture, concentrate hard on a smart new name for the vocal tinctypes. We offer half a thousand dollars for the best!

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE wants a new name for talking pictures. That isn't all. PHOTOPLAY is going to give \$500 to the person who, by May 15, devises and shoots in the best successor to the present inelegant "talkie."

In the pinafore days of the silent drama the word coiners of the country set out to find a new name for the infant entertainment, and Edgar Strakosch, of Sacramento, Cal., was given a hundred dollars for the discovery of the word "photoplay."

Now the picture world is on a frenzied hunt for a new title for

the talkies—one as dignified and yet as popular as "photoplay."

The Exhibitors' Herald-World, a trade journal, is all for "audien." Other chance shots have been cinelogs, drama-phone, phototone, cinephone and photovoice.

It strikes us that these are all too literary.

There must be one that will be dignified and yet with popular appeal. We'll give a check for \$500 to the man, woman or child who hits upon it. After all, no one can sniff down \$500, what with income tax, spring clothes, the new car, and all.

## Rules for the New-Name-for-the-Talkies Contest

1. \$500 is offered for the best coined name with which to christen the talkies and for the best explanation in 100 words or less, giving your reason for your selection.

2. In the event that two or more names and explanations are found of equal merit, duplicate prizes of \$500 will go to the lucky contestants.

3. Suggested names, with the accompanying explanations, must be typewritten on one side of a single sheet of white paper with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Names and explanations must be mailed to The Talkie Name Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y. You can send in as

many coined words as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an explanation in 100 words or less and each is typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper as specified.

4. Names and explanations must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY before midnight of May 15th to be considered. Announcement of the winner or winners will be made as soon after that date as possible. An editorial committee of PHOTOPLAY will judge the submitted words and suggestions and its decision will be final. No names or explanations will be returned and PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to publish any or all of the suggestions submitted.





Ernest Bachrach

**H**AS anybody seen *Queen Kelly*? The course of a Gloria Swanson picture never runs smoothly. Gloria has been involved in her new film for over six months. And just as the picture was nearing completion, Eric von Stroheim went out as its director. But, of course, that doesn't mean that Eric won't be called back to shoot the whole works over again. Cheer up, the picture will probably be very much worth seeing when it finally reaches the screen



**J**UST a little glimpse of romance in the South Sea Islands, where Ramon Novarro, aided by Dorothy Janis, does his best to continue the glamorous legend created by Gauguin, Maugham and O'Brien. As you can see, life in those far-off Pacific Isles is just like one grand summer resort. "The Pagan" is Ramon's first burst of going native since he played in "Where the Pavement Ends"





Louise

**W**HY the Bridge of San Luis Rey faw down and go boom. Lily Damita thought her rôle in "The Rescue" was a little tame. Lily admires Clara Bow. Lily, who has been doing some heavy social research since she came to this country, thinks that American audiences want more *joie de vivre*. And who knows but what Lily may be right? Oh, yes, the gentleman who shares this picture with Mlle. Damita is Don Alvarado



Monroe

LILLIAN GISH: at thirty she found herself a legend and a tradition. Also the most misunderstood public idol in the whole photographic gallery. The victim of adjectives, Miss Gish is now trying to fight for a new place in the limelight. Across the page Leonard Hall tells you about the two Lillian Gishes. One—the aloof Gish you know—is false. The other is a human and charming girl who is also a real artist



# Lillian FIGHTS *Alone*

A hardened cinema veteran who has watched them come and go breaks out in defense of the elder Gish and breaks down the legend of The Ice-Water Princess

By *Leonard Hall*

**O**UT in the heart of the Hollywoods, beset by the dollar-snorting dragons of filmland, a blonde girl is fighting alone for her artistic honor.

She is one of the most gallant spirits in the history of pictures.

She has had more influence for good upon the dancing daguerreotypes than any dozen shinier stars.

And she is probably the most misunderstood and misrepresented public doll in the entire photoplay world.

Her name is Lillian Gish.

She has been for years the victim of as false a tradition as ever scuttled a stellar ship. Yet she is probably, at this moment, on the threshold of her greatest achievement in the film world.

I whack the typewriter to paint the lights and shadows of the real Lillian Gish—not the Ice-Water Princess, The Mauled Anemone, The Slim White Virgin that the movie-going public thinks it knows.

As this is written she is on the gold coast, stubbornly and bravely fighting for the integrity of her next picture, on which she has focussed her heart. At the expiration of her late Metro-Goldwyn contract Lillian cast about for the next move to keep her fame and fortune bright under the public sun.

Half-gods never satisfied La Gish, the girl who grew up under the wand of Ole Massa Griffith. Whole deities or none.



Lillian Gish in one of her finest tragic rôles—as the little whipped girl in Griffith's unforgettable photoplay, "Broken Blossoms"

How about the most noted stage director in the world?

On her own Lillian went to Germany, and bearded Dr. Max Reinhardt, producer of "The Miracle," in his own castle. On her own, she persuaded him to come to America and make "The Miracle Woman" with and for her. On her own, after months of preparation abroad, she and Reinhardt arrived in Hollywood — only to have the great man almost ignored, the prized and prepared story ditched and another handed them. But Lillian carries on—fights the good fight, alone.

That's the sort of mettle the frail and wistful Lillian is made of.

There are two Lillian Gishes.

The first is the one the public thinks it knows.

That Lillian—the false—is a frigid, bloodless creature, aloof, and about as spry and lively as a frozen cod-fish. [CONT'D ON PAGE 128]



The Gish sisters together. Lillian and Dorothy at the time they were co-featured in "Romola"



# *The* **BIG** **Boy** *tells* *His* **Story**

"I have been hungry, which is of no import. I have spent my last dime on a loaf of bread. I have had to stall landladies. But what man with a taste for life hasn't had the same experiences?"

## PART I

I AM somewhat at a loss in starting this story. By all the stars and clinical experiments, I should have definite reasons for being what I am. I should have rules that impelled me to do what I have done, and kept me from committing murder or arson.

I should have a definite analysis of the thing that made me Gary Cooper, motion picture actor, and kept me from being Gary Cooper, cattleman.

And yet I can no more analyze the motives and jugglings of Fate, than I can explain to you why the lone call of a coyote, rippling through the breathless, dark silence of a canyon, gives me an infinitely greater reaction than any honors Hollywood could hand me. And what there is about the "whoo whoo" of the hoot owl, asking his eternal question in a shadowing cottonwood tree, that strikes a vibrant chord, deep within me. Those are the things that must be answered first. They come before all the fuss and flurry of the present. The ceaseless chattering of "what is success and why?"

I have always felt that I must be free. It was that primordial urge that sent me clambering up where the eagles nested when I was a child, when my brother and the neighbors' kids contented themselves with chasing rabbits, or the flat-tailed beavers that dammed Andy's creek before it joined the Missouri

River, flowing down, majestically, from the north, to meet the great Mississippi. Eagles soaring into the lofty sky, nesting in the highest crags of the mountains in back of the ranch

house, screaming as they fled through space, were to me the very spirit of freedom and defiance to the world. Even on that Montana ranch that I loved I felt that I must not be fettered, tied down.

Perhaps it was that which kept me from going, eventually, to New York City. I knew there was no freedom of sky and space and openness, there. So I turned my face westward and arrived in Los Angeles. That is where, paradoxically, I contacted with a business that is more exacting, more binding, than any other, the motion picture business. That is one of those funny tricks that Fate plays on us.

AT any rate, I was born, despite national debts, calamities, stock exchange flurries and hoof-and-mouth epidemics, twenty-seven years ago at Helena, Montana. Whether it was raining or snowing or whether the Montana sun was shining brighter that day for sheer joy, I cannot tell you. But I do know that on that eventful day my dad stayed home from his legal documents and Blackstone to amuse my little brother Arthur, who was six and even then taking an interest in mathematics—later to designate his life work—by counting the safety pins that were to form a valuable part of my infant wardrobe.

As I have said, my father was a lawyer. Today he is a retired judge of the Supreme Court of Montana. The years that have bridged that time have been crammed with hard



# Beginning the informal and charming recollections of a Montana rancher who became a motion picture star

As told by

## GARY COOPER

to

*Dorothy Spensley*



Gary, with his mother and father, Charles H. Cooper, a former judge in Montana. "It wasn't," says Gary, "until I played several good parts in films that my family countenanced my adventure into pictures"

work. He has speculated and lost. He has worked nights and toiled days over briefs and documents, to make money to cover the loss of a lead mine that failed to yield, or a gold mine that was barren. My brother Arthur must have been a tremendous consolation to him. Arthur became a business man, he is now connected with the Federal Reserve in Helena. Now there was something tangible, a job like that. Something to lay your hands on and wrestle with. You could know how to plan your life, like so many formal gardens; you knew each week, come Tuesday, that a pay check would be given you.

IT wasn't until I had played several good parts in films that my family countenanced my adventure into pictures. Until then, although not considered an out-and-out black sheep, I certainly was not a lamb of snowy hue, barging about the country as I did.

I have been hungry, which is of no import. I have spent my last dime on a loaf of bread. I have had to stall landladies and turn collars and wash socks. I never have been reduced to panhandling. One time a loaf of bread lasted four days, and

I bought a whole roasted chicken on the fifth day's extra work check. But what man with a taste for life hasn't had the same experiences?

My father, himself, could well understand that. When he was seventeen he left his snug home in Bedfordshire, in the midlands of England, for the strangeness of America. But he was not chasing a siren will o' the wisp like pictures. He had a profession. Ten years after he left England, Alice Brazier, of distant French stock transplanted to Britain, followed him to this country and they were married. Today after all these years of married life I look to them as the supreme example of wedded happiness.

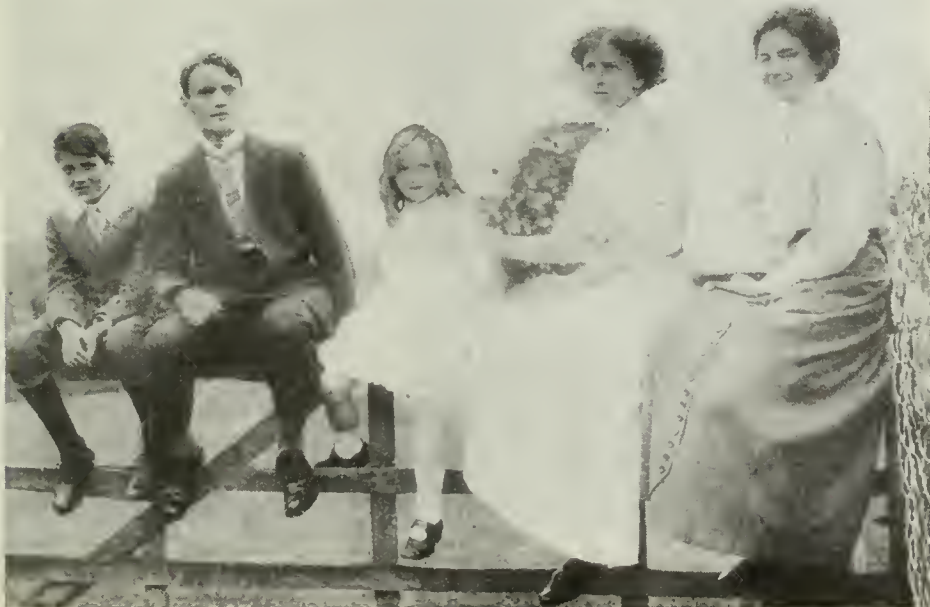
It is not strange, then, that, despite my love of freedom, I stood twice on the brink of matrimony, anxious to marry and raise children, to have a home of my own.

But if I had married the girl to whom I was engaged in Grinnell, Iowa, where I was a student, and settled down to the life of a reporter or cartoonist, there would still be that strange desire tearing at me. I feel it now, in Hollywood. I would feel it anywhere I went—to Thibet or Bengal. It is as real as a pain, and as crucifying. It gives a sense of incompleteness. A vast nostalgia.

Simply, it is the yearning for the range, the feel of the land, the soil. The million things that go to make an outdoor existence.

To anyone who has not lived in the West, on a ranch, it is hard to communicate just what the feel of it is, and the intensity. It is more powerful than passion, which can be appeased. It is more spiritual than passion, in that it is a balm to the soul.

Nights, lying very quietly in your bunk, you attune your ears to every sound that the darkness gives. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 133]



A picture taken during Gary's stay in England. Our hero is the small boy in the Buster Brown collar. His brother, Arthur, is next to him. At the right are two aunts and a cousin



P & A Photos

The first lady of the land—Mrs. Herbert Hoover—has long been an amateur movie fan. Here is Mrs. Hoover filming the movie men on the *U. S. S. Utah* during the good will tour

# Amateur Movies

International Interest in PHOTOPLAY'S \$2,000 Film Contest as It Nears Final Moments

*By Frederick James Smith*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest closes at midnight on March 31st. There will be no extension of time and this closing hour is final. Hence, this is the last call for amateurs to enter their best efforts for fame and fortune.

Bear in mind that there are eight prizes totalling \$2,000 and that, in the event that two or more films prove of equal merit for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each tying film. Also bear in mind that the winning films will be shown to the foremost professional makers of motion pictures in New York and Hollywood.

Thus it is likely that the contest may win an opening for one or more lucky amateurs in the world of picture making. Last year's contest brought a five-year contract from William Fox to Russell Ervin, Jr. This year's contest is likely to attract one or more contracts.

PHOTOPLAY launched its first contest with a very definite purpose. PHOTOPLAY wanted to make amateurs everywhere familiar with the whole job of picture making, from shooting to cutting and editing. It wanted amateurs to experiment. PHOTOPLAY believes that the professional picture makers of tomorrow may very well be the amateurs

of today. PHOTOPLAY's contest is the one bridge between the amateur and the professional.

Read all the rules *before* you send your film. The complete awards will be announced as soon after the contest closes as is possible. There will be a public showing of the winning films in New York. The winning films will be held for a period but the other films will be returned as soon as the judges conclude their examination.



College Topics staff of University of Virginia filming "The Highest Degree"

ODDLY enough, New York has been behind other cities and towns in developing an amateur movie club of its own.

But an organization meeting was held in New York on February 13th, at which Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League, offered a greeting, and addresses were made by Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the New York Zoological Park and a movie maker of wide experience, and Dr. C. E. K. Mees, Director of Research of the Eastman Kodak Company. Dr. Mees made an interesting speech on "Recent Advances in Amateur Cinematography" and included a demonstration of Kodacolor. The much-discussed amateur film, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 93]



# Avoid Trick Diets

If You Want to Be  
Healthy and Beautiful

says

Dr. H. B. K. Willis



**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

**S**OME wise old sawyer once hoped to gain undying fame by voicing the wise old saw about the utter impossibility of making bricks without straw. Despite the underlying verity of his brain child and that his name is forgotten, the maxim he so proudly burgeoned forth upon a comparatively wise-crackless age is truth today—and particularly so in the relation of diet to health.

In the last article PHOTOPLAY emphasized the fact that the bodily engine could not be kept running without fuel as the opening gun in its campaign to combat senseless, inane and dangerous dieting to grow thin upon the part of American women. In this article the body's need for building materials will be explained and the necessity for the inclusion of both bricks and straw in dietaries will be stressed.

The human house you call your body has four corner-stones—nitrogen, calcium, phosphorus and iron, the great quartet of building materials, all vitally important, not only for growth, but also for the replacements made necessary by the daily wear and tear of life.

The chemist regards nitrogen as a gas but the dietitian sees it as nature's alchemy has transformed it into protein, absolutely essential for muscle-building and for the regeneration of muscles frayed out by conscious and unconscious work.

Nitrogen as a gas, forming a large part of the air we breathe along with hydrogen and oxygen, is, in itself, incapable of sustaining life, but without nitrogen no living cell can carry on.

When one thinks of calcium the picture of a white-washed fence or a piece of chalk flashes upon the screen of memory. The layman recks little of phosphorus today since the advent of trick cigarette lighters has challenged the humble match which phosphorus made possible.

But both calcium and phosphorus are essential in the framework of our human house, making up the bulk of bones and teeth as well as being needed by all the other tissues of our bodies.

**S**INCE hypodermic injections of iron preparations have become popular for the control or alleviation of blood diseases, the thought of the body's iron needs is naturally moored in the blood stream without regard for the body cells' equally important iron demands.

Now that we know what building materials we need, where do we get them? Fortunately, a prodigal Mother Nature makes that easy for the person who is willing to eat to live.

As has been intimated,

of fact, growth and full vigor can be maintained even when this foodstuff is the sole protein component of the diet.

The plant proteins are found in the cereal grains—wheat, corn, oats, rice, peas and beans—wheat ranking the highest.

How much protein does one need? The amount has been estimated by investigators to range from one to four ounces, but experience has shown that a daily protein intake of approximately three ounces is entirely adequate.

The pitiable condition of the German children at the end of the World War was chiefly due to the fact that they were deprived of sufficient protein to sustain normal, healthy growth.

**T**HOSE little war wrecks excited the pity and loosened the purse strings of those diet derelicts who today, at fashion's dictate, voluntarily, even hopefully, seek to establish in themselves the state of malnutrition which they deplored in those Teutonic tots. They wagged their heads and clucked their tongues and pointed to the horrors of war which deprived the children of Central Europe of their rightful start toward a healthful and vigorous life. But since the mode masters have

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 111]

**Y**OU must have fuel to run your engine. You must have repairs for broken parts. Last month PHOTOPLAY taught you what and how much starch to burn as fuel. This month read what Dr. Willis has to say about replacement materials in your diet. Shun trick diets which neglect proper sugar and protein components. The orange juice and vegetarian quack has naught to give you but disease. Eat wisely of things the Good Lord has put upon this earth for that purpose. Eat to live—not live to eat.

As a nation our sugar consumption is rising yearly. Who gets it? Probably the home brewer and the men and children. Surely not ten million women, who, for the sake of a slim figure, are neglecting the problem of body fuel. Unless you have a constitutional disease which the ingestion of protein will aggravate, eat meat as the functioning of your body indicates.

# How *the* Stars Make

By Lois Shirley



Where Corinne Griffith, with the gray eyes and chestnut hair, takes the plunge. The walls are a gold moiré, and the basin black and gold. Gold drapes, too, and the chair black and gold

**H**OLLYWOOD is the home of color. Even the houses are pink and green and yellow. Yes, I mean the outsides. And the interiors? Well, after you've visited your favorite star you want to go straight home and start using that dull old mahogany furniture for fire wood and those plain white sheets and tablecloths for dust rags.

The personalities of the stars are reflected in their homes. The picture folk live in an Italian riot of color, and they know what shades become them most.

You are certainly careful enough about the colors of your clothes, aren't you?

But you don't seem to realize (neither did I) that your home must be as becoming to you as your frock. So learn about shades from the stars.

It is true that we all can't have as beautiful and elaborate homes as those of the film celebs, but we can, with bright linens and a few pots of paint, make many of our dull rooms gay and livable.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 81 ]



Mary Brian tests a grape fruit in her own breakfast room. Her eyes are blue—her hair brown. The china is black and yellow, and the cloth green, with flowered squares



Doris Kenyon's bedroom is a symphony in gold, green and cream. The walls are cream, while the bed has a green spread. Drapes are green, held by gold cherubs. A green table, and rose lamps, complete the picture



# *their* Homes Attractive

Hollywood, town of butterfly tints! And all your favorite players match their domestic pretties with their own color schemes!



Joan Crawford whipping a few eggs in her own kitchen. With her red hair and gray eyes, she had the room painted gray and cream, furnishings to match



Corinne Griffith's holy of holies — her dressing room. Cream rug and woodwork, rose drape and cream and silver glass and chair make a lovely nook

And this is where Corinne Griffith loves to lounge. A cafe au lait rug, cream walls, green and ivory drapes, with the black and gold furniture, form a pretty ensemble



# Hollywood Popularity

Laugh and they'll all laugh with you,  
—ache and you ache alone,

says

Herbert Howe

**S**HOW me the labels on your bottles and I'll tell you just how popular you are: if they read gin you're surrounded by friends, but if they say medicine you're sneezing and aching alone.

Pardon the old Hollywood cynic while he takes a sniff of flu balsam and turns off the radio o'er which a seraph at Aimee's Angelus Temple is caroling:

"There's a rainbow in the cloud—  
If your heart is right . . ."

I'm not one of those strong souls who can see rainbows in their sneezing. Nothing depresses me more than looking on the Bright Side when I'm on the other. When I'm sick I'm by the world forgot and nobody feels sorrier for anyone than I do for me.

And yet I do recall (the boy is getting better!) that when a doctor once placed me on an orange diet without so much as a dash of gin, Samaritan Marion Davies did force two lamb chops down my throat. And when I collapsed harder than Pola on the doorstep of Fred and Agnes Smith, after I'd made a tour of Mexico collecting malaria bugs, Fred never faltered or said a foul word when the doctor ordered me a recuperative diet of champagne but did manfully descend the cellar stairs and bring forth magnums of here's-to-you. (There was no Xmas cheer in the Smith home last year but I was saved from the cemetery.)

Verily, ye know not your friends until you're sick.

"YOU certainly do not," agreed Anna Q. Nilsson from her purple chaise lounge, to which she is still confined after a year with a dislocated hip. "Friends have been wonderful to me—but they are not the friends I expected."

Anna Q., as we always call her, has ever rated One-of-the-most-popular-in-Hollywood, even though she herself is a coffee drinker.

Fifteen years ago, or thereabouts, she stepped onto the screen with three other little artists' models; they were Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand and Florence Labadie. And for fifteen years the name of Anna Q. Nilsson has lit up dark nights the earth over. A steady unflick-

Study of an ill Hollywood favorite, her boudoir jammed with sympathetic friends. Moral: You're popular in the film capital —on your feet. There is little real friendship out where the soundies begin. The stars seldom send even their doubles to extend sympathy

ering name, exhibitors put it in lights even though producers failed to star it officially.

I've known Anna intimately by hearsay, which was not the usual Hollywood hearsay. A charity worker in the city of Los Angeles once confided to me that the film crowd is not as generous as their publicity accounts would indicate. "But there is one woman in Hollywood who never fails. In emergency cases we can always turn to her. Many families owe their lives to the heart of Anna Q. Nilsson."

**O**NE year ago Anna Q. fractured her hip in a fall from a horse. It wasn't serious but she went limping forth to work ahead of time. She didn't want to hold up a picture and cause expense to a producer. Valiantly Viking, she walked through that picture. On the final day, after the final scene, they picked her up and carried her to an ambulance.

In the hospital she lay dreary months battling the vision of a woman on crutches. She died from her world during those months. Not a star or director in the studio where she had served for eight years ever called or telephoned or sent a bunch of flowers . . . Yet Anna Q. was a studio favorite—on her feet.

When I revealed these facts I had learned, Anna warned me that if I did any sob-storying about her I'd never get within her gates again, and I happen to want to get in again even though she does serve coffee.

"As a matter of fact, I've had the most wonderful experience in friendship," she said. "There was a girl I helped to get a job when I was doing 'Ponjola.' I had forgotten her but she remembered me when I was down, and she came to sit with me when others didn't call, which was nearly every day. And two little girl cutters used to write me screaming letters. They would paste up funny pictures out of stills—Ken

Maynard on his horse, say, with Corinne Griffith's lovely face pasted over, or some such incongruous arrangement.

"I learned a lot in the hospital. I mean a lot about myself. You can't blame people for not calling at hospitals. I recall how I hated to go to one. I thought it depressing, though I think I usually managed to send flowers. We're all so busy, and that seems a perfectly legitimate excuse."

Anna rearranged the cushions and gazed speculatively into the fire of the grate. It was the bedroom of her home in Beverly Hills, dimly rich and

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 115 ]



Illustrated by  
Ken Chamberlain



# The Philosophy of CRIME

Murder will out? Not according to S. S. Van Dine who says that 80 per cent of the murders are not discovered

By  
Mark Larkin



S. S. Van Dine's real name is Willard Huntington Wright. Six years ago he had a nervous collapse. To divert his mind he read detective stories. Then he began to write them. And after that, fame and fortune

**S.** S. VAN DINE has brought crime to the movies in a big way.

Also a philosophy of murder.

If not a philosophy, at least theories and conclusions concerning crime that are, to say the least, disquieting.

S. S. Van Dine writes murder mystery stories. His books are among the most talked-of contributions to the field of detective story fiction.

And now they are being brought to the screen. The first to flicker forth in celluloid thrills is "The Canary Murder Case," which Paramount recently filmed. Another, "The Greene Murder Case," is scheduled to follow—in fact, may be on view as you read this.

Van Dine's real name is Willard Huntington Wright. For three years his identity was a mystery as deep as each story he writes. Then one day someone — evidently a prying individual who combined curiosity with a flair for detective work — tore Van Dine's alias loose from its moorings, ripped his nom de plume to shreds and disclosed the name of Willard Huntington Wright.

The literary world sat up and rubbed its eyes. Editors who had been consigning his ponderous and wordy works on anthropology and philology to their wastebaskets sat back and scratched their heads.

Willard Huntington Wright. . . . It just wasn't possible!

But that is all a matter of ancient history now. Willard Huntington Wright has annexed a plethoric bankroll and developed a taste for classy clothes and Rolls-Royces.

**N**OT only is Mr. Wright a gifted writer and photoplaywright, he also is an expert on criminology, and possesses one of the most interesting and complete libraries on criminology in this country. Murder is his hobby. Not that he commits it, of course; he merely studies it. He checks its gruesome details, establishes premises, theories, and then compares them with the facts. He is a connoisseur of crime.

Out of years of observation, gained by a diligent and intimate study of crooks and their styles, Mr. Wright has arrived at an alarmingly sensational series of deductions. His study of crime has, in truth, given him an exceptional viewpoint, one example of which is indicated in the fact that the oft-quoted phrase, "Murder will out," is, according to Mr. Wright, just a phrase and nothing more. Crime is a highly organized industry, a business which despite its hazards is extremely profitable to many who engage in it professionally.

"Scarcely ninety percent of the crimes committed are ever detected," he says, [CONTINUED ON PAGE 135]

**"WOMEN** murderers are crueler than men," says S. S. Van Dine. "They are the perfect murderers. But they are fewer. Either that, or they cover their crimes so ingeniously that they are not caught. Women can be most disarming when they choose. I really believe, however, that the killer type is in the minority among them, as compared with the same percentage of murderers among men."



There's a tale behind the career of Dick Arlen—a story of sacrifice on the part of Jobyna Ralston. She retired from films to mother her husband's fame

# One Star is Enough

Jobyna Ralston tells why she gave up her career for her husband, Dick Arlen

*By Katherine Albert*

**R**ICHARD ARLEN is as fine an artist as any who has crossed the film firmament in many a day—"Richard Arlen's remarkable work in—" "The poignant beauty of Richard Arlen's scene in—" "Richard Arlen is excellent—"

Press clippings! Hundreds of them couched in the most flattering phrases!

"Dear Mr. Arlen: You're my favorite actor—" "We certainly liked the way you kissed Jobyna Ralston in 'Wings.' Even if she is your wife you put pep in that kiss—" "I never miss one of your pictures. You always give me something beautiful to remember—" "Gee, you're a great actor—"

Fan letters! Hundreds of them, from high school students, from college professors, from truck drivers and bond salesmen!

In less than two years Dick Arlen has proved himself an artist of the highest calibre. He has risen from an extra man to a favorite star, but his success has meant the career of his wife, Jobyna Ralston.

The story of his rise to fame hinges upon the soul of a woman,

a woman who was more wife than actress, who was willing and happy to give up her work for him, to turn from her job in pictures to a more vital, and a better job, that of guiding her husband's destiny.

Dick didn't ask for this sacrifice. He doesn't know that it has been a sacrifice. He doesn't know that Jobyna said, "Some day, like all of us, I hope to do a good piece of work, to contribute something of beauty to the screen, but now—well, I have a better, more important job."

He can't look at Jobyna's radiant little face without knowing he has made her happy. For her, happiness lies in the great love she has given him.

Charlie Farrell introduced them some time in March, 1926. Jobyna Ralston was, at that time, one of the most promising of the younger players. She was Harold Lloyd's leading woman. She commanded a big salary and had her share of fame. Dick was an extra man. He was under a meager contract to Paramount and was playing a bit in "Old Ironsides."

But even then he had the divine [CONTINUED ON PAGE 98]

**"W**E both can't have big careers," says Jobyna Ralston, "and Dick is the best man artistically, that's all. It's a survival of the fittest. I can't make more money than he does. I can't be a bigger star. We'd be unhappy that way. But I'm happy now. I have so much. I have such an important job, the job of keeping Dick sane and level-headed."



1 Pond's Cold Cream for thorough cleansing is the first step in Pond's Method. Spread lavishly with upward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

2 Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove the cold cream. Such an economy of laundry and towels! Thistledown soft, safe for sensitive skin—Pond's second step.

3 Pond's Skin Freshener should always follow your cold cream cleansing. It closes pores; banishes oiliness; firms your skin, leaves it fresh as a rose.

4 Pond's Vanishing Cream is the finishing touch of Pond's Method. Apply before you powder. It protects your skin, gives smoothness, makes your powder cling.

*Among the beautiful women who use Pond's products are:*

- The Countess Howe*
- Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*
- Mrs. Ogden H. Hammond*
- La Marquise de Polignac*
- Lady Lavery*



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*to Swift clean Beauty of Skin*

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**FOLLOW POND'S METHOD:** *One!* Cleanse thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream . . . *Two!* Wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's new Cleansing Tissues . . . *Three!* Close pores, tone, firm the skin with Pond's new Freshener, banishing oiliness . . . *Four!* Smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Now you are fresh and lovely!

Give your skin this complete care as often as you need it through the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues. Try this simple, swift, sure Method.

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# 98% of the on the screen *are cared for with*

*“Lovely skin is the most appealing charm a girl can have,”* say 39 leading Hollywood directors



Photo by O. Dyar, Hollywood

CLARA BOW, famous Paramount star, says: “Keeping one’s skin flawless for the all-seeing eye of the camera means constant care. Lux Toilet Soap is a great help in keeping the skin in perfect condition.”



MARY DUNCAN, Fox star, says “Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin silken-smooth.”



BETTY BRONSON, Warner Brothers—“I find Lux Toilet Soap wonderful for my skin.”



Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, famous for her lovely skin, says enthusiastically: “Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for the very smooth skin a screen star must have.”

**I**T ATTRACTS you instantly, whenever you see it—a skin that is exquisitely smooth and lovely.

In Hollywood, where loveliness and magnetism mean success, they realize this so well. “I don’t know a single case where a girl without really beautiful skin has been able to win enough popularity to become a star,” says William Beaudine, Fox director, voicing the experience of leading directors.

“Exquisitely lovely skin is the greatest asset a star can have,” the screen stars say. And especially is this true now that the huge new incandescent “sun-spot” lights pour



# lovely complexions you see LUX Toilet Soap

down on face and arms and shoulders when a close-up is being taken.

Notice the exquisite texture of Mary Brian's skin the next time you see her in a close-up—or of Clara Bow's, Dorothy Mackaill's, or Eleanor Boardman's.

*Nine out of ten screen stars use  
Lux Toilet Soap*

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use this white, fragrant soap, and all the great film studios have made it the official soap for dressing rooms.

You, too, will be delighted with the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps your skin satin-smooth. Buy several cakes—today. Made by the famous French method, it lathers generously, even in the hardest water.

MARY BRIAN, Paramount star, has perfect poise under the searching eye of the new "sun-spot" close-up lights. She keeps her skin flawlessly smooth with Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by H. D. Carsey, Hollywood

DOROTHY MACKAILL, First National star, in the modernistic bathroom built for her in Hollywood. "So much of a star's charm depends on soft smooth skin—especially for a close-up. Lux Toilet Soap is lovely for the skin."



*Luxury such as you have found  
only in French soaps  
at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now*



Popular SUE CAROL says: "Lux Toilet Soap leaves my skin gloriously smooth."



SALLY EILERS, Sennett-Pathé—"Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such velvety smoothness!"

# Hot Stuff

## Hollywood's Spanish Stars Give You the Recipes of Their Favorite Dishes



**W**HEN Hollywood's foreign stars entertain, they always make it a point to serve some of the dishes of their native land. And so there is probably a greater variety of cooking in Hollywood than of any city of its size in the country. PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book has collected some interesting recipes from the Latin stars and, if you like your food hot, these dishes will appeal to you. While Spanish dishes are too highly seasoned for the daily fare, they are splendid for an occasional treat.

Lupe Velez's favorite recipe is Spanish chowder, which is both economical and easy to prepare. It is an ideal dish for an informal supper party because it may be cooked in a few minutes.

Take one can of tomatoes and one can of red kidney beans and cook them together for ten minutes. Then add one pound of finely chopped hamburger steak, either raw or cooked, and one chopped green pepper. Season with salt, black pepper and red pepper to taste. If you like, you may flavor the chowder with one chopped onion which has been fried until a golden brown in butter. After adding the hamburger and seasoning, cook for five or ten more minutes, mixing thoroughly. That is the basic recipe, but you may add trimmings of your own. For instance, if you like, you may add a few tablespoons of grated cheese and a dash of chili powder.

**B**ARRY NORTON also contributes a Spanish recipe to PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. Barry's real name is Alfredo de Biraben and he comes from the Argentine. His recipe is useful

because it furnishes a new way of using round steak, an economical cut of beef. Here it is:

3 lbs. round steak (cut 2½ inches thick)	1 large onion
1 small teaspoon salt	2 large tomatoes
Butter size of an egg	Grated cheese

Season the steak with salt, pepper and butter. Then place in the oven in a baking pan with ½ cup of water and cook for thirty minutes. Cover the steak with the sliced onion and cook again for three-quarters of an hour. Then top off with a layer of tomatoes and cook until tender. Just before removing from the oven, sprinkle with grated cheese.

Serve the steak with gravy made from the liquor left in the pan. Have the oven hot when you first put the steak in to cook so that the meat will sear and the juices will be kept in. It is best, too, to add the water after the steak has been in the oven a few minutes. Then reduce the cooking temperature and let the steak cook slowly.

Ramon Novarro's recipe is for Spanish rice. Take 1 cup of rice and put it in a frying pan with enough olive oil to cover the pan a half an inch thick. Stir it until the grains are separated and brown. Add 1 can of tomatoes, 2 finely chopped onions and 2 chopped green peppers. Then season to taste with salt, pepper, and chili powder. Add enough water to make the mixture quite moist. Cover the pan and do not stir or remove the cover. Allow this to simmer slowly for half an hour.

Any one of these Spanish recipes will add interest to your dinner menu or to your party. In PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book, you will find one hundred and fifty favorite dishes of the stars. You may receive a copy of the Cook Book by return mail, simply by filling out the little coupon on this page and enclosing a quarter with your request.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE  
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.





## Her hair is oily

She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astrigent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.



## Her hair is dry

She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

## He has dandruff

He should use Packer's Tar Soap

. . . the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. Packer's Tar Soap is endorsed by dermatologists for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



### Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need the care of a dermatologist—a doctor who is a skin specialist. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

#### Check Sample Desired

For 10c enclosed send sample of Packer's

- Tar Shampoo
- Olive Oil Shampoo
- Tar Soap

Packer Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. 16-D, 101 West Thirty-first Street, New York, N. Y. : Send me the offer checked, with 28-page book on hair health.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots *By James R. Quirk*

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27 ]

And yet I shudder when I think of what lies before Davey.

He'll be a hot house plant forced in the California sun. He'll be made to act cute till the soul revolts. He'll be petted, poked, pampered and spoiled. He'll be carted and cajoled around the great studios—a cunning little human chattel at whom Fortune grinned.

If he doesn't grow up a spoiled and smart-alecky little prig, it will be almost an act of God.

**B**ILL HAINES' record for wise cracks has been a little low lately, but he was heard to pull a nifty a few days since. Bill sat in a down town Los Angeles insurance office, waiting for a friend of his, who is head of the company. There was considerable commotion going on, doors opening here and there. Finally Bill said, "What's all the excitement for?" An office boy explained that one of the stenographers was missing.

"Has anyone thought of looking on the boss' knee?" inquired Bill.

**R**AYMOND GRIFFITH has the last, low, guttural laugh on the movies!

Ray came into pictures originally after he had almost lost his voice on the speaking stage.

He engaged a long period of popularity as a silk-hat comedian. Then things turned sour, there were contract troubles, and Ray disappeared from the public eye, mourned but unseen.

But great are talking pictures!

Griffith was stood before a microphone, and, wonder of wonders, it was found that his husky whisper of a voice came through far better than many a bell-like baritone!

And now Raymond Griffith is in a fair way to sit in the seats of the mighty once more. Great is the talking picture!

**W**ELL, Hollywood is now twenty-one years old, and will cast its first vote next fall!

It all began in Sing Loo's Chinese laundry, which, turned into the first motion picture studio, saw Francis Person and Thomas Boggs grind the crank that started the infant industry on its way under the California sun.

Only in the world of the photoplay could such colossal changes and growths take place in the short space of twenty-one years.

Mighty cities, armies of players, legions of artists and technicians, billions of dollars, wonders and joys and sins—all began in the little laundry of Sing Loo, who will go down in history with other unsung witnesses of tremendous events.

Hollywood is great, Hollywood is powerful, and out of it come wonders before undreamed of.

But Hollywood must remember that it and its people are only servants of a great entertainment force. And Hollywood must be humble.

**H**ERE is a letter from a reader. A finer editorial on motion pictures could not be written:

El Paso, Texas.

Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE:

As the daughter of a Methodist minister, I want to "rise up in meeting" and tell what the movies have done for me. I was born in a parsonage, and reared with the volunteer assistance of all the old ladies in the congregation in the most approved, mid-Victorian manner. The result was that by the time I was grown and had to face the world alone, I was as well equipped to meet the problems of life as an African lion hunter armed with a pop-gun.

I have read much criticism against the movies for portraying the sordid, sensuous and disillusioning side of life, and I want to tell you that just such pictures as those did much for me at a transition period of my life to enable me to adjust myself to the jolt of discovering the world as it is. They educated me to tolerate the knowledge of the inevitable existence of evil and still cling to faith in good, as a whole.

When you show evil with good, in their proper relationship to life, you enlighten—when you show either alone, you are cultivating ignorance. The censors, in their fine zeal, are like some of the sweet old ladies of my parsonage days, in danger of undereducating by withholding facts.

I am not decrying idealism, but let us be sensible idealists.

With our heads in the clouds of aspiration we had much better have our feet on the firm ground of truth.

Sincerely,

ANNA BRAND

**O**NE of our best known male stars is responsible for this one. His young son is just finishing college and a friend said:

"Do you think your son will forget all he learned at college?"

"I hope so," came the answer. "He can't make a living necking."



**NOW  
SEÑORES!**



*Sold in 5c packages  
from this jar;  
never sold in bulk*

# CHICOS

## THE NEW SPANISH PEANUTS

You never knew there *could* be peanuts like Chiccos. They're Spanish. They're roasted. Then *toasted* over an open fire. Then blanched, salted just the right amount . . . What flavor! What delicious crispness!

To keep all that wonderful flavor and freshness, Chiccos are sealed in glassine bags. Packed in air-tight boxes. Sold from an air-tight jar.

For a *nickel* all that crispy, crunchy goodness is yours. Wherever you see the gay Chiccos jar. Be one of the first to try them *today!* One bag . . . and you're a Chiccos fan for life.

Curtiss Candy Company, Chicago  
OTTO SCHNERING, *President*



**MAKERS OF BABY RUTH CANDY AND BABY RUTH GUM**





*Lady* PEPPERELL colored SHEETS  
make *Lupe Velez'* bedroom express her

PERSONALITY

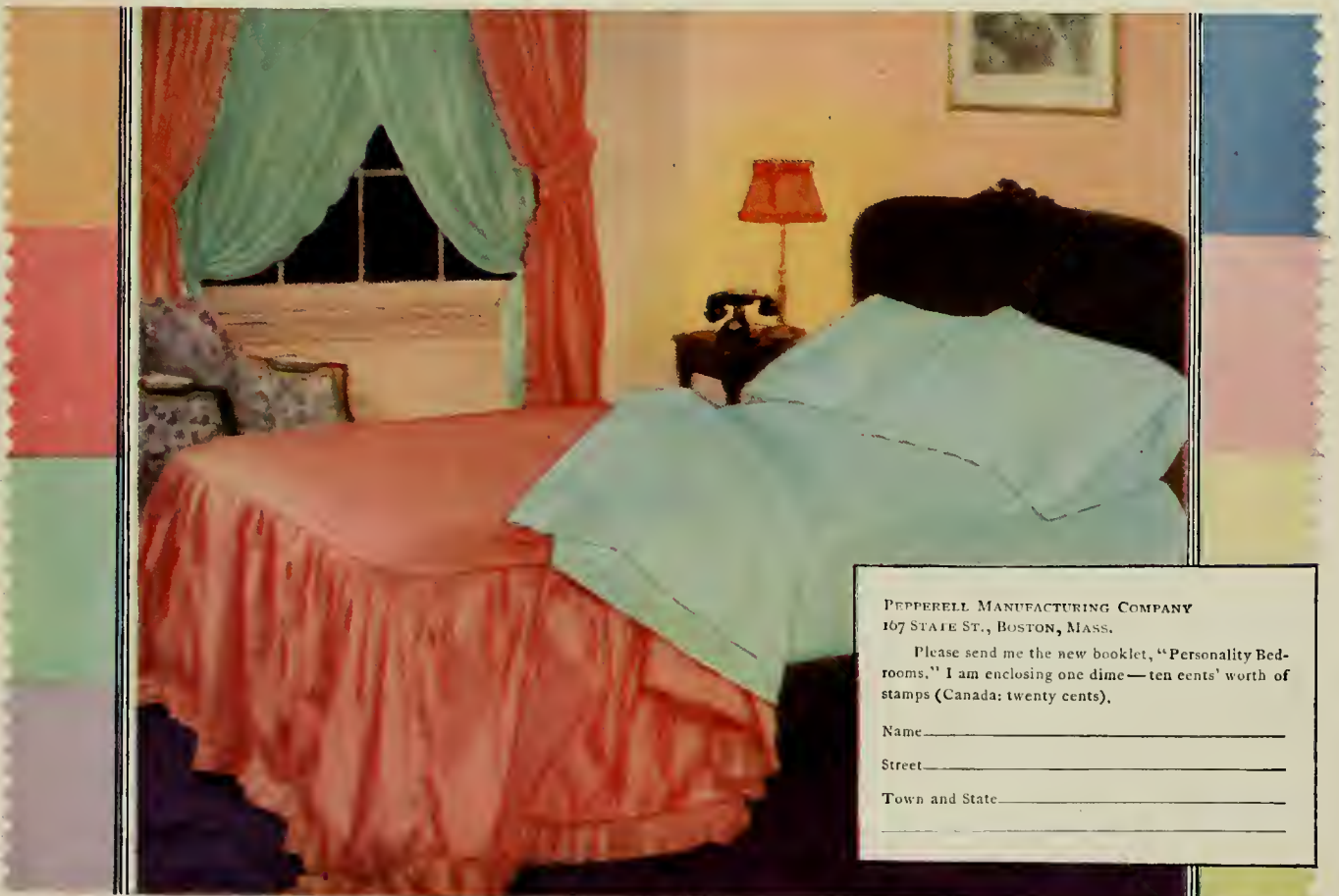
THEIR happy springtime green gives the whole room a keynote of color that is both subtly expressive of Miss Velez' vivid personality, and decidedly becoming to her rich coloring.

Lady Pepperell Sheets and Pillow Cases in the becoming color that expresses *you* will make your room

a personality bedroom. You will find Lady Pepperell's smooth, firm sheets at all the best shops in lovely lasting shades of peach, rose, blue, orchid, Nile green, shell pink, and maize, as well as white.

Send ten cents for the beautiful new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." It will help you select the color most becoming to your type, and it suggests dozens of workable plans for bedroom decoration.

*Lady*  
**PEPPERELL**  
**COLORED**  
SHEETS and PILLOW CASES



PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
167 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Please send me the new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents).

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
Town and State \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_



# How the Stars Make their Homes Attractive

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68 ]



Doris Kenyon waits for Milton to come down to breakfast. The table, chairs and sideboard are red, while walls and door are a heavy cream. A linen table set, embroidered with colored parrots

The home of Corinne Griffith is one of the most colorful and elaborate in town. Although she has many rare antiques, the modernistic feeling is there.

Corinne has blue grey eyes and light chestnut brown hair, so she has chosen the colors that suit her. One of the cozy lounging rooms, where Corinne and her friends spend much of their time, has walls of cream with a cafe au lait rug and green and ivory drapes. One fascinating modernistic chair is green and cream striped with black and this note of black is carried out in triangular patent leather cushions and black cabinets and coffee tables. The long davenport is green. The andirons are modernistic in shape as are the lamps on the mantle. Green, cream and black are the colors that make this room attractive. Cream walls and woodwork, since they are suitable to Corinne's type are used again in the dressing room.

Here all the woodwork, the dressing table and the rug are cream while the satin drape that covers one end of the room and conceals wardrobe and shoe closet is of shimmering rose-pink satin, a perfect complement to Corinne's coloring.

Again the proper note is used in her bathroom, which boasts walls of gold moire silk and basin of black and gold marble. The drapes are also of gold and are held in place with tiny Lalique plaques each one centered by a head of the divine lady. The faucets are all gold. Here two very becoming colors are used, black and gold.

A bedroom so definitely reflects the personality of the owner that it should be given more thought than almost any other room. Two stars of different types were good enough to pose in their bedrooms so that you might find which type suits you most.

Doris Kenyon is a real blond, with golden hair and blue eyes. Her bedroom is all feminine charm, all daintiness.

Pale green and pale rose are the colors she has chosen. The bed is covered and draped in green and the drapes are held in place with gold cherubs. The curtains are also green, while the walls are cream colored and the sheets a blush pink. One of the finest pieces in the room is the gold, full length mirror.

Entirely different in type is Bebe Daniel's bedroom. While Doris' is early French, Bebe's is Italian Renaissance. The walls, bed spreads and sheets are cream, while the rug is of dark mulberry red. The drapes are dark red and gold brocade, with the doors of the knickknack cabinet in dark red outlined in cream. Bebe, as you see, knows her colors. She has black hair and eyes.

Even the kitchen has decided [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 141 ]



Dorothy Sebastian in a corner of her living room. The phonograph is painted red, gold and black, and the drapes are striped yellow, red and black. The table is black, with gold legs



Well, Bebe Daniels is just about to hop in! The walls and the bedspread are cream, with sheets a paler shade of the same. The drapes are a dark red and gold brocade, and the rug mulberry red. Rose screen



# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49 ]

Word had it, however, that Mabel Normand phoned his suite every night from Hollywood, though for days Lew was unable to speak to her.

IT is being noised abroad in Hollywood that Mary Pickford has taken to cigarettes for her new picture, "Coquette."

Perhaps she's trying to find out whether there's a cough in a carload. Also we hear that the abstemious Doug is no longer averse to a glass of champagne.

Ah me, this modern age is tough on teetotalers. Well, the world do movie!

**WE** are going to try and supply you each month in this department at least one new word that has been barred from the talkies. Our present offering is the expletive, "Lousy."

In the Talkies you must never, never say "Lousy." It's a bad, bad word!

**THERE'S** a catch in it if anything happens to Anita Page.

Not only is she one of the prettiest blondes and smartest children in Hollywood right now—she's also one of the most carefully policed.



When Marion Davies' admirers want to send her posies, they don't let a little thing like miles bother them. Here is Marion holding a box of carnations sent her by mail from London. It took eight days



Doris Hill, one of the pretty girls at the Paramount studio, was told off to be a ballet dancer in a new picture, and so here is Doris, all undressed up and set for the ordeal by toe dancing

Harry Crocker, a permanent member of the Chaplin forces, seems to be increasingly interested in La Belle Page these days.

Not long ago they were seen together on one of those romantic boat rides to Catalina Island.

And were they spoonily alone? Not by a deckful!

About three chairs away was Anita's papa!

**O**N the anniversary of their marriage, Dick Arlen and Jobyna Ralston presented

each other with a beautiful antique desk. This gesture distressed John, their colored butler, because he knew it meant he would have to rearrange the other furniture in the room.

That afternoon two friends of the Arlen family dropped in and John insisted that they stay for dinner, the reason being that if he had company for dinner he would not be expected to do the big moving scene.

After the meal Dick asked John to move the piano to the other end of the room. "Ah'm awful sorry, Mistah Ahlen," said John, "but I got so many dishes out theah. Makes a lot of work with company."

He remained in the kitchen for hours. At last he stuck his head through the door, "Ah'm

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 84 ]



This is the mansion that Mary Duncan built on the Fox lot for her lucky Seelyham. It is a replica of an Oregon farmhouse where Mary spent several weeks on location



# 200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why

## LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

## SORE THROAT



Have you tried the new  
**LISTERINE**  
**SHAVING CREAM?**

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



**L**ISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 48 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect, used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious S. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

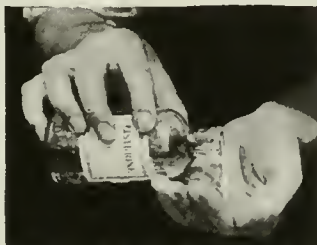
At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

## Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it



dry on the hands. This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.



# Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82]



Hollywood is happy and excited again, for Chaplin's at work. Shooting has begun on Charlie's next, "City Lights." Left to right, Carlyle Robinson, assistant director; Chaplin; Henry Clive, cover artist, and Harry Crocker and megaphone

goin' to bed now, Mistah Ahlen. Is theah any little thing I could do for you?"

BY the time your eye falls on this with a dull thud, Greta Glamorous Garbo will be back from Sweden ready to smash more masculine hearts.

She and Jack Gilbert will have only a few weeks together, for Jack plans to hurl a few rusty old garments into the family trunk and light out for Europe the latter part of May, to be gone two months.

Incidentally, the Garbo accomplished the impossible on her trip abroad. When she announced that she was going incognito, every-

body laughed right out loud! As well try to disguise Rin-Tin-Tin as a head of cabbage as to hide the face and fame of Greta. But she did it. In Chicago she registered as "Alice Smith," and on the boat she was "Greta Grassholm." Not even the studio press department knew where she hid out while in New York. Result, a pleasant, quiet trip, untroubled by newspapermen, mashed matinee girls and these bothersome suicides of the lovelorn.

*Of Herr von Stroheim magnates now  
Grow more and more afraid.  
He turned a modest wedding march  
Into a big parade.*

**VIRGINIA CHERRILL**, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady, has cast aside the precedent set by other femmes who have worked for Charlie. Virginia just won't be the demure type. She won't affect that "mama-what-is-beer" look. No sir, Virginia is going to have fun.

At the risk of being hit by a Swedish herring upon Garbo's return from Europe, she appeared at the opening of "The Broadway



Together again! Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes have made up and are busy in the studios. Ruth is working in "Madame X" at Metro, and here are she and Ralph with her boss, Lionel Barrymore

Melody" with Jack Gilbert. But it's not serious, for Virginia has also been seen places with Arthur Lake and Eddie Sutherland.

**AGNES AYRES'** little daughter, Maria, three years old, has declared herself. "No, mother, I'm never going to be married for I don't like rice."

BY the time you read this Aileen Pringle will be getting a divorce. What's that? You thought she was divorced long ago? For ten years she has been separated from her husband, the son of Sir James Pringle, but no papers have ever been filed. It was a friendly separation. Aileen wanted a career, Pringle wanted a society woman wife. Their ways parted.

But now Mr. Pringle wants to marry again, so Aileen, always obliging to an old friend, will get a nice, discreet divorce.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 104]



Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

# "Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



Use This Mannequin as a Chart to Examine Your Own Skin

**K**EEP your skin healthy and it's certain to be lovely.

Guard especially the six spots starred on the Ingram Mannequin. They are the places where tiny lines form most easily, where imperfections are most quickly seen by every one you meet.

These six starred places can be such traitors. Regardless of birthdays, they speak of age. And how much they tell of the condition of your skin!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, slightly therapeutic in its effect, takes care of your skin as no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but its special virtue is that it brings to all women who use it, a smoothness of skin hitherto unknown. It is perfect against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is the indispensable

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

cream to those women who value highly the smooth, clear texture of their skin.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Follow the simple directions which come with it. Use this cream faithfully for one month and notice how your skin improves in tone and texture.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, will gladly send you her new booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty problems, write to Miss Ingram for advice.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-49, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Street \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_

## ➤ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ➤



# Chester

**MILD** *enough for anybody*

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.



## What a cigarette meant there

*The actors play their part—*  
and history moves thrillingly across the silver screen. But on the movie lot, how tense the days of strain! And how gratefully welcomed those hard-won moments that mean rest, relaxation... and a cigarette!

## What a cigarette means here

*They play their part, too—*  
these buyers of Chesterfield tobacco.

Thousands of pounds auctioned each day; distinct types of leaf—twenty grades of "bright" tobacco alone; important distinctions of curing; differences in texture, color, size, in the natural sugar which means natural sweetness—and Chesterfield quality to be maintained.

Our buyers do their part. In New York or Manila, Paris or Alaska, our billions of Chesterfields taste the same. The same wholesome fragrance, the same natural mildness, the same satisfying "body," because our buyers know exactly what they want—and whatever it may cost, they get it!

*Liggett & McCarty Tobacco Co.*



*Typical scene in tobacco auction warehouse, where the farmer's work ends and the manufacturer's begins.*

# field

.... and yet **THEY SATISFY**



# Hollywood's Apostle to the Scots

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50]

murky Aberdeen of her girlhood. She looked for quiet afternoons of tea and talk, walks by the side of the River Dee, so full of memories. Finally, a return, jobless, to the studios six thousand miles to the west.

Little did she rock!

**W**ITHIN the hour a reporter was tapping at the door. By the end of her first day at home there were ten. Her wild Scottish career as a film celebrity had begun!

She was the first live movie actress ever caught in the wilds of Aberdeen—a little white haired old lady of their own, Presbyterian of spirit and burry of speech.

How they went for her!

Old silver tea services were hauled out and polished. The manager of the largest movie theater, one devoted to a bi-weekly change of program, went stark mad in his quaint Caledonian way and booked in "Four Sons" for two whole weeks. The climax of her grandeur was reached when for three quarters of an hour she addressed all the townfolk who could be jammed into Aberdeen's largest music hall—a glamorous place she had loved as a girl. And on Christmas day, happy and vividly alive, she walked eight miles!

Scores of youngsters bombarded her with questions about the movies—pathetic queries from life-hungry kids a quarter of the way round the world from the glittering gates.

And the newspapermen's questions!

Margaret Mann became, willy nilly, Hollywood's apostle of sweetness and light.

"They asked me about the wild par-r-rties!" says Mother Margaret. "I said I'd never been to any. 'But they have champagne baths?' was asked. I said I'd never heard of such a thing. But I told them how, when I lived in South Africa, I always put the eggs I bought into a pan of water. Those that came to the surface were bad. I told them Hollywood was like that."

But the Hollywood apostle told them how Alec Francis was warden of an Episcopal church, and how Conrad Nagel passed the collection plate, and of such splendid women as Irene Rich and Louise Dresser and Belle Bennett and some of the younger girls.

She described the symphony concerts in the Hollywood Bowl, and the great Sunrise Service on Easter morning, when thousands leave their comfortable beds before dawn to greet their risen Lord as the sun comes up over the mountains' rim.

**Y**ES—Mother Margaret Mann gave Aberdeen a new notion of Hollywood and its people!

Now she is back in Hollywood, minus a contract, but full of charm—just free lancing around.

If Elder Will Hays is really smart, he would pay her a hundred thousand a year to just preach Hollywood to the deluded and misinformed.

Her sweet message would do more for pictures and their people than ten thousand gallons of official whitewash!



*"Bobbed hair will always be popular"*

—predicts R. LOUIS, one of New York's leading style authorities in hairdressing



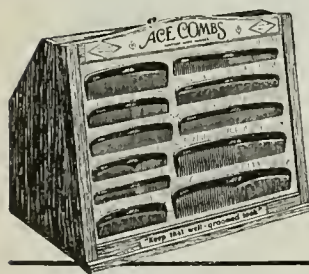
"SOME women will allow their hair to grow long but the great majority will prefer the freedom, comfort, convenience and styles of bobbed hair," says R. Louis.

For short or long hair combing is essential, and good combs are necessary. Ace Combs are made in so many sizes and types, from the larger 9" dressing comb down to the handy little purse comb. All combs are so perfectly finished that they will not injure the hair or scalp.

## ACE COMBS

made of the purest Hard Rubber, are strong, durable and sanitary. Even the surfaces between the teeth are smoothly finished. They cannot possibly pull or break the hair or injure the scalp. But be sure to select ACE COMBS.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.



WHEREVER you find this Cabinet Displayed there is an assortment from which to select all the ACE COMBS you need. Drug-gists and Department stores everywhere sell ACE COMBS.



Little Alice White giving one of her best come-hither looks to Graham McNamee, famous radio announcer. This was snapped on the set where Mervyn LeRoy is directing peppery Alice in "Hot Stuff"

American Hard Rubber Company  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4 inch Ace Comb. Please send to

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



“My hands, too, must dance / / ”  
 says charming ANNA PAVLOWA



*The new Cutex Liquid Polish “gives them sparkle and vivacity”*



PHOTO BY HUGH CECIL

ANNA PAVLOWA—world-famous artist of the dance—who began her career in her brilliant Imperial Ballet of Old Russia . . .

Like Pavlova . . . discerning women everywhere know the effect of suave perfection is in great part due to beautifully cared for hands. They say that Cutex is indispensable. For it intelligently simplifies the problem of keeping the most recalcitrant finger nails shapely and shining.

**What Pavlova herself says of the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish**

Pavlova cherishes beauty . . . she practices it! Her hands are superbly cared for! She says of the new Cutex Liquid Polish:

“It helps to give my hands sparkle and vivacity. I always use it to ‘make-up’ my hands, to keep each finger nail shining, looking truly *soigne*. It is used a great deal in Paris—the French women know how it flatters and improves the finger tips. All the Cutex preparations are needed to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smoothly rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean.”



Pavlova’s exquisite hands in gentle repose are as powerfully significant of her justly famous interpretative power as when they flutter and sway in the dance.

**You need only 3 things**

*First*—the Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten nail tips, and shape the cuticle.

*Second*—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish.

*Third*—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft . . . Cutex preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

*Smart women find the flattering new Cutex Liquid Polish indispensable*



**Special Introductory Offer—12¢**



I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Midget Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (If you live in Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal, Canada.)

Northam Warren, Dept. 904,  
 114 West 17th Street, New York., N. Y.

# The Newest Touch of Smartness

## HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S Cosmetic Masterpieces

Paris-inspired, created by one who is artist as well as scientist, the cosmetic masterpieces of HELENA RUBINSTEIN are unquestionably the finest in all the world—and the most flattering!

Helena Rubinstein has perfected the one indelible lipstick that gives the lips satin-smoothness and suppleness, as well as lasting color. Helena Rubinstein originated the rouges that not only enhance the skin, but actually protect and benefit it. And back of the marvelous powders that bear her name, is Helena Rubinstein's genius for the blending of colors and textures. On sheer merit the powder creations of Helena Rubinstein maintain absolute supremacy.

Know the witchery of make-up, realize the full flower of your loveliness through these world-famed finishing touches. Build your beauty with Helena Rubinstein's Specialized Preparations—enhance your beauty with her inimitable finishing touches. Her creations proclaim her the artist as well as the scientist!

### The Perfect Foundation

Valaze Beauty Foundation Cream. Makes powder and rouge doubly adherent, doubly flattering. 1.00.

### A Powder Masterpiece!

Valaze Powder—the most exquisite powder in the world! Fragrant and wonderfully clinging. In the smartest and most becoming shades. 1.00, 1.50.



HELENA RUBINSTEIN  
World-Renowned Beauty Specialist

### Irresistible Rouges

Valaze Rouges flatter and protect the skin. Red Raspberry for day time. Red Geranium for evening. Crushed Rose Leaves, the conservative tone. 1.00 to 5.00.

### The Last Word in Indelible Lipsticks

Cubist Lipstick in two enchanting shades, Red Raspberry for day and Red Geranium for evening, 1.00. Water Lily Lipstick in Red Cardinal and Red Ruby. 1.25.

### The Smartest Vanities

Water Lily Compacts in modishly colorful cases. Double, 2.50, 3.00. Single, 2.00, 2.50.

### Heighten the Beauty of Your Eyes

with Valaze Eyelash Grower and Darkener, 1.00. Valaze Persian Eye Black (Mascara); adherent, yet does not make the lashes brittle, 1.00, 1.50. Valaze Eye Shadow (Compact or Cream), Brown, Black, Blue or Green, 1.00.

### Your Daily Beauty Treatment

Cleanse with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream (1.00). Clear, refine and animate the skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—Helena Rubinstein's skin-clearing masterpiece (1.00). Brace the tissues and tighten the pores with Valaze Skin-toning Lotion (1.25). Complete treatment—a two-months' supply—with detailed instructions (3.25).

If there are blackheads, conspicuous pores, wash the skin with Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special (1.00). This unique preparation gently penetrates the pores, ridding them of all impurities. Use this preparation instead of soap.

LONDON

# Helena Rubinstein

PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

Boston, 77 Newbury Street  
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254 South 16th Street, Philadelphia  
951 Broad Street, Newark

The Cosmetic and Home-Treatment Creations of Helena Rubinstein  
Are Obtainable at the Better Shops, or Direct from the Salons

Write to Helena Rubinstein, describing your skin and hair, and you will receive a Special Treatment Schedule. Ask for "Personality Make-up"—the booklet that tells you how to express your most beautiful you!



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

N. A. B., PEMBROKE, ONT.—No, Fay Webb never has had an acting part in a picture, although she has been in countless photographs taken around the studio. How would you like to have a nice, easy job like that? Helen Kane is playing opposite Richard Dix in his new film. Davey Lee and Rin-Tin-Tin will be seen together in "Frozen River." There has been some talk about Lon Chaney's making a picture called "The Phantom's Return" but, so far, nothing has been done about it. John Barrymore is forty-seven years old. Would you consider that an insult? And Janet Gaynor's hair is reddish brown — and natural.

H. G., HOLYOKE, MASS.—Arnold Kent died Sept. 29, 1928, of injuries received in an automobile accident. And the poor fellow was just on the brink of achieving big success!

F. D., HIGH POINT, N. C.—Just to satisfy you and a couple of hundred others, I'll broadcast that Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Mont., May 7, 1901. He is six feet, two inches tall, weighs 180 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. Some of Gary's newest films are "Legion of the Condemned," "Doomsday," "Lilac Time," "The First Kiss," "The Shopworn Angel" and "The Wolf Song."

R. E., OF CALIFORNIA.—You are particular. Did I get it right? Charles Rogers is twenty-four years old, six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He has black hair and black eyes. Mary Brian is four years younger than "Buddy." She is five feet, two inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Brown hair and blue eyes.

BLONDIE OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Mustn't quarrel; it isn't nice. Joan Crawford is an American by birth, but of French and Irish descent. Does that settle the argument? Victor Varconi played *Bob* in "Tenth Avenue."

ELLEN T., NEWPORT, R. I.—There was an article and a handsome picture of William Powell in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY. Mr. Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 29, 1892. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. Clive Brook was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He's one inch shorter than Mr. Powell. Brown hair and gray eyes. Both your favorites will be seen next in "Four Feathers."

E. H. M., AVONDALE, PA.—You have a generous, unassuming disposition and you are inclined to be sensitive. Am I right? Eleanor Boardman is thirty years old and has light brown hair and gray eyes. She is five feet, six inches tall. Dolores Del Rio is twenty-three years old and was divorced from Jaime Del Rio who died Dec. 7, 1928. Charles Farrell is Charles Farrell's real name.

MARIAN G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Your friend is probably just a bit jealous. Perhaps you have been raving too much about John. Anyway, Mr. Gilbert is five feet, eleven inches tall.

A. B., PEMBROKE, GA.—No, Rudolph Valentino didn't play in "Flesh and the Devil." Haven't you mixed it up with "The Sainted Devil"? Valentino was born in Castellaneta, Italy, May 6, 1895. He was five feet, eleven inches tall and weighed 154 pounds. He died Aug. 23, 1926. Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., April 1, 1883. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 155 pounds.

F. W. S., BOSTON, MASS.—"Evangeline" is being produced by United Artists with Dolores Del Rio as its star.

JEAN T., ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I.—Charles Spencer Chaplin is the correct name. Joan Crawford is twenty-two years old. Write for her picture to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif. I am no fortune teller, but I don't think that Pola Negri will make any more pictures in this country. I believe she is going to work in England.

**H**ERE are seven answers to the persistent query of "Who's married to whom?"

Colleen Moore is married to John McCormick, the producer of her pictures.

Billie Dove is married to Irvin Willat, the director.

Norma Shearer is Mrs. Irving Thalberg, and her husband is a producer.

Evelyn Brent recently became Mrs. Harry Edwards. Her husband is a director.

Corinne Griffith is married to Walter Morosco, son of the theatrical producer.

Doris Kenyon is Mrs. Milton Sills.

Laura La Plante's husband is William Seiter, the director.

PHOTOPLAY calls your attention to the fact that many of the studios now have made a positive ruling not to send out photographs unless money is enclosed to pay for the picture and cost of mailing. So, to be on the safe side, send a quarter with your request for a photograph, as you have done in the past, when writing for the picture of a star.

MARGARITE M.—Ramon Novarro lives with his family in a big house in Los Angeles. It has to be a big house because Ramon has a big family. His real name is Samaniegos. John Gilbert has renewed his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, so he isn't moving to another studio.

A. J., ST. PAUL, MINN.—The girl friend is absolutely wrong. John Gilbert and Gilbert Roland aren't even remotely related. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico and his real name is Luis Antonio Damaso De Alonso. Try saying that very fast!

M. S., MASSENA, N. Y.—It's not a bit of bother for me to tell you that Lillian Tashman has blue eyes and blonde hair; also that she weighs 119 pounds and is five feet, seven inches tall. Born in New York City. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck at 221 West 57th Street, New York, in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

ROSE M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—What's this? Edward Martindale and Maurice Costello are one and the same person? Look again, Rose, because Martindale and Costello don't even look alike.

M. K., BALTIMORE, MD.—More family fights. In this case, your cousin is wrong. George Bancroft has played in quite a number of pictures. Doesn't your cousin remember "Old Ironsides," "Tell It To Sweeney," "The Rough Riders," "White Gold," or "Underworld," to say nothing of a half dozen others?

N. C., HILLSDALE, N. Y.—Why this morbid habit of killing off stars? Nearly all the stars have been rumored dead and now poor Rin-Tin-Tin is made the victim. But I am glad to say that Rinty is very much alive and his newest pictures are "Frozen River" and "The Million Dollar Collar."

M. E. E., LAWRENCE, KAN.—Yep, Richard Arlen has a seven year old daughter by a former marriage. Mr. Arlen prefers not to give out his first wife's name, probably because he wants to spare her what might be unwelcome publicity.

KATHERINE N., RENO, NEV.—Thanks for all the pretty compliments and good wishes. Matty Kemp was born in New York, Sept. 10, 1907. His real name is Matthias Kaempf. He has brown hair and brown eyes. Evelyn Brent is thirty years old and five feet, four inches tall.

M. V. II., SUMMERLAND, B. C., CANADA.—I'd like to live in your town. Gilda Gray's picture, "Aloma of the South Seas," was released in May, 1926. "The Devil Dancer" was presented in December, 1927. "Piccadilly," which was made in England, hasn't been released in this country as yet.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 100]



# A TANGEE TALKIE

*Starring Ann Pennington and Frances Williams of George White's Scandals*

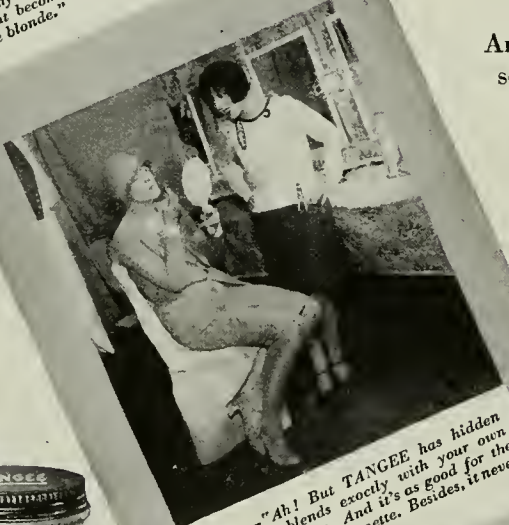
Ann is brunette, and Frances is blonde—but see how perfectly Tangee does for both! In an amazing way, Tangee changes as you put it on, from its original color to blush-rose—Nature's own shade—and blends with each individual type of beauty. Truly a marvelous lipstick and rouge.

**Demand Tangee today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1. Also, Tangee Face Powder, clinging, temptingly perfumed, \$1. Tangee Night Cream \$1. Tangee Day Cream \$1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada. If the name TANGEE does not appear on the package, it is not TANGEE.**

## TANGEE



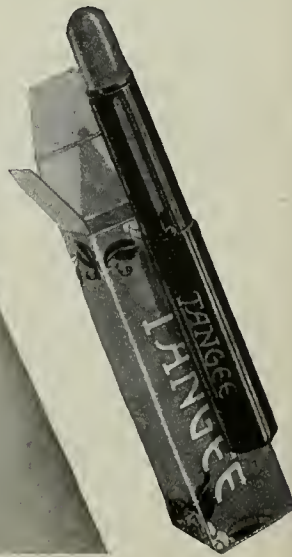
ANN—"Frances, I've made a wonderful discovery! A lipstick that is practically indelible. My favorite and only TANGEE. Try it."  
FRANCES—"Don't be silly! We couldn't get by with a sister act. And you know what becomes the brunette, won't do for the blonde."



ANN—"Ah! But TANGEE has hidden magic! It blends exactly with your own natural coloring. And it's as good for the blonde as for the brunette. Besides, it never rubs off. Do try it!"



FRANCES—"I've never seen anything so marvelous. Do you mind if I adopt TANGEE too?"  
ANN—"Oh, please keep that one. I've just bought a dozen so that I'll never have to hunt for mine."



### Beauty . . . . . for 20 Cents!

Twenty cents brings you the miniature Tangee Beauty Set — all six items and the "Art of Make-up". Address Dept. P.P. 4, The George W. Luft Co., Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66]

cameraman, Rector Wotten, art editor of *Virginia Reel* has charge of sets and Archer Jones, dramatic critic of *College Topics* is writing titles. That cast is being drawn chiefly from the Virginia Players, the college dramatic organization.

OVER a thousand students packed the Stanford University auditorium at the premiere of "The Fast Male," the production of the Stanford Studios, amateur movie club of Stanford University. It was necessary to screen the film a second night in order to accommodate the students turned away. The gate receipts cleared all production expenses and enabled the club to donate a large amount to the Stanford Student theater project. The advertising campaign for the premiere was carefully planned and included press announcements, posters, window cards and hand bills. Although most amateur premieres are well publicized, often the amount spent in the effort is entirely out of proportion and the



**Amateur Heroine of Current Films:** Janet Dalzell as *Kansas Kitty* in "Narrow Paths," produced by amateurs of New York City



**Another Heroine of Current Amateur Films:** Doris Evans in "Freshman Days," produced by Flower City Club of Rochester



**Snappy moment in the Stanford University production of "The Fast Male." Who says there is no action in amateur films?**

amateur exhibitor finds that his gate does not defray more than the expense of the showing.

By carefully watching the actual money spent in publicity, the Stanford Studios have been enabled to cover production expenses and at the same time contribute to a worthwhile student cause.

THE amateur members of the Shadow Studios of St. Paul, Minn., are at work on a production for the PHOTOPLAY contest. This will be a story of mixed identities in a night club. The members are using moving cameras, dissolves, other cinematic tricks to build up the film.

The Amateur Movie Club of Hartford, Conn., has been holding a competitive cine-salon at which the best Hartford amateur photoplay, the best Hartford general film and the best Hartford color film is to be selected. Later the club intends to challenge amateur clubs of other cities and states. At the annual business meeting of this group Hiram Percy Maxim was elected club president, W. C. Goeben was named vice-president and Harold Cowles was made secretary.



**Scene from the much-talked-about film, "The Fall of the House of Usher," made by two amateurs, J. S. Watson, Jr., and Melville Webber. It is a striking experiment**

IT is interesting to note that amateur movies have [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]



# EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY *Announces*

# \$30,000

## for Amateur Picture-Takers Only

### Read these simple conditions

**1** Any resident of the United States and its dependencies or any resident of the Dominion of Canada is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged, either directly or indirectly, in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods. This contest is strictly for the amateur. Contest starts March 1, closes May 31, 1929.

**2** Any Kodak, Brownie, Hawk-Eye, or other camera producing negatives not larger than  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$  inches (postcard size) and any brand of film, chemicals and papers may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by his dealer.

**3** Both ordinary contact prints, and enlargements not to exceed 7 inches in the long dimension, are eligible; but,

**4** In the Special Enlargement Competition, prints having a long dimension of not less than 9 inches or more than 17 inches, are eligible. Entries in the Enlargement Competition are eligible for Special Enlargement Prizes only.

**5** Prints shall be unmounted, but an entry blank shall be enclosed. Use the accompanying blank, obtain others from dealers; copy the form, or write Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**6** An entrant may submit as many pictures as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases, provided that the pictures have been made on or after March 1, 1929, and that they reach the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by the specified closing date.

**7** Entries in the Child Picture Contest to be eligible for the March award shall be received at the Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., by midnight of March 31, 1929; and for the April award by midnight of April 30, 1929. The child in the picture shall not have passed the twelfth birthday.

**8** A picture that is to be considered in the Child Picture Contest must be so designated on the back.

In the case of other pictures, however, the entrant need not, unless he wishes to, specify into which of the classifications his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office reserves the right to change a classification for the benefit of the entrant. If not classified on the back by the entrant, the pictures will go into the classes in which they are most likely to win.

**9** Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

**10** No prints can be returned, except that entries in the Enlargement Competition will be returned upon request. All mailings are at the owner's risk.

Do not send negatives until they are requested.

**11** The decision of the judges will be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants.

**12** All pictures will be judged 50% on subject interest; 25% on composition and arrangement; 25% on photographic excellence (correctness of exposure, etc.).

**13** Mail pictures to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**14** An entrant may receive only one prize. In case the judges select any entrant for more than one award, he will receive the largest thereof. If he wins, for example, a \$100 state prize in the Child Picture Contest, and if either the same print or another of his prints in the General Contest wins an award larger than \$100, he will receive the larger amount. The Eastman Kodak Company will consider the purchase of desirable pictures even though not prize winners.

**15** Winners of the state prizes in the Child Picture Contest for March will be notified as soon as possible after March 31, and for the April Contest as soon as possible after April 30, 1929; winners in the Special Enlargement Competition and all other classifications will be notified as soon as possible after May 31, 1929.

# T

HIS is a contest for everyone.

It is easy to enter—and there are 1,223 money prizes. Perhaps you have not taken more than a half-dozen pictures in all your life—you may never before have held a camera in your hands—yet your entry may please the judges most. And regardless of the make of camera you use—from an inexpensive Kodak, Brownie or Hawk-Eye on up to a camera of the costliest kind—your chance to win is just as good.

This prize money will not be awarded for technical skill alone. You do not need to be an experienced picture maker to win. The bulk of this \$30,000 will go to those who send in the most interesting pictures in each of 10 different classifications. Now is the time to get your camera into action. The opportunity to win a cash prize of anywhere from \$2,500 down is knocking at your door.

Here is the way in which the \$30,000 prize money is to be distributed. You may enter for each and all of the classes. Send in as many entries as you like. The more pictures you submit in this contest the better is your chance of being numbered among the 1,223 fortunate ones to win.

**GRAND PRIZE—For the Best Picture of Any Type—**The best picture of all of those submitted in the following classifications will be awarded a grand prize of \$2,500.

**STATE PRIZES—For Child and Baby Pictures—**\$11,400 will be awarded for the pictures showing the most interesting children . . . in both March and April \$100 will be given for the best child picture in each state of the United States and each province of Canada,\* making 114 prizes in all.

\*District of Columbia counts as one state; Hawaii, Alaska and all other U. S. dependencies combined count as one state; the Maritime provinces of Canada count as one province. British Columbia and the Yukon count as one province.

Snap as many pictures as you want from babies to boys and girls who are beginning to think of themselves as young men and women. Maybe there's a baby right in your own family that could help you win first prize by a big margin. Not necessarily a beautiful child, but one with personality, character, "IT"—in eyes and smile and dimples. Maybe there's such a youngster next door, or next street, but no matter whose baby it is, get the kind of picture that shows it at its best.

Every picture of children that you submit stands a chance of winning the Grand Prize; or any of the 103 prizes in each of four other awards. And even if you don't come in for a share of the prize money you will, at least, have made an attractive picture to add to your collection. With a little patience, however, you can almost surely get a picture good enough to win. A striking close-up of a boy or girl; a group at play; youngsters laughing, sleeping; in every-day clothes, rompers, overalls or fancy costume. Anything goes as long as it is a picture of children, and if it has the least

### PRIZES

Grand Prize of \$2,500.00

11 prizes of 500.00 each

11 prizes of 250.00 each

125 prizes of 100.00 each

275 prizes of 10.00 each

800 prizes of 5.00 each

1,223 \$30,000.00

\$11,400 in Special Monthly State Prizes

For the most interesting picture of Children submitted during March and April, \$100.00 will be awarded in each state of the United States and each province of Canada, \$11,400.00 in all. Read the details below.



*the Largest Prize Contest in Photographic History*

# in Cash Awards

*Grand Prize \$2,500 . . . 11 Prizes of \$500 each . . .  
 11 Prizes of \$250 each . . . 125 Prizes of \$100 each . . .  
 1,223 Money Prizes in All . . . for snapshots, time-exposures,  
 enlargements . . . only strictly amateur photographers may  
 compete . . . Every picture-taker has an equal chance to win!*

spark of interest in it, don't fail to send it in. What looks to you like a "flop" may look like a "wow" to the judges.

This award gives you 106 chances to win: (1) You can enter the March contest for the best child picture from each state, (2) You can enter the April contest for the best child picture from each state, (3) The pictures that you have entered for the state contest during either of these months and pictures that reach Rochester during May are all eligible for the Grand Prize of \$2,500 or for any of the one hundred three prizes in Awards No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, or No. 10.

**AWARD NO. 1—Scenics**—For the best picture of any city or country outdoor scene . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each. Here's your chance to capitalize your ability to spot an interesting outdoor subject. Landscapes and marines, distant and nearby views, mountains and water, nearby bits of nature composition, travel subjects and street scenes.

**AWARD NO. 2—Informal Portraits**—Pictures made at from, say two to ten feet distance, for the purpose of showing a person's features . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 3—Story-Telling Pictures**—For the pictures telling the most interesting story . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

Take a picture in which children, adults or animals do something—anything except looking at the camera. For instance, a puppy pulling at a baby's sleeve; father in any form of play; father proudly exhibiting the new car to a friend. There are any number of opportunities for you to take pictures like these.

**AWARD NO. 4—Sport Pictures**—For the best pictures of sports and games . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each. It may be skating or coasting or skiing—or baseball, tennis, golf. Hiking, too . . . and boating, archery, polo riding—all serve as opportunities to make prize winning pictures.

**AWARD NO. 5—Animal Pictures**—For the best pictures of pets, live stock, wild animals, either at large or in zoos . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 6—Nature Study Pictures**—For the best pictures of flowers, birds, butterflies, leaves, rocks, spiderwebs, any nature subject . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 7—Building and Architectural Detail**—For the best exteriors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, other buildings, or portions thereof . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 8—Interior Pictures**—For the best inside views of rooms, corridors, staircases, or other portions of homes or other buildings . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 9—Still Life Studies**—For the best pictures of art objects, curios, cut flowers, any still-life subjects in artistic arrangement . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**AWARD NO. 10—Unusual Photographs**—For the best pictures made at night; pictures of fires, lightning, storms, silhouettes; or any pictures that are unusual either as to topic or as to photographic treatment . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 each and 75 prizes of \$5 each.

**Special Prizes for Enlargements—\$1,350**—Any picture is a better

picture when enlarged. For the best enlargements from negatives made on or after March 1, 1929 . . . a first prize of \$500; a second of \$250; a third of \$100; 25 prizes of \$10 and 50 prizes of \$5 each. Your film dealer or photo-finisher will be glad to help you choose a picture likely to win. (See Conditions Nos. 2 and 4.)

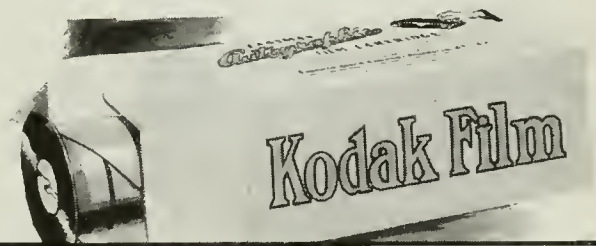
Each of these big cash prizes will have to be won by somebody . . . why not you! Aim at the big money and you stand an excellent chance of winning it or of coming in for one of the smaller prizes. Don't miss this chance of winning a share of the big prize money. There is always the certainty of being rewarded with some excellent pictures you might otherwise fail to get.

**THESE ARE THE JUDGES.** Observe how diversified are their interests and how broad are their viewpoints and experience. You must admit that no fairer Board of Judges could be assembled than that represented here:

Madame Galli-Curci, internationally known singer; Miss Ethel Barrymore, leading actress; Howard Chandler Christy, noted artist; Clare Briggs, famous cartoonist; James R. Quirk, publisher, Photoplay magazine; Rudolf Eickemeyer, distinguished photographer, Medalist Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain; Hector Charlesworth, author, critic, editor "Toronto Saturday Night"; Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor "Kodakery" and photographic expert.

For the two Monthly Child Picture Contests, the following will be judges: James R. Quirk, Rudolf Eickemeyer, Kenneth Wilson Williams.

**NOW—read the simple Contest Conditions and get your camera out!**  
*Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform.  
 Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure.  
 It gets the picture.*



**PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK**

Name.....  
(Please Print)

Street Address.....

Town and State.....

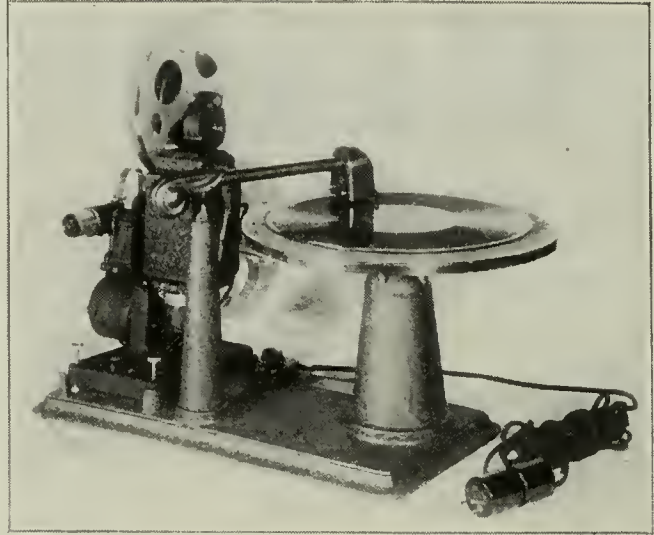
Make of Camera.....      Make of Film.....

Enclose this blank with your entry and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.  
 Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture. Be sure that each entry in the State Child Picture Contest is so designated on the back.

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## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93 ]



The new De Vry Cine-Tone unit for home talking movies. It consists of a regular 16 mm. projector, geared to a turn table, with tone arm and electric pick-up. This pick-up connects directly with a radio loud speaker. There is absolute synchronization



..tooled design  
..shape  
..frame

*fresh*  
as buds in  
Early Springtime



"KEEPING PACE with the NEW"—ever synonymous with the mark "Meeker Made". Here is one of the fresh, new designs being shown by the better dealers everywhere. Beautifully, softly hand-colored steerhide. Ooze leather lined. Silver-finished, turn-lock frame. Face of frame distinctively paneled jet and beige. Fitted with coin-purse, beveled plate mirror and compact with chain and finger ring. Just one of the garden of Meeker Made beauties. See them to appreciate them! Carry one to realize its usefulness.

# MEEKER MADE R

DISTINCTIVE LEATHER GOODS

*tooled, hand-colored, hand-laced,  
genuine imported steerhide*

HANDBAGS

Underarms—Vanities

Billfolds—Novelties

Made by

The MEEKER COMPANY, Inc.  
JOPLIN, MISSOURI

Largest manufacturers of Steerhide Leather Goods  
in the U. S. A.



ruled at the White House for some years in the past and that they will hold their own during the next four years. Mrs. Herbert Hoover, wife of the President, is an enthusiastic amateur movie fan. She uses a Cine-Kodak. So, too, did Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. What amateur doesn't long to possess such a gallery of notables as must be in the collection of these two famous first ladies of the land.

CHEAPER 16 millimeter projectors are beginning to crop up rapidly. The new Duograph is an attractive and very moderately priced machine, either hand operated or motor driven. The Q.R.S. projector is a fine machine and sells at a low price, either in its hand operating form or equipped with universal motor. Have you noted, too, how projectors

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 98 ]

## \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest Rules

1. \$2,000 in cash prizes will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY as follows:

*Class One.*

\$500 for the best amateur photoplay.  
\$250 for the second best amateur photoplay.  
\$150 for the third best amateur photoplay.  
\$100 for the fourth best amateur photoplay.

*Class Two.*

\$500 for the best non-dramatic picture.  
\$250 for the second best non-dramatic picture.  
\$150 for the third best non-dramatic picture.  
\$100 for the fourth best non-dramatic picture.

In the event that two or more films prove of equal merit in their consideration for any award, duplicate prizes will be given for each tying film.

2. CLASS ONE—Devoted to photoplays, will embrace all pictures made by amateurs in which amateur actors appear, whether of a dramatic or comedy nature. CLASS TWO—Will include all other motion pictures such as films of news events, home pictures, travelogues, sport shots, studies of animal, bird or plant life, etc., made by amateurs.

3. In awarding prizes the judges will consider the cleverness, novelty and freshness of idea and treatment, as well as the general workmanship. Under the head of general workmanship comes photography, lighting, editing and cutting and titling. In Class One, added items of consideration will be direction, make-up and acting ability.

4. All films, to be considered by the judges, must come within the following specified lengths:  
If 35 millimeter, the contest film must be 1,000 feet or less in length.

If 16 millimeter, it must be 400 feet or less in length.  
If 9 millimeter, it must be 60 feet or less in length.

All films must be submitted on non-inflammable stock with the names and addresses of the senders securely attached to the reel or the box containing the film. Name and address of the sender also may be part of the film itself.

5. Any number of contest films may be submitted by an individual or amateur organization.
6. Any person or amateur organization can enter this contest. Professional cinematographers are barred, as well as anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or any relatives of anyone employed by PHOTOPLAY. Winners of PHOTOPLAY'S first amateur movie contest may compete.
7. All films are to be addressed to the judges, The Amateur Movie Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York, and are to be submitted between October 1, 1928, and midnight of March 31st, 1929.
8. The jury of judges consists of Professor George Pierce Baker of Yale, Philip K. Wrigley, Stephen Voorhees, Colonel Roy W. Winton, Wilton A. Barrett, King Vidor, James R. Quirk and Frederick James Smith.
9. PHOTOPLAY assumes no responsibility for loss of films in transit and, while every precaution will be taken to safeguard them, this publication will not be responsible for loss or injury in any way.
10. As soon as possible after the conclusion of the contest, the prize winners will be announced and the films returned to senders on receipt of sufficient postage for return transportation.



# Try Tastyeast for 8 days and get this VALUABLE PENCIL



*This sturdy looking youngster is a Tastyeast fan. Isn't he the picture of health? His mother is sending in 24 Tastyeast wrappers to get him that Eversharp Pencil free.*

*Offer open for only short while to introduce new yeast food in delicious form*

**H**ERE'S an opportunity to get a genuine Wahl Eversharp Pencil FREE! Just go to your local dealer and get a 24 bar box of Tastyeast. When you've eaten the 24 bars, send in the wrappers with the coupon at the bottom of this page. The postman will bring you the pencil postpaid.

We want you to try this delicious health bar, rich in yeast and other scientifically balanced elements containing the essential vitamin B. And we offer the Eversharp Pencil as a reward for giving Tastyeast a fair trial. Tastyeast is a new discovery! It is the only original food-confection offering rich quantities of vitamin B in easily available



form for normal nutrition at all ages. It was perfected after three years of scientific research in our laboratories. And now you can get it right from your local dealer. Health-building yeast in delicious new form.

Any objection you may have had to the taste of yeast need not bother you now. You'll never taste it in Tastyeast. Yet it's there, with all its health giving qualities.

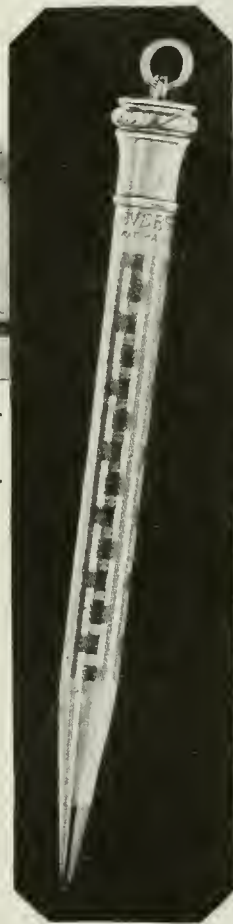
### *Doctors prescribe it*

You know that doctors have long prescribed yeast as a health food. And so, once you make Tastyeast a regular part of your daily diet, you banish forever stomach trouble, skin blemishes and constipation.

Now with Tastyeast you can get plenty of vitamin B, so essential to daily diet. Already many doctors are prescribing vitamins in this wonderful new form.

### *Make the 8 day health test*

Thousands of people have already made the 8 day health test and proved what Tastyeast can do. It's easy for you to prove it too. Eat three of these creamy



### *LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL PENCIL*

*It's a genuine Wahl Eversharp, and it will be sent to you free! See coupon below for our offer.*

delicious bars every day an hour or two after each meal. Then note the results! Your whole system will begin to tone up.

Right now, today, go to your local dealer and get a box of Tastyeast. If you cannot get it, send \$1.20 and your

dealer's name to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass. They will send you, postpaid, one 24 bar box of Tastyeast.

Send back the wrappers according to the offer in the coupon below and we will send you a splendid Eversharp Pencil, free.

Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.  
I enclose 24 Tastyeast wrappers\*. Please send me a genuine Eversharp Pencil, free.

Name.....

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

P-2



\*We will accept 12 Tastyeast and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyeast.



Delightful and  
so Inexpensive!

Millions of discriminating women have thus expressed their appreciation of Black and White Face Powder—the largest-selling popular-priced face powder in the world.

This pure, fine powder goes on smoothly, does not streak or appear artificial, adheres for hours without renewing and keeps the complexion looking youthfully fresh, smooth and beautiful. At all dealers. Try it!

Plough

NEW YORK—MEMPHIS  
MONTEREY



BLACK AND WHITE  
FACE POWDER.

## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 ]

are becoming more decorative. They are taking on color and ornamentation, following in the trail of *de luxe* radios.

The Eastman Company now sells a combination Kodascope screen and card table at \$30. Closed, it is an attractive bridge table. Open, it is an aluminum screen, 18½ by 25 inches.

Another important accessory for amateurs is the new Bell and Howell Filmo projector safety shutter. With this in place you can allow prolonged projection of a single frame picture without injury to the film. The shutter gives illumination and safety.

PHOTOPLAY received so many inquiries about the new home talkie device of the De Vry Corporation that it presents a picture in

another column. The De Vry Cine-Tone is compact, dependable and as easily operated as the regular projector. It brings to the home the clear, flickerless movies projected by the popular De Vry type G 16 millimeter projector, plus voice and sound accompaniment.

The attachment plays a regular record, the films being synchronized just as are the talkies in the big theaters. The Cine-Tone is complete with connection for light socket operation and connection to your radio loud speaker. The present combination unit can be purchased for about \$250, less than the cost of many projectors alone. The unit, mounted complete on one base, can be obtained in an attractive cabinet or it may be purchased alone. There will be regular releases of De Vry Cine-Tone 16 millimeter subjects.

## One Star Is Enough

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72 ]

spark, and Jobyna knew it. She also knew that of all the boys who used to drop by the house on Sunday afternoons Dick was the most vivid, the most dominant.

Jobyna doesn't remember when he asked her to marry him. Certainly there was no formal proposal.

No fine speeches. It just happened like a poem and they both knew that when they had the time and when circumstances were right they'd marry.

Even in those days Joby was a sensible little person.

Her calm eyes saw clearly and she knew that circumstances did have to be right.

SHE knew for Dick's own pride and self-respect she could not marry him while her salary was so much bigger than his and her career more important.

And then the happy circumstances occurred. Dick was chosen, after hundreds of tests had been made, for the famous rôle in "Wings." They celebrated that night and began to plan on a wedding.

Joby was happy. Now Dick would be famous and important and make money and she could, with a wifely conscience, work toward fulfilling her own destiny as an actress. They would be as other professional couples. Have mutual interests. Find joy in each other's work.

And then something happened that changed the color of Joby's life and made the great sacrifice necessary.

The night after the celebration Dick stormed into the house.

"What do you suppose they've done?" he cried. "They're taking a test of another man for 'Wings.' And they'd promised the part to me!"

Before Joby could stop him he had the telephone.

He had Paramount on the wire.

He was telling somebody, anybody, everybody who would talk to him what he thought of the studio and each individual in it.

He hung up the phone at last. "They tell me to come down for another test," said Dick, "but I won't! Let 'em take the part and give it to somebody else and see if I care."

JOBYNA'S heart stopped beating for the fraction of a second, until she could pull herself together and muster up the courage she needed. She talked to Dick. He mustn't be silly and throw away the chance of a lifetime just because he was in a temper. He must, of

course, go back and have the test. He mustn't scream at executives.

He must say, "Yes," and show them what a nice boy he was.

She watched his face closely to see if her words were having their effect. It was the crucial moment in their lives.

If Dick didn't go back . . . She didn't dare to think what might happen. He'd always be an extra man.

They couldn't ever be married. He HAD to go back.

He went back, had the test and, of course, got the part.

Dick's career had begun. Joby's had ended. Or had it? Hers had begun, too. Her career was now Dick's. The great sacrifice was to be made.

She saw her way clearly, as only a woman who gives a man a great love can see it.

Her manager wouldn't believe her when she told him she was going to turn down leads in two big, important pictures to take a small part in "Wings."

"But, Jobyna," he gasped, "your career!"

And Joby nodded wisely and thought of that other career, her career as a counselor to Dick.

She took a small part in "Wings" so that she could be near Dick and help him and keep him from doing the foolish things that all artists do. She knew that she had been right in giving up better picture work when they stood together in Riverside and were married on a Saturday afternoon off, January 28, 1927.

Of course, she worked after that but it seemed inane and rather ridiculous. For instance, they began to build their home in Toluca Lake Park just a few days before she was called away on location. She knew that was wrong.

A growing house needs a woman as much as a growing child.

Dick came to the location to spend a week end with her and to tell her about the home. But they were both unhappy that she was away. And when he left her she had no heart for her work. Her work! Her real work was with Dick!

They moved into the new home in November, 1927. And while Dick's career grew and flourished like a summer day, hers joggled along in spite of herself.

She had to be there for Dick, for he is an artist and she is a wife.

He needed her for the big things and he needed her for the small ones.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 100 ]



# The Name that identifies *Fashion* in rings

Offering, each year, exquisite new creations in Orange Blossom engagement and wedding rings . . . Traub steadily strengthens the fashion leadership that began with the original Orange Blossom a generation ago. Inferior substitutes for Orange Blossom may sometimes be offered . . . but two simple precautions will protect you in this most important purchase. Buy from a jeweler of unquestioned reputation . . . and ask for Traub rings by name. Thus you can be certain not only of style supreme, but of the superior quality that has placed Traub Orange Blossom beyond successful imitation.

*Our delightful booklet, "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request*

**TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

New York, 576 Fifth Ave.      Walkerville, Ontario

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# TRAUB

*The Only Genuine Orange Blossom*

TRADE MARK  MARK

More than 400 ring styles; iridio-platinum or gold,  
jeweled and unjeweled. Priced as low as \$12

*Famed for its architectural beauty is the Linwood Boulevard Presbyterian Church, Kansas City, Mo.—the scene of many fashionable weddings*





Your guests will  
find this charm  
irresistible

WITHOUT knowing why, your guests will yield completely to the irresistible mood of individuality and charm you can create in your home, just by burning incense.

Incense suffuses the room with personality. Its faint, exquisite fragrance invites relaxation. Your home is enriched by the subtle intimation of romance, and your friends are stimulated to quick response.

Learn what incense can do in your home. Let us send you, FREE, nine delightful odors of Vantine's Temple Incense—among them the newest fragrance, Oriental Night. One, or all, will work magic in your home. Test them, separately.

Clip the FREE INCENSE coupon today. Send it to us with your name and your druggist's. Enclose four cents in stamps, for packing and mailing. Your Vantine's Incense will go to you at once.



A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, absolutely free, nine fragrances of Vantine's Temple Incense. I enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.

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City & State \_\_\_\_\_

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Dealer's Address \_\_\_\_\_

P-4

## One Star Is Enough

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98 ]

THERE were the many, many times she soothed and comforted him when things went wrong at the studio. The big times when she encouraged and talked softly and made him see what he must do.

And then there were the little times, too. They were going on a yachting trip with friends and Dick's tie wouldn't arrange itself and he couldn't find those dark blue socks and his favorite shirt. And that is enough to make any artist say he won't go yachting.

But when Joby only laughed at him and said certainly she'd call their friends and say her husband was ill and couldn't go he took her in his arms and said, "What're you going to do with a wife who won't let you go a little Garbo once in awhile?"

And her sacrifice was rewarded as it is every day when she sees how he loves her and how happy and right they are together.

So Jobyna, Harold Lloyd's leading woman, a capable actress, has let her career do what it will. She has no manager. The producers call her direct when they need her. She doesn't do what other actresses are expected to do in Hollywood. She sees that Dick does the right thing professionally.

And that is the story behind the startling career of Richard Arlen, little Joby Ralston of the calm eyes and gentle hands. The soul of a woman given for the soul of a man.

Regrets? She hasn't a one! A great sacrifice just isn't if there are regrets.

"WE both can't have big careers," she said, "and Dick is the best man artistically, that's all. It's a survival of the fittest. I can't make more money than he does, I can't be a bigger star. We'd be unhappy that way.

"But I'm happy now. I look at the girls around me, the girls who haven't anything but their careers. Older women running around with young men. Girls who have been great stars who aren't any more. What have they to look forward to? What have they?

"And I have so much. I have such an important job, the job of keeping Dick sane and level-headed.

"And when the other girls are old and not pretty any more I'll be old and not pretty, too, but I'll have Dick and they'll have nothing.

"As it is, I have the most important, most satisfying job in the world."

## Questions and Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91 ]

E. G., WEBSTER GROVE, MO.—You exceeded the quota in question so I'll have to limit you to five answers. Warner Baxter played *Alessandro* in "Ramona" and the late Charles Emmett Mack was the leading man in "Old San Francisco." James Hall played opposite Bebe Daniels in "Swim, Girl, Swim," and Lawrence Gray was the boy friend in "The Palm Beach Girl." Clara Bow and Alyce Mills appeared in "The Keeper of the Bees" and Neil Hamilton was the man you liked in "The Showdown."

"PESTY," CHICAGO, ILL.—Welcome back. You're wrong on Jack Pickford's age. He is thirty-two, not forty-two, and three years younger than Mary. Charles Rogers is six feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., was born Dec. 9, 1910. His mother was formerly Beth Sully and, since her divorce from Fairbanks, Sr., has married again. She is now Mrs. James Evans, Jr.

T. G., MEXIA, TEX.—The correct name is Richard Semler Barthelmess. Dick was born May 9, 1897, in New York City. I guess that makes him an American. Billie Dove was also born in Manhattan, May 14, 1903.

F. K., KANSAS CITY, MO.—Hope I haven't kept you waiting too long. Barbara Kent is nineteen years old and is one inch under five feet tall. She weighs 102 pounds. Barbara isn't married. June Collyer is also single. June is two years older than Barbara and five feet, five inches tall. She weighs 115 pounds.

G. B. H., CLARKSBURG, W. VA.—Any relation to Herbert? Now for the man who makes your heart go flip-flop. Monte Blue is married to Tova Jansen and his next picture is called "No Defense." Write to him at the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Of course, he's had a hair-cut since "White Shadows." And Monte once made a picture called "Hogan's Alley." Come in again some time.

M. C. B., RIDGEWOOD, N. J.—Yes, John Gilbert appeared in "Monte Cristo." It was made quite a few years ago but has since been re-issued.

BETTY B., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—Carroll Nye is twenty-seven years old and was born in Canton, O. The room-mate in "Varsity" was Phillips Holmes. Write to him at the Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif. Ralph Graves was the man you liked in "Submarine" and Paul Ralli was the one who caught your eye in "Show People." Claude King was born in North Hamptonshire, England. Come again.

BLONDY, WATERTOWN, MASS.—William Boyd and Reginald Denny both use their real names. Bill is thirty and Reggy is seven years older. Nick Stuart was born Nick Prata and Sue Carol's real name is Evelyn Lederer. Sue is twenty and Nick is two years older.

M. M., C. K., M. K., E. A., ROCK SPRINGS, MONT.—There now! You all have your initials in print. H. B. Warner, not Lewis Stone, played the father in "Sorrell and Son."

A. M. K., ASTORIA, ORE.—Lucky girl, to be able to eat all you want and still weigh only 116 pounds. Your criticism of that certain picture is quite just. Both you and the girl friend are wrong about the actor who played in "The Chinese Parrot." It was Edmund Burns, not John Boles or Kenneth Harlan.

C. M. H., ATLANTA, GA.—Corinne Griffith's newest picture, "Outcast," has already played in your city. Did you miss it? Corinne's next is "Saturday's Children," so be on the watch for it. Lewis Stone's newest is "Wild Orchids." Mr. Stone is forty-nine years old. Don't know anything about Molly O'Day's future plans but I hope she comes back. Dolores Costello may be reached at the Warner Brothers Studio, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Both of Dolores' parents are living.



# SPEAKEASY

PRESENTED  
By  
WILLIAM  
FOX



WHEN you see and hear SPEAKEASY at your favorite theatre, you will realize why Fox Movietone all-dialogue talkers are the most popular of all.

The screen adaptation of this stage success has been produced with the perfect realism that only the Fox Movietone process of recording sound on film can create.

You see and hear a living spectacle of the greatest metropolis in the world—the breezy talk of Broadway and the sporting world, the frenzied shouts of twenty thousand fight-crazed enthusiasts during a championship fight at the world-famous Madison Square Garden, the voice of the announcer, the bang of the gong, the ringside



repartee, the beat of gloves on flesh, the tumult during the sensational knockout.

You see and hear a thrilling horserace at historic Belmont Park, the roar of subway trains and voices of milling crowds, the click of coins in the turnstiles; you see and hear the hustle and bustle of Times Square and the Grand Central Station—every sound of these eye-filling and ear-thrilling scenes recorded by Fox Movietone at the ACTUAL SCENES.

And you see and hear a fast-moving story of New York and its many "rackets", a story packed with exciting action, love, comedy, color and suspense.

An unusual cast of well known artists of stage and screen, including Paul Page, Lola Lane, Henry B. Walthall, Helen Ware and Sharon Lynn, masterfully directed by Benjamin Stoloff, make the picturization of this absorbing story by Edward Knoblock and George Rosener superb entertainment.

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**MOVIETONE**

**X** *More than Sound—Life itself!*



# NOW

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is the **NEW** nail fashion



**S**MART women have abandoned artificial looking nail tints. Instead, an entirely new type of nail loveliness is now the fashion—*natural gleam*, given in an instant by Glazo.

The soft shimmer of Glazo Liquid Polish is neither too deep nor too pale—just a natural, soft brilliance! So adorning to any woman's nails and hands! So new and correct!

This exquisite polish was created for women by Edna Albert, one of America's foremost business women. She searched the toilet goods shops of Paris for a truly distinguished nail polish—brought back a secret formula and perfected it in her own laboratories. That is Glazo—loveliest, most sophisticated, and most popular, of all liquid polishes.

### A "nail sheath" thin as silk

A brush flick, and Glazo gives a lustrous "nail sheath" which is mirror-smooth, glinting with the light.

And this dainty nail sheath lasts a week. Glazo never peels, shreds, turns brown. Its delicate lustre does not dull. It spreads on evenly and instantly, without that thick, gummy look. At all toilet goods counters, in clever twin bottles—Glazo Polish and Remover—50c. Or send ten cents for generous sample set—use the coupon below!



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(404)

I enclose 10 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples.  
(polish and remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions.

Name.....

Street.....

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

# GLAZO

## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

making a grievous mistake herself. Her feet were unusually wide and large, but I noticed she was wearing very fancy shoes with many intricate cut-outs and strappings that added to the general impression of width and size. She should have worn a dark, simply cut shoe made on narrow lines to add distinction to her foot and take away from its size.

Probably the Evelyn they were discussing makes another mistake—it is such a common one. Fat legs should be stockings in dark or neutral colors—never in the pinks and bright flesh tints that slim legs can affect.

You do not tell me, Janet, whether your hips are large. If they are, even though you are not stout, I suggest that you wear a girdle or corset of some sort, however light in weight, to give that trimness of figure so essential in wearing present-day clothes. Select it carefully. It is important that you get the kind of garment that is especially suited to your figure. It need not be expensive, but it must be right. The advertising columns of PHOTOPLAY can help you solve this problem.

And last, but not least, comes the matter of clothes. There is one simple rule to be followed by all girls who want to look well and have to be careful what they spend. Choose conservative models—fads are not for you. Don't buy flaming colors and patterned materials—except for a change now and then. Color and faddishness can run riot in your accessories—scarfs, jewelry and handbags. They will keep your costumes from becoming monotonous to yourself and others, and will make you feel stylish and up-to-date.

Unless a girl is tall and slender she should not wear clothes that are trimmed in wide bands of solid colors running around her figure, especially at the hips. I think you are wise in clinging to solid colors most of the time. You are not so apt to tire of them and they do add height and grace.

For daytime wear I think all the browns and tans would be becoming to you. Rose-beige should be very flattering. Some shades of blue should look well on you, depending upon your makeup. The orange reds are usually very lovely with your coloring, especially for evening wear.

In the May issue of PHOTOPLAY (the next issue) Laurene Hempstead has written a splendid article about color harmony for brown-haired, brown-eyed girls, of which June Collyer is a typical example. I know Miss Hempstead can help you tremendously in these matters, so I won't go into detail here. Be sure to read her article.

I want to close my letter with a final word of advice, and perhaps it is the most valuable thing I could tell you. It is just this. After you have done your best to improve your looks, to purchase the right things and to wear them with distinction, don't let yourself become self-conscious about your appearance. You will know you have done your utmost to look "right." That should give you confidence and make you feel "right." When you leave your mirror, forget yourself and your clothes. You can afford to then.

### MATTIE:

Practically the only thing that will absolutely remove superfluous hair is the electric needle. As the hair upon your face is light, I should let well enough alone and not experiment too much with depilatories, unless you do it under the supervision of a beauty specialist. Depilatories are fine and we recommend them unreservedly, but in your case you had best let nature take its course.

### KAY:

Your description of your type sounds very much as if you belong to the same general

group that Janet Gaynor glorifies. What a lucky girl you are if you resemble her, for she is one of the most charming youngsters on the screen. Be perfectly natural with the boys and you will attract them. Don't get self-conscious, and remember—you have plenty of time.

### "BROWN EYES":

A diet of bread and water will only make you heavier. Bread is one of the most fattening things you can eat. Try this diet for a month or two: Salads with French dressing; green vegetables; lean meat or chicken; and fruit instead of desserts. Omit sugar and butter and potatoes. You will find that this will help you to lose quite a bit—and do it rather quickly.

### BETTY:

If the consensus of opinion is that the boy you are so fond of likes you, I don't doubt that he does. Why doubt him when you haven't any reason to?

### GRACE H.:

Sex appeal is an indefinable something that is not a new name for love, and is certainly far more than a fascination. I think sex appeal is the ability to charm the other sex without consciously trying to do so. Be very glad if you have it.

### BROWN-EYED MARY:

Send for my booklet on weight reduction. You are twenty pounds overweight, and should reduce sanely—but surely.

It is a gracious thing for a girl to tell a young man that she has enjoyed herself when in his company, and I certainly think she ought to thank him for taking her out.

### PUZZLED:

Poor little girl, you are bewildered by the process of growing up. I can't blame you, for many another girl has been nonplussed by that stage between childhood and womanhood. Don't miss the teachers of your passing school days too much. Other friends and advisers will take their place.

### MARJORIE:

You can look taller by wearing straight line frocks and by getting a high effect rather than a wide one in the dressing of your hair. You need not worry about being very much overweight. In fact, many girls far heavier than you do not feel that they are other than slim.

### D. W.:

Indeed you are foolish in missing dates because some of the boys you know are shorter than yourself. Have a good time and stop being self-conscious about your height. Five feet, six inches is not very tall, anyway. I should call it average.

### PEGGY:

Why don't you wear rubber reducing stockings for a while? They might help to reduce your legs. And don't give up the leg reducing exercises that you are using. Sometimes a good many months pass before one can notice results.

### MISS L. D., NEW YORK:

Your mother is right. Follow the doctor's orders and give your complexion a chance. It will probably clear up nicely and when you are older you can use cosmetics to make yourself more attractive. At sixteen good health and youth are the best beautifiers. Vaseline will gradually darken the lashes, although I suggest yellow vaseline in preference to white. Use it very sparingly and do not let it get in your eyes.



"To me, a most important reason for preferring the new Frederics Vita-Tonic Permanent Wave is that I have confidence that my hair is perfect—smooth and soft, in wide, natural waves. No other method of waving is quite like it."

*Joan Crawford*

# Joan Crawford

... finds how to have  
Naturally Wavy Hair

A MARVELOUS new permanent with soft, wide, natural waves that exactly reproduce Nature's own, is the new-found joy of Joan Crawford.

The beautiful, natural effect is obtained with the New Frederics Vita-Tonic Process with which the hair is wrapped. Without affecting the texture, it imparts to the hair an alluring lustre, a soft, flowing loveliness.

Authorized Frederics operators the country over are carefully trained to use this remarkable new method. Make sure you receive a true Frederics Vita-Tonic Wave.

"Frederics Vita-Tonic is imprinted on the wrapper used on each tress of hair."

Send for the booklet, "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair" which tells how to care for your wave, and a generous free introductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane Cream, for keeping your wave orderly. Merely fill in and send the coupon.



THESE glorious waves of loveliness flow about the head of pretty Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's charming screen favorite.



This mark of quality will be found on all Frederics products. Look for it every time. It is your guarantee of satisfaction.

E. FREDERICS, Inc.,  
235-247 East 45th Street, Dept. 24  
New York City.

Please send me—free—the booklet "The Glorious Gift of Lovely Hair," also a free introductory tube of the new Frederics Hair Trane Cream.

Name.....

Address.....

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

**FREDERICS VITA-TONIC WAVES**

## Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]



"No more shiny noses since I use MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It stays on longer and keeps ugly shine away. It spreads more smoothly and prevents large pores." Desirée Tabor (operetta star famous for her beauty), 66 W. 46th St., New York City.



"No wonder beautiful women protect their lovely skins with MELLO-GLO Face Powder. It is so exquisitely fine textured and pure. No pasty or flaky look with MELLO-GLO but a velvety youthful bloom." Rachael Chester (famous beauty), 301 W. 105th Street, New York City.

## Loved by America's Most Beautiful Women

MELLO-GLO Face Powder must be wonderful—so distinctive—so exceptional.

Two million of America's loveliest women know MELLO-GLO stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French Process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by Beautiful Women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion.

Q MELLO-GLO has become so popular among beautiful women, that any store that tries to substitute does you an injustice.

**T**HERE'S plenty in a name, if you ask old Cal.

A talkie director in New York, between Thanksgiving Day and the first of February, shot not less than forty short subjects for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

And his name, honest and no clowning, is Nick Grinde!

**R**ENEÉ ADOREE is a free woman. She has just made a little prayer (in French) that she won't be seriously exposed to matrimony again. She was first divorced from Tom Moore. Then she married William Sherman Gill, a tailor. She filed suit for divorce just before she went to the South Sea Islands on location. It was her hope that the papers would be put through and all in order by the time she returned.

The first news she had when she got off the boat at San Francisco was that Gill had not been served for the very good reason that he could not be found. A few weeks later he appeared in Reno and filed suit.

The marriage had been a mistake from the beginning.

Renee had only known Gill for three days before they were married. Their interests were never the same. Gill was always the business man, Renee always the artist.

**G**REATER love hath no brother than that in the heart of Ramon Navarro.

Ramon has his heart set on a career of song, and he has planned for some time on a concert tour in Europe. Now one of his brothers is ill, and Ramon is cancelling the foreign trip in order that he may spend every free hour with the boy.

If the brother improves, Ramon may go as far as the east coast to make phonograph records, but no farther.

There's a charming, genuine note among the cream puff desires and plans of some of the actors!

**A** BRAVE girl double has died. Leta Wishard, doubling for Ruth Elder in a parachute jump, was killed when the bag failed to open 2,000 feet in air.

To add to the tragedy, the girl's husband watched her death leap from the ground!

And so another name is added to the scroll of those who have gone to their death in pictures in order that more famous names might continue to twinkle in electric lights.

**I**F your name was Smith and everybody insisted on calling you Smith, wouldn't you get sore?

Baclanova, the Russian menace on the Paramount lot, is tired of having people pronounce it "Back-la-NO-va."

The proper way is "Back-LON-ova."

And don't blame us if she hurls a tin of caviar at you the next time you get your syllables jammed.

**W**HAT things the sensitive mind of a child picks up at the movies!

This was called to Charlie Chaplin's attention by the parents of a New York four-year-old. They had taken him to see "The Circus," and though he had laughed heartily at the picture he came out of the theater in a most serious mood.

Evidently the last scene, where Charlie sees the circus wagons fade into the distance and then marches off alone, had made a tremendous impression on his little brain.

"Why are you so quiet?" asked his mother.

"Poor Charlie! All alone that way!" the kid said. "Can't he come over and stay at our house?"

**B**ESSIE LOVE has a new young man! Bessie is not putting out many press reports on the present romance, as of even date, but she has dropped the hint that he is from Chicago, north of the machine gun belt, and that he has a good supply of doubloons.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 106 ]



An all-colored cast brings one of Octavus Roy Cohen's famous negro stories to the screen in a two-reel comedy talking picture, called "The Melancholy Dame." It is worth seeing and is produced by Christie Brothers under the supervision of Alfred Cohn, former western editor of PHOTOPLAY



## It's the money you spend wisely that counts

SOMEONE has said that a rich man has more fun keeping a budget than a man of moderate means. Because the money he saves is tangible, he can see it and invest it, and put it to work. However, a budget is an invaluable help to anyone.

A budget helps you keep the right proportions between expenses, prevents you from spending more than is best for food and rent, or crimping more than you should on entertainment and luxury. *But a budget is not a reason for getting cheap things, things in which you forfeit quality by attempting to save on price.* A budget says to you: "Here is the amount of money you should spend for this. Spend all of it, but don't spend more." And it is up to you to get the best that can be got for that amount.

The person who spends his money wisely, who likes to get the utmost for it, always finds out from advertisements how he can spend it to the best advantage.

It is surprising how much more wisely you can buy if you make it a habit to read advertising. A little more value here . . . a little better workmanship there . . . in this thing slightly more durability . . . that product perhaps a bit finer. And every cent of money you spend for advertised merchandise will bring you greater comfort, a higher quality of goods, and a standard of excellence that is nationally recognized.



*It certainly pays to read the  
advertisements*

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104 ]

Beyond this Bounding Bess refuses to go, and her mother, when cross-examined, just says, "Ask Bessie."

Love and success in the talkies seem to have struck Bessie in Love almost simultaneously. Must be sunny days in the old Love manse.

**CAUTIOUS** people—these Russians. Baclanova has had her divorce for over three months and she is still only engaged to Nicholas Soussanin. They had planned upon being married immediately the divorce was granted. This is, by the way, the first Soviet divorce obtained by a film actress.

What the reason for the delay in the wedding

plans is, nobody knows, for Baclanova has very few friends in the film colony. She goes out very little, her only social activities being at the Russian Art Club, where she finds her own people and appears in plays in her native language.

Monthly bulletin from the Patsy Ruth Miller sector.

That much engaged young woman has another flame. Tay Garnett is reported this way and that about the pert Patsy Ruth. They both play tennis, and every time Tay's name is mentioned Patsy turns a salmon color and just can't help driving the ball into that mean old net.



*Adds Glossy Lustre,  
Leaves Your Hair  
Easy to Manage*

If you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



**Try It FREE**

THE R. L. WATKINS CO. 29-G-18  
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me FREE a sample of GLOSTORA, all charges paid.

Name.....

Address.....

In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.



And now it is the cocktail jacket, to be worn just as afternoon turns into evening. Esther Ralston wears a jacket of silver net and sequins to accent a gown of black tulle and jet. The bodice of the gown is very long and tight at the back and the voluminous skirt just skips the floor



Either the net is too high, or else Patsy Ruth CARES. Write your own diagnosis.

**T**HE turtle doves are coo-cooing once again around the door of the old James Forbes mansion.

For James and Ruth Chatterton, his lady wife, have made up and are together once more.

They were separated for a little over a year. Ruth, a famous stage star, practically gave up her footlight career to be near her handsome young husband at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. They grew apart, and finally decided to disagree, amicably enough, but firmly.

Then the rich Chatterton voice was conscripted for a Paramount talking picture, and very shortly thereafter Hollywood was glad to note that Ruthie and Jimmy were going together.

In no time at all came the announcement that they were living together again. And several turtle doves immediately went out to the old Forbes manse and began cooing a serenade.

**P**ULLING a Prince of Wales tumbled Dangerous Gwen Lee into the movies!

When Gwen was an extra, George Fitzmaurice promised her a few days' work if she could ride a horse English fashion. Gwen had never done it, and she didn't feel any better when she learned she was supposed to play polo in a slippery bathing suit.

But up and away went Gwen, game to the last bounce, and in about fourteen seconds the horse grew bored and tossed her off. Gwen lit on the ground with a thump.

"Ha, ha!" laughed George, "that's great. We'll leave it in!"

And Gwen Lee was a movie comedienne!

**T**HAT musical gurgle you hear is Dorothy Sebastian having the last laugh.

About three years ago Dorothy sweetly confided to our shell-pink ear that she would never marry—that freedom was sweet and her film career the big shot in her life.

"The usual bunk!" thought we, and when she became engaged to Clarence Brown, the brilliant director, we had to gag ourself to keep from yelling "I told you so."

Now Dorothy has made a sucker out of us by announcing with gestures that she is not going to marry Clarence after all. That is her story, and she is sticking to it. The wedding bells are muffled, and the only music on the air is Sebastian's last laugh.

**W**ELL, it would come out sooner or later, and it might as well be sooner.

Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's new leading woman, has been married and divorced. Her former helpmate is a nephew of Felix Adler, and he lives in Chicago, we hear.

Virgie makes her film bow toward the end of the first reel of Chaplin's new "City Lights." And gosh knows when that will be seen!

In the meantime, Virginia twitters about Hollywood in the company of Eddie Sutherland, and has herself a swell time.

**M**ONTE BLUE'S baby boy was born on his wife's birthday.

Sam Warner, the mad wag, sent the following congratulatory wire: "Congratulations on Little Boy Blue."

**Y**OU should see the suite of dressing rooms at the Warner Studio that has been prepared for John Barrymore and Dolores Costello when that famous pair of honeymooners go back to toil!

The last word in bathrooms has been installed. It is a super-special—in fact, with one more gadget, it would be an epic. And there are many rooms just for the accommodation of the stars' huge wardrobes.

**G**RANT WITHERS, Claire Windsor's current boy friend, was twenty-four years old the other day, and the present was a beauty.



# De Luxe Golden State Limited

Rock Island Lines, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

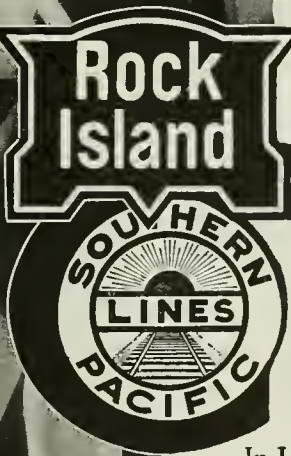
My recent trip on the Golden State Limited from Los Angeles to Chicago was most delightful. Every conceivable thing was done to make the trip pleasant, convenient and luxurious.

The ease with which I was able to transfer from the Golden State in Chicago was an added advantage of no small import.

Sincerely yours,

*Laura La Plante*

Laura La Plante



# California

First not only in transportation convenience, but in terminal convenience as well.

In Los Angeles and San Diego—the most accessible stations, and in Chicago!!! La Salle Street Station, in the heart of the city (only station on the Elevated Loop) with Englewood (Union Station) to double the assurance of connections between East and West.

6 1/4 hours Los Angeles-Chicago. Shortest and quickest Chicago-El Paso, Phoenix and San Diego.

Tickets and reservations at

Hollywood Ticket Office, 6768 Hollywood Boulevard  
 Phones Granite 1801-1802  
 Los Angeles Ticket Office, 212 West Seventh Street  
 Phone Metropolitan 2000

B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines  
 809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.  
 Hugh H. Gray, General Agent, Passenger Department  
 Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800  
 or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, Phone Murray Hill 8400  
 P. W. Johnston, Gen'l Ast., Pass'r Dept., Rock Island Lines  
 723 Knickerbocker Building, Broadway and 42nd Street  
 Phones Wisconsin 2515-6, New York City

516







*"What makes YOUR ROUGE spread so easily and stay on so long?"*

That's what they'll ask when you use

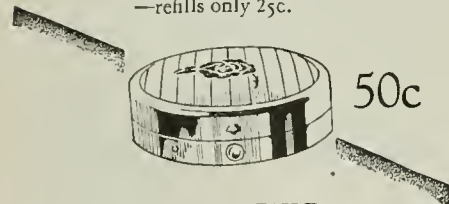
# Lanchiere

## BLUE ROSE ROUGE

Here's why . . . the adherent quality that women so desire in a rouge is due, in LANCHIERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE to a pure oil, specially selected for the skin. This oil not only makes it easy to impregnate the puff with BLUE ROSE ROUGE, but it is the reason why this dainty rouge can be applied so smoothly and evenly—why it stays on so long. LANCHIERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE imparts the glow of youth and health and enhances natural beauty.

### Choose the Tint to Suit Your Type

Four fascinating shades: Grenadine, Cabaret, Seniorita, Bordeaux. For special advice on your make-up problems write to MARIE BONNARD. LANCHIERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE in slim, silvery cases at your favorite toilet goods counter—refills only 25c.



50c

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale

CHICAGO Sole Distributors NEW YORK

Clip and mail coupon below for Lanchiere Acquaintance Set and Rouge Chart

Special 60c Value for 25c

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, Wholesale, Box 1182, Chicago,

Please send me prepaid [25c enclosed] Lanchiere Blue Rose Acquaintance Set containing: Bath Crystals, Face Powder and Soap.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Name of favorite dealer.....

Claire dug down deep and bought him an onyx cigarette case with platinum bands across each corner.

Inside, in the fair one's own handwriting, is inscribed "Amour de Clairette toujours." Try that on your dictionary.

Grant is a nice kid, but studio birds are beginning to whisper that he is taking himself a little too seriously and is rolling up a snowball of enemies thereby.

LOWELL waited and waited, but Pauline never came home to papa.

So Lowell Sherman, noted on stage and screen, has brought suit for divorce against Pauline Garon, once a short lived hope of the photoplay.

The grief began in August, 1927, when Lowell and Polly had a spat over mean words passed on the set by Pauline and Gertrude Short. Lowell, it was said, sided with Miss Short against the little woman.

So Polly packed and stormed out, and from that day to this has never darkened the Sherman door again. Hence the litigation.

ALL Hollywood is happy over Mae Busch's come-back.

There isn't a better loved girl in town than Mae, but she's had a lot of luck lately, all bad. Some years ago, when she was under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, she was continually farmed out to other companies at double and triple the money her contract called for.

This didn't seem to Mae to be playing pretty, so she was glad to leave when the document wore out.

Since that time she has just had occasional quickie jobs—until the talkies came along.

On the strength of her stage experience she has been given an important rôle in "Nightstick," one of United Artists' biggest pictures. And Mae's happy, and United Artists is happy, and Hollywood is happy, too.

"WHATEVER has become of that good-looking Alan Forrest?" ask the girls. "The one that used to be Lottie Pickford's husband?"

Well, five years ago he was one of the most popular come-hither leading men in pictures. Now he sells signs for a living—the sort you put on commercial automobiles where they become legible by reflecting light.

And a good living he makes too, thank you, with a flossy set of offices in the same Los Angeles building that houses the western office of PHOTOPLAY.

Once in a while he works in a picture, but most often he is satisfied with his sign business.

"We get no younger," says Alan, ringing another prospect.

*The trouble with the theme songs  
At present, it would seem,  
Is that the Tin Pan Alley boys  
Can't quite locate a theme!*

WELL, Lya di Putti has sailed away from these unfriendly wildwoods and Hollywoods, and another trumpeted importation seeks fame and fortune in the studios overseas.

There's a star rôle for Lya in the British International studio, in a picture called "The Informer," and perhaps more to follow.

Hollywood? Not again—while sound reigns, says Lya.

Her last gesture was a farewell luncheon to the press at her hotel—where many of those who have spoken unkindly dropped in to have a last look at the body.

They found a sparkling woman, twenty pounds lighter than when she first passed the Statue of Liberty, and if she had a broken heart she hid it well behind hospitable smiles. And her present accent is one of the cutest that ever shuddered a microphone.

Cheerio, Lya. Drop in again some day.

RUTH ROLAND isn't the only Big House and Lot Girl in the film colony.

Carmel Myers is also founding the family fortune in real estate.

# Loosen Up Chest Colds

Just Rub Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough watch out! Rub Musterole on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. Musterole penetrates the skin bringing a soothing, cooling sensation and welcome relief.



Recommended by doctors and nurses, Musterole relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and joints. Keep Musterole handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



## YOU CAN Be Beautiful!



A clean, clear, velvety complexion is possible through stimulated circulation. With the Mystic Messenger you can have a perfect hot and cold massage at home, without expense. Easy to use. Lasts a lifetime. No preparations necessary. Send \$1.50 or pay the postman. Money refunded after using 5 days if not satisfied. Order now. Circular on request. Agents wanted.

MYSTIC MASSAGER CO., SPITZER BUILDING, TOLEDO, OHIO

## Play Piano BY EAR



### -IN 90 DAYS!

Play anything—jazz to classical! Even if you know nothing about piano music—I'll have your fingers dancing over the keyboard with confidence in 90 days. If you can hum or whistle a tune you can play it! My students are broadcasting—making money. MAKE ME PROVE IT! Without puzzling notes! Without practicing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system does away with years of work. YOU WANT THE PROOF? I'll send it. Write me now.

D. M. SUTTLE, Director ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC 1801 Byron, Dept. 1D13, Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

## Cuticura Soap Shampoos

Cleanse the scalp and hair of dandruff and dust and assist in the healthy growth of hair. You will be delighted with their fragrance and efficiency. Send for trial outfit Soap and Ointment with full directions. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. L, Malden, Mass.

## 30 Days' Free Trial

New Models now ready for delivery direct from our factory. Astonishing low prices and terms. Do not buy until you get them. RIDER AGENTS WANTED to ride and exhibit sample. Make big money. Many models \$21.50 up. Guaranteed \$1.00 each, wheels, lamps, horns, equipment at half usual prices. Send No Money. Write for our marvelous prices and terms on RANGER Bicycles.



MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. A-40 CHICAGO



The Rose of Sharon owns four completely furnished homes—two at the beach, one in Hollywood and one in the Wilshire district.

Whenever one of the four is vacant, Carmel moves in to keep from losing rent. Last year she won the moving championship of the world by changing her residence 15 times in the 12 months, and not ahead of the sheriff, either.

**T**ALKING pictures have been blessed and cursed for many things, but it remained for a Los Angeles hotel proprietor to pull the last, lingering word.

W. G. Howard, who runs an inn, has sued an adjacent photoplay theater for \$3,500. He says in his complaint that while the silent drama was silent his hotel prospered, but with the advent of sound pictures they began complaining that the racket kept them awake, and that many packed up and quit on him.

At the moment of bounding and leaping to press the court hasn't acted, and that certainly is a case to turn a Solomon gray and haggard.

**T**HE moment has arrived for the monthly gag from Eddie Nugent, one of our flippest.

"She couldn't forget her dialogue," says Edward, "because of the lines in her face."

Which sounds like a theme song for a Sennett comic, and allows Mr. Nugent to retire gracefully into the wings for the April issue.

**W**E point to the craftiest little girl in Hollywood.

Lila McComas is an extra. Some time ago, while filming a scene, she was thrown from the lack of an elephant—Heaven knows why or how—and immediately sued the Al G. Barnes circus for \$82,000 and a few paltry odd dollars.

The case came to trial, and a jury, largely feminine, awarded lamenting Lila a measly \$500.

She took stock.

"I wore pretty flapper clothes," she thought. "Short skirt, low neck and all the rest of the tricks. Mayhap and forsooth, they were jealous."

She asked for and received a new trial.

At the second hearing she wore clothes that grandma would like. Her dress came from neck to ankle, and her hat was less a hat and more a bonnet.

When the balloting was over the second jury awarded her \$15,000. What price silk stockings now?

**H**EIGH HO, Lois Wilson has been playing Cupid again!

Lois is never happier than when she is promoting lovey-dovey among her pals. Unmarried herself, Miss Wilson seems to think there is nothing like good, old-fashioned romance for her chums.

May McAvoy is Lois' warmest girl friend, and certainly deserved a nice beau. Nothing could be simpler than for the sly Lois to introduce Maurice Cleary to May. It wasn't long until the engagement was announced.

In addition to working day and night on stage and in talkies, Lois seems to have a lot of fun acting as volunteer president of the League Against Lonely Hearts.

**O**UT from the shadows came The Old Guard for Fox's fine talker, "In Old Arizona," and many a film fan clucked reminiscently at some of the faces in the film.

Tom Santschi, one of the first cinema heroes of the sun-burned west of the Selig era. Frank Campeau, veteran bad man of both stage and screen. Pat Hartigan, another he-man actor of other days. James Marcus, a Fox standby of many years' standing. And Roy Stewart, now almost bald and already over-plump, whom First National tried to sock over as a western star some years back.

Even Eddie Dillon, who was a comedian in the far-off Griffith days at Biograph, later a director, and then only a memory.

# The fault, dear lady, lies often with yourself



what wonders salines do for the complexion. And regularly they visit the wonderful European spas where they freshen their complexions and tone their systems by drinking the saline waters.

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the trouble by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, rheumatism, indigestion, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within half an hour. Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how this treatment can make you feel better and look your best.

## Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c, and \$1.20

**S**ALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-49  
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

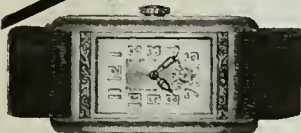
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Milton Sills, First National star, presenting Helbros Watch to MacDonal Smith, Winner.



54461 "Milton Sills" 17 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled 3-piece case \$42.50



Jack Mulhall, First National star, presenting Helbros Watch to Tommy Armour, runner up.



49391 "Jack Mulhall" 15 jewels, 14 k. white gold-filled, two-tone, 3-piece case..... \$40.00

**BECAUSE THEY WERE WINNERS**  
of the recent \$10,000 Los Angeles Open Golf Tournament, MacDonald Smith, winner, and Tommy Armour, runner-up, were each presented with a Helbros sport watch. These watches were presented by the above film stars in person. Which is another example of the place Helbros Watches hold in the realm of sport. Ask to see them at your jeweler's and others in the Helbros Fountain and Superb series from \$12-up. Helbros Watch Company, 48 West 48th Street, New York.

**HELBROS**  
AMERICA'S MOST TALKED-ABOUT WATCH

Strange how the galloping ghosts, now and then, emerge to haunt us.

LILY DAMITA, the French beauty, gave New York photographers plenty of work-out when she bounded into the metropolis to make personal appearance with "The Rescue," in which she appears opposite Ronald Colman.

The papers were full of shots of the marvelous Damita legs, the Damita reading in bed, the Damita curled up on the floor, the Damita in pajamas, the Damita in ball dresses, the Damita doing practically everything but playing the xylophone.

Interviewed, the Damita said, "I hate the millionaires. And I hate the poor men, because they talk so much of love."

She didn't say why she hated the millionaires or what they talked about. And her idea of Gallic sparkle was to come leaping out on the stage shouting "Whoop!" The audience nearly swooned dead away.

THE Tower of Babel was a deaf and dumb asylum compared to the modern Hollywood, according to Harry Carr, Los Angeles newspaperman. "The other night," writes Carr, "I went to a dinner party given by a belle who is half French, half Spanish.

"An Irish girl and a German baroness began discussing the merits of a scenario writer born in Persia who was preparing a play in which a Cherokee Indian director would make still more famous a Mexican star."

Carr neglects to mention that they were eating American lettuce smothered in Russian dressing, prepared by a colored cook and served by a Japanese house-boy.

THE Stork-by-Proxy notion has a firm grip on Hollywood. Walter Long, the heavy, and his wife have just adopted a five year old boy, and I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd are about to step-up their family by adopting a little girl about Gloria's age.

## How Talkies Are Made

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

tubby or rain-barrel effects; that walls made of wood caused the voice to "bounce," hence the adoption of composition material for the building of sets. Much surprise has been expressed at the quality of the voice reproduction in Fox's "In Old Arizona," yet it is a well-known fact that the finest sound reproduction is that obtained out-of-doors, where there is nothing to interfere with the capture of the voice or sound effect in its natural state.

WHILE making our first Christie-Paramount talking short, "When Caesar Ran a Newspaper," we learned something about firearms in talkies. The picture is a film version of a famous vaudeville travesty in which Raymond Hatton plays *Julius Caesar* to the *Marc Antony* of Sam Hardy, *Marc* being press agent for one *Cleopatra*, a dancer from Egypt. In the last few feet *Marc* commits suicide by shooting himself. We knew that an actual revolver-shot would ruin the sensitive microphone, so used a toy cap pistol. When the cap exploded it sounded in the monitor room like a sixteen-inch gun and in retaking the scene the mere click of the hammer provided the desired effect.

Perhaps the most interesting experiment, in our studio at least, has been the making of the first two Octavus Roy Cohen "Bummin'ham" stories, with all-negro casts. We discovered very early that the usual colored screen actor was practically useless because it was next to impossible for him—or her—to memorize long

speeches. Of course there are exceptions, but very few of them. We went to the legitimate stage for most of our principals—the colored legitimate stage. One of our principals in the first colored talkie, "The Melancholy Dame," is Evelyn Preer, of the LaFayette players, a splendid actress who was Lenore Ulric's understudy in "Lulu Belle." The colored stage players are remarkably quick "studies" and seldom "go up" in their lines. The second colored talkie, "Music Hath Harms," just completed, we are convinced, will prove a sensation.

WE are all trying to find out what sort of talkie entertainment the public wants in abbreviated forms. The Christies believe that the public will tire of the ordinary vaudeville act and so we lean more to the one-act play form, telling a complete story usually in about eighteen minutes. Lois Wilson has appeared in one of these for us, and she is to do another, with Edward Everett Horton. By that time we expect to know something of the public taste—to obtain some hint of the public's verdict.

For after all, the public will decide the ultimate fate of the talking picture, both long and short. In the meantime, don't worry about the fate of your favorite stars—you will find that most of them will do well in the talkies. Jannings? Garbo? Myself, I'd go anytime and pay good money to see Jannings act in silence; and for my dough, Greta never has to talk!

## A Dictionary of New Talkie Terms

(Continued from page 31)

**Play-back**—the "rushes" in sound recording. The immediate playing of the sound record after the taking of a scene in order that actors and director may hear how it all sounds and see if anything needs to be changed. The play-back is possible only from disc recording, like a phonograph record, as in film recording the film must be developed before the sound can be heard.

**Disc**—the wax record, like a phonograph record, on which sound is recorded.

**Photo-electric cell**—the small sensitive vacuum tube which is used in the projection machine

of a film record of sound in order to translate the black and white lines of the sound track back into sound, so they may be perceived by the ear instead of by the eye.

**Frequency**—a term in physics denoting the sound-wave characteristics and range of the electrical sound impulse. Sounds have a "wave length" just as radio impulses, short wave lengths corresponding to high frequency vibrations.

**Sound-proof**—the quality of preventing the passage of sounds, insulating an enclosed space against outside noises.



## What Are Your Correct Colors?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

The girl with vivid red hair may wear soft cool colors (vivid ones are even more unbecoming to her than to girls with duller red hair) she may wear blacks, both dull and lustrous and she may employ most effectively neutralized red-oranges which are in reality browns and beiges. She may approximately match the color of her hair, creating a most pleasing harmony of matching or closely neighboring hues. Browns darker and duller than the hair make it seem to stand out with greater emphasis, gaining by proximity with less forceful colors. Dull beiges, lighter in value than the hair, may also give it emphasis, but beiges similar in value to that of the hair, especially if the hair is light, make the wearer seem uninteresting, lacking in character. The color of her hair, her skin and her apparel is too similar in tone, making her entire appearance monotonous.

**T**HIS drab red-head should avoid beiges, and usually browns also. If she chooses them at all they should be combined with an accent of cool color, used preferably near the face. An accent of more vivid orange or red-orange, carefully chosen not to clash with the hair, may be effective on beiges or dull browns. Contrast of light and dark values, a slight beige and dark brown, may also aid in giving emphasis to the costume, making the wearer more interesting in appearance.

Having opportunities for unusual distinction and effectiveness through the use either of harmonies of contrast or those analogous or related to the personal coloring, the red-head need not feel limited in her choice of color even though she wishes to appear at her best, to capitalize the unusual coloring which she possesses. Violet, red-violet and red clash most disastrously with her own coloring, for they possess neither enough contrast or sufficient similarity to be harmonious. Vivid red-orange, orange and yellow, being either more red or more yellow than the hair, as well as outrivaling it in brilliance, are likewise unbecoming.

Soft, creamy yellow may be pleasing. Warm creamy off-whites are usually more becoming than pure whites or cold blue whites which make the skin seem yellow by contrast. An accent of either cool or warm color may be combined with off-whites so that the charms of the red-haired wearer will be further emphasized.

The more vivid red-haired type, particularly if she has clear delicately tinted skin, may wear gray as well as neutral beiges. Warm grays frequently blend more easily with her coloring but clear cold blue-grays may occasionally be becoming, giving the harmony of contrasting warmth and coolness supplied by more definite blues, greens or blue-greens.

While extremely vivid colors, either warm or cool, should be avoided for large areas of the red-head's costume, small quantities used as accents may be much more intense. Cool colors especially may be most pleasing if used in small vivid notes, with the background color kept more neutral.

## Avoid Trick Diets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

been able to sell them the idea that emaciation is beauty, by wrong living and neglect of diet, these silly, vapid women know no bounds in their efforts to tear down the lusty heritage that is theirs by right of ancestry.



## Shampooing

*done properly . . . adds loveliness to*

## Your Hair

**Why Ordinary Washing . . . fails to clean properly,  
Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre,  
Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing**

**T**HE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh

effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and just see how . . . really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.



**MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

### For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."



**If you remove  
cold cream..right**  
*a clear, radiant skin  
will reward you*

**B**ENEATH the first layer of dirt and dust that your skin collects is a fine mesh of germs, oil, rouge, powder that must be searched out and removed, every single day, if you hope to keep a lovely complexion.

Germs thrive and multiply unless they are effectively destroyed. Blackheads, pimples, follow. To clean your skin, you should use absolutely hygienic facial tissues.

Kleenex comes in ample handkerchief size tissues.

It rubs the cold cream off, instead of in. It gets down into the pores and rubs away beauty-destroying germs. Cheaper than high laundry bills, softer than old pieces of cloth, safer than any other method.

**Kleenex**  
*Cleansing Tissues*

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to PH-4

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

Since a person's daily protein needs are so slight in comparison with the excess in the average diet, is it not remarkable that the health of the banting belles, existing on sauerkraut juice, pineapple and tomato and such reduction regimens, has remained as good as it has?

These girls are not merely clipping pounds and ounces from their soft tissues, but they are clipping years, months and days from their lives and predisposing themselves to chronic

invalidism, or, at least, marked physical impairment.

As to the animal proteins, it is interesting to note that researchers have determined that in comparative nutritive value the kidney is highest, the liver, second, and muscle, third.

In the next article the discussion of the body's building materials will be concluded.

The day's food should contain about 75 units of protein each day for an adult. Check your diet against this table.

**PROTEIN TABLE**

FRUITS	SERVING	APPROXIMATE No. POINTS
Apple.....	1 medium.....	1/2
Apricots.....	2 medium.....	1
Banana.....	1 medium.....	1
Blackberries.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Currants (dried).....	1/4 cup.....	1
Dates.....	4.....	1
Figs (dried).....	2 to 3.....	1
Grapefruit.....	1/2 medium.....	1
Grapes.....	1 large bunch (about 50).....	1
Huckleberries.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Muskmelon.....	1/2 medium.....	1/2
Orange.....	1 medium.....	1/2
Peach.....	1 medium.....	1
Pear.....	1 medium.....	1
Pineapple (fresh).....	3/4 cup.....	1
Prunes.....	4 to 6.....	1
Raisins.....	1/4 cup.....	1
Raspberries.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Rhubarb.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	1
Strawberries.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Tomato.....	1 medium.....	1

**VEGETABLES**

Asparagus.....	1 medium serving.....	1/2
Beets.....	About 2 medium.....	2
Cabbage.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Carrots.....	1 medium large.....	1
Cauliflower.....	3/4 cup.....	2
Celery.....	3 stalks.....	1/2
Chard.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	2
Corn.....	2 small ears.....	1
Cucumbers.....	6 thin slices.....	1/2
Lettuce.....	1/4 solid head.....	1
Onions.....	4 small.....	1
Parsnips.....	1 medium large.....	1
Peas.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	5
Potato.....	1 medium.....	3
Spinach.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	2
Squash (winter).....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	2
String beans.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup.....	1
Sweet potato.....	1 medium.....	1

**SEEDS, CEREALS and BREADS**

Beans (dried).....	1/2 cup (cooked).....	7
Bread (graham).....	1 slice.....	2
Bread (white).....	1 slice.....	3
Cornmeal.....	3/4 to 1 cup (cooked).....	3
Farina.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	3
Macaroni.....	3/4 cup (cooked).....	4
Rice (White).....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	2
Rolled oats or entire wheat breakfast cereals.....	1/2 to 3/4 cup (cooked).....	4

**NUTS**

Almonds.....	15 nuts.....	3
Peanuts.....	15 nuts.....	5
Pecans.....	12 to 13 halves.....	1
Walnuts.....	7 halves.....	3

**ANIMAL FOODS**

Buttermilk.....	1 cup.....	7
Cheese.....	1 inch cube.....	7
Cottage Cheese.....	1/2 cup.....	20
Cream.....	1 cup.....	6
Egg.....	1 medium.....	7
Egg white.....	1.....	4
Egg yolk.....	1.....	3
Fish.....	1 large serving.....	23
Gelatine.....	1 tablespoon.....	7
Meat.....	1 medium serving.....	25
Milk (whole).....	1 cup.....	8
Milk (whole).....	1 quart.....	30
Milk (skimmed).....	1 cup.....	8
Oysters.....	5 to 7.....	4



## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55 ]

### ALL FACES WEST—Pioneer

THIS picture was filmed as a tribute to the Mormon faith, with money invested by citizens of Utah, on the very ground where those religious folks first settled. The principal actors, including Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon, were brought from Hollywood. The extras were Utahans, many of them Mormons. The result is a thriller with an amazing buffalo stampede, fascinating shots of the covered wagons crossing the river and good sincere work by Marie Prevost.

### GIRLS WHO DARE—Trinity

THIS is offered as a puzzle picture for those long winter evenings. Find the producer who dared to make it; find the plot; find the reason for it all. Send in your answers in an unstamped envelope. There's an automobile wreck, an overturned canoe, reckless young millionaire and Rosemary Theby as *Alabama Kenyon*, the hostess of a night club. What more do you want for your money! Entertainment? Not at these prices.

### OBJECT—ALIMONY—Columbia

SHE was only a Shopgirl—he was a Millionaire's Son. But he did Right by her and took her Home to his arrogant mother, who couldn't care for Shopgirls in a Big Way. Misunderstandings. Separation. Brokenhearted, the Brave Little Woman goes back to her favorite Tenement. The Little Stranger arrives. Where—oh, where is Hubby? Several years later, the Unsuspecting Father meets the Offspring. Mother-in-law repents. And the Scenarist is still at Large.

### LOVE IN THE DESERT—FBO

A SMART, sophisticated and humorous version of the traditional Sahara-after-midnight plot. A young American goes through hell-fire to swipe a beautiful Arabian princess from a lecherous old sheik whom she doesn't want anyway. Olive Borden is exotic as the desert flower and Hugh Trevor is attractive as the energetic hero. Noah Beery is frightfully realistic as the barbarous infidel who barges about eating foreigners in one gulp and picking his teeth with bayonets.

### JUST OFF BROADWAY—Chesterfield

THIS, boys and girls, is dished up as entertainment. If you believe in Santa Claus, listen carefully to the following: A kind-hearted, he-man bootlegger; a suave, villainous hijacker; the bootlegger's collegiate brother, a cheap night club entertainer who's pure and virtuous; a bleached blonde speakeasy hostess in love with the hijacker. What do they do? *Dunt esk*. The same thing they always do; make bally whoopee, drink wood alcohol, and blow one another's brains out. Pass it.

### STRANGE CARGO—Pathe

SPOOKS have come to the talkies. "Strange Cargo" devotes an hour and a quarter to discovering who killed Mr. Barclay. The picture is a good, stirring mystery play laid on board a yacht a thousand miles from anywhere but Davy Jones' Locker. The cast is all speaking-stage, with excellent performances by Frank Reicher, Lee Patrick, George Barraud, Claude King, Ned Sparks and Andre Beranger. Dialogue is good, and recording excellent. Unfortunately, it is hard to put a play in movie form, as the talkie makers are finding out.



Even  
when  
teeth  
are  
white

## NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

\*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender  
Health to Pyorrhea

**D**ANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it also cleans teeth and protects the crevices where decay so often begins.

### Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes — 35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is for more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



## Headache may mean constipation



Take this safe  
delicious  
laxative



... And get relief  
in a short time



IT is always well to remember that a headache is often another symptom of constipation. And the correct laxative will bring grateful relief.

But instead of nasty, nauseating doses that so often upset the stomach, gripe, and irritate the nerves, take Ex-Lax. It is safe, gentle and effective. It's the family laxative—good for children and grown-ups.

Ex-Lax is pure chocolate treated with tasteless, non-habit-forming phenolphthalein which is prescribed by physicians for the relief of constipation.

Whenever headache, biliousness, listlessness and other uncomfortable symptoms flash their warning, take Ex-Lax, without delay. Results will delight you.

Get Ex-Lax from your druggist, today. Accept no substitutes if you want the best relief. Three sizes, 10c, 25c and 50c.

You can also obtain Ex-Lax "Fig Flavor".

FOR CONSTIPATION

# EX-LAX

TASTES LIKE CANDY

### THE BLACK PEARL—Rayart

JUST a loose-limbed mystery with no place to go. It ambles along at a lazy gait, and has a regiment of people doing the oddest things for no real reason. This is built on—or rather, is, formula number 11: *i. e.*, the pearl eye is snatched from Buddha by a souvenir-loving American. For twenty years after, strange Asiatic curses are hurled at a harmless New England family, all because of the cois-ed poil. Very childish.

### THE FAKER—Columbia

DIRECTOR PHIL ROSEN should avoid all spiritualistic mediums (or is the plural media?) after this picture is released. Here you have the absolute low-down on the hocus-pocus boys. It is remarkably well done, too, and gives interest to an ordinary picture. Warner Oland is the fake medium, with Jacqueline Logan as his assistant. Of course, she gives it all up to lead a Clean Life.

### WILD BLOOD—Universal

REX, the wonder horse, is again given the short end of a childish Western which is a quiet slam at the undisputed intelligence of both Rex and his fans. He did two beautiful pictures which topped the box-office records for animal films, but now they're handing him stuff which doesn't make horse sense. This King of Wild Horses is a perfect gentleman, but he gave them the horse laugh when they printed titles into his action.

### SHIPS OF THE NIGHT—Rayart

THIS honest-to-gosh old-fashioned movie gives a faithful portrayal of South Sea life as imagined by someone who's never been ten miles from Centerville. Three villains—a Chink emperor, a renegade beach-comber, and a Mex pirate—all threaten the virtue of a beautiful girl searching for her weakling brother. A schooner captain jumps in to save them both and makes a frightful mess of everything. Just too childish.

### THE CHINA SLAVERS—Trinity

A RATHER ragged production attempting epic heights, but handicapped by an overly-fantastic story and amateur direction. A mandarin's daughter is thrown into the China slave traffic of the South Coast. But the picture is notable for one thing. Sojin, the inscrutable, plays a triple rôle and really is excellent.

### WOLVES OF THE CITY—Universal

THIS time the jade is stolen, but wait!—it's not as bad as it sounds. The little green rock doesn't get the spotlight. The indefatigable Bill Cody grabs the gasps as he literally leaps all over the state to save his girl and prospective father-in-law from a gang of ransom crooks. You know—millionaire bachelor searching for a thrill, which turns out to be Sally Blaine. A modern action thriller, cleverly directed by Leigh Jason.



You are going to see considerably more of Rudy's brother, Alberto, in pictures soon. He is now under the direction of S. George Ullman, who used to manage the brilliant destinies of Alberto's famous brother. Who knows but that additional fame may come to the beloved name of Valentino?



**HONEYMOON ABROAD—**  
*World Wide Pictures*

SOME chap with a mother-in-law complex, or better, a mother-in-law, is back of this one. The gaily pompous Monty Banks staggers through five reels as a downtrodden bridegroom on an attempted honeymoon, accompanied not only by his blushing bride, but her mother, her mother's angora, terrier, parrot, and pet crow. It was made in London and Paris and is funny in spots.

**THE MAN HIGHER UP—M.-G.-M.**

TWO fine actors with rich speaking voices and years of stage experience—Hobart Bosworth, Robert Edeson. They present a really tense and dramatic talking skit. A famous psycho-analyst devotes his life and career to vengeance. His little immigrant sweetheart was kidnapped from the docks thirty years before. Eventually his enemy falls into a carefully laid trap. It is one of the cleverest denouements of stage or screen. William de Mille directed. In three reels.

**IN HOLLAND—Fox—Movietone**

IT would be a great boon to the picture business if Clark and McCullough went back to vaudeville. They may be funny on the stage but they certainly are tragic in the talkies. In two reels they got only a handful of laughs. They swim the Atlantic under water, climb the Alps, fall into a canal, mess up a tulip patch, but Chaplin and Lloyd needn't worry any. Weak, even for a short subject.

**THE ELIGIBLE MR. BANG—**  
*Coronet-Educational*

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON is the first successful boiled-shirt comedian developed by the talking pictures, and he is the works in this one reel comedy. The comic plays a woman-hating bachelor finally won over by the wiles of a girl who out-smarts him. Mabel Forrest, Johnny Arthur and Florence Eldridge are pleasing, but it is all Horton. A successful society comedy, with a real story, in one stanza. Most promising.

**THE BRIDE'S RELATIONS—**  
*Sennett-Educational*

THIS one reel all-talking comedy shows all the weaknesses and strengths that we can expect from the screamies. When a man falls into a mud-hole, it isn't so funny any more, and when we have to hear bad gags too it is terrible. On the other hand, there is a snoring scene, with three men in a double bed, that is a roar. Eddie Gribbon is funny in this. Harry Langdon isn't. Let's be nice and call this a pioneering experiment.

## Hollywood Popularity

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

warm, in which her gold hair made the high-light. By her side were two heavy canes.

"I became horribly depressed only last week—saw myself hobbling forever through life—and I took to dreaming of my home in Sweden. I bought a home for my parents with my first money. It has two big rooms reserved for me. I thought of the peace and homeliness of them, and I commenced planning how I'd furnish them. I picked the wall paper, I selected pieces of furniture from here that I'd take with me—those green drapes, that little chair. Strange, the next day I had a letter from my father saying, "Why don't you come to your home, Anna, and rest until you are well again? We'd love it, you know . . ."

# This test proves what the LINIT Beauty Bath does for your skin

**H**ERE is a test that will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.



This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

The exquisite softness of your skin is due to a thin layer of Linit that is left on the skin after your bath. This invisible thin "coating" of Linit harmlessly absorbs perspiration, eliminates shine from the skin and in cases of irritation is most soothing.

Starch from Corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the purity and soothing quality of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors and dermatologists, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results speak for themselves.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

**THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN**



# At the end of the evening

—the men  
avoided  
her



You can't  
tell when a  
temporary deodorant  
will cease to protect you

**F**OUR years away from home and her old friends found her lovelier than ever. But their enthusiasm wore off quickly—in fact, before the evening was over. Why was it?

Because you can never know when a temporary deodorant will fail to protect you! Only by the regular use of Odorono can you be sure of lasting protection from unpleasant perspiration odor and ugly stains.

Odorono, developed by a physician for his own use, keeps the underarm dry and fresh by checking perspiration in a safe way. Doctors recommend it where perspiration is annoying.

At toilet goods counters Odorono Regular Strength and Odorono No. 3 Mild for sensitive skins, 35¢ and 60¢, and Creme Odorono in tubes 25¢.



Odorono Regular Strength (ruby colored), used twice a week at night. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

Odorono No. 3 Mild (colorless), for especially sensitive skins and for hurried use. Use daily or every other day, night or morning. Pat on freely. Allow plenty of time to dry.

**NEW 10¢ OFFER:** Mail coupon and 10¢ for the complete underarm toilette; samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono No. 3 Mild, and Creme Odorono.  
The Odorono Company, Dept. G-4  
114 West 17th Street, New York

Anna straightened up. The canes fell to the floor.

"It was nonsense of course, getting depressed." She gave the pillows a couple of punches. "I shall be walking next week. But I'm going back home in two years—to stay, I must work a little longer. I've never been extravagant, but comfort has become important, I'll admit. And there are some families I'm interested in . . ."

"I shall buy an island in the Swedish archipelago. Winter and summer sports, both, are marvelous there. Part of the year I shall spend on the French Riviera and tooting about Europe. I haven't had much time in my life to read or to absorb. I started to work over here when I was fifteen—a Swedish servant girl with yellow pigtailed . . . I haven't had much time.

"There you are—not much time! We in America love Europe because over there they take time. While I was in the hospital I realized how profitable it is to take time to do the little profitless human things that are most worth while."

**I** RECALLED that George Stewart on his sick-bed had asked me to give his love to Anna—"a wonderful girl, Anna." George, the brother

of Anita Stewart and a promising young actor, had once played Anna's son in a picture. He is now recuperating from an illness of two years. During those two years not one of his Hollywood friends—the young kids of his age—has come to see him, although he has telephoned them from his bed.

"But you mustn't blame them, Herb," he said when I got explosive. "In Hollywood everything is making good, it seems. If a fellow can't do you some good you find a friend who can. I don't blame them, it's the game."

Alice Terry on her last visit to Hollywood said: "I don't think I shall ever return. It's an unhappy place. We have everything in the world that is supposed to make a person happy, and yet we are not. I think the trouble is that there is no real friendship."

Here in Hollywood there is everything, wealth and fame and adulation, while one is still young. There is everything except the Greatest Thing in the World.

Ambition and success are often incompatible, and incompatibility is grounds for quick divorce in Hollywood.

Few are the great who can quit the pursuit of wealth and fame, having learned, and turn to "the little profitless human things that are most worth while."

## The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45 ]

other hand you unscrew this . . ." touching the screw that held the camera magazine in place . . . "and then you throw off the chain from this spool and lift it off. The new magazine slips into this slot. You tighten the screw again, replace the wire chain on this pulley and . . . you're ready to shoot."

"Thank you. Will you go through that several times?"

And then—

"And now show me how a person would unthread the film."

"Like this." Serge released the catch on the little drop door at one side of the camera and beckoned Smith to come closer to see inside. Then he showed him how the film would be removed from the sprocket wheels.

"Thanks," said Smith again, adding, "I've heard you must clean out these wheels and the interior of the case to prevent static."

"That is so. It must be wiped carefully . . . brushed out first. . . ."

"Did you do that the last time you used your camera?"

"Certainly."

"Thanks. I won't keep you any longer," said Smith.

"Will you go with me to the commissary and have a drink?" said Serge immediately, with his flashing smile.

"Thanks again. I will."

"**CLANCY**, go get my car and drive it around to the West side entrance of Stage Six."

"Sure, Cap."

Smith went quickly to the set, whipped a cloth of gold case from a pillow, smothered the camera in it, and, holding the heavy object carefully away from him, his hands where they would be least likely to confuse prints already made, started down the steps of Stage Six. His eyes encountered those of Lizzie Cohen, staring with curious resentment at him.

"Hello, Cohen. Will you have a tart?"

"Vat?"

"Will you have a tart? I think I must look very much like the man in Stevenson's suicide club, you know . . . who went about with a tray of tarts . . . only I believe he carried it on his head. I'm not sure."

"Vat iss it you haf?"

"A camera."

"Vere are you taking it, please?"

"Away."

"Vell, you cannot do that, Mr. Smith! Not vidout I gif you a permit!"

"Consider you have given it," said Smith pleasantly, putting the camera down carefully on the seat and getting in himself.

"But it has got to haf a number and a requisition, and efferyt'ing! I got to keep track off efferyt'ing vat goes off the lot!"

"Go give it a number. Give it anything you want, old chap! Say, how many times do cameras jam in one day?"

"I do not know. It depends."

"Well, see if you can answer this one. What makes that Serge fellow leap up in the air when you're not looking at him?"

"Oh, him? He was vid the Russian Ballet. He got vat you call muscle bound, so that he iss not good anymore on the stage."

"Know anything more about him?"

"I don't know noddings more, except he iss full off temperament like Seibert! He makes me lots of trouble in the Production Office. I got to charge that camera to some company. Cameras cost money."

"So do murders!"

### CHAPTER XV.

**P**ROFESSOR ANLEY MIDDLETON was just returned from a period of exhaustive research abroad and he was finding his home shores a trifle unproductive in material for his expert knowledge to feed upon, when Smith walked in and set a motion picture camera down on his desk.

"Ah," said the Professor with a long drawn, greedy breath, his eyes . . . those fierce black eyes with the predatory gleam of a hunting eagle . . . fixed on the camera. . . . "Ah . . . being the man you are, Smith, I can safely presume you have something here of interest!"

"And being the man you are, Professor, I can safely presume you can make this interesting!"

Which pleasantries being over Middleton stepped to his door, closed it, came back and seated himself at his desk.

"Commence," he said.

"Hardell murder. You've read of it? All right, then you know what the papers have told. This is new today . . . this camera. Frankly I'm shooting at the moon. What I



want are the prints on this portion letting into the sprocket mechanism, or on the door that opens into it."

"How many people, do you think, have had their hands on that part?"

"The camera was wiped out thoroughly before it was used last. Since then I believe . . . but mind you, I'm not sure . . . that two men have touched it. I should say . . . three . . . I have the prints of two for your identification. Of course, if there should prove to be more prints on the thing, I'm out and injured."

He pulled a packet out of his pocket and passed it over.

"HERE is a section of film with prints of Serge, Seibert's cameraman. This slate has the prints of the assistant cameraman. You will find prints of both these men on the camera, I am sure . . . what else . . . I leave to you!"

"You're not holding these men under suspicion?"

"Not yet."

"What's developed besides the newspaper stories?"

"Not much. Queer case. I say not much, and yet . . . a lot. Nothing I can actually prove now, but good working material. I expect these prints to put me over the hump."

"I understood there were plenty of prints around that set!"

"Humph! Plenty is correct. Too plenty! That's why I'm looking in a place where they might not be . . . passing up the obvious! Of course, if the real criminal wore gloves . . . then it's useless. It's a long chance anyway, as . . ."

"Why do you say that?"

"Even the greenest amateur knows enough to conceal his fingerprints!"

"But what the greenest amateur does not know, and what even the expert criminal can hardly be acquainted with so soon, is the fact that gloves do not protect him!"

"Huh?"

"Just that. In wearing gloves the criminal nearly always, because he believes himself safe . . . he, or she . . . leaves a very legible palm print. That is, if he has found it necessary to bring his palm in contact with any object during commission of his . . . or her . . . crime. The lower portion of the palm, that portion lying inside the opening of the ordinary glove, is as absolute an identification print as the finger print."

For a moment Smith looked back into the Professor's bright eyes. Then a great contentment spread over his lean face.

"That's the best news I've heard in a month. When did you fellows discover this?"

"My very worthy colleague in science, Dr. Schneickert of Berlin made this discovery." He got up and unlocked one of his filing cabinets. Taking out a sheaf of records, he handed them to Smith.

"These are copies of print records which helped to apprehend three murderers. All three of these criminals wore gloves."

Smith looked at them silently.

"When we have sufficient records established dactyloscopic science will be as universally applied to these glove cases in crime, as fingerprint taking is today."

Smith looked up.

"That's great stuff!"

"It will be priceless aid to you people."

"Beyond a doubt! It may be the missing link right now! I don't want to rush you, professor, but when can I get your findings?"

"I'll phone you. It won't be long."

SMITH went to his office and locked himself in. He hoped to spend at least a couple of hours working on the murder, but that hope was quashed immediately and continuously by the demands of the telephone. First it was a group of persistent reporters. Smith had long ago learned that it is far, far better to talk to reporters than to refuse to see, or hear them. He knew exactly how much insidious meaning

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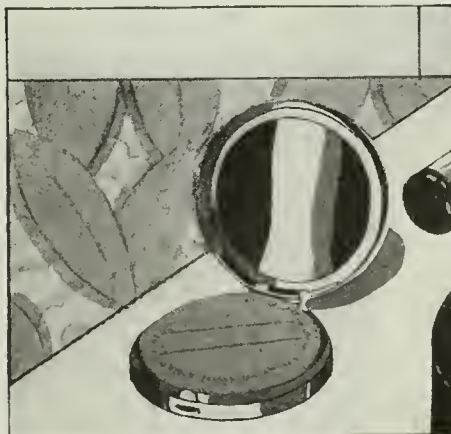
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could be put into the various ways of expressing that the person interviewed "refused to talk!" So, one and all, he greeted them genially. . . .

"Oh . . . good morning, Crandall. Sorry, old man. Nothing new. I'll let you know just as soon . . . say, I can put you wise to a little news story out there that will keep you going until something breaks. . . ."

**T**HAT was the way he did it. Kept their good humor, talked to them, but told them nothing!

And then the phone calls began getting warm . . . warmer, and finally hot. First Rosenthal, as follows:

"Vat a mess!" were his opening words. "I tell you, Mr. Smith, I am being vatched like already I am a criminal! My lot is full off reporters! Every corner I go around I bump into vone! I cannot eat in the commissary, but I must have my meals sent in, and then they send me notes on my tray! Vat shall I do?"

"Talk to 'em!"  
"But vat shall I say? Already I haff said efferything!"

"Say what I do . . . that we're doing, everything we can to clear up the mystery!"

"Mine Gott! Ten million times haff I said it! They don't belieff me! It gets vorse and vorse!"

"Efferybody commences to look qveer at me . . . at me . . . just like I had something to do vid it! I tell you it gets on my nerfs! Vy don't you find out somethings?"

"I am. You'd be surprised!" returned Smith. "Cheer up, Rosie. Don't let 'em worry you!"

"How can I help it? I go to eat, and the place is full off them! I go to drive home, and the boulevard, it is full off them . . . chasing me, I tell you! I get out to go into my house . . . they follow me! My Rachel she has a nervous breakdown already! My business it is going to ruin! Every place are reporters chasing me! Everytime I stand still for a minute they take a snapshot off me, until I tell you I am on the jump all the time to keep ahead off them! They go all offer my lot . . . efferyvere!"

"If they try to get on that set they'll get a hole in 'em," said Smith.

"Sure, and that's only vere they stop! Maybe I should carry a gun. Vat you think?"

"No . . . no . . . don't do that, old man! You just sit tight and pretty soon we'll have some real news for them!"

"What's that?"

"I said pretty soon we'll have some news!"

"At last you haff found out somethings?"

"Uhuh . . . say, why don't you go out on a time . . . forget your worries? Do you good. Tomorrow I'll have something to tell you."

**T**HAT'S what my Rachel says. She buys already tickets for the Orpheum! Mine Gott! It is a vaste off money. I do not vant to go!"

"Well, Cheerio. Maybe I'll take a run out this afternoon."

"I wish you would and I wish you would haff some good excuse for coming, too!"

Smith hung up his receiver with a smile. He liked Rosenthal. He appreciated his position. He felt the sincerity of his protest. The phone rang under his hand. It was Serge.



No snooty hotel for Nancy Carroll when she hops home to New York for a vacation! Here she is at home, up in the Bronx, showing Mom a new step while Pop caresses the ivories



"Say, just in case you still want a report on that missing film. I've got it."

"You mean you've accounted for, or located all of it?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see it."

"Sure. Any time you come out. If I am not here, it is at the 'lab.' They will show you."

"Thanks."

A CALL came from Professor Middleton. Smith listened to it and then said:

"Rather not discuss it on the phone. I've got an errand that will take me a couple of hours. Will you be in your office then? Fine. I'll be over."

From his office he went to the office of a concern that had an agency for the distribution of American camera film.

"What can I do for you, Captain?"

It was the head of the concern himself. Smith smiled.

"You can forget this little matter immediately it is finished."

"I have found it wise to have a convenient memory . . . that has lapses, you know!"

"Now we understand each other. You keep a record of all your sales and the time limit of the usability of film issued?"

"Yes."

"Good. Did you sell any film within the last few months to this party?"

The man took the notation.

"I'll call my stenographer . . ."

"Don't do that! I'd hate to see a good girl go wrong for the sake of a little bunch of money . . . and, I've a notion she could sell her information that I asked for this data at quite a bit!"

"I understand. I'll attend to it myself."

He was gone a little while, and came back to tell Smith they had no record of any such transaction.

"You understand, Captain," he added, "we are not the only place where such film could be purchased. Just a moment and I'll give you the addresses of other possible sources."

In a moment he was back with a memorandum containing these firms' addresses.

"By the way," he said, "if you don't find what you want at any of those places, I suggest you try the foreign agencies."

"That's a good idea. Thanks."

It was at this last address he found what he sought.

MIDDLETON was plainly gratified. He sat gloating over the prints.

"My first American case," he said.

Smith sat down.

"That means palm prints! In other words my murderer was a comparatively calm and collected person, who deliberately attempted to conceal his finger-prints!"

"It does."

"That means, also, that all of those divergent clues have no direct bearing on the murder!"

"Apparently."

"It is not probable that West would protect himself with gloves, and then make those foot-prints afterwards. There is this, however, he might have had on gloves, which he did not think to remove! But what would he be doing inside the camera?"

"Of course, you understand, I have no palm prints of the cameraman . . . Serge, you called him, or of the assistant cameraman. This print might belong to either of them."

"That's a fact. I'll remedy that my next trip!"

"In the meantime . . ."

"Keep this under your hat. I'm going to try out a 'hunch' of mine, and if it leaks it's no good!"

From Professor Middleton's, Smith went out to the studio, and walked into an argument between Izzie and Abie.

"I tell you, Abie, it ain't no use! You should to take a look vonce! Five hundred off t'em, and t'ey just stand and look like noddings!"

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I tell you, ve got to shut it up! Burn it up! Anyways, ve get the insurance!"

Smith silently leaned over to Rosenthal's cigars.

Not for anything would he have interrupted this scene. It afforded him too much entertainment.

"Tiss Stage Six ve are talking about," said the president to him, "already ve cut off vone end . . . the end vere your men vid guns are on guard . . . already ve coffer it up wid scenery, so's they shouldn't to see even vone corner of that canvas fence. But Izzie tells me just now they only stand around in bunches and look offer their shoulders like they seen a ghost already! And I should pay five hundred extra for two days ten dollars apiece, to ruin a scene!"

"That's just because the murder is still a mystery. Why don't you wait until we clear it up? They won't act that way about that set then."

"Listen to him," said Izzie sarcastically, turning to the president. "He says to wait! Wait, ven ve haff got two directors already hollering for de luxe sets, and no place to put

**THE \$3,000 contest for solutions to "The Studio Murder Mystery" closed at midnight on March 10th. Solutions received after that date and hour will not receive consideration.**

The judges are now examining the thousands of submitted solutions. It seems unlikely that the full list of winners can be announced before the June issue, out May 15th.

"The Studio Murder Mystery" will appear shortly in book form, published by Reilly and Lee of Chicago, and autographed copies are promised to all the lucky winners by the authors, the Edingtons. These copies are in addition to the cash awards, of course.

them! I haff a terrible time vid Giddy. . . our art director! Already he has made his plans for that ballroom set, and it is very quiet . . . very highbrow, you understand? I say to him, 'for Gott sakes, Giddy, put somethings on that set to make those people forget there vas a murder on that stage! Ve vill put in some naked women . . . vell, you know, not all naked . . . and do efferyt'ing ve can to pep it up!' Giddy vas a fit already, but ve do it! But does it. . . ."

"Say, wait a minute," laughed Smith, "it seems to me you are having all this trouble for nothing. Why don't you put that scene on another stage?"

"Stage Six iss the only vone vid that beautiful marble dance floor. The other stages they aren't so good. My directors they von't use them for de luxe ballroom stages! Ve got lights, efferyt'ing . . . efferyt'ing fixed for the best results on that stage . . . and then . . . he should get himself killed on it!"

"Twenty t'ousand dollars, Abie, ve put into that set . . . into vone set . . . think off it!" Smith raised his eyebrows.

"That iss so," sighed Rosenthal. "The ballroom scene vas the big scene in that picture. In a veak moment I Okayed Giddy's sketches . . . in a veak moment I did it!"

"Yeah and you know what happens next? Ve got two directors valking . . . that's vat!"

**ABIE** and Izzie looked significantly at each other.

Smith said: "You say it like it was the smallpox! What d'you mean?"

"Ven a director valks it means he von't vork! It means he gets temperamental and he von't do a thing until he feels like it! But all

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the time ve got to pay him his salary! All the time it costs us two thousand dollars a week apiece for these two directors! Sure, ve got to pay it . . . but ve can't make them vork!"

"That's funny. . . ."  
 "Vonce already I told you this business iss not funny!" said Rosenthal peevisly.

"Yeah, and vile ve pay t'em t'ousand dollars apiece, ve kiss that other twenty t'ousand goodbye . . ." said Izzie.

"Kiss it goodbye nothings! You go right avay out there and tell those people they get busy and do vat they are told or they get off the lot! You tell them I said so! You tell them neffer again vill they be back on this lot vidout they do it! Then if that boob off a director don't like the stuff he gets, you haff that set coffered all up . . . don't let no dust get on it! Kiss it goodbye, I should say ve von't! Ve shut that set up and ve use it in our next picture after this murder business has been settled!"

Izzie went.

"WHAT'S Seibert doing these days?" asked Smith, lighting his cigar.

"Cutting his picture. Always he shoots ten million more feet than he needs. It iss like cutting off his own arms and hands to take any out. . . ."

"If it's good, why don't you leave it in?"  
 "Smith, sometimes you don't use your head about pictures, that's the truth! Leaff it in . . . and haff a twelf reel picture vat nobody vants to run in their houses! I guess not!"

"My mistake," smiled Smith.  
 "And if you think that bird iss temperamental ven he iss shooting, mine Gott, you should to see him ven he iss cutting!"

"Is he working now?"  
 "Maybe. Maybe not. He comes and goes at all hours. Sometimes he vorks all night. Sometimes all day. Say, vat you got to tell me? Vat you find out?"

Smith rolled his cigar a moment thoughtfully.

At last he said:  
 "Trust me, Rosenthal. I've found out something, but I can't put it into words so soon . . . It won't be long though. Have patience!"

"Patience? How can I haff patience ven the papers they say it! Mine Gott, Smith, vat haff I done . . . beside being a motion picture producer . . . that they should jump on me vid both feet? Pretty soon even my friends think I know something vat I don't know! I try to be patient. I don't ask you much vat you are doing! I see my business being ruined . . . for a bad name ve vill get . . . that iss the vay things go in this vorld . . . and I tell you, more I cannot stand! Right here I feel it!"

He hit his fat chest over the heart.  
 "Right here it aches me all the time! I cannot forget! All the time I haff said to myself that I vill keep my studio clean! I vill not let dirt come on it. I . . . no. I vill not! But does it do any good? I ask you, Mr. Smith, does it do any good for a business man to haff ideals?"

"You bet your life it does!"  
 Smith saw the puffed green-white bags out of which the president's brown eyes gazed at him wistfully. He saw the bilious pallor of his face. He said:

"YOU'RE thinking too much about it. Your food isn't digesting! Take your wife to the Orpheum tonight. You need a good laugh!"

"Laugh! Ven my insides are tvisting vid misery?"

"Sure. Laugh anyway!"  
 Rosenthal grunted, and picked up his desk phone to answer it.

"Sure. He iss here. You vant to speak to him?" He transferred the instrument to Smith. "For you," he said.

Smith listened a moment. Then, "That's fine. Thanks," he said.

He clapped Rosenthal affectionately on the back.



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**Rod La Roque and Billie Dove all alone on the great big ocean with a nose-diving airplane. Rod is looking hopefully for a rowboat. It's a scene from their new picture, "The Man and the Moment," a First National**

"Good news, old man! Things are beginning to break. That was Dr. Amden. I'm going to talk to Beth MacDougall. You go out and forget your worries . . . we're over the hump!"

**CHAPTER XVI**

"YOU stole out to meet Hardell after you saw the lights go out on the set . . . ?"

"Yes." She would not look at him and she had gathered her gown into a ball in her hand.

"When you got there Hardell was not there. You thought he was in his dressing room. You waited, hoping against hope that he would return to meet you?"

"Yes." "I found your fingerprints on several things. A book . . . a pillow . . . very plain prints because the set was so dusty. Then Hardell did come, and before you could speak, somebody else followed him! You hid because you did not want to be found out. You crouched by that big overstuffed chair. I found your prints on the rockers."

"Yes . . . I hid there. . . ."

"And it was then that you saw Hardell murdered!"

Her eyes slid swiftly to him. For a long moment she stared at him . . . stared as though he were telling her of things she had done but could not remember. Then she shook her head slowly in denial.

"No. I did not see him . . . killed. . . ."

"Those blood finger prints on the canvas door were yours. They are also on this . . ."

he drew a towel from his pocket. "You came back here and washed your hands, but first you tried to wipe it off on the towel. The towel was in the garbage can. Miss Brown should have burned it."

She looked at it, and her blue eyes began to fill with tears . . . to well over . . . to deluge her white cheeks. Then she turned her face away from him and a quivering sigh came piteously into the silence between them. Smith waited. He felt she would talk of her own volition, and presently she did, keeping her face away from him.

"There isn't any use in keeping things back. My father. . . ."

"Did you see him kill Hardell?"

"No. I did not see him. But I know . . . he did it." Flat despair in her voice.

"How do you know, then?"

"I never heard him tell a lie. My father hates a lie."

"And that is the only reason you have?"

"It is enough. That . . . and . . . because I did not see Yvonne or Billy do it . . . and because. . . ."

"Your father may never have lied before, but he lied the other day at the inquest! He lied . . . to save you!"

And then she turned to look at him.

"To save me?" A tremulous curving of the lips . . . a smile of hope that would not smile, but hid its pathetic futility behind the sheet that was caught and pressed against it!

"Yes. Your father, I am sure, had some reason to believe you committed the murder! He had some reason that was proof indisputable to him . . . enough proof to make him confess at a time when two other confessions would have probably cleared him! But he knew . . . he knew . . . that you did it!"

"I want to see my father! I want to see him!" She pulled herself up from the pillows and swung her slender little feet to the floor. Smith put out his hand and forced her gently back.

"It is not necessary! Tell me the truth!"

"But how can I make you believe me! I did not . . . Oh, I did not kill him!"

"Tell me . . . all of it!"

Her fingers locked and struggled with each other on the thin covering of her gown. Her eyes fixed on some distant point.

"I wanted . . . I had to . . . talk to Dwight. My father had forbidden me to see him . . . speak to him again. It was to be the last time . . . I did not want to see him. I knew I had never really . . . loved . . . cared for him . . . but . . . but . . . He . . . we . . . should have been married. I was afraid of having to live with him . . . be his wife . . . but . . . it was right to do. I was going to ask him . . ."

She stopped. Smith could find no words.

"YOU know . . . even though you don't like to do things, there are some things . . . you have to do . . ." she said.

"I understand." Smith's voice was very gentle. She seemed to gather courage from it.

"I went to the stage and Dwight was not there. I waited. He did not come. He said he would. Then I heard steps, but they did not sound like Dwight's. I hid while Billy West came and stood still a minute, looking about for his script. Then he went straight to



his chair and got it and went out. I waited some more . . . and . . . I heard somebody coming from the direction of the gate. I thought it was my father. I knew if he found me there, waiting for Dwight, he would shoot Dwight when he came. He had said he would. I was . . . so scared . . . I started to run . . . to get off the set, and hide on the stage somewhere . . . and I fell and that's how . . . I found out that he was there all the time . . . and . . . he was dead!"

"You mean Hardell?"

"Dwight . . . yes. I fell on him. I was . . . he felt alive. . . he wasn't all cold . . . I felt his face, and then I shook him, and called to him, and he didn't answer . . . and then, when I pushed myself up from the floor, I got blood all over my hand. . . ."

"Look at me, Beth!"

**SLOWLY** then she turned to him. Her eyes came up to his.

"You're telling me that Hardell was on that set all the time . . . and that the only other person who came on the set while you were there was Billy West and that he did not kill him?"

"No. He did not kill him!"

"Beth, did you see anybody kill him?"

"No! No!"

"Beth . . . did you do it?" His eyes held hers.

"No . . . no. . . ."

"Who was it screamed . . . the banshee that Lannigan tells about?"

"I did it! When Dwight was dead it scared me so. I . . . I got up and ran. I screamed. I did not know I was doing it until I heard myself. . . ."

"You went straight to that set after the lights were out?"

"In a few minutes . . . just as soon as I was sure Mr. Seibert was off the lot . . . so he wouldn't come back and. . . ."

"And Hardell's body was there when you first went on?"

"Yes. I thought . . . Billy West thought, too . . . because he stepped over him . . . that it was the dummy."

"Lannigan and your father swore that Hardell went out with Seibert! Beth, are you sure he did not come back later . . . and all this happened later, and you are not telling me the whole of it?" He went close to her and put his hands on her shoulders. He felt her body trembling, like the twanged vibration of a wire. She had been talking through clamped teeth and her hands were clenched at her sides. He saw that her forehead was wet and her upper lip.

"Beth . . . this is hard to believe! All my evidence is against it!"

"I can't help it! It's the truth! He was there . . . all the time! Oh . . . I fell right on him! I . . . keep thinking of it . . . in the night I wake up and think about it . . ." Her teeth chattered.

"Will Miss Brown confirm what you have told me?"

"Oh, yes. She knows. Ask her! Tell I said to tell you . . . everything! Mona knows!"

He stood over her a moment, holding her cold hands, trying to quiet her shaking body . . . trying to give her the calm courage of his eyes. She turned her face from him, and after a moment, his own eyes misted, he tip-toed away.

"It was a little past twelve when Beth went over," Mona Brown told Smith. "Seibert must have passed her in his car. It wasn't more than fifteen minutes before she was back, white, and scared silly. She ran to the basin, grabbed the towel hanging beside it and tried to clean off her hands. She wouldn't say anything."

"I told her to wait and we'd wash them. Then she keeled over . . . dead faint. I cleaned her up and put her to bed. She's been out of her head, off and on, until yesterday. That's all I know."

## "DON'T WEAKEN, MOTHER"



MODERNIZING MOTHER . . . Episode Number Three

THE MODERN DAUGHTER—graceful as a greyhound, a star at tennis, golf, riding or swimming; with not a nerve or ache in her vital body—how she has shattered hidebound traditions! In a less enlightened age, "girls didn't do such things"; it was unladylike to be too healthy.

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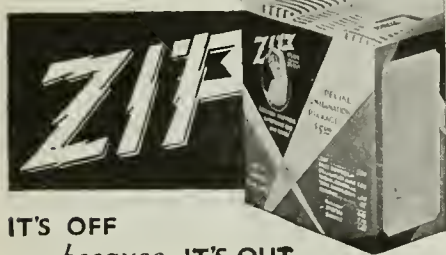
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This is a ZIP year JORDEAU This is a ZIP year

"But you can swear to the time?" demanded Captain Smith sharply.

"Yes." "How does it happen you were keeping track of the time?"

"We were both watching the clock, wondering how late Seibert was going to work."

"Thanks, Miss Brown, I need not tell you that what you have just told me goes far to corroborate Beth's story."

SMITH left the Superior Films lot, and the hospital at sundown. He went directly across the street to the lunch room. It was the first time he had honored "Slim's" with his presence. The proprietor was plainly curious. "Well, Captain, found out anything?" he asked eagerly, putting down Smith's pie.

"We work at it every day." Slim shook his head. "I sure never thought it was the last time I'd see that poor guy when he went out the gate that night!"

"So... you saw him go out?" "Sure. Sometimes Seibert stops for a coke, and I was wonderin' if he was goin' to..."

"Did he?" "No. But I seen them all right." "What time was it?" "Just before Lannigan come over. He usually comes a bit after midnight... between twelve and twelve-thirty... Sometimes a little later."

"Can you remember if he was later... or earlier?" "Gosh... I never looked at the clock that night, Captain!"

"Then you couldn't swear to the time?" "Hell, no! I couldn't swear to nothing!" returned the man quickly.

Smith paid for his lunch and went out to his car. He travelled in the direction of Hollywood and at a certain corner he got out. A moment later the proprietor of the cigar store there was squirming under the sharp gaze of his grey eyes.

"Just how big a lie were you telling about Seibert stopping at this corner the night Hardell was murdered?"

"I wasn't lying!" "How much is Seibert paying you... how much are you being paid by anyone... to say that?"

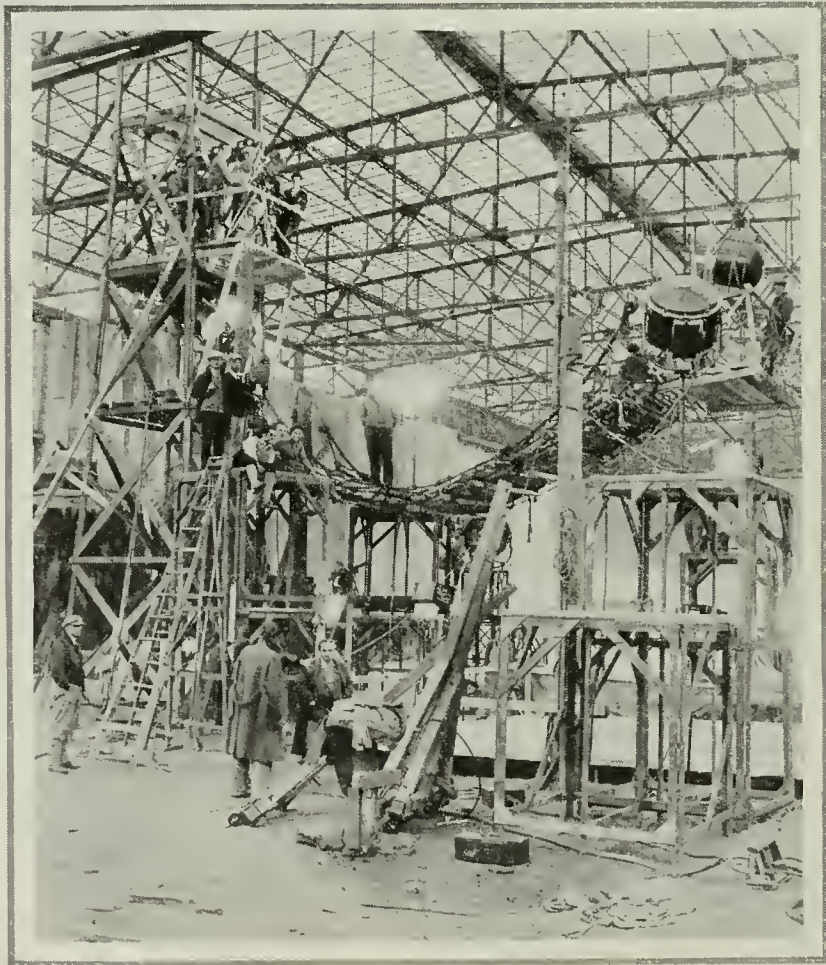
"Not a damned cent, so help me God!" "You know what it means if you're caught?" "Say, who the Hell gave you the right to come around here and call me a liar? If you don't believe me, take a look at that..." He reached over and pulled out an account book, shoving it under Smith's nose. Rapidly he thumbed the pages. "There. That's the box of cigars Hardell told me to charge to him!" He called to the back of the store, "Red, come out here and tell this guy what you did with that box of cigars for Hardell, the night he was murdered!"

WENT out and pitched 'em in his car, like you said, when they was standin' in the traffic. Hardell, he calls out, 'Charge 'em,' so I come back and tells you to charge 'em!" said the boy, his frightened eyes leaping all about Smith's tall person.

"Hardell told you to charge them?" snapped Smith.

"Honest to God, sir, he did!"

Smith looked at them steadily for a moment and then left. He went to the traffic cop. "Are you on duty between midnight and one o'clock?"



Here is the famous bridge of San Luis Rey that Thornton Wilder wrote the novel about. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer built it right in the studio, and you see Raquel Torres and Duncan Renaldo about to do their stuff on the risky swing



"Sure. I'm on straight from now on until my relief, which comes later."

"Did you see Seibert and Hardell the night he was murdered? You've followed the case, of course." The man grinned.

"Sure, I seen 'em, Captain!"

"Why the devil didn't you say so?"

"Why the devil didn't you ask me?" retorted the other with a broad Irish grin. "They was the first car in the line and that Hardell was using his arm to punctuate his talk and the lace of it was a flyin' pretty in the breeze!"

"Did you see any more?"

"Devil a bit more. They wint on wid the rest!" returned the man good naturedly and put his whistle to his lips.

Smith turned his steps to the building in progress of construction across the street. He went to the night foreman.

"Have you got the same night crew on you had on the 15th?" he asked.

"Practically. A few men laid off. Two sick."

"I wish you would call them. Is there some place where they can all get together?"

"The first floor's all right," said the foreman, not, however, without the pressure of the law being used upon him.

"All right. Make it snappy."

AND a few moments later, standing on a jutting beam, looking down onto a mass of upturned faces . . . Smith called:

"I haven't time to question you in private. Some of you ate at the stand on the corner across from here the night of the 15th. That was the night Dwight Hardell was murdered at Superior Film . . ." a sound came up from the men. They knew that all right! "He was in a car that passed by this corner around 12:25 . . . when you men would be returning from your lunch. Now nobody is going to try topin anything on you. We know you couldn't have a hand in it . . . but you can help me to catch the person who did, if . . . you tell what you know. Provided you know anything, of course!" He stopped a moment, and then his voice rang out sharply, "Did any one of you see a man in a blue satin costume, lace at the sleeve . . . which would have showed out of the cuff of his overcoat . . . in a big purple car . . . that night, at that time?"

Snickers broke out as he finished. The men turned to look in one direction and glances were exchanged . . . but no man spoke.

"Come now! The way you are acting shows me you know something. I may have to put one of you in jail to find out. . . ."

"Go on . . . tell the dick, Johnson!" urged somebody. Smith caught at the name.

"Johnson? Johnson! I understand you've got something to tell me! Come on now and then the drinks are on me, boys!"

"Aw . . . nothin' . . . only . . . I know that director, that Seibert. I used to work at Superior Films, but my wife, she didn't like me playin' around where those movie actresses are . . ." he stopped to turn red as a loud guffaw greeted this part of his testimony. Smith interrupted:

"That's all right, Johnson, I don't blame her. They're dangerous babies! So you saw Seibert, eh?"

"I was crossin' the street and I didn't get out of his way quick enough after the traffic whistle blew and he blamed near cut the pants off me, that's all! Took time to curse me."

"Who? Seibert, or Hardell, the man with him?"

"I don't know. One of 'em. Guess it was Seibert. He was doin' the drivin'."

"But you saw Hardell?"

"The guy had on a lace nightgown under his coat. Sure I saw him all right!"

"Thanks."

BACK at his home, Smith went straight to his office and locked the door. The persistent ringing of the telephone finally roused him from an almost feverish assembling and sorting of the notes and objects on his desk before him.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# STARS OF STAGE AND SCREEN



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Fox Productions star, keeps in trim the Health Builder way.



**DOROTHY KNAPP**  
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YOU'VE simply got to keep radiantly healthy, full of pep, to be a success on the stage or silver screen. In fact, health is all-essential to success and happiness in any career. That is why so many stage and screen stars, society leaders, business men and women now use the Battle Creek Health Builder. A few minutes a day of delightful exercise with the Battle Creek Health Builder keeps your figure youthfully slender—peps up the circulation—vigorously massages the heavier muscles—and takes off surplus weight in any part of the body desired. Stage and screen celebrities choose the Battle Creek Health Builder because it is medically correct—perfected by famous physician in Battle Creek, Michigan, "Health Center of the World."



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Please send free samples and free booklet on correcting constipation.

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## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

**A** LOOK at our portrait gallery this month turns up strange, almost forgotten faces. Stars that were.

Here is Dorothy Phillips, for instance. She married Alan Holubar, the director. Alandied. And Dorothy seems to have dropped from public view.

And Lillian Lorraine, the lovely "Follies" prima donna. Her fling in pictures was over long ago.

Here's a beautiful Danish girl called "Val-keyrian." Do you remember her? The caption relates that she worked for Fox and World.

Jeanne Eagels—of "Rain" fame. Now she is in talking pictures. One girl who came back to the screen after great stage triumphs.

Ekaterina de Galantha—a dancer on stage and screen. But the years have swallowed



**Pretty Martha Mansfield, who ten years ago had come blooming into pictures from Ziegfeld's girl garden, and who was to lose her life before the camera six years later**

memories of her. And Grace Valentine—almost, but not quite. And Sybil Carmen.

And there is sadness in this picture of a pretty girl. It is Martha Mansfield, beautiful Martha, who was burned to death on a set. One of the few girls in pictures to die in line of duty.

Ten short years, and this gallery has almost faded. The mills of the movies grind not only small, but swiftly.

**T**HERE'S a big war on between the friends and foes of the motion picture, in our pages this month.

R. L. Giffen is its defender, while no less a viewer with alarm than Channing Pollock attacks the photoplay.

Pollock quotes several other writers on the subject.

Leroy Scott, says Pollock, remarks—"The movies are the refuge of the second-rater. The man not big enough to try elsewhere, or who has tried."

Cosmo Hamilton—"I detest the movies."

Gertrude Atherton—"The movies get worse every day."

Harsh words, and it is a little cruel to reprint them now. For those distinguished ladies and gentlemen of letters, film prices being what they are, would hardly be so venomous today.

**B**ILL HART writes us a piece on cow-punching in Australia . . . Here's a new picture of little Annie Pennington and her noted knees . . . "Here Comes the Bride" is one of the big pictures of the month. Jack Barrymore is the star and Faire Binney the leading woman . . . Johnny Hines has just broken into pictures . . . Bill Hart's new film is "Breed of Men," and Seena Owen is his leading woman . . . All who remember her as Signe Auen will please raise their right hands.

**H**ERE'S an odd thing.

We carry a picture of a scheme to show pictures to seriously wounded soldiers in hospitals.

The picture is projected on the ceiling above their heads.

Wonder if that was really ever done.

**"D**ON'T Change Your Husband," says our learned Julian Johnson, is a great picture. It has Gloria Swanson, Lew Cody, Elliott Dexter and others of the great stock company . . . Here's a new Geraldine Farrar film, "Shadows," by Willard Mack, with Tom Santschi and Milton Sills . . . And a long story on Marjorie Rambeau.

**A**LMA RUBENS makes her bow as a star. The picture is "Diane of the Green Van." Nigel Barrie is her leading man. (Poor Alma! A tragic figure in 1929!)

MAXINE, Bozine, Kas.—I cannot tell you the name of Bessie Love's husband—probably because she hasn't one.

EDITH MC, Dewey, Okla.—Enid Markey was leading woman in "Tarzan of the Apes." (And I saw Enid on Broadway a few days ago, looking prettier than ever.)

## The Queen of Poverty Row

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]

to be our greatest young actor. In the supporting cast are Mr. Otto Lederer, Miss Betty Bronson . . ."

Everyone went wild. The least he might have done—since it was a radio hour in Betty Compton's honor—was get her name right—Miss Betty Bronson, indeed!

Jim apologized for the announcer. Possibly the man had taken a drink or something.

**A**N orchestra number followed, played by a victrola in Jim's garage.

The announcer came back: "We wish to make a humble apology," he said. "In announcing the cast of stars in 'The Barker' a grievous mistake was made. It was not Betty

Bronson who played the Hawaiian dancer, it was Betty Blythe."

Pandemonium such as Russia never witnessed—

**B**ETTY told me all this in her houndir. "And that's the wonderful husband who is responsible for my eclipse," she laughed. "After 'The Miracle Man' I was a star—terrible mistake. Because being a star means that you have to carry all the bum directors and poor stories the studio chooses to wish on you. In other words, a star is a waste-basket. "I became thoroughly discouraged. Then I fell in love with Jim and married him. The director of 'The Covered Wagon' was an



artist to idolize, and he happened also to be a man to love. I lost all personal ambition. I just rested.

"But I love money—"

"Then it's true?" I quavered.

"Oh, yes," said Betty. "I live for love and money. I decided to go forth and earn money. Art had failed me. I'd take any part in any studio that would pay me. So I went into Poverty Row—the little studios, you know, where a picture is produced in ten days at a cost of twenty thousand.

"I took any part they offered, so long as they paid my salary. And that's how I came back, just working."

Betty, they tell me, pulled down one hundred and twenty thousand smackers last year in the less pretentious studios. And all the time half a hundred second rate stars were holding out for parts that suited their ego and salaries that they were never worth.

I HAD heard that one of the great studios offered Betty an enormous salary to do two pictures this year. "But between pictures you mustn't work in Poverty Row," said the executive. "You can't afford to, with your prestige."

"The devil I can't," said Betty, or something equivalent. "I certainly shall work in Poverty Row whenever they offer me my salary."

She went forth and signed up for fourteen pictures for this year. Some will be done in *de luxe* studios, but most of them will be done in Poverty Row.

Still I did not understand how the love of money could be reconciled with an open house where extras as well as stars are welcome to eat and where money has been offered in an open bowl.

"From a child I've had the fear of poverty," explained Betty. "Mother and I were terribly poor."

"I used to play the violin in concerts in little towns, mother accompanying me. Once I had to be a servant girl, at another time a nursemaid.

"In the studio there is an old woman who plays an organ with her son, just a boy, accompanying her on the violin. They play for our emotional scenes. Every time I look at that old woman I see my mother. My mother is much younger, but still I think of her in that old woman. And so I send out to my car for the rug to put over the old woman's knees, because the studio is cold. Fortunately my mother has a beautiful home and all the comfort she wants; together, she and I, we've managed to escape the cruelty of poverty, but I've never been able to shake the fear. I want money, money, money, so that everyone I know may escape that awful dogging fear that was ours through so many years. That's why we kept the silver bowl. We kept it until I found a guest one evening giving all the money to my servants' I decided that I'd have to take over the job of apportioning it."

Betty and I were chatting in her sumptuous Venetian boudoir. The living room and patio were filled with guests: noted stars, opera singers, and extras who hadn't worked in a year.

FAN BOURKE, the actress, broke into the boudoir.

"Oh, Fan, I have been given some wonderful silk stockings," said Betty. "The silk company gave them to me. Here is a pair for you. And Herbert Howe, will you accept this silk scarf? . . ."

Jim Cruze interrupted with, "Hey, Betty one of your old lovers is on the phone and wants to talk with you . . ."

Betty answered the phone and invited the old lover to the open house.

"There you are," said Betty, as she put down the receiver. "Can you blame me for being infatuated with a husband who puts an old lover on the phone? Now I must dress to receive the old lover."

On departing I asked Jim Cruze what he

# Dorothy Gray



## THE BEAUTY THAT IS AGELESS HAS KNOWN UNCEASING CARE

BEAUTY need not be fleeting. If you will give your skin a little care—faithful, daily care—its youth will last for long, long years.

The lines that deepen into wrinkles at the corners of a woman's eyes and mouth are caused primarily by a sluggish circulation, and by the drying effects of exposure. And so if you would keep your face smooth and lineless you must keep your circulation healthy, and you must give your skin suitable lubrication, and protection from exposure.

The simple, scientific treatments which Dorothy Gray evolved for your home use are remarkably successful because they are based on the stimulation of the circulation, combined with suitable cleansing, lubrication and protection.

At leading shops everywhere you will find the preparations used in these treatments, the very same preparations which have been painstakingly developed for use in the Dorothy Gray salons. Below is a coupon which will bring you a valuable booklet: "Your Dowry of Beauty," which explains the simple Dorothy Gray method.

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P. 4-29

DOROTHY GRAY, *Six Eighty Three Fifth Avenue, New York*

Please send me the new Dorothy Gray booklet, "Your Dowry of Beauty." I am particularly interested in:  The Treatment for Lines and Wrinkles  The Treatment for Double Chin  The Treatment for Relaxed Muscles and Crêpy Throat.

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you hear on the radio and records. The Gibson Mastertone Guitar, with its rich tone of such depth, beauty and carrying power, embodies finest materials and most expert craftsmanship; acclaimed as world's finest guitar. Easy playing qualities make it easy to learn.



Send coupon NOW for FREE BOOK and details of Easy Payment plan. Mention which interests you: Guitar; Banjo; Mandolin; Ukulele.

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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
St. or R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_  
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**The Man She Dreams Of**

Her ideal—that ghostly figure that is in the back of every girl's mind—the prince charming who will come some day, bringing romance and happiness into her life. She wonders what she can do to make herself more attractive in his eyes. But little does she guess the thing above all others that he will love in her—the glow of perfect health. A rosebud complexion; a clear skin; steady nerves—these are the things a man wants in the woman he chooses for his wife.



If girls but realized this they would take that splendid herbal tonic and nerve Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For free medical advice, write to  
**DR. PIERCE'S CLINIC, Buffalo, N. Y.**

thought of the woman he was married to. "She's given all her life secrets to the confession magazines," I said, "and so the only way I can get a line on her is through you."

Jim whispered in my ear, but I'm not a sentimental writer so I'm not going to print what he said.

All I have to say is that a gal who loves money in order to give it away to friend and foe is a greater gal than Rose of "The Miracle Man," and the Lord knows I fell for her.

**Lillian Fights Alone**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63]

This is the old Gish curse — the Lillian tradition.

Because she has never marched her emotional life before the eyes of the world, or had it paraded by yellow newspapers, she has been denounced as inhumanly chill.

Because she has steamed up the interest of brilliant figures in the literary world, she is thought to be merely a glinting Mind, topped by yellow hair and held up by a couple of clothes poles.

Because she has never burned up Paris, bathed in a hotel fountain, bought a ten-carat diamond and divorced seven idiotic brokers she has been passed up for pretty numbskulls not fit to wind her wrist watch.

The whole tragi-comic story of the cruel, untrue Gish tradition was summed up by a Princeton boy a few years ago.

Referring to a non-petting, non-skid, four wheel braked damsel of his acquaintance, he said "She's safe as a Gish!"

A smart crack, and it passed into common use.

That's what the world and its sweetie thought of Lillian Gish!

Well, what is the real Lillian Gish?

Why, one of the most human, most charming and loveliest girls it is possible to meet in this most improbable of all worlds!

Is she just a great white Mind?

**SHE** has a dashing, vivid, ever-active sense of humor.

With people she likes she flames with warmth and charm.

Is she the Snow Girl of the Cinema?

She charms and captivates great writers and critics and has been known to smile a seven foot traffic cop out of passing a ticket when she has skipped past a red light on the Avenue.

Does she make a pose of keeping out of the spotlight?

Why, Lovely Lil has been an actress since she has been able to stand alone on a stage and pipe a line. For 25 years she has been in, of and for the theater and the screen. Her life has been about as private as that of a popular head waiter.

Now she loves her friends and her home with a consuming fire. If she likes to take her ease among them, preferring talk and tea to a ring-side table in a night-club lunatic asylum, is she being snootily aloof?

Look at her service record, studded with honors.

Belasco called her the most beautiful blonde in the world.

For years she was the chosen vessel by which Griffith, the star-maker, poured his genius across the screens of the world.

Hundreds of thousands of words have been written about her by ink-slingers great and small.

Film fans have been for her and against her. But some have been heedlessly neutral.

Everything has been said about her, it seems to me, save that she is a beautiful, lovable human being with a fighting heart almost without parallel in the entertainment world.

It is the old Gish curse—that we millions prefer our idols to be playthings of purple

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**FAMOUS** **Make**  
**FOUR** **Money**  
**FAVORITES** **\$7.00 Outfit**  
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It's easy to sell garments that improve women's appearance. Also Free—Our 32-page Book on "How to Sell." Write.

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This Giant Spy-glass brings distant objects close and clear. See moon and stars and people miles away. Gives new pleasure to home, farm and camp. Just the thing for trappers, hunters, automobilists and all who like the great outdoors. Send for 20 packets Garden and Flower seeds. Sell at 10c a packet. Return \$2 collected, then telescope is yours. Send no money now. Just name and address. **EXTRA GIFT**—Order seeds today and we will include for you a Glorious Mystery from Japan. Don't miss this mystery gift, it's sent at once.

**LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Sta. 316, Paradise, Pa.**

**GIVEN DAINTY VANITY CASE**

Contains mirror and puff. Sent without charge, post-paid, anywhere in United States *except* Georgia, Alabama, Virginia, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and Florida—**PROVIDED** you know any children or young adults with **Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Curvature or Hip Disease**. Send this advertisement with names of parents and complete addresses; must include street and street number, or rural route number. State clearly which one of above afflictions each patient has and their ages. **Positively no vanity case sent unless this ad is enclosed with all information requested.** Offer expires June 30, 1923.

**McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM, 903 Aubert Ave., Dept. 898-M ST. LOUIS, MO.**



passion, preferably illicit, rather than decent, warm, loyal humans.

It's Lil's tough luck that she is not only game, but clean.

Sadly enough, the mob would rather hear of Harriet Goulash shooting a bus-boy than see Lillian Gish make the greatest motion picture in history.

We're an odd lot.

Professionally, Lillian has forgotten more than the petted patooties of Hollywood will ever know—even if they own six mauve Marmons and play the stiffest game of contract bridge in all filmland.

Remember that La Belle Gish, though only in her earliest thirties, is one of the Old Guard, that neither dies nor surrenders.

In her teens, with her hair up and her skirts down, she was sitting at the feet of David Wark Griffith in the old Biograph era.

Later, a veteran of 23, she was conferring with and advising the first of the film Titans.

ONCE, when the Old Master of Mamaroneck was out to pasture, Lillian directed her little sister Dorothy in a full length comedy, "Remodelling Her Husband," and a swell, tricky job she made of it!

Lillian could make many of our directors look like monkeys if she went in for the megaphone in a big way.

She knows pictures front, back and clear through the middle. And behind her picture experience lies ten years of trouping the flag stations—six nights a week with the usual matinees, and let's hope the ghost rambles on Saturday night.

The rise of the Larruped Lily tradition was simple.

It all came under the heading of good showmanship.

Slim, white and wistful, Lillian took a beautiful licking in a film way.

Every time Walter Long or Donald Crisp took a cut at her with a table leg, 400 pound piano wrestlers alternately bawled and yearned to tear the beasts to bits.

So for years Lillian took wallopings in all languages, including the Scandinavian. For years she was a victim of her own peculiar excellence as the quivering victim of love, liquor, tuberculosis, starvation, pernicious anemia, ingrown virtue and seven foot villains.

The public accepted her as a cudgelled posy, and as nothing else, on screen or off.

Ah, how we crave our sinners! Even Lillian's virtues—quietness, intelligence, freedom from scandal—seem to have been disliked by the muck-hungry world.

Her unusual charm does remarkable things to her publicity, often to her detriment as a figure of wide public interest.

She seems to cast a strange spell on otherwise cagey and skeptical newspapermen when they step over the deadline.

A FEW years ago a national weekly sent one of its staff men to do a series on Lillian Gish.

He hadn't spent an hour in her presence when his brains seemed to turn to mush, and for weeks an astonishing layout of drool crept across the pages of his magazine.

Instead of the warm, delightful Gish of fact, he gave us a picture of a white statue that sat for hours with slim hands folded and talked of the Locarno conference, The Unknowableness of the Unspeakable and the Influence of Logarithms on The Morals of Swiss Bell-Ringers.

The fake Lillian again!

Small wonder I was scared ossified when I first marched off to meet Lillian Gish.

And how happy I was when I found that she was bright, gay and likable!

A fine true soul, this Gish girl.

She has worked like a dog since she was a little child.

She lived in a wardrobe trunk and learned out of self-picked books and from association with wise and clever men and women. She has fought for business and artistic success, and for the comfort and happiness of her be-

## "One thing my daughter must be told"

*Says a mother of today about this phase of feminine hygiene*



No longer need women fear offending. Deodorization\* is a new feature of this sanitary pad, which excels in comfort and ease of disposability.

HOWEVER carefully she may guard and advise, no mother can protect her daughter from self-consciousness at certain times.

If she constantly is aware that she may be offending others, good times are impossible for her; light-heartedness flees.

That is why mothers and daughters both learn with relief that each Kotex sanitary pad is now treated to end all odor. The fears that were once inevitable now disappear.

*Shaped to fit, too*

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods.

You can adjust the filler to suit your own special needs. Cellucotton absorbent wadding, with which Kotex is filled, is amazingly absorbent—5 times more than cotton itself. It is easily disposed of (see simple directions in each package). No laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

Buy a box today . . . comes in two sizes—

\* Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587.)

the Regular and Kotex Super. 45c for a box of twelve (regular) at any drug, dry goods or department store; also obtainable through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

### *Use Super-size Kotex*

*Formerly 90c—Now 65c*

Super-size Kotex offers the many advantages of the Kotex you always use *plus the greater protection* which comes with extra layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding. Disposable in the same way. Doctors and nurses consider it quite indispensable the first day or two, when extra protection is essential. At the new low price, you can easily afford to buy Super-size Kotex. Buy one box of Super-size to every three boxes of regular size Kotex. Its added layers of filler mean added comfort.

# KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes



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The Saxophone has brought big money to many stars. As Orchestra features — as Orchestra leaders—as stage soloists—as recording artists and in other ways—hundreds of musicians have played their way to big pay and stardom on the

**BUESCHER**

**True Tone Saxophones**

Only a Buescher Gives You All These:

**Patented Snap-on Pads**—greatest improvement for beauty of tone; easy to replace—no more cementing.

**Patented Automatic Octave Key** — always positive.

**Hands never moved** from one playing position.

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Besides being easy to play we make it easy to pay. A small down payment and a little each month. Write today for full information on our liberal offer. Give name of instrument in which you are interested.

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Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way please send me your free literature.  
I am interested in the following instrument.....  
Name.....  
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## Sensational!

*Hollywood's Personality Cigarette*  
A new and subtle way used by Movie Stars to add charm and magnetism to their personalities. The "Puff from Hollywood" is a secret cigarette blend perfected after long experimentation by Mark Licker, Hollywood's custom tobacconist. Not merely a fancy smoke, these cigarettes contain "IT." Their exquisite, ambrosial flavor and delicate French colorings lend brilliancy, magnetism, charm to your personality.  
Never before available to all but Hollywood Celebrities. Limited introductory offer—Beautiful California Redwood Chest of 20 of the same hand made cigarettes used by the famous stars. Pin \$1.00 to this ad or Send No Money and pay postman on arrival.  
Address Mark Licker, Hollywood, Cal.



A historic picture of Lillian and Dorothy Gish and D. W. Griffith. It was snapped on the south portico of the White House as the noted trio left after lunching with President and Mrs. Harding. Time—the day after the Washington premiere of "Orphans of the Storm," in which D. W. directed the girls

loved mother, May Gish. She managed to fight through when that mother was stricken down, a few years ago, with an almost fatal illness, just as fortune could have given her all the material things she missed during the long years of struggle.

And yet I don't suppose that some people will ever believe that Lillian Gish is not stuffed with damp sawdust.

They will not believe blood and not ice water courses through her veins.

Her pallid parts have helped build the hateful, untrue tradition of her wistful bloodlessness.

I wish people could see her sitting at her own tea-table—laughing out loud, her cheeks a warm pink, and the sunlight in that amazing crown of hair.

Boy friends?

Ten thousand women would give their front teeth to be seen at a Broadway first night with George Jean Nathan, brilliant dramatic critic and First Bachelor of The United States.

**WELL**, his favorite theater companion is not some buxom, ruddy woman of the world, but this icy spectre known as Lillian Gish.

Perhaps there is a League of Women carrying on a muttering campaign against her because she has corralled the Unapproachable Bachelor, The Flappers' Dream and the Widows' Despair.

But when all is said and done, the adjective that best describes Lillian Gish is "gallant."

Now, in the full flush of young womanhood, she will not submit to the rushing years.

Most of the other veterans of her time have gone down, fighting or flunking.

But Lillian, at the height of her powers, battles forward.

Public misunderstanding or apathy do not feaze her.

She has fought and whipped million dollar suits brought against her by Charles H. Duell, once her boss at Inspiration Pictures. Even now, in Los Angeles, she faces actions totalling over \$30,000 brought by the same gentleman.

This frail white lily is always marching off to war, and when the smoke has cleared away it always seems to be her opponent who is on the floor peacefully dreaming away a long count.

**SHE** went valiantly on to the end of her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, keeping her art, heart and salary up, and finished with superb work in that beautiful picture called "Wind."

The critics sat up, rubbed their eyes, and realized, all over again, that Gish is great.

Now there is this daring Reinhardt adventure. She has transplanted this gigantic Teuton six thousand miles from his Austrian castle, has set him down in the mad world of Hollywood.

And now she proposes to make a memorable picture under his direction, to their greater glory.

If they take one story away from her, she'll make another.

She's a soldier and a trouper, this elder daughter of the house of Gish.

It is warming to think of this golden girl out on the coast, fighting for God, for Country and for Yale.

It makes me want to rear up on my hind legs and yell "Attagirl, Lillian. The gang's with you!"



# The Cisco Kid Himself

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

experience—invaluable experience because it was the experience of the stage—an invincible groundwork.

The result of his effort is now well known. The *Cisco Kid* laughed and talked and sang his way into the hearts of audiences. Here is a characterization that will long be remembered, not only by the public but by Warner Baxter himself, for it marked the turn in the road for a man who was fighting with his back to the wall.

From now on, look for Warner Baxter in the romantic field of film drama. He has found his medium, his forte. With a costume and a song he will build brilliant memories, each new rôle something for the public to regard as splendid entertainment, something for his fellow players to look upon as the work of art.

**YOU** will see him next with Mary Duncan and Eddie Lowe in "Through Different Eyes," a drama of the courtroom, cut from the pattern of "On Trial," but with variations, naturally.

For those who have been wondering what quality it is that spells success in the talkies, what element is indispensable to those ambitious to become audible in the films, Warner Baxter has interesting information. In fact, he has the key to the whole situation.

It is expressed in just one word—RESONANCE. "If your voice has resonance," says Warner Baxter, "you can succeed in talking pictures. With a 'mike voice' and a 'camera face' and the ability to act, you can't fail."

There it is, folks, just as simple as that! Now don't crowd, there's plenty of room in line.

Warner Baxter has brought so much to the screen as the *Cisco Kid*, and promises so much in other features, that an astonishing amount of widespread interest has been aroused. He is married, my good people, and this condition has prevailed for the past eleven years. His wife, Winifred Bryson, is very talented herself. Their romance dates back to the days when Eddie Lowe and Jimmie Gleason and Warner Baxter and Winifred Bryson were all members of the famous Oliver Morosco stock company in Los Angeles.

Eleven years!

Not a long time, though, when you consider that they were all just a lot of kids in those days.

# Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

## Some Words of Wisdom

Westfield, Mass.

When I was a boy, about grammar school age (and that was a mere matter of fifty-five years ago) the thing that most tried the souls of our parents was the dime novel of that highly moral period. And when we were detected reading one of these "Beadles" or "Monroes" we got very promptly and thoroughly whacked, and our library confiscated.

Today it is the moving picture that causes worry in some quarters. But parents should accept the challenge in a philosophical spirit, go with their children to the show, and point out the moral taught by the scenario. Often there is a sermon woven in, and it is your duty to separate the gold from the dross, and bid the young mind retain the precious metal.

JOSEPH C. DUPONT.



Irene Rich  
uses

"It is with great pleasure that I express my admiration for 'MAYBELLINE' which I have used for some time with most gratifying results. It is truly an indispensable beauty aid to the woman who would look her best."  
Sincerely,

Irene Rich



"MAYBELLINE"—as though by magic, would make a wonderful difference in your attractiveness. Try it and see! Instantly, your lashes will appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. And your eyes will become expressive deep shadowy pools of enchanting loveliness. Nothing else gives quite the same effect as "MAYBELLINE" because the formula of this wondrous beauty aid is secret.

Moreover, "MAYBELLINE" is perfectly harmless, having been used for many years by millions of beautiful women in all parts of the world. Obtain it in either the solid form or the waterproof liquid—Black or Brown—75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO.  
CHICAGO

Maybelline  
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# Safe and Harmless AT TEETHING TIME

This actual prescription (no narcotics) of a famous baby specialist has been used by mothers for 40 years. Simply rub it on baby's gums, using all you wish with perfect safety.

Baby likes it because in one minute it ends the pain. At first sign of teething start using Dr. Hand's... baby will be happy and contented all through this trying period.

## DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

is approved by doctors and used by thousands of mothers as far superior to unsanitary, germ-carrying teething rings that spoil the shape of baby's mouth and may cause teeth to come in crooked. Just read what Mrs. Harlan R. Landes, 139 W. Main Street, New Holland, Pa. writes: "Since using Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion, my baby seldom cries, and if he does, we just bathe his gums with Dr. Hand's and that stops the pain instantly."

Your druggist either has, or can easily get Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion for you.

Mail this Coupon for Trial Bottle

Hand Medicine Co., 105 No. 5th St., Dept. 312, Philadelphia, Pa. I am enclosing 2 cents for postage, with the name of my druggist. Please send sample of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion.

Druggist's Name \_\_\_\_\_  
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Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

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 Get rid of Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness, Sallow Skin, Enlarged Pores. Have a soft, velvety, white skin. New, different method. Amazing results in thousands of cases. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOK; explains everything.  
 DOROTHY RAY, 646 N. Michigan, Suite 1549, CHICAGO

## Health vs. Dieting

Newport, Ky.

I have always liked the movies, but the actresses have my pity, with their string-bean figures. Joan Crawford is so skinny that, when she turns her face, it looks as though her eyes were going to pop out of her head. Poor girl, it isn't her fault. Dolores Costello looks as though she would break in half were she to bend over. Josephine Dunn looks sickly. Greta Garbo is far from alluring in my eyes. Molly O'Day is the most attractive actress on the screen, and now she has to reduce. The stars mentioned above are only a few of many who are supposed to be examples of perfect figures. I wonder! Why don't the stars wake up? I'm sure the public would rather have healthy looking actresses before their eyes than puny, sickly ones.

The moving picture industry won't realize this menace until it loses another great star like Barbara La Marr.

Miss L. K.

## "Eat, Girls, Eat"

Turin, N. Y.

Why murder our favorites because they are fat? It doesn't seem to me we are so pleased with them if we must have them made to order. Why demand unnatural slimness, and be indirectly the cause of the death, ill-health or retirement of your favorite? Eat, girls, eat.

ANTI-DIET ANN.

## Lessons in Americanism

Princeton, N. J.

In all probability there can be no one more competent to write on the benefits of the American movies than I. A few months ago I came to the United States from the British West Indies, where I had been living all my life.

Previous to my arrival in America, I had seen very few movies and, as they were all mediocre and uninteresting, I had about decided to give them up as a poor form of entertainment. But then, as I have said, I came to this country. It is scarcely possible to imagine my surprise and delight to find the movies not only the highest kind of entertainment and enjoyment, but also the surest and easiest way to get acquainted with the American people. Through the movies, I came to learn their customs and habits and history better and more quickly than I could from any number of instructors. Gradually the ideas of the average citizen seemed to take possession of me. Because of this, my whole aspect of life has changed, and I feel as though I had lived here all my life.

ERIC KOCHER.

## Why the Ballyhoo?

Minneapolis, Minn.

Last night I saw and heard "Caught in the Fog." Up until the finish of the picture, I thought it could be called a fair production. But just before the final clinch, when everyone was waiting for the close-up, what should Conrad Nagel and May McAvoy do but turn and face the camera and say something about "Hope you liked us. Come and see us again."

If the ejaculations that could be heard around me mean anything, then people don't want to be deprived of the usual romantic kiss at the end of the picture.

GENEVA THOMPSON.

## A Plea to the "Indifferent One"

Detroit, Mich.

I hope Greta Garbo's visit to Sweden is but a short vacation and that the indifferent one will return soon to shine the highest among the stars. Perhaps we can find another Swanson, Gish, or Bow, but never a girl like Garbo. She is the star supreme.

EMIL BACKSTROM.



## Nary a traffic cop!

You've watched soft fleecy clouds in a blue sky, and wished you could drift upon a cloud bank. Floating over cool quiet waters in an Old Town Canoe is about as near as you can come to realizing that delightful day-dream. No bit of errant thistledown could rest more lightly on the stream.

Get away from the dusty road! Enjoy the relaxation of canoeing in an Old Town. Old Town Canoes have the grace and beauty of real Indian lineage. Easy to handle, and perfectly balanced. Priced as low as \$67. From dealer or factory.

Write today for free catalog. It shows and prices many light, water-tight models. Paddling, sailing and square-stern canoes, extra-safe Sponson models, dinghies and sturdy family boats. Also speedy craft for outboard motors—racing step planes and hydroplanes. Old Town Canoe Co., 924 Main Street, Old Town, Maiae.

## "Old Town Canoes"

## Thin Women!! Gain!!

Three to five pounds a week



Beautiful, firm flesh which will stay on produced healthfully and rapidly. Neither exercise nor medicine is used for the gain. You will certainly be amazed and delighted with results. Write, being sure to enclose a two cent stamp, to

The Star Developing System Iron Mountain Michigan

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Size 16x20 inches Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any size of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98c** Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 58c plus postage or send \$1.00 with order and we pay postage. **Special Free Offer** With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-listed miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.



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## The Big Boy Tells His Story

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

The faint mournful note of the loon, in the far distance. The round gurgle of Andy's creek as it parts to pass the huge boulder in its center. The soft patter of the chipmunks as they stealthily come to nuzzle at the door, in search of food. The coyotes, and the deep howl of a wolf, tracking a lamed mountain lion.

Out in the corral the horses are neighing, disturbed by a skulking coyote. You learn to recognize your favorite mount's whinny, over all others. The cattle are stamping restlessly, and lowing. You wriggle out of bed, climb into pants and sweater, grab a rifle and speed out to the corral.

Overhead a harvest moon is shining, and the Missouri is gliding by, painted in silver. Already at the corral is Roy Smith, who always packs a Luger, chews Durham and spits through his teeth. No one knows where he came from. No one asks. It would do no good anyway. He is one of the cowboys. There are always a few about the ranch, no matter how great a drain on our purse.

A few shots are fired at a speck that is fast disappearing into the hills. Roy goes back to the bunkhouse, and I wander down to the river. In the cottonwoods, etched against the moonlit sky, is a hoot owl. All is very quiet now. The sky is set with stars. To a boy, alone like this, it seems that God, himself, might brush aside the canopy of the heavens to look down and see how His world is progressing.

AT the edge of Andy's creek, I pause, my toes squirming among the cool, damp grasses, then I throw myself onto the ground, belly to the kind earth, arms stretched out, utterly relaxed. The earth has its message of health and vitality that seeps through the pores. I roll over on my back. Perhaps I am the creator of all this bliss. Who knows? Surely, at midnight, and all by myself, I am king of the world. A Genghis Kahn of this one perfect moment. Alexander and Napoleon and Tamerlane were puny midgets, rushing madly about like frightened gnomes with their stunted ideals.

Thoughts race on. What of the Indians who once roamed over here? Threw themselves flat on the cool grass, as I had done, slaked their thirst in the icy water. Pitched their tepees, perhaps, on this very spot. Lived and loved and fought and died—and loved. What was this mystery about women, anyway? There were few women on our ranch—mother, the school teacher, a few little girls who were neighbors, a few slatternly women who cooked and scrubbed and kept the bunkhouse clean. But what was all this mystery of sex? Someday, when I was older, I would meet a girl and ask her to marry me, and she would. I would get a little house and then there would be children. Perhaps I would be a lawyer, like dad. But always I would return, return here where the far horizons beckon.

THIS night is mine. And the day that follows, and the high noon, sun baking the earth, and the red and amber sunsets, staining the skies, coloring the cliffs that rise in back of the house, painting their slake sides in tawny hues, then fading to layers of purple, like chiffon, or whatever you call that thin stuff a woman wears.

It's hard to explain this to a person who hasn't lived in the West, lived out in the open, and sniffed the tangy mesquite and sage.

I was six when dad bought Sunnyside. It was a ranch about sixty miles from Helena. A thousand acres of rolling plain. At one boundary was the Missouri River, shaped like a side-winder snake in a sort of "S," in the upper loop of which lay our ranch. The other



## No woman can afford to risk body odor

IMAGINE, if you can, a woman actually *knowing* that she is subject to perspiration odor—and yet doing nothing about it! But only too often one doesn't know. The unfortunate truth of the matter is that we become so accustomed to our own particular bodily odor *that we are seldom conscious of it ourselves.*

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## "Mum" is the word!







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extremity of Sunnyside was elevated by mountains, not as high as the Tetons over in Wyoming, that are something like twelve thousand feet, but gentler, more friendly giants. In the shadow of these was built our rambling ranch home.

Sunnyside. If there was ever a more ironic name for a place. It was called that because it lay on the sunny side of the river. It caused us more grief, sorrow and joy than anything in the world. Dad bought it with the idea of raising cattle on a large scale. It was overgrown with lush grass. A cattleman's paradise.

TWO weeks after we moved in, a dam broke fifty miles upstream and the water swept and heaved down, coming just to the dooryard of our house. It was a miracle that we weren't carried along with it. The flood no sooner abated, than it commenced to rain. It rained for thirty-eight days. We thought of Noah and retribution and a few other divine things and decided we were being punished for unborn sins.

The idea of building an Ark was suggested, and vetoed. The mountains, towering over us, offered a haven.

Those were the trying days, that, small as I was, I remember. What a brave fellow my mother was, eking out sufficient meals with dwindling supplies, and how my father wallowed through muck and gravel and mud and water to get to the nearest town for potatoes and flour and bacon.

When the clouds lifted and the rains ceased, we discovered our fertile grazing land had a three-foot covering of gravel and rock. Boulders as big around as kegs were strewn over what was recently ripe ground.

We had on our hands a thousand acre white elephant, named Sunnyside.

Gradually, by sweating and slaving, part of the ground was salvaged. We bought a few milk cows. I went to a little log school on the ranch and learned the necessary preliminary studies.

Arthur went along, too. His slate was always neater than mine. His columns were always added correctly. His handwriting rounder, handsomer.

The way things were, we spent our winters

in Helena; our Springs, Summers and Falls at the ranch.

When I was nine or ten, the whole family went to England to visit my grandparents, and I was given a few years schooling at Dunstable in Bedford.

I didn't like England, particularly, although I did admire the extraordinary heroics of English history. I didn't like the Eton collars and the long trousers and short jacks and high hats we were made to wear on Sundays. I didn't like the close compactness of the tiny gardens, tended for centuries, and the ultra-formal parks. It weighed down on me, all the evidences of this country's terrific age. I wanted to feel the stark youth of America. I wanted the noisy wind from the plains as it whistled and tossed my hair.

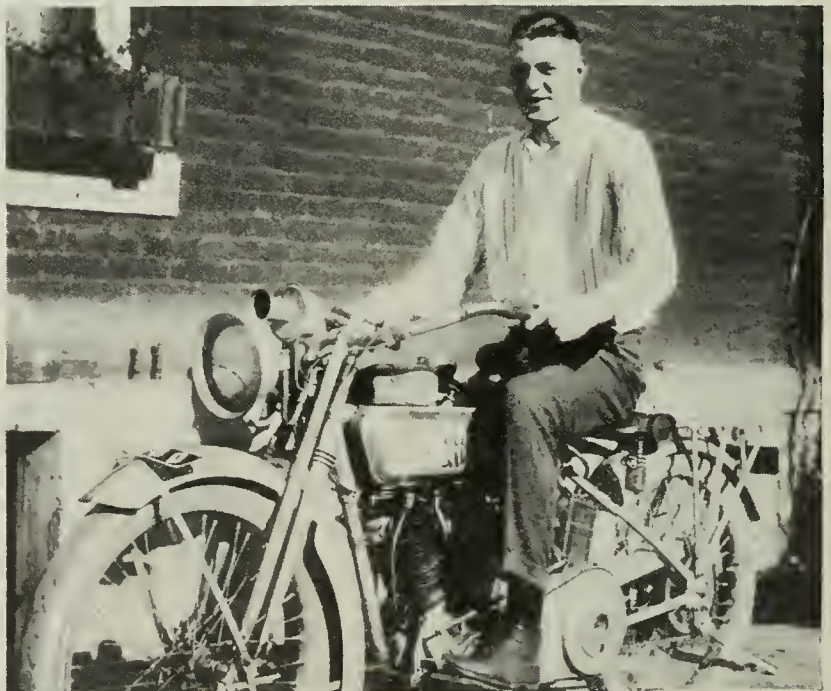
My grandfather, on my father's side, was something of a nabob in Bedfordshire. His little estate was next to the vast estate of the Duke of Bedfordshire and Arthur and I used to peep with disgust through our privet hedge at the graveled paths and trimmed cypress of His Lordship's carefully tended ducal gardens.

And there was no hunting of the kind I liked. We tried hunting once, on the Duke's estate, and had the seats of our pants tanned for poaching. There was no game in it. It was nothing like chasing along for hours on a slim little pony with the devil in him, and, any minute, a chance to shoot a mountain lion or coyote.

WE went to London, and saw the theaters and the puppet shows. But nothing quenched my burning thirst for the sight of a cottonwood, or the rifle-like report of a beaver slamming his flat tail against the water as he hastily scuttled out of sight.

In my early teens, returning from London long since, and completing my grammar school education in Helena, I was sent to Bozeman, a nearby town, and smaller, to cram four years of high schooling into two and a half.

It was during the period of the War and every town, all over the states, was more or less hysterical. Bozeman was no exception. I got to running around in one of the school sets. The boy who looked the most adult in our crowd would buy a couple of quarts of hard liquor and then we would start in to



One of Life's Great Moments—when a boy buys his first motorcycle. At the age of seventeen, Gary began to burn up the roads. During his more restrained hours, he attended high school in Helena, Montana



drink it. There was nothing vicious about our drinking bouts. It was harder on our stomachs than our morals. We thought we were a bunch of hell-raising, two-fisted guys. Everyone goes through that liberating period. And I, with my freedom fetish, took it big.

But it wasn't that which put an official halt to our activities as much as the fact that I fell in love. I'd hardly call it love, looking back now. It was more or less a symbol of my maturity. We danced, skated and drank together, the whole crowd. I don't believe I ever saw the girl alone, except, perhaps, to escort her to her home.

THE school board heard of our little set's escapades and seized upon me to save, as a brand from the burning. I was a boy from another town who needed protection and guidance. I was warned against my sinful life, the wages of Jim Crow and shapely ankles. The girl and I were separated, with long lectures, before we had even thought of a romance.

Nevertheless, it was a suggestion. I began to contemplate the other sex with favor, all the while turning, with the fervor equal to that of a young ascetic, to my studies.

[Next month Gary Cooper will relate his adventures in reaching Hollywood. Be sure to watch for the May issue of PHOTOPLAY.]

## The Philosophy of Crime

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

"and at least eighty percent of the murders are never discovered!"

That, ladies and gentlemen, is a startling statement.

"A man is found dead with a gun near-by," Mr. Wright elaborates. "There are powder marks on his temple, there is no evidence of struggle. Police declare it suicide. The coroner's jury renders a verdict of self-inflicted death. *But who put the revolver there?*"

"Someone is discovered seated in a chair, dead. The room is undisturbed except for a shattered chandelier which lies on the floor and which struck the victim on the head and dealt the death blow. It is called accidental death. But does anyone know who was upstairs when the chandelier so mysteriously fell?"

"So it goes *ad infinitum*, cases without number, piling the records high in every city. Cases judged solely on appearances and circumstantial evidence."

MR. WRIGHT was asked a short time ago "if there is such a thing as a perfect alibi."

"Who knows?" he answered. "The only alibis we know of are those that were unsuccessful, those that failed. Certain it is that the person who possesses a perfect alibi is not going to expose it, not going to tip his hand, so to speak."

There are, it seems, five primary motives for murder, judging by the Van Dine compilation:

"First," says Mr. Wright, "there are murders for profit; these lead all others. Then there are murders for jealousy. A recent example, apparently, is the crime that occurred on Long Island a short time ago. A man and woman were found shot outside a bungalow. No sign of struggle, no tell-tale clue, nothing. What was it, a tryst interrupted? Suicide? Or was it an accident? There's the mystery—solve it. Next, I think, come murders for revenge, followed by killings for ambition. And last, the pathological crimes—the abnormal sex murders, which are usually the most fiendish of all."

Because of the baffling stories he writes—stories that defy solution by the most ingenious minds—I wondered if Van Dine had developed a contempt for law, or a desire to abuse, misuse or pervert it. In fact, terrible though the suggestion may seem, I wondered if he had ever

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himself considered the possibility of committing murder.

His answer to this question was almost as amazing as the ending of one of his stories:

"Murderers," said he, "are born. It is a twist of the mind. It exists only in the criminal class. The majority of persons, no matter what the provocation, will not kill. No doubt you can think of persons you have known who have been placed in positions and surrounded by provoking circumstances which seemingly would have justified murder. Yet those individuals did not kill. They could not kill. They were not the killer type. They would die first themselves. I, fortunately, am of that class."

**W**OMEN murderers, Mr. Wright thinks, are much more clever killers than men.

"They are harder, colder, more cruel," he says. "They are the perfect murderers. But they are fewer. It is quite unusual for women to kill. Either that, or they cover their crimes so ingeniously that they are not caught. Women can be most disarming, you know, when they choose. I really believe, however, that the killer type is in the minority among them, as compared with the same percentage of murderers among men." H

The strongest word in the English language, according to Mr. Wright, is "Murder." For that reason he uses it in the title of each of his books.

There is no other word so dramatic, so gripping, so compelling.

Also he resorts to another idiosyncrasy in devising his titles. The proper noun in each title must contain six letters—six, no more, no less. For example, take the first book he wrote: "The Benson Murder Case." Note the word Benson—six letters. And "The Canary Murder Case." Count the letters in Canary. Then, too, observe the word Greene in "The Greene Murder Case." And in "The Bishop Murder Case,"—not yet off the press as this is being written—Bishop, you will notice, contains the significant six again. And following this book will come "The Scarab Murder Case." Again the strange six in Scarab.

For this literary phenomenon Mr. Wright has no explanation except his enigmatic smile. Perhaps it is superstition. Maybe he regards it as a magic symbol, a talisman insuring success. Possibly he does it because there were by accident six letters in the proper name of his first title—a novel which met with instantaneous success. It would be only human to follow such a lead. I know a scenario writer who won't undertake to write a script unless he can sit in the camp chair in which he wrote his first successful photoplay. This chair now stands behind his mahogany desk in his palatial Beverly Hills home, a grotesque and incongruous monument to his success. It is his shrine of luck. It may be, therefore, that even in the soul of a great novelist there is a grain of this same superstition.

**SUPERSTITION** or not, Willard Huntington Wright's career is one of the most spectacular and dramatic that has ever been inscribed on Hollywood's roll of fame, a scroll recording careers that are fraught with bizarre and wild adventures.

Six years ago, he was flat broke and flat on his back, his strength exhausted by the overtax of work. And for two years and eight months, this man was confined to his bed, the victim of a shattering physical and nervous collapse. For practically three years he was not allowed to write a line. For almost one year, he was not allowed to read. Finally, however, he prevailed upon the doctors to permit him to read detective stories. And that started him on the road to fame.

"It is not in the least original to say this," he told me, "but invariably some apparently inconsequential thing shapes a fellow's destiny. I set out to write a monograph—a small book outlining the history of mystery fiction. I hadn't the slightest intention of writing a

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murder mystery yarn myself. I merely intended to do an analytical, scholastic work bearing on this type of story. The history of this kind of fiction, you know, is comparatively brief, beginning with the works of Poe, who originated the form.

"After completely solving the mystery of the mystery story, however, I determined to do one myself, so I turned from my mass of data and notes to this, for me, precarious undertaking.

"The result was 'The Benson Murder Case,' in which I created the character of Philo Vance, detective-genius who solves the intricacies and mysteries with which I obscure my imaginary murders.

"Invariably Vance brings the guilty party to justice, an inviolable rule governing this type of writing."

IN addition to being a distinguished author, Mr. Wright is also a worthy mathematician. Therein, perhaps, lies the secret of his great success as a deviser of mystery stories, for after all a mystery story is nothing more, he says, than an elaborate literary puzzle.

Mr. Wright, like all who labor, has one consuming ambition. In a way, this ambition is quite unique. He hopes never to have to write another murder mystery story. Imagine that! Each book that he does means a small fortune, yet he hopes never to have to do another.

He wants to write about biology and anthropology. And his crowning ambition is to complete the philology upon which he was working at the time he collapsed and became rich and famous.

# Beauty That Pays



ALICE WHITE and DONALD REED as Dixie and Alvarez in the dance scene from "Show Girl," recent First National extravaganza.



At right: Alice White applying Boncilla clasmic pack.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

## The Old Shoe

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

entirely dispel the original charm. She always had gone in for rubber plants. Some hang-over from her childhood probably. They may have connoted elegance behind Nottingham lace curtains in her home town. And, of course, the incense burner from an indefinite ancient temple would have the place of honor.

There were a confusing number of white candles burning.

And a fire made the room a little stuffy.

But an effect was secured. What more?

Sonia was herself, that afternoon. Her hair was drawn from a center part and coiled on her neck. Her earrings of heavy gold were inlaid with mosaic work. Her slippers of black fur had painted ivory heels.

And her tea gown was a flowing robe in which all the colors of the peacock swirled in a batiked pattern.

If the past months had laid any humbling hand upon Sonia Savina, she bounced back into her old airs and graces with the resiliency of a rubber ball. However, it is doubtful that she ever realized her predicament.

She amplified her bare statement that she was to have a part in a new play.

"It means," she said "that I can stay in New York. I got so bored with Hollywood. My dear, you've no idea how awful that town can be. There's just no food for your intelligence there. Mentally, you starve. Starve, my dear.

"My part isn't the lead but it interests me," she continued. "And I always say it's vulgar to think only of money. Not that they aren't paying me handsomely."

TWO or three guests slipped out of earshot.

A maid passed sandwiches and little cakes. There was tea, in the strict prohibition sense of the word, on a long table, supplemented with ice, ginger ale and fruit juices. And Sonia, reclining on a chaise longue, poured what little old fashioned beverage her guests desired.

(The chaise longue, by the way, was the pride of her heart. It was of black satin, festooned with heavy gold lace, and dripping ermine tails.)

I joined a little group which stood apart.

"How did she ever get the engagement, no matter what her rôle's like?" an editor wanted to know.

A dramatic critic sampled the Scotch. "U-m-m, not bad. About seventy a case, I imagine." Then he offered an explanation. "Violet Mason's the star of Sonia's play," he reminded us. "And she won't have anyone too clever. Then Hill knows the director, and these theatrical people are sentimental nuts. They'd help an old friend any time, provided they were sure he was definitely out of the running."

That came as close to explaining the unbelievable fact that Sonia had been engaged for a Broadway production as anything could, so we dropped the subject.

SOME of the guests asked for Harry Hill. Sonia seemed surprised that he was remembered, that anyone should trouble to inquire about him.

"Harry?" she said, and it was almost as if she was trying to place him. "Oh, he's all right. Thanks."

I waited after the others had gone. I had given Sonia her first interview, and we always maintained a specious sort of friendship.

"Happy about the new part?" I asked. She yawned and reached for a large macaroon.

"Oh, it's all right. I had to have something. Things have been awful slow.

"Harry hasn't had a job in ages." Sonia could be very frank. "I can't count on a thing from him.

"He has a little laid by, enough to take care of himself. That's all."

The maid came in and was paid for the hours she had been there.

And I remembered the California house, overrun with servants.

"You know," Sonia picked up the conversation where it had been interrupted, "sometimes when I think of myself tied to an old man like Harry I get scared."

Someone was coming up the stairs. "That you, Harry?" Sonia called. "I'm being interviewed."

Plainly he was meant not to interrupt. But he didn't get the cue.

Poor Harry Hill. You thought that or its equivalent whenever you saw him. The last few months had left indelible traces on him. He was old, gray. He must have worried, for



Believe it or not, they're both Jacqueline Logan. Jackie set out to prove herself a makeup master, and here is what she did for her rôle in "The Faker." If she isn't careful, one of these days she'll turn out to be Lon Chaney!



Sonia as well as for himself, every time a new pawn ticket appeared. When there was nothing left, what then?

His arms were filled with inelegant and unmistakable bundles. A bottle of milk, a loaf of bread, and another package, the brown wrapping spotted by the delicatessen contents.

SONIA went to answer the telephone, and I asked Harry why he hadn't been at the tea.

He smiled. "I dodge parties," he said. "Age should have some compensation. I've outlived the pleasure of dolling up in spats and a gay cravat and talking pretty nonsense. But I can remember the time when I thought it was fun to balance my hat, my stick and a teacup."

Then Sonia came back and he paled beside her. Actually she seemed to hypnotize that little man. His eyes glued themselves to her face and became nakedly beseeching. He seemed to sense that he had, in some way, displeased her.

"Cakes come all right?" he asked. Sonia nodded.

"And the sandwiches? Were they what you wanted, dearie? I didn't know exactly but I told the man to be sure and make them up extra nice."

He stood, fumbling with his packages. "How about the limes?" he asked. "They get here?"

"Oh, my God, yes," Sonia said. "They got here. Why wouldn't they? *Will you please tell me that, Harry!* You ordered them, didn't you? And paid for them?"

"Take those bundles into the kitchen, please. You'll drop them on the rug the next thing you know. You make me so nervous . . . standing there like that. *Go on, will you?*"

Harry left and I proceeded to gather up my things too.

"Don't leave me alone with him now or we'll have a row," Sonia said. "Men, old men, putter so."

I could hear Harry moving about in the kitchen. But she didn't lower her voice.

"I suppose people wonder why I married,"—at least she nodded her head towards the door in lieu of a pronoun—"considering all the men who've been nuts about me.

"Harry's actually twenty years older than me. But he's mad about me, my dear."

Sonia's tone became indulgent.

"He thinks I'm the most beautiful thing alive. All that sort of bosh. Cries sometimes, like a baby, because he can't buy me the sort of things I used to have.

"There you are. I suppose it's always the man who'd give you the earth who hasn't the price of department store pearls.

"The trouble with Harry is that he's too good. He'll never get anywhere. He has the craziest notions about life. I have to watch my step, otherwise he might keep me back too. You can't be too careful."

SONIA stretched like a sleepy cat and reached for a bonbon.

"One thing about Harry, though. I don't have to keep all fixed up for him the way I did for the others. And I can always meet people on parties and things to have fun with.

"Harry's comfortable to live with. Like an old shoe. You know?"

The premiere of the play in which Sonia appeared will long be remembered. Even those none too kindly disposed towards her rather dreaded the fiasco they felt she would be. Rumors had come in from the try-out towns. Without a doubt some of the New York critics had their typewriters inked with acid, anticipating the notices they would write.

But the curtain went up that night to give everyone of us the surprise of our lives.

Sonia played *Mrs. Mortimer Legrand*, a matron of an upper social circle, having a clandestine affair with her husband's physician. That the producer had ever trusted her with this part, about third in importance, can only be explained as one of those inexplicable things that do happen in the theater.

She had the most difficult of acting to do,

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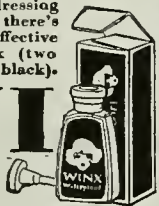




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not very much to say but a great deal to convey. And she achieved this by subtleties of which those who knew her best would have believed her incapable. Watching her, I had a sense of unreality.

On the screen, Sonia had gone slithering about in a way either to alarm or amuse a man. But now she was a personality to intrigue him.

Sonia's Mrs. Legrand puzzled you, exactly as the author had intended she should. Was she merely a foolish woman who was bored and seeking a mild diversion? Or was she a woman made predatory by an overwhelming desire?

IN a formal drawing-room scene, her gown cut from black satin and a single ruby resting on her throat with the warm and crimson color of blood, she was undoubtedly alluring.

It was, as a matter of fact, almost impossible to reconcile the woman on the stage with Sonia Savina, late of the films. Physical things were the same, such as her eyes and her hair. But the essence of her belonged to a stranger.

During the intermission those who knew Sonia hurried to the lobby to greet each other with amazement.

"This will give her a new lease on professional life," one of the newspaper men said. "A damn fine performance and no mistake. Miraculous, coming from that dumbbell.

"They'll sign her up for the talkies now or I miss my guess."

"Watch the old fellow get his walking papers," another said.

But would Sonia be able to sustain this new charm and interest?

The second act proved she would. Violet Mason couldn't prevent her taking a curtain call.

However, alone on the stage and stepping out of her part, Sonia became familiar immediately. While she had been acting you had forgotten her broad, heavy hands and feet. Now her manner lacked dignity. She had the flavor of a small town woman being neighborly over a back fence.

But in the third act she became a stranger again. And when I went backstage after the final curtain I was able to carry sincere congratulations with me.

"Rehearsal in half an hour," a call boy shouted and his words came back to him, in echo, from the emptied theater.

Everywhere there was confusion. Violet Mason was probably on a rampage. She didn't like members of her cast having curtain calls. But there didn't seem much she could do about Sonia's part without changing the entire plot.

At the obscure dressing room marked Miss Savina, I hesitated to knock. Harry Hill was inside.

"You can't let me down like this," I heard him say. "You can't turn your back on me. It isn't fair. I've waited all my life for you. Love me . . ."

HIS old voice had a timbre to it that had never been there before. It was charged with desperation. It was the voice in which a starving man might cry for bread. I forgot I had no right to listen. Having imagined such an eventuality so often, there was something familiar about it now.

"I've tried, Harry," Sonia whined. "And I'm tired now. Leave me alone."

"Come on, dearie, make an effort. Once more," he coaxed.

Then I remembered. It was a line from the play he had given, a line from Sonia's big scene in the last act when Mrs. Legrand finds her lover a laggard.

From his seat in the front row Harry had sensed this lack in her performance.

Sonia tried the line, forcing her flat voice to burn with desire.

Having no true emotion of her own there was nothing to interfere with her assuming the emotion given to her.

Tonight the "old shoe" had reaped his reward for years of trouping. For he must

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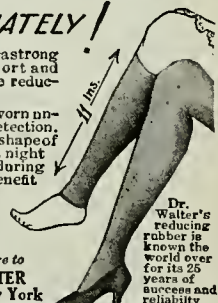
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have known that through his conception of Mrs. Legrand, Sonia had been able to win respect she never could have attained for herself. And a love as enslaving as his would ask no more than this.

The difference between the performances Sonia had given out of town and her performance tonight was explained. The first had been her own.

Careless of Harry, in a way, not to have schooled her for a curtain call, too.

Shamelessly, I continued to listen.

"I guess I made them sit up and take notice," Sonia said. "I guess I proved I was good, didn't I, Harry?"

"You sure did, lovey," he assured her. "I was proud of my wonderful girlie."

"AND that cat, Mason!" clearly Sonia hated the star. "I guess I showed her up for a ham. Hub?" She was greedy for the praise Harry was so willing to give.

"Kiss your old man," he said.

"Go on," Sonia complained. "You always have to get mushy. And I'm tired. You don't realize the strain of creating that part, I guess."

"Just one little kiss," Harry begged.

She laughed. She could afford to be generous tonight. "One little kiss never's been enough for you yet. And you'll get all grease paint. Now be care—"

"Oh, my Beautiful! My Beautiful!" Harry's whispers barely reached me as I walked away.

So let this moment shape a happy ending. It leaves Sonia with her success. It leaves Harry with Sonia.

## How the Stars Make Their Homes Attractive

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81]

to spruce up. The plain white woodwork of a few years ago is definitely "out." You must have a gay kitchen. Joan Crawford, with gray eyes and red hair, complements herself in color by a kitchen with walls of cream and all shelves and cabinet doors in green. Even the stove and the face of the clock are green and the kitchen dishes are multi-colored, with a cloth of cream bordered in three shades of green.

The dining room and breakfast nook must be considered. It used to be that blondes avoided red. It is now known as one of their best colors. So Doris Kenyon's breakfast and luncheon room is done with dark red furniture. The walls and door are very dark cream and the luncheon set is natural colored linen embroidered with parrots in bright colors.

Little Mary Brian, with blue eyes and dark brown hair, has a dining room done in green, yellow and black. The China is as gay as it is interesting, striped in yellow and black, while the cloth is green with flowered squares of yellow, rose and black.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, hazel eyes and dark brown hair, has one of the most attractive homes in Hollywood. It is done in the modernistic style throughout. The living room boasts a dull red rug, red, yellow and black striped drapes, a gold upholstered couch with black arms and black and gold coffee table. The ceiling is beamed and the light fixtures are also modernistic and interesting.

Many new ideas are to be found in her Brentwood house. Her phonograph is painted in red, gold and black. There is a stunning black desk bordered in gold, in the den, and a dainty low table by the fireplace in modernistic style.

The colors that the stars have used should help you in brightening up your home and in finding the colors that best suit your type.

It's little details that make a house worthwhile.

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# Don't Be Discovered

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

be guarded from the prying pencils of Hollywood scribes and that she be given every protection from the possibility of the sting of defeat. Miss Martenson had known Greta Garbo in Sweden. She had come to Hollywood unannounced. She had failed. Under Rapp's humane guidance she had gone back. No one but herself was aware of her heartache, of the nights she had spent in pain and tears.

So you see the failure of a "discovery" is not always the fault of the producer. The opportunity is offered, but the gift of talent is often lacking in the subject. If the producer is at fault, that fault lies in his anxiety to bring renown to himself through his selection of a "find." This sometimes warps his judgment, makes him too enthusiastic, too hasty.

**RUTH TAYLOR** has not come out so handsomely. Not that she was a producer's protégé, yet she was regarded as a "discovery," one for whom Paramount held high hopes. Even "baby stardom" did not add materially to her prospects, although she was considered one of the most promising of the Wampas 1928 crop.

Her failure to live up to predictions in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is perhaps the obstacle that blocked her road to fame. A

case, no doubt, of too much advance publicity, too loud a ballyhoo. Only the miracle of a phenomenal performance can raise her now from the leading lady ruck, a position from which there is, for many, no direction to bow but out.

**SEVERAL** years ago—about two and a half, I think—Richard Rowland, then head of First National, was dining in a cafe in Paris. A girl of startling beauty was one of the entertainers. Rowland watched her graceful movements, her sinuous languor, and was so much impressed that he determined to give her a chance in pictures. Thenceforth she was known as Dick Rowland's Discovery. She was a Russian of high caste, reduced by the vicissitudes of war. Her name was Natalie Barache, one of a family of eight.

She came to Hollywood and was entered at First National as Natalie Barr. The only picture she ever worked in was "Framed," a Milton Sills production, in which she played the vamp. After that she strangely dropped out. Only recently she re-appeared in New York, one of eight international beauties sent to America to represent foreign countries. Now she has disappeared again.



Phyllis Haver is banging on the door of opportunity for little Dorothy Ward. Phyllis found the child behind the counter of a five and ten cent store, and introduced her to Cecil B. De Mille, who gave her a bit in "The Godless Girl." Now Pathe has written her a five-year contract. Will little Dorothy climb to glory, or will she be another pathetic victim of "The City of Broken Hearts"?



No quicker way of commanding public attention is offered than to be announced as a "discovery." But it is a dramatic pitfall with oblivion lurking in its depths. When Andre Mattoni, son of a European bottling baron, was brought to this country by Universal some three years ago he was looked upon as a "discovery" with success assured. He had won considerable recognition in foreign films, and the powers that be at the "U" believed he could add to that standing in America. So great was their enthusiasm that they paid him \$275 per week, a large stipend for one untried, even in the Promised Land of Pictures.

From the very beginning Andre Mattoni was doomed, the victim of psychological defeat. He was completely baffled. Not only Hollywood but all America puzzled him. He seemed unable to adapt himself to our ways. So he went home, a "wash-out," and if he has since succeeded, that gladsome news has never percolated to America.

**L**YA DE PUTTI was another brilliant European "discovery" of whom much was expected. She had achieved a phenomenal triumph with Emil Jannings in "Variety" and on the strength of that showing was imported by Paramount. Her first picture was "Sorrows of Satan," filmed at the Long Island studio. And in it de Putti was disappointing. Some said she was miscast, others claimed she lacked the spark. She clung on for about a year, then began to drift. Pitiful in the extreme for de Putti. A vibrant actress with the Hollywood "breaks" against her. Now she finds her only demand in the quickies. But some day perhaps that will change. There may come, even in the quickies, another magnificent rôle like the sensuous part she played in "Variety." Then de Putti will again be a dramatic queen.

A topsy-turvy town, this Hollywood. High estate in political circles means nothing in picture circles. Royalty that was becomes democracy that is in "The City of Broken Hearts." That, perhaps, is why distinguished Russians fare so badly. Natalie Golitzin, protegee of Elinor Glyn and a Russian princess with everything at her command during the reign of the Czar, has been unable to get a "break" in Hollywood. With her family she lives in the film colony, appearing only in the most obscure rôles. To a large degree, Josephine Borio, another Russian, has suffered a similar fate. Good fortune seemed with her when John Gilbert made "The Cossacks." She was given a promising part but, in the end, it was discovered to have little bearing on the story, and went finally to that purgatory of all players—the cutting room floor. Miss Borio's golden opportunity may yet come to her.

Two other great Russians who were stalked by failure were Viatcheslav Tourjansky, a director eminently successful in Europe, and his wife, Natalie Kovanko, a splendid actress. Tourjansky did a picture called "Michael Strogoff," starring his wife and released in this country by Universal. It was a brilliant thing, somewhat "arty" as all Russian efforts are, but on the strength of it Tourjansky and his wife were both acclaimed "discoveries" and brought to Hollywood.

**I**N America, however, Tourjansky could not accustom himself to swift action. To M.-G.-M., who had him under contract, he was a thorn in the side. Their treatment for this affliction was to assign him, sensitive artist that he was, to a Tim McCoy horse-opera! Of course this did not work, so they wished him on United Artists and he became a charter member of that gorgeous battalion of directors that undertook to direct John Barrymore in "Tempest." In the end he left, another defeated "discovery," his wife with him. She is a talented actress who never got a chance to act.

The last of the foreign "discoveries" to depart was Dita Parlo, sent back untried by Paramount to Germany whence she came. She was brought to Hollywood following her rather



Frank Donnellan in charge of United Artists Wardrobe and Mona Rica (right) using Energine to clean spots from delicate gowns.

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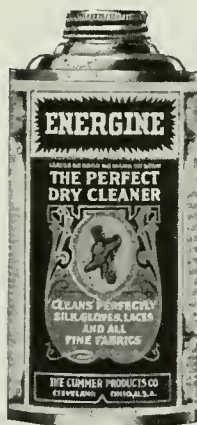
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sensational success in the UFA production, "Homecoming."

It is said, however, that Miss Parlo is to return to Paramount in the early summer to do a talkie.

Although it had been Paramount's hope to play Miss Parlo opposite Maurice Chevalier in "Innocents of Paris," undoubtedly she proved to be "not the type."

Remember when all the studios were seeking new Mary Pickfords? A cute little girl called "Cuddles" came to view at that time. Official doors swung wide, flunkies bowed and scraped. Conferences were held. Papers were signed. Then grandiloquent gestures were made in the public prints.

THE little girl called "Cuddles," who had been a bright spot in Gus Edwards' "School Days" revue, was announced as a second Mary Pickford.

The career of "Cuddles," otherwise Lila Lee, was almost wrecked on the rocks of publicity. She was years fighting for a place. A most capable actress indeed, Miss Lee, but a young lady with a personality all her own. It was only through tireless struggle that she saved herself from oblivion.

One wonders if it is a sin to keep marriage a secret. Two years ago Patricia Avery was secretary to Cedric Gibbons, art director for M.-G.-M.

People used to look at her in awe and say, "Isn't she striking! Why doesn't somebody give her a break? Too bad they can't see talent right under their noses."

Then one day John Stahl passed her way—John Stahl who at that time was directing for M.-G.-M. but who now is the Stahl in Tiffany-Stahl.

John saw the pretty little secretary enthroned behind the keyboard, and the gods of luck smiled. Miss Avery immediately became a "discovery"—not one lured from a foreign shore, but found under foot, so to speak. She exchanged her typewriter for a make-up box and played with Lillian Gish in "Annie Laurie." Things looked bright indeed. Among her transient glories came "Baby Stardom" in the Wampas. Shortly thereafter however, some prying person discovered that Patricia Avery was married. Merrill Pye, art director, was her husband! No sin, of course, yet many who felt responsible for her success—and when one succeeds, it is appalling the number of individuals who feel responsible—were aggrieved because they had not been let in on the secret. Perhaps it had a bearing on the case, perhaps not. The fact remains, nevertheless, that not so long after this news leaked out, Miss Avery discovered that she was no longer with M.-G.-M. Of late she has been seen in the quickies.

IT is often difficult to follow the course of a "discovery" who has dropped out. Pride urges strange disguises, discouragement builds barriers that deflect the most diligent search. Some continue to struggle ineffectually, their flame of hope unquenched. Others enter allied lines, marry or return disillusioned to their homes.

Sally Rand, who streaked across the sky two years ago as a brilliant bonde, has taken her dancing feet and silk-clad legs to vaudeville. The lure of films may have faded for her, or possibly she hopes to return via the route of the talkies. She tried hard and worked indefatigably in pictures, but apparently her personality was not for the screen, and Pathe, having sponsored her as a "find," was forced to withdraw its backing.

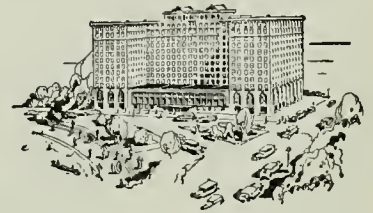
Nowhere else in all the world does destiny choose such devious channels or offer such prophetic tokens as in this "City of Broken Hearts." Early in her career, Joyce Compton worked in a picture called "The Lost World," little realizing that the words epitomized her fate. She is struggling hard to recapture her own "lost world," and if she succeeds it will be a triumph for determination and persistence.

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is supposed to be the magic sesame, the certain guarantee of success. An intriguing thought, this, and one lending itself to further comment. Early in 1928, a piquant little English girl as blonde as a sunflower, came to Hollywood to try her luck at pictures. Her name was Flora Bramley and she was the niece of I. C. Freud, business associate of Joseph M. Schenck. Backed by influence such as that, it would seem to the casual observer that failure just could not be. She was elected to "Baby Stardom" last year and distinguished herself by selling more tickets and boxes to the Wampas Frolic than any other candidate. And that, oddly enough, was the height of her activity. Her uncle gave her a most elegant little roadster, so that she could dash from studio to studio. She dashed in vain. Screen potentates were called upon to do their best by Flora, but their "best" was little indeed. Tiring of this unproductive pursuit, Miss Bramley finally accepted a rôle in the stage version of "Interference." She is now appearing in stock in San Francisco.

THE sacrificial altar of films is piled high with futile offerings of beauty. Good looks are sold in Hollywood at a cut-rate price. In no other city does pulchritude lie so long on the bargain counter, nor is it so often bought for the cost of a wedding ring. This does not mean, of course, that every screen marriage carries a price tag or that love is necessarily a commercial commodity. Romance bears the same rainbow hues in Hollywood as elsewhere, with even more pigment in the colors. Ann Christy, a "discovery" of 1927, has long considered marrying John Darrow, an actor. Miss Christy no doubt will continue her screen career, matrimony notwithstanding. A stormy courtship this has been, with disaster ever lurking in the offing. In fact, as this is being written, rumor insists that all is ended, that the affair can be filed among the broken souvenirs.

Miss Christy has not fulfilled the prophecy made for her two years ago as a Baby Star, and even now she is off on a detour of Westerns while journeying the rutty road from comedy to drama.

The fate of innumerable other "discoveries" still hangs in the balance. Of the few who have succeeded, Lupe Velez is the outstanding example. Lupe bears the distinction of having been "discovered" three times—once in Mexico, once at a benefit entertainment in Los Angeles, and once by F. Richard Jones, then director for Douglas Fairbanks.

The rôle with Fairbanks is the one that gave her an assured place in Hollywood's cinema scheme of things.

Of the other potential "finds," the course of two will be interesting to watch. Dorothy Ward, discovered by Phyllis Haver a year ago last Christmas behind the counter of a five and ten cent store, and who now has a five year optional contract with Pathe. If she survives the first option, she has a good chance of success.

Then there is Mona Rico, discovered by Ernst Lubitsch when he noticed her beautiful hands. Watch for her in the new Barrymore picture, "Eternal Love," in which she is reputed to do good work.

THERE are few dramatic circumstances to recommend many of the "discoveries" now struggling in the cinema field. Their successes may prove sensational, their failures noble, their victories really ironic defeats. For them, Hollywood may become "The Place of Heart's Desire" or "The City of Broken Hearts," depending on which way they travel in their journey toward the stars.

Since one swallow does not make a summer, neither does one spectacular "discovery" indicate this avenue as the unobstructed thoroughfare to fame.

Discovery Lane is a route with many byways. Its tollgates exact a tribute that few can pay. It is a road to be avoided, for it offers no smooth shortcut to stardom.



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## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]



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**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

**\*INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

**\*IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to *D'Artagnan*—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

**JAZZLAND**—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. (March.)

**\*JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

**KID'S CLEVER, THE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE RODEO**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**\*KIT CARSON**—Paramount.—Fred Thomson in an above par Western. (Oct.)

**LADY OF CHANCE, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velaz runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

**LAST WARNING, THE**—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LINDA**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

**LINGERIE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Alice White and Malcolm McGregor in a war romance that you'll like. (Oct.)

**LION'S ROAR, THE**—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

**LITTLE SAVAGE, THE**—FBO.—A Western that is saved by some good human interest touches. (March.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LOOKOUT GIRL, THE**—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

**LOOPING THE LOOP**—UFA-Paramount.—Foreign drama of circus life, with an old theme but with some good continental atmosphere—if that's what you're looking for. (March.)

**LOST IN THE ARCTIC**—Fox.—Interesting and worthwhile story of Arctic Exploration. (Oct.)

**LUCKY BOY**—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking. Silent, with lapses into sound and singing. (March.)

**MADLON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

**\*MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MANHATTAN KNIGHTS**—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whiskers but plenty of action. (March.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MAN'S MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

**MASKED ANGEL, A**—Chadwick.—Just dumb. (Oct.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER**—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confused fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

**\*MATING CALL, THE**—Paramount-Caddo.—Thomas Meighan, Evelyn Brent and Renee Adoree in an unusual story of strong dramatic appeal. (Oct.)

**\*ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MIDNIGHT LIFE**—Gotham.—Night club stuff and a bit bloodthirsty. (Oct.)

**MODERN MOTHERS**—Columbia.—Show folks vs. Babbitts. (Oct.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

**\*MOTHER KNOWS BEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

**\*MY MAN**—Warners.—A chance to hear Fannie Brice sing all her best songs. Not much on story but a good Vitaphone novelty. (March.)

**NAME THE WOMAN**—Columbia.—And also name the plot. (Oct.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

**NED MCCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

**\*NIGHT WATCH, THE**—First National.—War story with navy background and some good drama. And Billie Dove. (Oct.)

**\*NOAH'S ARK**—Warners.—Big cast, big theme, big flood. Your money's worth. (Oct.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NONE BUT THE BRAVE**—Fox.—Once more the college hero makes good. (Oct.)

**NOTHING TO WEAR**—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn't hard to watch. (March.)

**OFFICE SCANDAL, THE**—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

**OH KAY!**—First National.—Colleen Moore in some agreeable nonsense. (Oct.)

**OLD CODE, THE**—Anchor.—Heaven help the Indian on a night like this! (Oct.)

**ONE MAN DOG, THE**—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

**\*ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

**ORPHANS OF THE SAGE**—FBO.—Hoss pitcher. (Oct.)

**\*OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUTLAWED**—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! (March.)

**OUT OF THE RUINS**—First National.—Dick Barthelme in a pretty uniform and a Buster Keaton expression. (Oct.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great hand-fuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PACE THAT KILLS, THE**—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)



**PHIPPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

**PREP AND PEP**—Fox.—Good boys' story of life in a military academy. (March.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

**RANSOM**—Columbia.—Childish rumpus over a heavy international secret. Third rate. (Oct.)

**REDEMING SIN, THE**—Warners.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable but the picture has a certain pull. (March.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

**\*RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

**\*RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot but good atmosphere and detail. (March.)

**RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia.—Just a very odd—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**\*REVENGE**—United Artists.—The third of the three "R's" of Edwin Carewe and Dolores Del Rio. Pictorially attractive gypsy stuff. (Oct.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

**\*RIVER, THE**—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. (March.)

**RIVER WOMAN, THE**—Gotham.—Fine and sincere story with a splendid performance by Jacqueline Logan. (Oct.)

**ROAD HOUSE**—Fox.—Proving that flaming youth got the idea from the older generation. Rather hot. (Oct.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

**\*ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SALLY'S SHOULDERS**—FBO.—Slightly exasperating. (Oct.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SATANESQUE**—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. (March.)

**SAWDUST PARADISE, THE**—Paramount.—From ballyhoo artist to lady soul-saver, played by Esther Ralston. (Oct.)

**SCARLET LADY, THE**—Columbia.—Ho-hum, more Russians. Silly stuff. (Oct.)

**\*SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

**SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**—First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHADY LADY, THE**—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

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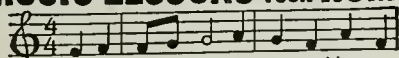
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**SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE**—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**SILENT SENTINEL, THE**—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

**SILENT SHELDON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**\*SINGING FOOL, THE**—Warners.—Saga of a mammy shouter. With Al Jolson. Sobs and Vitaphone songs. (Oct.)

**SINGLE MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody in their best smart-set comedy so far. (Oct.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

**\*SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIN TOWN**—Pathe.—Just a poor Western. (Oct.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKY SKIDDER, THE**—Universal.—They are aviators now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. (March.)

**SMALL TOWN SINNERS**—Hugo Brahn.—German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

**SMILIN' GUNS**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson in a really funny one. (Oct.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

**SOMME, THE**—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

**SPEED CLASSIC, THE**—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**SQUARE SHOULDERS**—Pathe.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. (March.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOOL PIGEON**—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Back-stage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE**—Excellent.—Doity woiik in the ship-yards. (November.)

**SUBMARINE**—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

**TAKE ME HOME**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**TAXI 13**—FBO.—Chester Conklin in the funny adventures of a superstitious taxi driver. (Oct.)

**\*TERROR, THE**—Warners.—Mystery stuff, well presented in an all-talkie. (Oct.)

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**THAT PARTY IN PERSON**—Paramount.—A talk with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**THUNDERCLOUD, THE**—Anchor.—A good scenic, but shy on drama. (Oct.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE**—Gotham.—Arthur Lubin imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TRACKED**—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

**TROPICAL NIGHTS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. (March.)

**TROPIC MADNESS**—FBO.—Turbulent melodrama of England and the South Seas. (March.)

**TYRANT OF RED GULCH**—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

**UNCLE TOM'S CABIN**—Universal.—Originally reviewed in January. Sound effects have increased its box-office value. (Oct.)

**UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS**—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actors in this picture. It's different and it has primitive charm. (March.)

**UNEASY MONEY**—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

**VARSITY**—Paramount.—The more sentimental side of life at Princeton. Charles Rogers and Mary Brian will make it popular with the young folks. (Oct.)

**VEILED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VIRGIN LIPS**—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

**\*WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE**—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE**—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellant scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**WHAT A NIGHT!**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

**\*WILD ORCHIDS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in a story that proves that tropical heat melts all conventions. The scene is Java—the details are superb—and the picture is a riot for audiences. (March.)

**WIN THAT GIRL**—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE**—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Bacchanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

**WOLF SONG**—Paramount.—Mountains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. (March.)

**WOMAN FROM MOSCOW, THE**—Paramount.—Pola Negri's swan song for Paramount. (Oct.)

**\*WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**WOMEN THEY TALK ABOUT**—Warners.—Charming Vitaphone comedy. (Oct.)

**WRIGHT IDEA, THE**—First National.—But gone wrong. (Oct.)

**YELLOWBACK, THE**—FBO.—More Royal Mounted Police, with the usual help from the scenery. (March.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)

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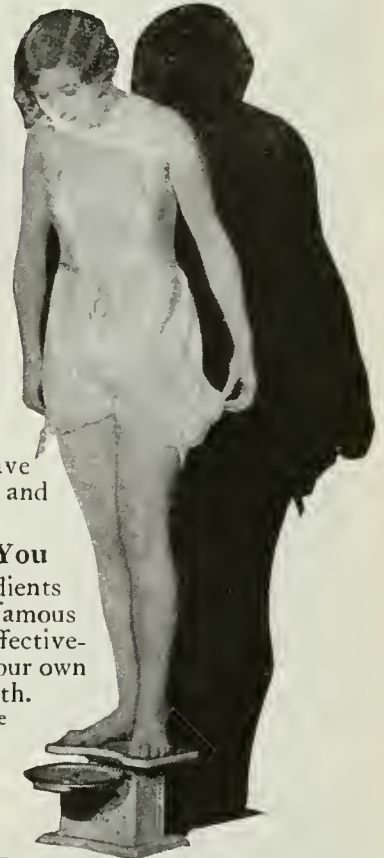
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

**"ALL FACES WEST"—PIONEER.**—From the story by Ray Johnson. Directed by Ray Johnson. Photography by King Grey. The cast: *Mathew, Ben Lyon; Arleta, Marie Prevost; Kil, James Mason; The Stranger, Tex Driscoll.*

**"BLACK PEARL, THE"—RAYART.**—From the story by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photography by Hap Dewep. The cast: *Eugenie Bromley, Lila Lee; Robert Lathrop, Ray Hallor; Silas Lathrop, Thomas Curran; Bertram Chilsolm, Carlton Stockdale; Steve Runyan, George French; Dr. Drake, Howard Lorenz; Wiggenbottom, Baldy Belmont; Sarah Runyan, Adele Watson; Eugene Bromley, Lew Short; Claude Lathrop, Art Rowlands.*

**"BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE"—SENNETT-EDUCATIONAL.**—Directed by Mack Sennett. The cast: *Johnny, the bridegroom, Johnny Burke; Betty, the bride, Thelma Hill; Cousin Homer, Harry Gribbon; Uncle Ed, Andy Clyde; Aunt, Sunshine Hart; Mrs. Roseberry, another aunt, Louise Carver; Cousin Ruth, Ruth Kane.*

**"BROADWAY MELODY, THE"—M.-G.-M.**—From the story by Edmund Goulding. Continuity by Sarah Y. Mason. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Queenie, Anita Page; Hank, Bessie Love; Eddie, Charles King; Uncle Bernie, Jed Prouty; Jock, Kenneth Thomson; Stage Manager, Edward Dillon; Blonde, Mary Doran; Zanfield, Eddie Kane; Babe Hatrick, J. Emmett Beck; Stew, Marshall Ruth; Turpe, Drew Demarest.*

**"CHARLATAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.**—From the story by Ernest Pascal and L. Praskins. Directed by George Melford. Photography by George Robinson. The cast: *Count Merlin, Holmes Herbert; Peter Dwight, Holmes Herbert; Florence Talbot, Margaret Livingston; Richard Talbot, Rockcliffe Fellows; Doctor Poynter, Philo McCullough; Mrs. Poynter, Anita Garvin; Frank Deering, Crauford Kent; Mrs. Deering, Rose Tapley; Jerry Starke, Fred Mackaye; Ann Talbot, Dorothy Gould.*

**"CHINA SLAVERS, THE"—TRINITY.**—From the story by Rupert Hughes and Colvin Holway. Adapted by L. V. Jefferson and Cecil B. Hill. Directed by Frank S. Mattison. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Ming Foy, Wing Foy and The Cobra, Sojin; Foo, Iris Shan; Mark Conovan, Albert Valentino; Willie Kegg, Jimmie Aubrey; Sam Warren, Ben Wilson; The Mandarin, James Leong.*

**"DUMMY, THE"—PARAMOUNT.**—From the stage comedy by Harvey J. O'Higgins and Harriet Ford. Adapted by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Agnes Meredith, Ruth Chatterton; Trumbull Meredith, Frederic March; Walter Bobbing, John Cromwell; Barney Cook, Mickey Bennett; Peggy Meredith, Vendell Darr; Dopey Hart, Jack Oakie; Rose Gleason, Zasu Pitts; Blackie Baker, Richard Tucker; Madison, Eugene Palette.*

**"ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE"—CORONET EDUCATIONAL.**—From the story by Robert Housum. Directed by Hugh Faulcon. The cast: *Mr. Bangs, Edward E. Horton; Tom, Johnny Arthur; Lucille, Florence Eldridge; Jane, Mabel Forrest.*

**"ETERNAL LOVE"—UNITED ARTISTS.**—From the story "Der Koenig die Bernina" by Jacob Christopher Heer. Adapted by Hans Kraly. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. The cast: *Marcus Palmom, John Barrymore; Ciglia, Camilla Horn; Lorenz Gruber, Victor Varconi; Pia, Mona Rico; Rev. Tass, Hobart Bosworth; Housekeeper, Bodil Rosing; Pia's Mother, Evelyn Selbie.*

**"FAKER, THE"—COLUMBIA.**—From the story by Howard J. Green. Continuity by Howard J. Green. Directed by Phil Rosen. Photography by Teddy Tetzlaff. The cast: *Rita Marlin, Jacqueline Logan; Bob Williams, Charles Delaney; Hadrian, the faker, Warner Oland; John Clayton, Charles Hill Mailes; Frank Clayton, Gaston Glass; Emma, Flora Finch; Believer, David Mir; Hadrian's Aid, Lon Poff; Detective, Fred Kelsey.*

**"GIRLS WHO DARE"—TRINITY.**—From the story by Cecil Burtis Hill. Adapted by Cecil Burtis Hill. Directed by Frank Madison. Photography by Jules Cronjager. The cast: *Chet Randolph, Rex Lease; Robert Randolph, Ben Wilson; Mrs. Randolph, Sarah Roberts; Sally Casey, Priscilla Bonner; Miss Casey, Her Aunt, May Hotely; Pat Moran, Eddie Brownell; Dick Burke, Steve Hall; "Alabam" Kenyon, Rosemary Theby.*

**"HARDBOILED"—FBO.**—From the story by Arthur Somers Roche. Screen play by Enid Hibbard. Directed by Ralph Ince. Photography by Robert Martin. The cast: *Teena Johnson, Sally O'Neil; Kyle Stannard, Donald Reed; Minnie, Lilyan Tashman; Scooty, Bob Sinclair; Warren Kennedy, Ole M. Ness; Jerry, Tom O'Grady; John Stannard, Alphonz Ethier.*

**"HAUNTED LADY, THE"—UNIVERSAL.**—From the story by Adela Rogers St. Johns. Continuity by Paul Schofield. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. Photography by Gilbert Warrenton. The cast: *Laura*

*Hunt, Laura La Plante; Burke Innes, Huntly Gordon; Maurice Greer, John Boles; Vera Greer, Jane Winton; Janel, Nancy Dover; Mrs. Grant, Julia Swayne Gordon; Poncho, Eddie Phillips.*

**"HIS LUCKY DAY"—UNIVERSAL.**—From the story by John B. Clymer. Directed by Eddie Cline. The cast: *Charles Blayden, Reginald Denny; Kay Weaver, Lorayne Duval; Jerome Van Dyne, Otis Harlan; Spider, Eddie Phillips; Weaver, Harvey Clarke; Dowager, Cissy Fitzgerald; Chauffeur, Tom O'Brien.*

**"HONEYMOON ABROAD"—WORLD WIDE PICTURES.**—From the story by Rex Taylor. Adapted by Tim Whelan. Directed by Tim Whelan. The cast: *The Groom, Monty Banks; The Bride, Gillian Dean; Mother-in-Law, Lena Holliday; The Vamp, Judy Kelly; The Villain, Colin Kenny.*

**"IN HOLLAND"—FOX-MOVIETONE.**—From the story by Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Norman Taurog. Photography by Ben Kline. The cast: *Bobby, Bobby Clark; Paul, Paul McCullough; Gretchen, Marjorie Beebe; Hans, George Bickel; Chairman, James Marcus; Peter, Ralph Emerson.*

**"JUST OFF BROADWAY"—CHESTERFIELD.**—From the story by Fanny d'Morga. Scenario by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Frank O'Connor. Photography by M. A. Andersen. The cast: *Tom Fowler, Donald Keith; Violet, Ann Christy; Marty Kirkland, Larry Steers; Rene, De Sacia Moors; Wm. Grady, Jack Tanner; Bennie Barnett, Syd Saylor; Bessie, Beryl Roberts; Ed, Fowler, Albert Dresden.*

**"LEATHERNECK, THE"—PATHE.**—From the story by Elliott Clawson. Adapted by Elliott Clawson. Directed by Howard Higgin. Photography by John Mescall. The cast: *Otto Schmidt, Alan Hale; Joseph Hanlon, William Boyd; William Jones, Robert Armstrong; Heckla, Fred Kohler; Tanya, Diane Ellis; Tanya's Brother, James Aldine; Petrovitch, Paul Weigel; Cook, Jules Cowles; Top Sergeant, Wade Boteler; In Court Martial Scene, Joseph Girard, Phil McCullough, Lse Shumway, Lloyd Whitlock, Mitchell Lewis.*

**"LOVE IN THE DESERT"—FBO.**—From the story by Harvey Thew. Directed by George Melford. Photography by Paul Perry. The cast: *Zoroh, Olive Borden; Bob Winslow, Hugh Trevor; Abdullah, Noah Beery; Harim, Frank Leigh; Fatima, Pearl Varvell; Mr. Winslow, Wm. H. Tooker; Mrs. Winslow, Ida Darling; Houdish, Alan Roscoe; Briggs, Fatty Carr.*

**"MAN HIGHER UP, THE"—M.-G.-M.**—From the story by William C. DeMille. Directed by William C. DeMille. Photography by Lynn Smith. The cast: *Dr. Von Rache, Hobart Bosworth; John Morgan, Robert Eason.*

**"MOULIN ROUGE"—WORLD WIDE PICTURES.**—From the story by E. A. Dupont. Directed by E. A. Dupont. Photography by Werner Brandes. The cast: *Parysia, Star of Moulin Rouge Revue, Mlle. Olga Chekova; Margaret, Eve Gray; Andre, Jean Bradin.*

**"OBJECT—ALIMONY"—COLUMBIA.**—From the story by Elmer Harris. Adapted by Sig Herzig. Directed by Scott R. Dunlap. Photography by Joseph Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *Ruth (Butler) Ruledge, Lois Wilson; Jimmy Ruledge, Hugh Allan; Mrs. Carrie Ruledge, Ethel Grey Terry; Renaud Graham, Douglas Gilmore; Al Bryant, Roscoe Karns; Mabel, Carmelita Geraghty; Jimmy Ruledge, Jr., Dickey Moore; Boarding House Owner, Jane Keckley; Philip Stone, Thomas Curran.*

**"PAGAN, THE"—M.G.-M.**—From the story by John Russell. Scenario by Dorothy Farnum. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. Photography by Clyde De Vinna. The cast: *Henry Shoosmith, Jr., Ramon Novarro; Madge, Renee Adoree; Tito, Dorothy Janis; Joranson, Donald Crisp.*

**"RED SWORD, THE"—FBO.**—From the story by S. E. V. Taylor. Continuity by Wyndham Gittens. Directed by Robert Vignola. Photography by Nick Musuraca. The cast: *Paul, William Collier, Jr.; Vera, Marian Nixon; Katherine, Carmel Myers; Russian Actress, Carmel Myers; Veronoff, Demetrios Alexis; Litovsk, Alan Roscoe; Fideleff, Charles Darvas; Cook, Barbara Bozoky.*

**"SHIPS OF THE NIGHT"—RAYART.**—From the story by Frederick L. Nebel. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Dewep. The cast: *Johanna Hearne, Jacqueline Logan; Yut Sen, Sojin; Don Meloy, Jack Mower; Alec, Andy Clyde; Donald Hearne, Arthur Rankin; Cromsey, Glen Cavender; Chief of Police, Thomas A. Curran; Moja, Frank Lanning; Motilla, J. P. McGowan; First Mate, Frank Moran.*

**"SPITE MARRIAGE"—M.-G.-M.**—From the story by Lew Lipton. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Edward Sedgwick. Photography by Reggie Lanning. The cast: *Elmer, Buster Keaton; Triby Drew, Dorothy Sebastian; Lionel Benmore, Edward Earle; Ethyl Narcrosse, Leila Hyams; Nussbaum, William Bechtel.*



"STRANGE CARGO"—PATHE.—From the story by Benjamin Glazer and Melchior Lengyel. Adapted by Horace Jackson. Directed by Benjamin Glazer. Photography by Arthur Miller. The cast: *Diana*, Lee Patrick; *Ruth*, June Nash; *Bruce*, George Barrand; *Barclay*, Kyrle Bellew; *Hungerford*, Russell Gleason; *Dr. Stecker*, Frank Reicher; *Captain*, Claude King; *First Mate*, Ned Sparks; *Mrs. Townsend*, Josephine Brown; *Boatswain*, Charles Hamilton; *First Stranger*, Andre Beranger; *Second Stranger*, Otto Matiesen; *Shorl*, Harry Allen; *Neil Sloker*, Warner Richmond.

"STRONG BOY"—FOX.—From the story by Frederick H. Brennan. Scenario by James K. McGuinness and Andrew Bennis. Directed by John Ford. Photography by Joseph August. The cast: "*Strong Boy*" *Bloss*, Victor McLaglen; *Mary McGregor*, Leatrice Joy; *Pete*, Clyde Cook; *Angus McGregor*, Farrell Macdonald; *Wilbur Watkins*, Kent Sanderson; *Baggage Master*, Tom Wilson; *Slim*, Slim Summerville; *Baggage Man*, Robert Ryan; *Baggage Man*, Jack Pennick; *Wobby*, Douglas Scott; *Queen of Lisonia*, Eulalie Jensen; *Pres.* and *Gen. Manager*, David Torrence; *Prima Donna*, Dolores Johnson.

"SUNSET PASS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Zane Grey. Scenario by J. Walter Ruben and Ray Harris. Directed by Otto Brower. Photography by Roy Clark. The cast: *Jack Rock*, Jack Holt; *Leatrice Preston*, Nora Lane; *Ashleigh Preston*, John Loder; *Chuck*, Christian J. Frank; *Shorty*, Pee Wee Holmes; *Windy*, Chester Conklin; *Clink Peeples*, Pat Harmon; *Amos Dobb*, Alfred Allen; *Clark*, Guy Oliver.

"THREE PASSIONS, TIE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Cosmo Hamilton. Adapted by Rex Ingram. Directed by Rex Ingram. The cast: *Lady Victoria Burlington* (*Blossy*), Alice Terry; *Hon. Philip Wrexham*, Ivan Petrovitch; *John Battle Wrexham*, Viscount Bellmont; *Shayle Gardner*; *Lady Bellmont*, Claire Eames; "*Bobbie*," Gerald Fielding; *The Hairless Man*, Andrews Engleman; *Father Aloysius*, Leslie Faber.

"TRUE HEAVEN"—FOX.—From the story "Judith" by C. E. Montague. Adapted by Dwight Cummins. Directed by James Tinling. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: *Lieut. Philip Gresson*, George O'Brien; *Judith*, Lois Moran; *British Colonel Mannon*, Phillips Smalley; *German General*, Oscar Apfel; *British Sergeant Major*, Duke Martin; *British Spy*, Andre Cheron; *British Colonel*, Donald MacKenzie; *Madame Grenot*, Hedwig Reicher; *Gresson's Chauffeur*, Will Stanton.

"WEARY RIVER"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Adapted by Bradley King. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Jerry*, Richard Barthelmess; *Alice*, Betty Compton; *Warden*, Wm. Holden; *Spadoni*, Louis Natheaux; *Blackie*, George Stone; *Elevator Boy*, Raymond Turner; *Manager*, Gordon James.

"WHY BE GOOD?"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Carey Wilson. Directed by William A. Seiter. The cast: *Pert*, Colleen Moore; *Peabody, Jr.*, Neil Hamilton; *Ma Kelly*, Bodil Rosing; *Pa Kelly*, John Sainpolis; *Peabody, Sr.*, Edward Martindel; *Tom*, Eddie Clayton; *Jerry*, Lincoln Stedman; *Jimmy*, Louis Natheaux; *Julie*, Collette Merton; *Susie*, Dixie Gay.

"WILD BLOOD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by George Morgan. Continuity by George Morgan. Directed by Henry MacRae. Photography by George Robinson. The cast: *Rex*, Rex; *Jack Crosby*, Jack Perrin; *Mary Ellis*, Ethlyne Clair; *Luke Connor*, Theodore Lorch; *John Ellis*, Nelson McDowell; *Starlight*, Starlight.

"WOLVES OF THE CITY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Val Cleveland. Continuity by Val Cleveland. Directed by Leigh Jason. Photography by Chas. Stumar. The cast: *Jack "Speed" Flynn*, William Cody; *Helen Marsh*, Sally Blane; *Mike*, Al Ferguson; *Roscoe Jones*, Monte Montague; "*Mother*" *Machin*, Louise Carver; *Frank Marsh*, Charles Clary.

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For the Talkies**

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\$2,000 for Amateur Movies  
See page 66

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This Ampoule is absolutely free. Don't send any money. There is no C.O.D. No charge whatsoever. All I want is an opportunity to show you how easily I grew hair on my own and hundreds of other men's heads. Merely mail the coupon below for Free Ampoule.

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But Wiseman grew this head of hair with my wonderful hair growing fluid. All about Wiseman and how he did it, if you write. You will get his address, too.





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The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

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*This Cover Drawing is  
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# ASK THE SALESWOMAN IN ANY SMART SHOP

*She will tell you why  
this care makes silk  
stockings look better  
and wear longer...*

You probably wash your stockings shortly after every wearing. (At least, you should!) Doesn't this frequent washing of delicate silken fibers simply cry for extra-care?

The next time you buy silk stockings, ask the saleswoman how to wash them to get the longest wear. She will mention two important precautions — "Lukewarm water" and then — "Ivory Soap." (In the finest department stores of 30 leading cities, 9 out of 10 salespeople advise *only* Ivory for silk stockings.)

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"The wrong soap will often fade, discolor, or weaken stockings. But you can wash any stockings well if you use lukewarm water and the right soap. Ivory Soap or Ivory Flakes is best — Ivory is pure." — *Leading New York Store.*

"We never recommend anything but Ivory — other soaps are likely to cut the silk." — *Boston Specialty Shop.*

"Ivory is the best thing to use for silk stockings — best for the color and best for the silk." — *Chicago Department Store.*

Ask the saleswoman yourself. Whether you live as far East as New York or as far



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*A recent investigation shows that 9 out of 10 salespeople in the finest stores of 30 leading cities advise only Ivory for silk stockings.*



# Here are the facts

## *boiled down - about troubles of the Gums*

*The CAUSE . . . . Soft food, hasty eating*

*The EFFECT . . . . Tender, bleeding gums*

*The WARNING . . . . "Pink tooth brush"*

*The REMEDY . . . . Ipana and massage*



**Q**UICKLY and telegraphically, those four lines above give you the gist of the profession's findings about troubles of the gums.

You might attend dental clinics, study the professional journals, or simply chat things over with your own dentist. However you check up, wherever you seek the facts, you will find authorities agreed on this: the present rise of tooth troubles originating in the gum structure is traceable to these soft, delicious foods that modern taste demands.

*"Take an ordinary dinner, for instance, from the soup to the sweets," writes one famous specialist. "If there were anything that demanded real mastication we should soon grumble at the cook."*

Which is precisely why gum troubles today are almost a national scourge—why X-ray files the country over are becoming crowded with pictures showing the dire results of gum neglect!

For, like any living tissue, the gums need exercise! Deprived of it by modern fare, they grow weak and tender. And teeth become affected—sometimes their loss is threatened.

### *Look out for "pink tooth brush"*

If your tooth brush "shows pink," it's an infallible sign that worse troubles are on the way—gingivitis, Vincent's disease or possibly pyorrhea.

Gum massage is the profession's weapon against "pink tooth brush." *"Massage moves along the sluggish blood stream,"* says a standard text, *"and*



*makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."*

Give your gums this gentle frictionizing twice daily. Speed the rich, cleansing blood through the tiny vessels of the gum walls—wastes are swept away—depleted tissues are restored—pink, healthy gums are yours again!

Ipana Tooth Paste has a special ingredient that gives it power to tone the gums as well as clean the teeth. It contains ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists. So thousands of dentists recommend Ipana for this massage. They know the health it brings to gums as well as the beauty it brings to teeth.

### *Give Ipana a full month's trial*

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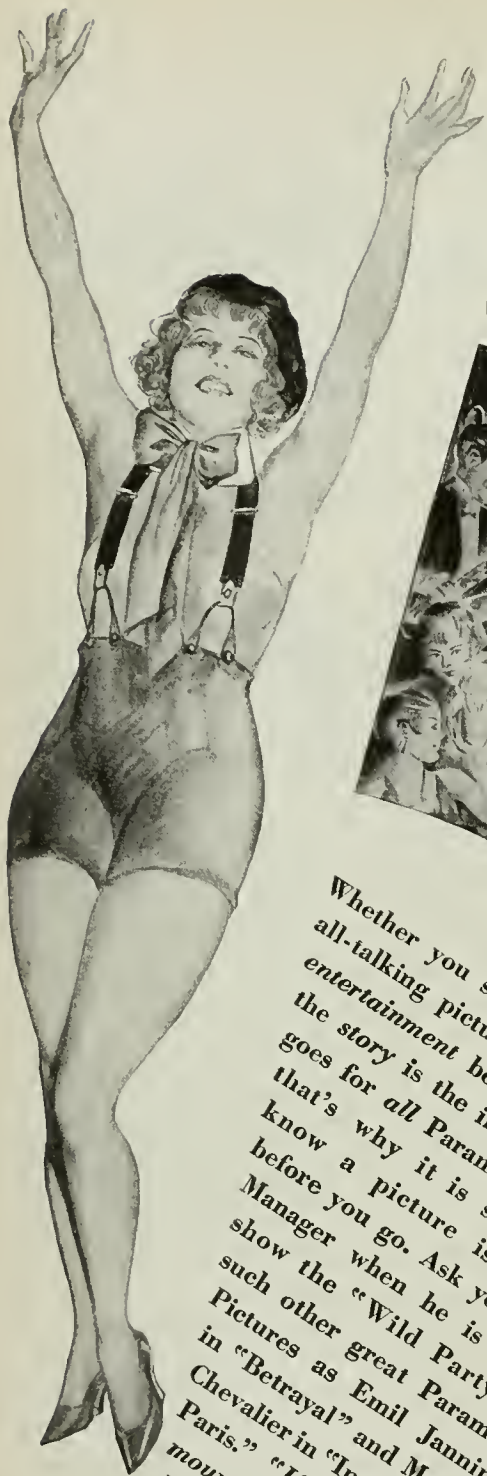
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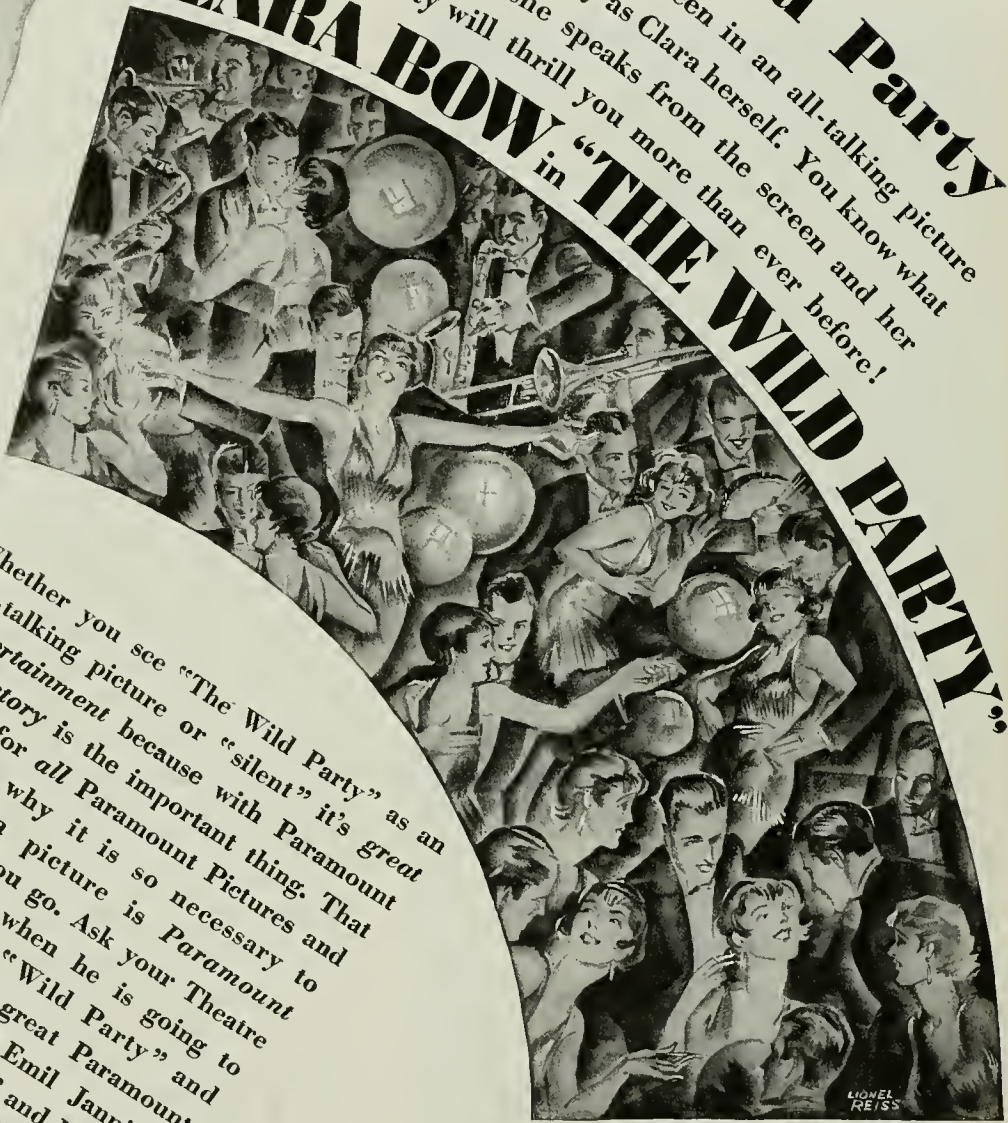
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# PHOTOPLAY

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WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
May  
1929

VOL. XXXV

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 6

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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



**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

★ **AIR CIRCUS, THE**—Fox.—Collegiate stuff in an aviation training school. Good. (November.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Supreme.—How a collegiate sprinter mops up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. (March.)

**ALL AT SEA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Dane-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. (March.)

**ALL FACES WEST**—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. (April.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**ANNAPOLIS**—Pathe.—Pleasant romance and drama among the admirals of the future. (November.)

**APACHE, THE**—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Baclanova—the picture thief! (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**AWAKENING, THE**—United Artists.—First starring picture of Vilma Banky and Walter Byron. He's a nice looking lad. A "Marie-Odile" plot. (November.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

**BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES**—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI**—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

**BLACK BUTTERFLIES**—Quality.—Exposing the wicked ways of the fake Bohemians. (November.)

**BLACK HILLS, THE**—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. (March.)

**BLACK PEARL, THE**—Rayart.—Loose-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. (April.)

**BLOCKADE**—FBO.—Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. (March.)

**BLOW FOR BLOW**—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

**BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE**—Sennett-Educational.—One reel talking comedy sad and funny by turns. Eddie Gribbon is best. (April.)

**BROADWAY FEVER**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Sally O'Neil being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. (March.)

★ **BROADWAY MELODY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Brilliant all-talkie of backstage life, with Bessie Love astonishing. (April.)

**BROTHERLY LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Messrs. Dane and Arthur in burlesque prison reform. The big moment is a football game between two rival penitentiaries. (November.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better-than-usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

★ **CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN LASH**—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN SWAGGER**—Pathe.—Good comedy in which Rod La Rocque, as a naughty aviator, is persuasively reformed by Sue Carol. (November.)

★ **CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

**CHARLATAN, THE**—Universal.—Murder mystery done with nice light touch, especially by Holmes Herbert. (April.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CHINA SLAVERS, THE**—Trinity.—Ragged story of the Oriental slave trade, but smartly acted by Sojin. (April.)

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE**—Chesterfield.—Nothing that you could care about in a big way. (March.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEAR THE DECKS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. (March.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE**—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. (March.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**CRASH, THE**—First National.—Not an under-world melodrama, but a swell thriller with a good performance by Milton Sills and a rousing train wreck. (November.)

**DANGER STREET**—FBO.—A rich bachelor, disappointed in love, drowns his grief in a gang war. Well, that's one way to forget. (November.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT NIGHTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of Jack Gilbert's less fortunate vehicles. (March.)

**DIPLOMATS, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two reel talkie that will give you some laughs. (March.)

★ **DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

★ **DOCKS OF NEW YORK, THE**—Paramount.—A drama of two derelicts, powerful, dramatic and stirring. Superbly acted by George Bancroft and Betty Compson. Worthwhile adult entertainment. (November.)

★ **DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Barrie's playlet, "Half an Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. (March.)

**DOG LAW**—FBO.—Giving Ranger a good break. (November.)

**DOMESTIC MEDDLERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays *his* piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

**DRIFTER, THE**—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. (March.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

★ **DRY MARTINI**—Fox.—Sophisticated comedy among the American dry law expatriates of the Ritz bar in Paris. Naughty but neat. (November.)

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ]

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

- "In Old Arizona"
- "The River"
- "The Canary Murder Case"
- "Wild Orchids"
- "7th Heaven"
- "The Singing Fool"
- "Interference"
- "Mother Knows Best"
- "Street Angel"
- "The Patriot"
- "Four Devils"
- "Wings"

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.

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Tal- madge in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)





*Now through the Magic of*

**FOX MOVIE TONE** — Broadway's greatest song and dance entertainment, dazzling with beautiful girls, comes to the screen of your nearest theatre.

**WILLIAM FOX** presents

this gorgeous extravaganza with a conviction that you will await it each year with expectancy. No theatre anywhere can duplicate this unrivalled revue with a brilliant cast of 200 including:

LOIS MORAN, SUE CAROL, DAVID ROLLINS, SYLVIA FIELD,  
DAVID PERCY, SHARON LYNN, DOROTHY JORDAN,  
DIXIE LEE, TILLER GIRLS.

Music and Lyrics by  
Dave Stampfer  
Con Conrad  
Sid Mitchell  
and Archie Gottler

Story by  
Harlan Thompson

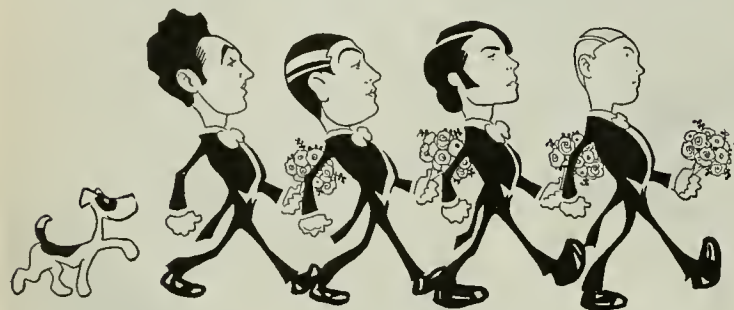
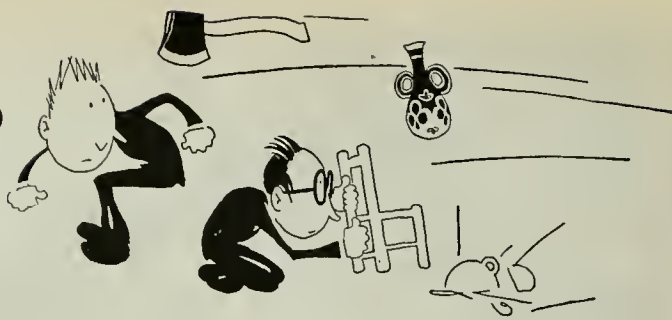
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Marcel Silver  
Staged by  
Edward Royce



# Brickbats

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

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

THE talkies continue to be one of the most discussed subjects of PHOTOPLAY's letter writers. The opinions are many, although most of our correspondents like the old silent films best. Just now PHOTOPLAY's readers seem to be worried a bit as to whether or not they are actually hearing their favorites in song. They know that a lot of voice doubling is being done and they want to be sure that they are really hearing their idols. Knowledge that Dick Barthelmess talked but did not sing in "Weary River" upset their faith a bit.

There is a tremendous interest among readers in our now famous "What Are Your Correct Colors?" series. This expert advice on colors seems to be proving of great value and service to PHOTOPLAY's army of followers.

Dr. H. B. K. Willis' department on diet is much discussed by writers. Here is a service feature of vital interest to all feminine readers.

Who are the most discussed personalities? The big six continue to be Clara Bow, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, John Gilbert, Gary Cooper and Nils Asther.

### \$25.00 Letter

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Movies! a word embodying amusement, education, and happiness. How much this single word means to us—and does for us! How little the majority of us realize what it has done for us—what it is doing—and what it shall do for us!

What has caused this astonishing change in our homes, our dress, and our health? Why have we become more interested in our homes, more particular and painstaking in our dress, and perhaps, most important, why are we so much more considerate of our health?

We have seen beautiful homes in the movies, attractively furnished. We think how lovely it would be to have a home so pleasant, and soon we find ourselves trying to improve our own. Likewise, we try to beautify our appearance, and in order to do so, to improve our health.

But, there is another thing we now owe to the movies. The "talkies" will be of greatest aid to the people. Soon we will take more care in expressing ourselves clearly and impressively. We will improve our speech as we have our appearance, our home, and our health.

The movies are urging us up out of vulgarity.

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

They are bringing to the people culture, a virtue before considered as impossible for all to obtain.

MARJORIE YOUNG.

### \$10.00 Letter

Cragmor, Colorado.

I am an ordained Minister. The last two years of my life have been spent in a Sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis. Every Monday night the patients are treated to a movie show in the large dining room of the main building.

I suppose our audience is one of the strangest in the world. There can be found people from every walk of life. There is the scientist, the artist, the professional man, the common laborer and the idler. They come in their beds wheeled in by a house-man, in wheel chairs and reclining rest chairs. There for two hours we forget the tragedy of illness and suffering and sorrow surrounding us and lose ourselves in the play.

While we are just on the outskirts of a thriving city of about thirty thousand population where are many churches and consequently many Ministers, in the two years I have been here there has been but one religious service. While it is not my object to disparage the church I do wish to give credit where I feel it is due.

The Motion Picture show most certainly supplies a very definite want in the lives of

the people here; a want that can be hardly understood by those who have never been isolated from the activity of the world. We who of a necessity must be inactive derive a lasting benefit from the action in our picture shows. They enable us to keep abreast of the things going on in the world.

V. E. TYGART.

### \$5.00 Letter

Northwood, N. D.

What ails the moving picture producers these days? They fall all over themselves hunting for new faces. Who wants to sit through a picture and see some unknown youngster struggle through six reels in the star part and mess up the whole picture horribly? I don't.

What do these young things know about acting anyhow? Practically nothing. That being the case why shove a green youngster up to the top and push better and more experienced screen folks into the background? A few of the youngsters are worth while. Take "Buddy" Rogers, for instance. He has made his place in the movie world and I believe he has the ability to hold that place indefinitely. But for every one that is good there are about four who are all wet as far as acting ability goes. The producers seem bent on adding new faces to the screen regardless of whether the owner of the pretty face can act or not. Is that fair to the folks who have worked hard to win their place in the hearts of the movie going public? Is it fair to the public in general? Let us have the stars we know and love in better pictures, with an occasional new face, and we will be satisfied.

I believe in giving the youngsters a chance but start them at the bottom and let them work up the same as in any other business. Then by the time they get a leading part they will know how to handle it.

PINA BROWN.

### What Are Morals?

Kansas City, Missouri.

This Movie Censorship! Up to this month I laughed, but now I am disgusted. I have two concrete examples: the censoring of "The Green Hat," and the lack of it in "The Barker." The first, unadulterated, could never have attained the frankness of the latter. Not that I did not enjoy "The Barker." I

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]





Everybody's  
Talking

Everybody's talking about the marvelous whiteness of teeth after using Listerine Tooth Paste a short time. You will be delighted.

Large Tube  
25¢

# This antiseptic shampoo gets rid of dandruff quickly

**B**E on guard against dandruff. Don't let it get the upper hand. Treat it immediately with Listerine as a precaution against thin hair and baldness.

Literally tens of thousands have been benefited by this simple pleasant treatment.

Once you realize that dandruff is a highly infectious condition caused by germs, you can appreciate the effectiveness of full strength Listerine in checking it.

Because used this way, Listerine is an effective germicide—so active it even destroys 200,000,000 of the stubborn *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

We could not make such a statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Though powerful, Listerine, at the same time, is so safe, that it will not harm the tenderest tissues. Indeed, it has a soothing effect. Actually balm to burning, itching scalps. After a Listerine treatment your head feels simply great.

At the first sign of dandruff, simply douse full strength Listerine on the scalp and massage vigorously, keeping the treatment up several days. If scalp is excessively dry a little castor or olive oil may be used in connection with the shampoo. It is the combination of antiseptic and massage that does the work. You will simply be delighted by results. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

# LISTERINE

The Safe and Soothing Antiseptic

*kills 200,000,000 germs in 15 seconds*

# As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**P**HYLLIS HAVER is going to step off the deep end into matrimony about April 23. Place—New York. Party second part—Billy Seaman. He has built her a beautiful pent-house home on the summit of a 16-story building. . . . Nils Asther will be Garbo's leading woman in her first picture after her Swedish holiday. The Gilbert-Garbo picture team seems to be cold at present, but personally, just as warm as ever. . . . Harry Carey, the famous Western star veteran, will have the name rôle in "Trader Horn." He joins Director Van Dyke, Edwina Booth, Duncan Ronaldo and others in New York and then sets sail for Africa. . . . Bryant Washburn and Dahlia Pears, of Toronto, are married. The first Mrs. Washburn, Mabel Forrest, recently got her final decree. . . . Estelle Taylor, holidaying in the East, decided to go to work in New York. Tiffany-Stahl offered her a lot of money to play opposite George Jessel in his new talkie-singie, "The Broadway Kid." It will be Estelle's first talking rôle. . . . May McAvoy says she will marry Maurice Cleary in June, but that she will not retire from the screen. . . . Doug and Mary start "The Taming of the Shrew" about June 1. This is their answer to the public's prayer that they be seen together in one picture. Mary celebrated their wedding anniversary March 27 by opening "Coquette" at the United Artists Theater, Los Angeles. Now Colleen Moore is going to sing, the occasion being her new picture, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling," founded on the pretty ballad by the late Ernest R. Ball. Colleen has been taking vocal lessons for six months and pooh-poohs the idea of a voice double. James Hall is her leading man in the new one. Incidentally, Colleen and her husband open their new mansion in May with a housewarming that will show off the electric clock and all her other trick gadgets. . . . Billy Bakewell, who played dual rôles in Fairbanks' "The Iron Mask," has been signed by Warner Brothers for four films. . . . And Hoot Gibson has signed with Universal for another year. . . . Jean Hersholt is through at Universal and has no plans at the moment of screaming to press. . . . Dick Barthelmess, who is busy on "Drag," after a Mexican holiday, says the Rebels took one good look at him and began fighting. Alice Day gets a big chance as Dick's leading lady in the new one. . . . Tommy Meighan has completed his first talkie, "The Argyle Case," for Warners, and goes to New York

late in April. He will spend some time at White Sulphur Springs before opening his home at Great Neck, L. I. . . . Sally Blane, RKO baby star, threatens to become engaged to Tommy Lee, the son of Hollywood's big Cadillac man. . . . Bebe Daniels may be starring for that company very soon, for

heavy confabs heading that way have been in progress for some time. . . . And Olive Borden is already starring in their first talkie, "Help Yourself to Happiness." . . . Charlie Chaplin, after shooting about 60,000 feet of "City Light," ordered about half of it retaken because a sidewalk on the set was about a foot and a half too wide. Just another eccentricity of genius. . . . Walter Byron, who was once reported engaged to Carolyn Bishop, Gene Tunney's former girl friend, is now being seen at the soda water bars with Isobel Sheridan, Mary Pickford's cousin. Isobel is visible in pictures, once in a while. . . . Lon Chaney is back in Hollywood winding up shooting on "Thunder." He and his troupe were on location at Green Bay, Wis., for some time. . . . Those other wanderers, Dolores Del Rio's company, have come back from a long, trying location trip among the bayous of Louisiana, where they were making scenes for "Evangeline" on the real ground. . . . Ina Claire, the lovely stage star, has arrived in Hollywood to start her first talking picture for Pathe. She made many pictures some years ago. . . . Mary Duncan has been paying her first visit to New York since she left "The Shanghai Gesture" to go into pictures. She'll be back in Hollywood by May. . . . Gloria Swanson at last got started on the dialogue version of "Queen Kelly," with Paul Stein directing. He's the third megaphone man on that job, the first two having been Erich von Stroheim and Edmund Goulding. Gloria has just completed a new six-room studio bungalow, with a black and silver bed on a mezzanine floor, and a bathroom with black tub, black floor and green walls. . . . Clara Bow came home, after a visit to New York incognito, to begin work on a circus picture, and Maurice Chevalier, the French star, will be in Hollywood in time to start his second American picture by May 1. He has been a great stage favorite in New York. . . . April 15 will see Moran and Mack, the blackface buffoons, hard at their picture work, with Betty Brent supporting. . . . Metro-Goldwyn threatens to re-make "Anna Christie," this time with talk. It is rumored that Blanche Sweet, who was marvelous in First National's silent version, will get the chance to speak Eugene O'Neill's lines. . . . Johnny Mack Brown, after glorifying himself in "Coquette," is back on the Metro lot waiting for an assignment. . . . Tim McCoy has given up the screen. His pals are grooming him to run for the governorship of Wyoming.



Edwina Booth gets the coveted rôle of the white girl worshipped by African savages in Metro-Goldwyn's filming of "Trader Horn." Edwina is a former bathing girl of the Hal Roach forces and for a long time has played bits in Metro pictures. She hails from Utah and her father is a physician. She got the part because she had (real) long blonde hair. The company had to have a leading woman with genuine tresses because the heat of the tropics would ruin a wig



# To the public... a "secret"

This is the first time any gum manufacturer has ever revealed the ingredients of his product to the public. I do it largely as a matter of personal pride, I'll admit. I'm proud of the purity and quality of Baby Ruth Gum. Here's what Baby Ruth Gum is made of: pure *chicle*, from Central America. Full-cream *milk*. Pure *cane sugar*. Finest

*peppermint* money can buy—lots of it! There you have the secret of its cool, refreshing flavor—the real mint flavor that you *can't chew out*. That is why it sweetens the breath, aids digestion, so effectively. And that is why it is sweeping the country with unprecedented popularity. Try Baby Ruth Gum today. I'm sure you will be delighted!

*Otto Schrowing*

PRESIDENT

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, Chicago

Makers of Baby Ruth Candy  
and

Chicos, the New Spanish Peanuts

*Sold in Sealed  
glassine bags*

NEVER IN BULK



Baby Ruth Gum  
CURTISS

**Real  
Mint**



*America's Favorite Candy*

**YOU CAN'T  
CHEW OUT  
ITS FLAVOR**

EVERY DAY KEEP

# FIT

AND

# PEPPY

by eating these **BETTER BRAN FLAKES**

FOR your health's sake—for real pleasure in eating—help yourself to Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes.

These better bran flakes have flavor that you never dreamed could be so delicious! Extra crispness that makes each spoonful a treat! Natural qualities that help keep you fit.

PEP gives these bran flakes their *better* flavor. The healthful elements of the wheat make them nourishing. Just enough *extra* bran to be mildly laxative.

Everybody likes Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes. Just watch the children eat them. For their luncheon or evening meal you couldn't give them a finer dish.

Your grocer has these better bran flakes. Look for the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative. ALL-BRAN—another Kellogg product—is 100% bran and guaranteed to relieve constipation.*



# Kellogg's

PEP BRAN FLAKES  
WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT



**BETTER  
BRAN FLAKES**



# Hollywood Puddings!



## Jobyna stirs one—and that's Dick's weakness now

**N**OW that winter is just a memory and we are tired of the heavier, heat-producing foods, let's make a pudding. A light, frothy pudding, in keeping with springtime moods and tastes.

Jobyna Ralston has contributed one of those easy-to-make and delightful-to-eat brown tapioca puddings for PHOTOPLAY'S Cook Book. The children will adore it—it's the kind of dessert that's both good, and good for them.

First you add two-thirds cup of ordinary tapioca to one quart

of water, letting it soak for an hour. Then add two and two-thirds cups of brown sugar, one cup of finely chopped nuts, and just a pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly and cook in a slow oven until thick, being careful to stir it often. Cool in icebox and serve with whipped cream.

The busy housewife will appreciate the fact that this dessert can be made early in the day and left in the icebox until needed.

Richard Arlen's favorite is Peach Cabinet Pudding, so it is safe to assume this is the one served oftenest at the Arlen table. This is a much fancier recipe than Jobyna's and is suitable for quite a formal dinner. You will need the following ingredients:

<i>1 can peaches</i>	<i>Yolks 3 eggs</i>
<i>1/3 cup powdered sugar</i>	<i>Whites 3 eggs</i>
<i>2 tablespoons sherry flavoring</i>	<i>1/4 cup sugar</i>
<i>1 tablespoon brandy flavoring</i>	<i>1/8 teaspoon salt</i>
<i>2 cups milk</i>	<i>1 1/2 tablespoons granulated gelatine</i>
	<i>2 tablespoons cold water</i>

Drain the peaches and cut in quarters. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and pour the flavoring over them.

Then make a custard of the milk, egg yolks, sugar and salt, and just before removing from fire add gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Strain this, and when slightly cooled, add the liquor drained from the peaches. Stir until the mixture begins to thicken. Then add whites of eggs beaten stiff.

Line a mould with the peaches, pour in the custard, and chill.  
CAROLYN VAN WYCK.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

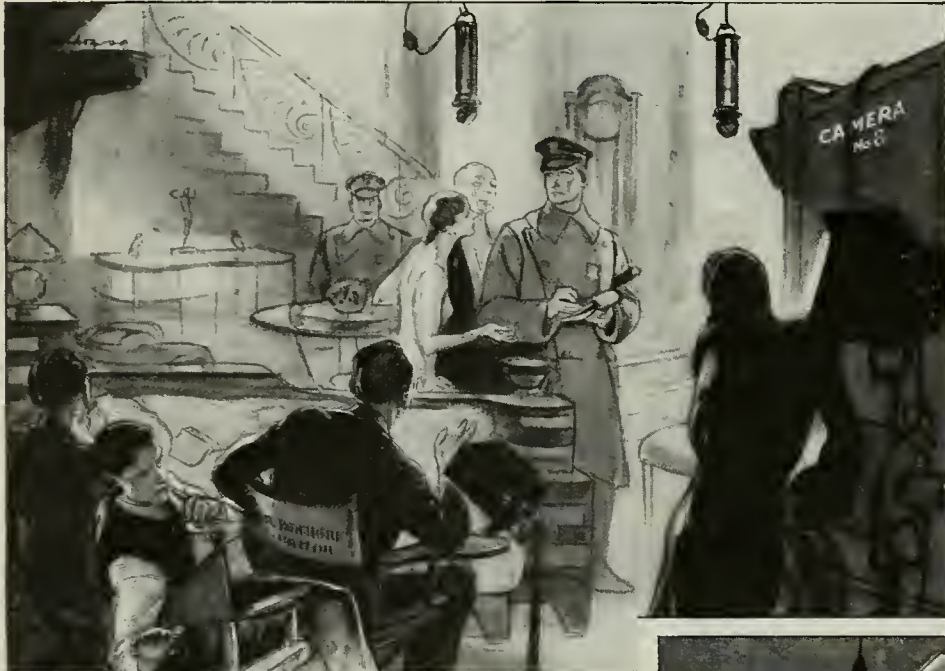
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Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.

# SOUND PICTURES

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ a product of the



*When it is a Sound Picture the director discards his megaphone. The sensitive microphone must not pick up even a whisper to interfere with the sound in the action.*

**W**estern Electric, working with producers and exhibitors, has made possible a new art of entertainment

Out of a half century's experience, engineers in the Bell Telephone Laboratories developed for Western Electric the first successful system of sound pictures.

This system, which embraces both Vitaphone and Movietone, has been adopted as standard by the country's leading motion picture producers.

These producers, on their part, have had to create



*The monitor, operating delicate apparatus, controls the volume of sound from actors or orchestra and sound machines.*

a new studio technique to introduce desired sounds into the picture and to keep undesired sounds out.

And exhibitors in more than two thousand theatres have shown characteristic eagerness to serve their public by equipping their houses with the Western Electric sound system. Science, art and business, working shoulder to shoulder have accomplished it.





# Telephone



Yesterday's  
dream is  
today's fact / / /

**M**OVING pictures with sound are here! This new, popular entertainment made possible by Western Electric is less than three years old, but already it has taken such strides as to make certain of continuing development and wide application.

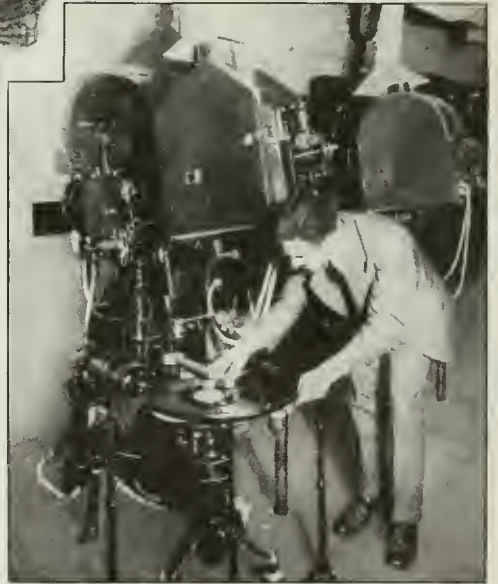
Hear leading stars of motion pictures, opera, concert and stage in lifelike renderings when you see them on the screen.

Hear and see the world's greatest personalities as they talk from the screen.

Hear intelligent orchestral accompaniment to feature pictures—played from the screen.

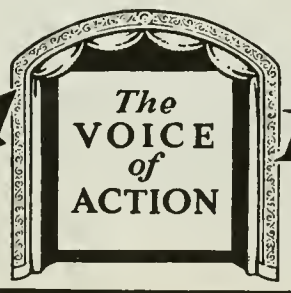
Hear the actual roar of the airplane, the thunder of galloping hoofs, the scream of the locomotive's whistle.

What was yesterday's dream is today's fact. And tomorrow? Here is an art now in the early stages of its development which is revolutionizing the field of motion picture entertainment.



*Even in the theatre projection booth, Sound Pictures have brought a new technique, which Western Electric equipment serves.*

# Western SOUND



# Electric SYSTEM



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]



**10 minutes a day rolls the fat away!**

*Fashion decrees that the figure be slender and graceful. Women who are fat in spots—in the abdomen, hips, throat, underarm, or elsewhere—need no longer worry!*

Simply use the wonderful Frances Jordan Reducer 10 minutes daily! It does away with massage treatments—with hot baths, dieting, strenuous exercise, and drugs. It removes the fat just where you want it removed—no where else. There is no discomfort—no exertion—no wrinkles nor flabby flesh!

The Frances Jordan stimulates the circulation and the fat spots are absorbed. It relieves constipation and tones up the nerves.

This remarkable Frances Jordan originally sold for \$15.00. Very large sales now permit us to sell direct to you for \$5.00. Act today! Send \$5.00 in cash, money order or check. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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★ **DUMMY, THE**—Paramount.—In this excellent all-talking crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—ZaSu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—steal honors from a lot of stage stars. (April.)

★ **DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

★ **ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE**—Coronet-Educational.—A clever little dress-suit comedy in one reel, with Edward Everett Horton fine. (April.)

★ **ETERNAL LOVE**—United Artists.—John Profile Barrymore and Camilla Horn get romantic in the Swiss Alps. (April.)

★ **EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER**—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

★ **FAKER, THE**—Columbia.—Well done expose of spiritualistic charlatans, with Warner Oland fine as the phoney spook-chaser. (April.)

★ **FIRST KISS, THE**—Paramount.—Young love, played by Fay Wray and Gary Cooper and set in a deep sea background. (November.)

★ **FLEET'S IN, THE**—Paramount.—Clara Bow among the sailors. Of course, you won't miss it. (November.)

★ **FLOATING COLLEGE, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Based on one of those university cruises, this picture had possibilities that aren't realized. (March.)

★ **FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE**—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

★ **FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

★ **FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

★ **FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

★ **FUGITIVES**—Fox.—Conventional story of a wronged girl and a Horatio Alger district attorney. (March.)

★ **FURY OF THE WILD**—FBO.—More real meat for Ranger. (November.)

★ **GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

★ **GHOST TALKS, THE**—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

★ **GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

★ **GIRLS WHO DARE**—Trinity.—Slenths fail to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after this one? (April.)

★ **GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telegraph line. You know the rest. (March.)

★ **GRAIN OF DUST, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Interesting drama based on the David Graham Phillips novel, with the grief rather heavily stressed. (Nov.)

★ **GUARDIANS OF THE WILD**—Universal.—Too bad that Rex, the wonder horse, can't write his own stories and put some horse-sense into them. (November.)

★ **GUN RUNNER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **HARDBOILED**—FBO.—Hackneyed story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O'Neil and Donald Reed. (April.)

★ **HARVEST OF HATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

★ **HAUNTED HOUSE, THE**—First National.—Too much Chester Conklin and not enough mystery. (November.)

★ **HAUNTED LADY, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. (April.)

★ **HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

★ **HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

★ **HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN**—First National.—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackail make this melodrama worth your attention. With sound and talk. (March.)

★ **HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

★ **HIS LUCKY DAY**—Universal.—Another flimsy story for Reggy Denny, with the star a dizzy realtor. (April.)

★ **HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD BOUND**—Warners.—Talkie farce that sounds as though it had been written by someone who never had been nearer Hollywood than Parsons, Kans. (November.)

★ **HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

★ **HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan, and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

★ **HONEYMOON ABROAD**—World Wide Pictures.—Monty Banks in a spotty comedy made in London and Paris. (April.)

★ **HOUSE OF SHAME, THE**—Chesterfield.—Domestic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

★ **HUNTINGTOWER**—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

★ **I FORBID**—Fan-Maid Pictures.—An over-ripe Kosher film of breaking hearts. (November.)

★ **IN HOLLAND**—Fox Movietone.—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCullough. (April.)

★ **IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

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## 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.

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**We told you  
to prepare  
for the best**

**and**

**NOW  
Here  
it is!**

**A film whose  
greatness  
has taken  
Los Angeles  
by storm at  
its brilliant  
World  
Premiere.**

**It will come  
to your city  
SOON!**

**"A superfilm**

**ranking with the**

**red-letter products**

**of the industry!"** Los Angeles  
EVENING  
PRESS

**Read!  
Read!  
Read!**

"All Los Angeles flanked the scene with popping eyes. The most ambitious effort of Frank Lloyd since his memorable "The Sea Hawk." Excels that picture in spectacular elements. One of the best examples of the new art of synchronization."—*Los Angeles Evening Press.*

"One of the most picturesque films of the year. No set has been more artistically designed or photographed. Miss Griffith sings several songs and very prettily."—*Los Angeles Evening Herald.*

"If Lady Hamilton were half as lovely as Corinne Griffith you couldn't blame Lord Nelson for being willing to sacrifice fame, wife and all else for her."—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

"Lovely beyond comparison in its embellishments of setting and costume."—*Los Angeles Times.*

# in **Corinne Griffith** **of the DIVINE LADY**



**Every picture a  
"Double Feature"**

With H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Victor Vercon, Marie Dressler, Montagu Love. From E. Barrington's famous best-seller. A Frank Lloyd Production. Presented by Richard A. Rowland. Musical scores and effects by the Vitaphone Music Masters.





Teacher, housewife, office worker, beauty specialist, nurse, actress, journalist, saleswoman—these are just a few of the careers which women follow so successfully. How shall a girl choose wisely from such a tempting and varied list?

## Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck on Girls' Problems

**DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:**  
More than anything else in the world I want to be a movie actress. I feel sure I would be successful because I have always done well in amateur theatricals. I am attractive looking and my features photograph well. My health is good, and I have a small nest-egg to tide me over until I begin to earn.

My parents think I should enter a business office and be a secretary. I took a stenographic course at high school and could easily brush up on my speed. But how can I become interested in business when in my heart there is just one career I long for? I know it isn't all glamour and that acting isn't easy, but I would be satisfied with even a small success.

My folks think that if I fail I will come home discontented, with warped views about life. I'm old enough to take care of myself and I wouldn't be afraid of hard work and loneliness, and even deprivation. Don't you think I should have my chance?

HORTENSE M.

**DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:**  
My father is a physician on the staff of a city hospital. He never had a son to follow in his footsteps, but all his life he has hoped I would take up nursing when I was old enough to choose a profession. And I know I am disappointing him cruelly by planning to enter a normal school to begin my training as a teacher.

But, Mrs. Van Wyck, proud as I am of my father's fine work, I don't feel I am suited to the exacting demands of a nurse's life. I have been brought up in the atmosphere of hospitals and doctors and I want to get away from it now. I would like to get into a small town school and settle down and become part of the community life.

I have the patience which is essential to both professions, but I know I would be happier teaching. And yet, I hate to make this important decision alone. My mother will not advise me. She would like me to make my father happy, but she doesn't feel it's right to influence me one way or the other. She says I'm old enough to choose for myself. What do you think?

CECILE G.

Hundreds of letters like these from Hortense and Cecile come to me every month. A girl has reached an important turning-point in her life when she faces the problem of choosing her career, and while older and wiser persons may guide her, the real decision must be hers. She alone knows what things she can give to her work and what things she must get from it. She must analyze her abilities and her limitations. She must try to gauge her capacity for plodding along under dull routine without becoming drab and stale herself. It is for her to decide whether she is equal to the brilliant performances required by certain professions, such as acting and writing. Can she let her

imagination—all the brilliancy of mind and spirit—flare up in her work, and remain poised and normal in her private life?

**NO** matter what work she chooses, she will have to make some compromises. The girl who follows a profession may have to renounce some of the joys of a quiet home life. The girl to whom home-making most appeals may dream a little wistfully of the glamour and glory of public life. Each has to weigh the sacrifices of her chosen career against the rewards. Great love for her work, and the consequent joy in the doing of it, will compensate her for many seeming sacrifices.

So much has been said and written on the subject of the amateur who tries to break into the movies that it seems hardly necessary to repeat it here. Out of every thousand girls who are swept off their feet by the urge to see themselves among the romantic shadows of the silver screen, I suppose there is one who has that rare thing which we dully call "dramatic ability," and the requisite physical qualities to make her a successful actress.

And before that one girl has the chance to prove her power, there are a hundred hurdles to be jumped, a hundred disappointments to be faced. There are so many lesser talents trying to make a place for themselves, and there is room for so few, that she is lost in the crowd. Only by great good luck, transcendent beauty or ability, or after long and grueling days, weeks, months, and sometimes years of striving is she able to make a definite place for herself. In no other profession that I know of are the odds so against one.

My advice to Hortense is this:  
*Unless* you have studied the special requirements of this profession and feel sure you are peculiarly fitted for it—

*Unless* you have money enough to live modestly, but in proper surroundings, for at least a year—a year in which you may earn nothing, or only a few dollars here and there—

*Unless* you have the stamina and moral fibre to meet disappointment after disappointment without losing courage, to meet temptation with firmness—

### What Career Shall I Choose?

Is This Month's Discussion

**SO** many fascinating vocations from which to make a choice. So many roads beckoning to the girl who is ready to shoulder her share of the world's work. No wonder she is a little bewildered.

Perhaps I can help you solve this difficult problem. Write me something about yourself, your abilities and talents, your opportunities and aims.

You may have other questions to ask—what clothes and colors are suited to you, what to do to make hair and complexion more attractive.

For a personal reply, or for my skin pamphlet, be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Other letters will be answered as quickly as possible in the magazine. Ten cents will bring you my booklet on sane reducing.

Write me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

{ CONTINUED ON PAGE 98 }

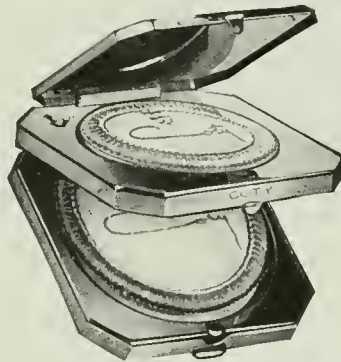




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JOHN BARRYMORE



Mrs. Hester, snapped beside the Plaza fountain in New York City. She has used Woodbury's ever since she can remember, and has a skin like a child's.



Mrs. George Franklin Hester of Richmond, Virginia . . . chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the loveliest of wives

SHE is tall, slim as a wand, with beautiful bright brown eyes, full of golden lights, and a skin like a Marechal Niel rose.

Her face, seen in repose, is grave and rather dreamy. When she smiles it breaks into a look of enchanting mischief—of lovely archness.

She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and comes of a long line of Southern beauties. She made her debut at eighteen, and four years later she married—a young Southerner like herself. She is still in her early twenties.

The things that interest her are music and books, beautiful color, texture, line. She is a musician, and has studied the violin since she was five. She plays golf to please her husband and the piano to please herself. "Butterfly" is her favorite among modern operas; "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" among recent books.

She opens her eyes in wonder at Northern

women—their energy, dash, ambition. "They all *do* things—in the South we just live."

Marriage seems to her an absorbing career in itself. She doesn't see how married women find time for outside jobs—"especially when they have babies." She says she isn't an old-fashioned wife or a new-fashioned wife—"just a wife!"

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap ever since she can remember, and she has the loveliest skin in the world; soft as a child's, dazzlingly white, with deep, vivid color in lips and cheeks.

"I am thrilled at being chosen a Woodbury beauty by three such distinguished men," she declared. "I love Woodbury's Facial Soap. To me it is the perfect soap for the skin. It has a special delicacy and mildness that I've never found in any other soap."

OUT OF HUNDREDS of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of *your* skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Facial Cream and Powder, the Cold Cream, the treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2209 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2209 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.





Autro

# New Pictures

**T**WO years ago Maria Casajuana, a smouldering Spanish beauty, was pulling telephone plugs in a telephone exchange in Barcelona. Fox, on the lookout for sultry types, staged a beauty contest in Spain, and Maria stopped giving wrong numbers long enough to win. In just a little time she was saying, "Hello, Hollywood!" They changed her name to Maria Alba, taught her English and smart dressing, and gave her a part in a two reel comedy. Since then she has played in "Blindfolded," "Road House," and "Joy Street," and there are big parts to come. Fox thinks she has one of the most distinctive personalities among younger film players. Barcelona papers, please run "Home Town Girl Makes Good"



**L**ITTLE Janet Gaynor came rolling into fame on the tidal wave of "The Johnstown Flood," the Fox film special of several years ago. Since that watery photoplay, her rise has been skyrocketish. Her first great success was "7th Heaven," and her work in "Sunrise" and "Street Angel" fixed her firmly in the affections of the fans. Janet is the prize Sweet Little Girl of filmland





Thomas

*W*HEN Diane Ellis, Pathe's new and extremely deadly blonde, wants to get reminiscent, she sits down at a typewriter and pecks out, "Now is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of their party." For she was a stenographer when the sleuths of filmdom found her and discovered that she filmed like a million dollars. You saw her, no doubt, in "The Leatherneck"



Bull

*A* FEW years back, when romantic drama was the thing, Marion Davies contributed such lavish films as "When Knighthood Was in Flower." She stepped to zippy modern farce with "The Patsy" and "Show People." Now, with the talkies at their height, the song-and-dance thing is here. And Marion is polishing up her steps and, under the tutelage of Albertina Rasch, learning some new ones





Hommel

CORAL REEFE, in this case, is not the name of a new Florida subdivision, but that of the chiffon frock worn in this picture by the highly ornamental Esther Ralston of Paramount. The attention of you ladies is called to the bolero jacket embroidered in pearls and brilliants. And the attention of young gentlemen needs to be called to the contents of Coral Reefer, and so forth. Or does it?



Louise

*W*ILLIAM HAINES looks out upon a pleasant and generous world, and seems to find it all quite nice. Once tagged as the smart-aleck of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Smiling Willie seems to have settled down into the traces and to be taking his stellar labors seriously. Watch him in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and "The Gob." But he will always be just a big, prank-some boy to most of us!





*College Girl*

Illustrated for you here is Model 772 of Rayon crepe, with hip panels of elastic. It is softly lined with sateen in front and back. \$3.50.  
The dainty uplift bandeau of radium silk is \$1.00.

## *No Charm Like Figure Beauty*

WELL PROPORTIONED — gracefully curved — gallantly poised . . . there is no charm like that of a lovely figure. College Girl foundations are designed to protect lovely figures, designed to assist figures to loveliness. You will find in them a new comfort, a new delight in your costumes.

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# How the Lovely Underthings

worn by BEAUTIFUL MODELS

are kept like new . . .

In New York's famous Fashion Salons sheer lingerie and stockings worn by mannequins are kept "Like new twice as long with Lux"

ISN'T it every girl's problem nowadays—keeping sheer things lovely in spite of everyday wear?

Now famous Fifth Avenue dressmakers have solved this very problem of yours!

Mannequins in these exclusive salons must wear lingerie as exquisite as the gowns they model. Of course these sheer things must be charmingly fresh and new looking. Yet they must last!

By actual tests, these exclusive houses have found that—

"The enchanting loveliness of mannequins' lingerie and stockings is actually *re-newed* again and again with Lux . . . and with Lux these sheer things stay like new *twice as long*."

Other world-famous authorities on lovely clothes agree! All Hollywood's great movie studios—New York's gorgeous musical shows—buyers in 132 leading department stores find that "Lux actually *doubles* the life of fabrics whether of sheer or of sturdier weave"



A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE SCENES in a famous Fifth Avenue salon, showing beautiful girl models preparing to display smart gowns. New York's exclusive dressmakers—Bergdorf-Goodman, Hickson, Jay-Thorpe, Hattie Carnegie, Kurzman, Tappé, Frances Clyne, Milgrim, Stein and Blaine, and Bruck-Weiss—all insist on Lux!

WHAT IS THE MAGICAL SECRET OF LUX? Why does Lux cleansing keep fine things like new so much longer? Because Lux is made of the finest materials known—by a special very costly process . . . Lux has no harmful alkali, as many soaps have, whether flakes, chips or cakes. And with the instant Lux suds there is no rubbing to weaken or strain.



# PHOTOPLAY

May, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

*By James R. Quirk*



THE agile Douglas Fairbanks is all hot and bothered these days.

Having bumped off D'Artagnan's screen life, and sent his latest opus forth to gather in a few million more shekels, he is running up his blood pressure raving over the low state of literature in the bawdy and irreverent motion picture magazines.

Seems as how the fan magazines ain't done right by the gods and goddesses of Beverly Hills and the sacred Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

WE depraved and scurrilous editors are always belittling. We have no manners and we do not know our place. Furthermore, a fan magazine writer was seen passing the Hollywood hotel where the holy light of the Academy burns, without removing his hat and bowing his head.

And what's more, the magazines are making fortunes blackmailing and blackjacking the reluctant screen actors into permitting their pictures to be seen by millions in national advertisements.

DOUGLAS endorses cigarettes with frequent reference to the name of his new picture, and once Mary's beauty adorned thousands of drug store windows, but that's different. The king can do no wrong, and it is some time since the queen accepted a large check for such purposes.

Now, PHOTOPLAY has no quarrel with Mary.

Put it right down in your notebook that Mary Pickford is just as genuine and sweet today as ever. That's one hundred per cent of both qualities; and we are happy to inform you that our Hollywood secret service reports that she has done a grand job of acting in her new picture "Coquette."

BUT Sir Douglas has gone in for reform, and riding beside him into the fray is the goodly squire, Conrad Nagel. Mounted on palfries of righteousness and indignation, and all decked out in the panoply of their screen fame and academic honors, they have assigned to themselves the job of pummeling the fan magazines into submission.

Splendid actors and worthy gentlemen both, and no doubt well meaning. So were Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but you cannot blame the intended victims for snickering a little as they break off their lances in the sails of windmills.

Be yourself, Doug. Be yourself, Conrad. You are motion picture actors and as such are generally taken seriously. But when you start tilting at windmills you are in danger of becoming ridiculous.

IT all seems to have started in earnest when another motion picture publication ran an interview about Friend Conrad which he claimed was a deliberate misrepresentation. The writer, it seems, did not take his subject seriously. In fact, he indulged in a little fun at

the expense of the widely press-agented gentleman, and the article got Conrad so hot his collar almost caught fire.

Conrad took an evening off and composed an irate letter to the editor, complained that the writer was "an Englishman, educated abroad, and admitting an abiding contempt for our American institutions, including churches."

"IS it possible," he asks, "for a foreigner, with such views, to properly place before American readers an accurate picture of our film players? I doubt it. . . . With best wishes for the continued success of your magazine, . . . etc., etc."

My, my, the rascal should be deported. Horrible fellow.

Disrespectful to our institutions and churches, and all that sort of thing.

Beastly, I calls it.

Then, while in the mood for irating, Conrad grabs several more sheets of paper and writes me a long lecture on the publishing business, the art of criticism, and the ethics of advertising.

He complains among other things of our advertising, pointing particularly at the Gossard Corset advertisements which we have always been proud to have in PHOTOPLAY.

THAT reminds me. Conrad was so nice about telling me all about how to run a magazine that, after seeing him in "The Redeeming Sin," I really must offer to go out and give him a few lessons in acting. I don't know any more about acting than he does about the publishing business, but I like to be helpful.

DOUG has gone about the matter in another way. He's going right into the publishing business and show us all up. Yes sir. A group of the immortals who run the outfit have tied the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences up with a comparatively small fan magazine published in Hollywood that's going to publish NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH about pictures and picture people. If they do that they ought to have a million circulation in no time. PHOTOPLAY wouldn't dare to be so rash.

Our bounding star is out to sell advertising, too. He wired many of the motion picture concerns in the East asking for advertising support for the official academy paper, and proclaimed that his paper would represent the motion picture industry and personalities "with clean, interesting and truthful information," and adds cooly, "The amount of good this publication can do by influence with fan public and example to other publications is tremendous."

We wired Douglas asking if he included us in

this brave generalization, but he ducked adroitly and answered that there was no intent to reflect either on PHOTOPLAY or any other publication. Guess he was panning "The Christian Herald" or "The Police Gazette."

THE internal revenue folks are just a little hard on the motion picture actors. A law is a law and they are bound to carry it out, but it does seem that they should realize that there are trade customs in Hollywood as well as in Detroit or Pittsburgh.

Since the beginning it has been almost an unwritten law that the stars drawing big salaries should live in a style befitting their income. It is part of the business to make a show of prosperity, and just as a salesman spends for business entertaining and travelling expenses, it has been the universal practice for prosperous motion picture people to go to unusual expense to keep themselves in the limelight of publicity.

The government, however, says no, and a lot of the stars are now suffering from acute income tax pains. With few exceptions they draw the big salaries for a few years, and it is hard enough to lay a few dollars away for the rainy days that generally follow the bright light of popularity.

IN Montreal they won't permit children under sixteen to go to the movies without adult chaperonage. But girls may marry at fourteen. Imagine a wife calling up her mother and saying, "Ma, hubby is late at the office (or at the brewery, as the case may be) and won't you come and take me to see 'Speakeasy'? I hear it's good."

EIGHTY letters from readers today about scound pictures. Seventy-one in praise. Nine to the contrary. And in every single case the nine objectors haven't seen one of the really fine pictures released in the past few months.

That seems to settle the controversy. The public likes good ones, and dislikes the poor ones made during the early experimental stages.

The Western Electric Company, which developed the first successful system for sound pictures, has taken a very wise step. They are advertising to the public, not claiming perfection, not making claims beyond the actual merits of their truly wonderful scientific development, but asking indulgence, and assuring continued effort toward perfection in their own magical instruments and in studio technique.

Only two thousand theaters are now equipped but this company is throwing all its resources into speeding up the making of this delicate equipment, and it is doubtful that in two years there will be a motion picture theater of any consequence that is not "wired."



# "You Are Looking Well!"

An untold story of the dark days when the then unknown Gilbert Roland spent eight months in a California sanatorium

By  
*Katherine Albert*

*By one of those remarkable twists of fate which could happen no place but in Hollywood, Gilbert Roland and Katherine Albert were both patients in the same sanatorium five years ago.*

*They came back from the brink of the valley with that perfect health which only fighting spirit can give. And the comradeship built in the struggle will never die. It is expressed in one grim battle cry—a secret that Gilbert Roland has always kept close to his heart. Katherine Albert tells it here only because it is a message of victory, of what determination and the will to live can do for one whom the doctors say may die.*

**W**HEN I saw Gilbert Roland at the United Artists Studios not long ago, he said, "You're looking well."

I gave him an appraising stare. "You're looking well, too, Gilbert. Don't look as if you had ever been ill a day in your life."

Only we two knew the tragedy in those trite lines. Behind them was the story of half a year of bondage.

"You are looking well."

"You are looking well, too."

This has the same significance as a fraternal pass word. It bespeaks the days when health was the rising and setting of the sun, the Einstein theory and bread and butter.

Gilbert Roland spent eight months at Barlow's Sanatorium. He was there before I came and the first time I ever saw him was the day that I was installed. A white aproned nurse had carried my grip over to my cottage. I think I was crying a little as I followed, because I saw, in a haze, Gilbert and two other boys walking down the road. They looked so brown and healthy that I was cheered.



George Cannons

It is a far cry from the ill and lonely Louis Alonzo, a discharged department store worker, to Gilbert Roland, leading man to Norma Talmadge. The transformation is one of those things that could happen only in Hollywood

I saw a lot of Gilbert after that. There were eight of us who clung together. We were the younger ones (Gilbert was only eighteen at the time). We might get well and we, unlike the hopeless cases, could begin every sentence with, "When I get out of here . . ."

The boys and girls were divided [CONTINUED ON PAGE 130]



THE BRIDE

The amazing story of the strangest romance in Hollywood's weird and wonderful history



# She Fell in LOVE

WHEN reduced to the bare facts, the important happenings of life often assume sensational significance.

Who would suspect that beneath the well ordered affairs of Corinne Griffith lies a story so unique, so weird, so bizarre that it challenges credence!

On January twenty-first, 1924, she married Walter Morosco in a barroom in Tia Juana, Mexico. Corinne Griffith! Patrician of Hollywood, orchid of the screen, aristocrat of the film world. Married in a Tia Juana bar! With the whirl of the little ivory ball and the call of the croupier from the back room replacing the strains of Lohengrin, with the clink of ice in tall glasses, with the clatter of slot machines and the clanging din of the mechanical piano in the corner, she entered wedlock in a ceremony more remarkable, more original, more startling than any yet conceived by scenario writer or director.

The uninvited guests were Mexicans and a sprinkling of Japs and Chinese with here and there a dissipated American. There were ribald jests in guttural tones from the Mexicans, bland silence from the Orientals, and maudlin respect from the Americans who stood with doffed hats, sensing sublimity in this strange occasion.

To Corinne Griffith, however, it was a bit unreal, a bit theatrical, almost a bit absurd.

Shortly before her marriage, her husband had been in the plumbing business. She married him, first of all, because she wanted to love him. She was not interested in men at the time, but she wanted to be interested in Walter. He was considerate, he was sincere, he had a marvelous sense of humor and an intuitive appreciation of dramatic art inherited from his father. She thought that he would make a good husband. His sagacity

and understanding of the problems in the motion picture business seemed uncanny. He worshipped her devotedly, and she knew that it was inevitable that some day she would love him as he loved her.

In no sense, of course, did she consider herself undignified by these strange proceedings in a foreign saloon. Even in the San Francisco Bar, with the border habits for an audience, with the sizz of seltzer bottles punctuating the dolorous words of the prefect, Corinne Griffith was still the patrician, still the aristocrat. Straight and tall she stood, dominating the situation with as much assurance as if it had been merely the rehearsal of a scene in a picture, and commanding the respect of all who felt her presence. A peculiar glow of sunlight filtered through the shuttered windows and reflected from the polished surface of the bar. It lit the participants with an almost ethereal effect. Finally it caught the attention of the Mexicans and their levity changed to awe. Many crossed themselves, considering the light a sacred omen, a religious significance for good.

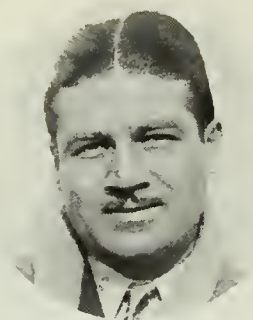
WHEN the function had ended, the prefect handed Walter the marriage certificate to sign. Quite gallantly he passed it to Corinne. But the official interrupted.

"No, no," he said. "In Mexico the man signs first!" And that was the one grim touch of humor. They all laughed loudly at the jest as they affixed their signatures to the document on the bar . . .

Of course, the wedding in the saloon was wholly an accident. Plans for the event had been arranged the week before, and it was originally intended that the ceremony should take place in the office of the prefect above the saloon.

But Walter's grandmother was convalescing from a siege of





THE GROOM

Before the glass-littered bar of the San Francisco Saloon in Tia Juana, a Mexican prefect married Walter Morosco and Corinne Griffith. Neither understood a word of the ceremony that founded one of the happiest homes in all filmland! Love moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform!

Illustrated by  
Frank Godwin

# with *Her* Husband

By  
Mark Larkin

illness and had been unable to negotiate the steep flight of stairs that led to the Mexican official's cluttered quarters. Perforce, then, the affair was conducted in the bar.

Neither the bride nor groom understood the ceremony, neither could read the marriage certificate that they signed. Yet there was drama in the occasion, the drama of ridiculous contrasts that became sublime.

A few days following the event they sailed for Honolulu on their honeymoon, and none knew of the wedding until their return. In fact, this is the first time the true story of that marriage has ever been told. It is significant because it was the first wedding in Mexico of American cinema celebrities, and it set the precedent for such sensational unions as the Lita Grey-Charlie Chaplin affair and the Madge Bellamy-Logan Metcalf match, not to mention other conspicuous elopements which have transpired since.

Had it not been that neither wanted the world to know of their matrimonial ventures, their wedding might have been one of those elaborate church happenings for which Hollywood is famous.

CONSIDERING the tradition of his family and the fact that he had been reared in the atmosphere of the stage, it was but natural, of course, for Walter to switch his activities from commercial fields to the cinema realm. He disposed of his interests in the plumbing fixtures and supplies establishment, gave up the idea entirely of being a big pipe and joint man, and thus became free to follow the dictates of much-cherished desires. And it was not long until he made his mark in the film world. In fact, he did so well for Warners that they wanted to advance him rapidly as director. But he chose to forego this opportunity

and to devote himself exclusively to the development of his wife's career.

There is probably no more delicate or whimsical story in all of Cupid's archives than the complete romance of Corinne Griffith and Walter Morosco. Its very inception, even, was intriguing. They met at the Ambassador, at a "Rooster-and-Hen" party which was among the most resplendent ever given.

CORINNE did not know then, of course, that some day she would marry Walter.

But Walter knew. From the very first moment that he laid eyes on her he knew. So he asked Jack Pickford to introduce him—deliberately he asked it, with malice aforethought.

And that is how the romance began.

There were two large tables in the Coconut Grove that night—one graced by feminine beauty, the other reflecting the glory of man.

Both were gorgeous in decorative splendor. In the center of the table occupied by the ladies, a pert and amused hen held sway, her bright comb and sleek feathers of white icing a tribute to the cunning of the chef. This was the *pièce de résistance* in the decorative scheme of things; all else—favors, incidental table dress—contributed to the elegance of the centerpiece.

At the table of the men, this same [CONTINUED ON PAGE 90]



# How They Manage



Pickfair. Replica of an eighteenth century domain, built on the top of a hill and set in twelve acres of California landscape. Beauty and order reign everywhere, within and without. An exquisite setting for happiness and hospitality

**E**VEN European nobility angles for invitations to Pickfair—that home which Doug and Mary built high upon a sunny Beverly hill in California soon after they became Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

An aura of glamour surrounds it—even for the neighbors. One can cut no end of a dash by having been a guest of Mary

and Doug. One then has a popular subject of conversation forever after.

Inside the hallowed portals Mary's pet name for Doug is "Tiller," and Doug's pet name for Mary is "Hipper." These are strictly reserved for the chummiest occasions.

About four years ago, when it was decided the house should

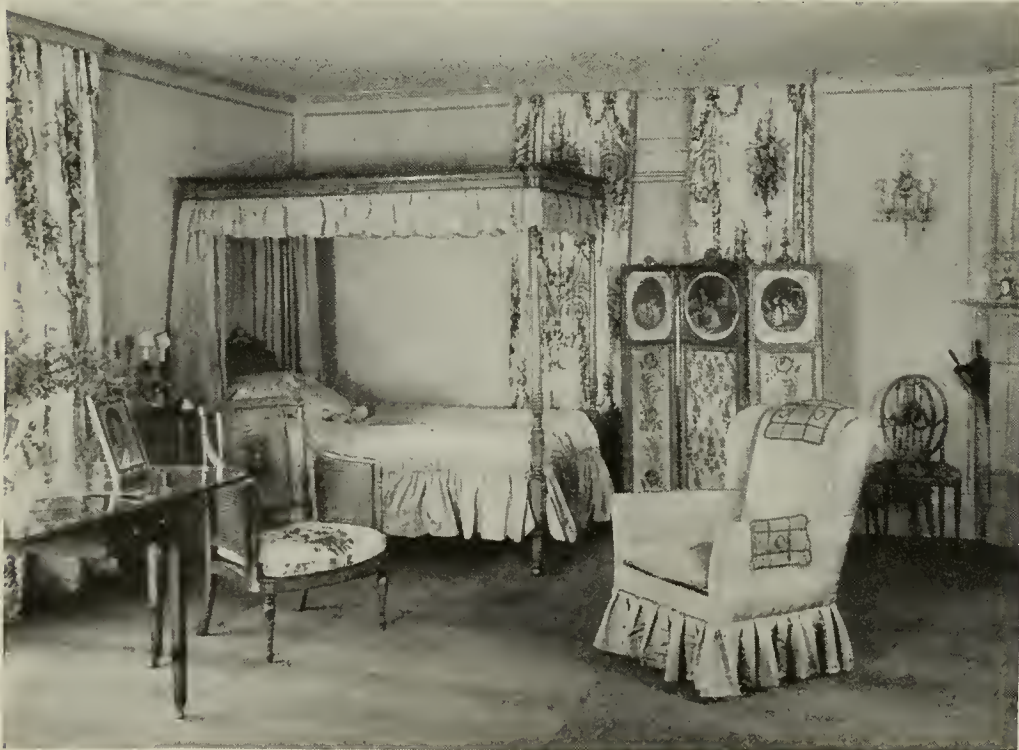
be made a little more distinguished, a famous California decorator was called in. She recommended tearing down and rebuilding.

"Oh, Tiller, shall we?" sighed Mary.

"Certainly not, Hipper!" snorted her lord and master.

"We built this together! We'll improve it—add to it—but the same old house stands."

(We suspect that at this point Mary squeezed Doug's hand—then went forth to do battle with the decorator.)



A corner of Doug's room. This room is often turned over to some honored or well-loved guest, at which times Doug cheerfully retires to the sleeping porch



# *their* Homes

*Doug and Mary's Pickfair—not just a show-place but a real home, gracious and beautiful*

By Alma Whitaker

**E**ACH month PHOTO-PLAY will take you to a famous Hollywood home. These will not be casual visits—but they will reveal every detail of the house and its management. PHOTO-PLAY will show you the machinery of Hollywood home operation. In turn PHOTOPLAY will present the homes of Charlie Chaplin, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies, Harold Lloyd, and Milton Sills

Then it was the decorator who sighed. Thereafter she confined her flights of fancy to creating a suitable frame for America's Mary—to transforming the old home into an exquisite replica of an 18th Century domain.

Twelve acres of gorgeous California landscape surround the house on the hilltop. There are flower beds and arbors galore, and much of the ground near the foot of the hill has been left with its own wild beauty, where nature has already planted many flowering shrubs.

Then there's the swimming pool, scene of many joyous parties during the long summer days. A sheikish looking marquee contains comfy chairs galore, cushioned with bright oil cloth that wet bathing suits cannot spoil. There are snug dressing rooms behind tall shrubs.

**O**N the lawn stands a replica of the famous "Rising Sun" bronze which won so much discriminating praise at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. And there are impudent cupid fountains and picturesque Italian garden seats in profusion.

The automobile entrance to this home is not impressive—just a door into domesticity, shrouded with precious hand-made lace.

One mounts a mere flight of steps to the house, but oh, the vision of loveliness that greets one in the hallway at the head of the stairs!

Its floor is polished parquetry, with never a rug to mar its shining charm. It is a gallery rather than a hall, lined with precious brocaded 18th Century chairs, their white wood mellowed with age. Lovely cabinets, mirrors, and an occasional picture. This is where guests enjoy dancing and bridge after small dinner parties.

The dominating color scheme of the house is a cool, pale green, rich and infinitely soft. Heavy rugs of this color cover most of the floors where rugs are used.

The huge living room also has this bare, patrician effect. Rich goldenrod yellow curtains reach from floor to ceiling—but no drapes are allowed to mask the view in any of the downstairs rooms. A complete suite of 18th Century furniture was obtained for this room, the lovely tapestry standing forth unshrouded by any pillows. One Mercier painting of three girls adorns a wall. A white grand piano is draped with a priceless antique throw—but on its Napoleonic stool sits Little Mary, adopted by Big Mary from sister Lottie, practising her very modern scales.

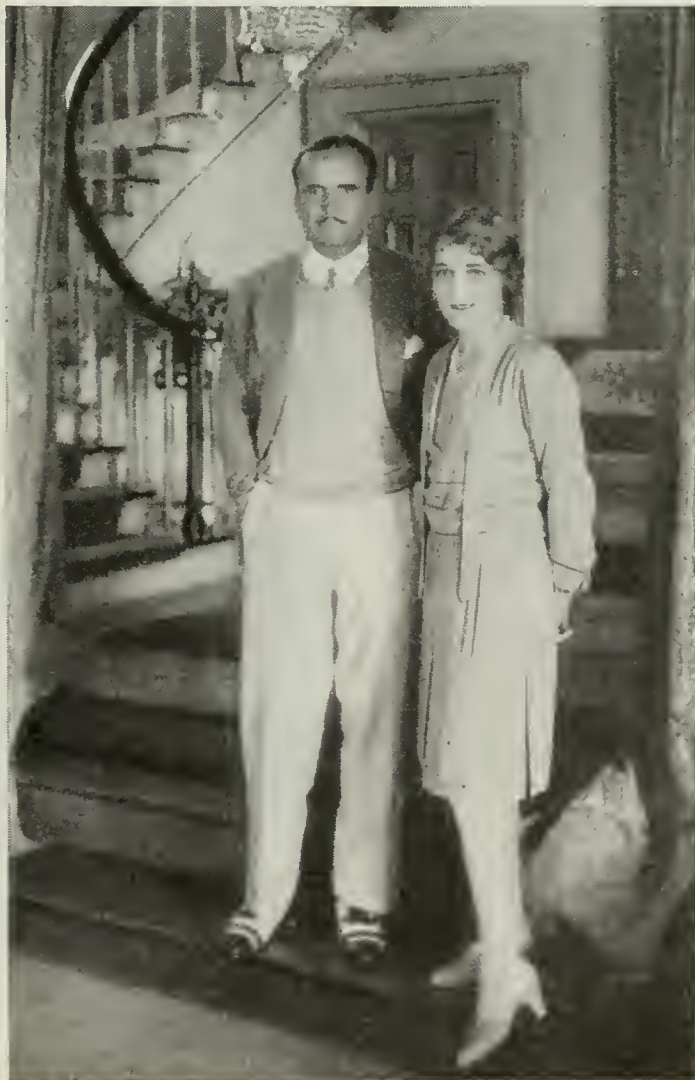
Little Mary is already taller than Big Mary—a happy, fortunate little girl. She attends public school in Beverly Hills, but has a governess at home.

On the mantel stands a clock

that graced the Tuileries in Napoleon's time, and some handsome old candelabra.

On a little French table in one corner stands a picture of Lord and Lady Mountbatten, inscribed "To Doug and Mary, from Edwina and Dickie."

And on a cabinet is a miniature of Lillian Gish, one of Mary's dearest friends for many years. Mary is an inventive girl.



Reading from left to right: "Tiller" and "Hipper"—master and mistress of Pickfair. They believe that a man's home is his castle—inviolable, sacred to the family circle



# First of PHOTOPLAY'S Hollywood Home Visits

Doug used to rush through the house with his dogs, leaving the doors wide open. So Mary concocted a self-closing sliding door that functions perfectly. And she contrived a sliding mirror to mask a gaunt, empty fireplace in the dining room during the summer season.

**T**HE dining table has a satinwood top that came from the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts' famous collection. In each corner of the room is a built-in china cabinet, with mirrored backs to set off the porcelain treasures. None of the rich silver adorns the sideboard. It is all kept in the pantry.

A dainty little breakfast room, with a circular window to let in all the sun, is carried out in the same period.

Once there was a big bush outside that window that obscured the view. Mary reluctantly decided to let it go. But when the gardener began his work, he found a bird sitting defiantly on her egg-filled nest in its branches.

"Build the tree up again until her eggs are hatched," came the order—and the bush stood until the day the mamma departed with her young brood.

The house is filled with clocks! Scores of clocks—mostly small ones, and in all sorts of odd shapes. All of exquisite workmanship, and all marking happy hours. They stand everywhere, and the chorus of their ticking is soft and friendly.

Actually, the home of Doug and Mary is quite small. There are only four master-bedrooms, for instance. But there are five reception rooms, because the halls are furnished cosily as rooms.

One of Mary's prides is the "book room"—not the library, for "That would sound so formal," as Mary herself says.

**I**N the snug little book room, only one wall of volumes is visible, but there Mary's inventiveness comes in once more. These shelves open outward on hinges, revealing two more walls of books behind them. No vulgar display of bookish culture in Pickfair!

Because of the scarcity of bedrooms, Doug and Mary often turn out of their own quarters when the house is filled with guests.

Actually, they have only one guest room—even as you and I. And so a big sleeping porch often accommodates

Typical Family Dinner at Pickfair	
Boiled Halibut with Hot Tartar Sauce	French Fried Potatoes
Fillet of Chicken a la Poulet	Sweet Potato Croquettes
Spinach with Egg Sauce	
Hearts of Lettuce with French Dressing	Neapolitan Baskets with Hot Chocolate Sauce
Coffee	
Formal Dinner	
Caviar Canapes	
Iced Celery Hearts	Salted Nuts
Consomme with Eggballs	
Lobster in cases	
Fillet of Beef a la jardiniere	Potato Rings
Peas a la Francais	Roast Wild Duck
Buttered Wild Rice	Orange Cream Sherbet
Romaine Salad	
Custard Souffle with Foam Sauce	
Petits Fours	
Crackers and Cheese	
Cafe Noir	

master and mistress on these occasions. The guest room is furnished with satinwood furniture—pale gold bedspreads on twin beds, chintz curtains, long mirrors.

Want to peep into Doug's room?

It looks like a DuBarry boudoir, with its famous satinwood beds, canopied, from the house of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. But handsomely framed pictures of Mary look from all corners. Here are books—"The Care of Patience Worth," "Mind Makes Men Giants," "The Biography of an Attitude," "Best Plays of 1927-1928," and "The Baffle Book," crime stories. And a magazine turned down at a cigarette advertisement wherein the name of the master appears. Doug!

**M**ARY'S room hasn't been done over yet to match the rest of the grandeur. When it is it will be furnished with undersized furniture—because she is such a tiny chate-laine.

But now it's just a pretty bedroom such as any girl might have.

A three-quarter white bed with lace coverlet over pale pink, and lots of pillows. Gold toilet articles on a dainty dressing table. A cupboard crammed with hundreds of pairs of No. 3 shoes. And a plain white bathroom like yours or mine. Off the bedroom, a little chamber where Nugget, the world's star canary, reigns. Nugget is known to the family as "Baby," and can whistle "Yankee Doodle" and "Over There"—I've heard him do it. He accompanies Mary everywhere—even to Europe, and when she does her nails, he perches on the edge of the bowl and calmly takes a quiet little bath.

**L**ITTLE Mary's room is really very grand, because it must be a guest room too, now and then. So it boasts handsome twin beds, and rich Venetian furniture. One pretty little cabinet forms a sort of shrine for a picture of the much-loved Grandma Pickford, who died last year, and her favorite miniature of Aunt Mary at 16. Lots of her baby dolls keep Little Mary company, but her toilet articles are grown-up silver.

The upstairs hall is a delightful, chummy lounging place, with deep chairs, writing desks, card tables and books.

So much for the material Pickfair.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 133 ]



The living room at Pickfair. The curtains are a rich yellow, the rug a cool green. The mantel clock once graced the Tuileries



Titled and humble feast at this board. The sliding mirror masking the empty fireplace in summer is Mary's own invention. The table top was once part of a famous collection



# The All-Star BLONDE

The Hollywood Boulevardier visits the celebrated Danish beauty of Idaho and grows a little incoherent

By  
Herbert Howe



Jeanette Loff was born in the town of Orofino, which means fine gold in Spanish. She played an organ in a small Oregon movie theater until Hollywood beckoned. Mr. Howe declares that she is the justification of gentlemen's preferences

**S**HE was born in the Idaho town of Orofino, which in Spanish means fine gold; she moved to the Canadian town of Wadema, which is Indian for mud-hole; she ended in Hollywood, which is a mixture of both.

This month has been just one Love after another for me: first Bessie, then Jeanette. I know Jeanette's name is spelled Loff but that's incorrect. The original Danish is Lov and is pronounced as Lupe Velez pronounces Love, which is the most poignant way.

Jeanette's father, coming over from Denmark with his Norwegian bride, didn't consider Lov a proper name for his future progeny, meaning what it does in English, so he changed the spelling. Thus he differed from D. W. Griffith who changed Juanita Horton to Bessie Love. D. W. was right, Jeanette's papa wrong. Both gals are Loves.

Jeanette lives in one of those Spanish apartment casas that Spaniards come to Hollywood to copy in order to make Spain Spanish and not disappoint tourists.

I fumbled foolishly at the iron gate while a male duenna eyed me suspiciously. (There have been so many burglaries in Hollywood recently, Phyllis Haver losing her jewels, etc.) Inside was a patio resembling Joseph's coat in tile, a fountain and a fireplace and stairs that led temptingly above. I turned to a door on the left and rapped. A small casement opened romantically, as in a speakeasy, and in it was framed the intoxicating vision of Lov.

I praised her discretion in peering out. When you are both a Lov and a blonde you can't be too careful in Hollywood. We kidnap or sign them on sight, and it's often the same in the end.

The apartment was softly dim. Scandinavians, I've noted, choose dark backgrounds. Maybe it's the old instinct for

shutting out the glare of snow. Then again it's possible that dark settings are more becoming to blonde sunniness.

On a low black marble table an everlasting candle burned in its ruby glass, the sort you light in dim cathedrals and place before the Virgin. Jeanette sat squarely before it. Jimmy Fidler, who accompanied me, asked if the candle was symbolic of anything. Evidently the lad's bringing up did not include church-going. I explained it was customary to burn the candle before a saint or virgin, placing at the same time a quarter or more on the table.

Jeanette looked at her bare table and observed vaguely that her candle seemed to be for lighting cigarettes. This seemed a sacrilege, looking at Jeanette. Surely one should leave something.

**P**ERHAPS you saw Jeanette in "Hold 'em, Yale." Yale held 'em and "Annapolis" sent for Jeanette. A logical sequel for Jeanette was "Love Over Night."

Jeanette was playing an organ in a movie theater of Oregon when she decided to see in the flesh the shadows she'd so musically aided. She came to Hollywood and home saw her no more. I repeat that we kidnap them or sign them on sight.

Though Jeanette has been in Hollywood less than three years she's all set to go: she's played in a Western, been discovered by de Mille, and is getting a divorce.

You may have seen her in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 92]

Herb tells the story of another Love on Page 60



Old Dr. Hall

# The Great TALKIE Sleep Test



The Famous Case D.

By  
*Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall*  
(Not Yale)

Aged scientist seems to prove that the screaming cinema need not spoil your movie nap

**T**ALKING pictures can be slept through! Scientific experiments, conducted in my New York laboratories, have proven that the great bugaboo of the Blab Films has been blown higher than a film star's nose.

Laymen have long feared that the Screaming Cinema sounded the death knell for one of the greatest of indoor pastimes, Sleeping at the Movies.

My researches have shown that this is not the case. The talking picture is safe for the snoozer!

I chose for my tests my best girl, to be called hereafter Case D. She was selected as a sleeper of no ordinary attainments. Among her best known slumber feats are sleeping through a concert by Creatore's Band, the late eruption of Mt. Etna, the explosion of a gallon of cider and a wreck on the Elevated. When awake she can detect a dinner bid at a quarter of a mile—asleep, she will miss the last cornet solo by Gabriel.

Case D. was subjected to five tests. They follow:

**"THE HOME TOWNERS."** Case D. slept throughout this picture. Upon being awakened, she did not know who was in the cast, what the film was about, why the chicken crossed the road or the name and location of the theater. She had dreamed, she said, that Wallace Beery was pounding her on the head with an ax helve.

**"MY MAN."** Case D. dozed through half of this picture. She remembers Miss Fannie Brice singing "My Man," but does not recall hearing Mr. Al Jolson singing "Sonny Boy." When told that Mr. Jolson had not appeared in the picture, she eloquently expressed nothing.

**"THE TERROR."** Case D. stayed awake through four fifths of this mystery talker. "I was fascinated by Miss Fazenda's screaming," she said, "though I could easily have slept through the entire picture."

**"THE BARKER."** This excellent film very nearly stumped Case D. She succeeded in sleeping only through the opening sequence. "The shouts of 'Hey, Rube' awakened me," she confesses. "It sounded so personal."

**"INTERFERENCE."** Case D. fell apart here, remaining awake through the entire film. She refused to state whether it was William Powell or a pin sticking her.

These experiments, tabulated, show the following results, for the benefit of insomniacs and those suffering from nervous disorders:

"The Home Towners".....	1.000
"My Man".....	.500
"The Terror".....	.290
"The Barker".....	.100
"Interference".....	.000

\*Twenty percent claimed here, and allowed, because Case D. had just had two helpings of cheese cake.

I must stress the fact that Case D. is a normal, healthy young woman, not given to the use of strong drink or narcotics. "I have often been awakened by the crawling of a June bug," she says, "or the sound of an eclair falling upon a feather bed."

The satisfactory results of these experiments, given to the world here for the first time, bring a message of cheer to You, and You, and You. They prove that the motion picture theater is still safe for those seeking rest and surcease from the horrors and perplexities of this naughty world. They definitely make known the fact that any determined movie sleeper can, without the aid of opiates, sleep through any photoplay, sound or silent.

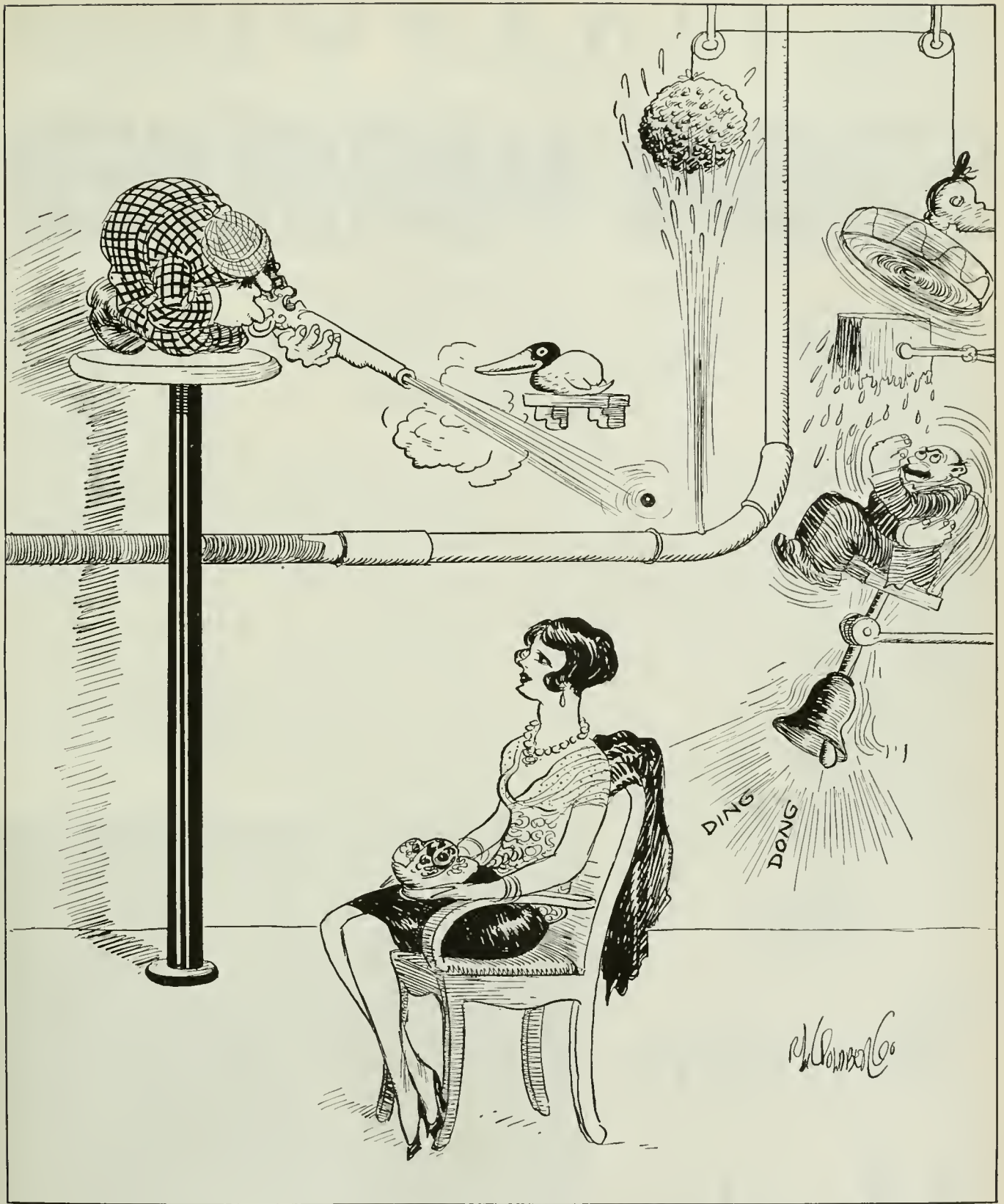
Two of my young laboratory assistants, Drs. John Gilbert and Carl Laemmle, are busily engaged in perfecting what we scientists call "the selective snoozer."

This device, when completed, will allow the patron, marked X, to sleep through all sound shorts of jazz bands, sister teams, small-time vaudeville comics, amateur opera singers, Swiss bellringers, yodelers, xylophone players and hoop-rollers.

As the shorts conclude, two well-trained electrons, accompanied by several ions and ohms, will approach the patron and nip him on the ankle. Thus awakened, he is permitted to view the feature howler with no more discomfort than a slight feeling of dizziness.

**OLD DR. HALL**, Professor of Newt Culture at Handlebar University, Nebraska, is one of the Halls of Montezuma, mentioned in the famous Marine Hymn. He is the author of "Through Hollywood with Gun and Camera," and many other unpopular works. For the past twenty years he has been a familiar figure in the studios until detected and thrown out. Next month he promises another unreliable article, this time on The Ear-Plug Test for Lipping Actors. "I have a message for PHOTOPLAY readers," says Dr. Hall, "but I just can't remember what it is."





Patent  
Not  
Applied  
For

OLD Dr. Rube Goldberg, inventor, describes his No-Snooze-At-Talkies Device thus: Cross-eyed hunter shoots at decoy duck and misses. The bullet hits water pipe and water spouts up, saturating sponge and causing its weight to pull string and start electric fan. Fan blows cold air off cake of ice and gives dwarf a chill. Dwarf moves body and waves arms in effort to keep warm, ringing large bell which keeps young lady awake during talkie!

**EXTRA**

**HOLLYWOOD**

# STUDIO MURDERER

## Confronted with Evidence, Franz Seibert Kills Himself

CHAPTER XVII

*The crime that baffled the police of Los Angeles is solved!*

*If you entered solutions in PHOTOPLAY'S \$3,000 contest you will want to read the official solution. But before you go on, read a resume of what has gone before.*

*Dwight Hardell, a leading actor of the Superior Films Company, is found murdered on Stage Six, following a night's work on close-ups alone with Franz Seibert, Superior's ace foreign director.*

*Police investigation, in the hands of Chief Detective Smith, reveals that Seibert and Hardell left the studio at 12:17 A. M. It is obvious that Hardell must have found his way back unobserved, although the gateman swears to the contrary.*

*As the investigation progresses, a number of studio workers and players come under direct suspicion. There are "confessions" under puzzling circumstances. The mystery grows more baffling day by day.*

*Now read what actually happened and check up with your own solution.*

By

The Edingtons

# The Studio Murder Mystery

"I AM at my office," came the excited voice of the president of Superior Films. "Can you come right out here? It iss . . . vell, over the phone I cannot tell you . . ."

but it iss very important. . . ."

"Has something happened?" Smith's pulses quickened to the beat of excitement in the voice from the other end of the wire.

"Mine Gott, yes! At the show I got it! At the Orpheum! An idea! Please to come right away!"

"Won't it wait until morning?"

"Right away I must see you or I vill bust vide open!" was the graphic response.

"Well, if that's the case," laughed the detective, "I guess I'll have to forego my beauty sleep and toddle out! You are at the studio?"

"Yes—in my office."

"All right, sit tight. I'll be there!"

When he opened the door Rosenthal literally pounced upon him.

"Neffar in my life haff I been so vorked up! I haff it! I tell you I haff it!" he shouted, running forward and pulling the detective into the room.

"Is it contagious?" asked Smith.





# COMMITTS SUICIDE!

## Foreign Director-Murderer Was Member of Occult Society

"Yes, yes! Oi, vat am I saying? Mine Gott, I hope not vas vat I mean! You vas only trying to be funny, eh? I tell you this is no time to be funny! I haff it I tell you!"

Rosenthal's eyes were fairly popping out of his head with the excess of his agitation. He made nervous, futile gestures at his hair, his clothing—pushed papers wildly about on his desk. All the time his breath came in excited gasps.

"Well, all right. You've got it, old man, but calm down long enough to tell me what it is," said Smith, lighting a cigar.

"First I tell you who committed that murder!"

Smith looked up intently.

"Who?"

ROSENTHAL came over and whispered a name into his ears, and Smith shook his head with a dry smile.

"I got the same idea, but I've just checked over everything! Hardell was seen by at least five people after he left this studio in Seibert's car!"

Rosenthal protested vehemently.

"No difference does that make! It means nothing! You vait. From the beginning I tell you! I told you my Rachel gets tickets for the Orpheum tonight? Oi, ven I think almost I giff them to Izzie Cohen. Vell, first I am bored silly . . . ven

I am not miserable thinking about my vorries. Same old stuff . . . you know . . . a bunch off dogs yelping and jumping thru' hoops, and some acrobats, and a man vat told dirty stories so fast between nice vones you vas laughing at vone ven you meant to be laughing at the other . . . vell, anyway Rachel is giffing me dirty looks because I only sit and groan.

"MINE Gott, something comes out on the stage that hits me right between the eyes! Just like that! The minute I see it the idea comes . . . like a flash. Up I jump, and grab Rachel by the arm, and I haff to slap little Izzie because he busts out crying, and Rachel she von't speak to me all the vay out because I made her step on a man's corns and he bawls her out. Vell, it vas fierce, I tell you, but finally I get them out, and put them in a taxi and send them home. Then right away I rush out here. Almost I haff a collision, but I don't care I am so excited. I tell you I see it all! I know that iss the vay it happened!" Rosenthal drew out his voluminous silk handkerchief and began mopping his brow. Smith saw that his hands were shaking.

"Quite clear," he said dryly. "But what you neglected to tell me is . . . who came out . . . and what did he do?"

"The man . . . the actor . . . and right away I see that iss the vay Hardell vas killed! Listen . . ." Rosenthal glanced hastily at the door behind Smith, and at the windows. Jumping to his feet he pulled down the blinds, crossed to the door and locked it. Then he drew a chair up close to Smith's, and leaning forward began whispering rapidly into the detective's ear, his eyes darting here and there about the room as though the very walls had ears against which he must disguise his words.

As he talked Smith's matter-of-fact air dropped from him. He partook of Rosenthal's excitement. When the president of Superior Films finally leaned back and looked at him, the eyes of the two men met in mutual fires of speculation.

"Vell, am I not right?" demanded Rosenthal breathlessly.

"Wild and far-fetched as your theory is . . . I believe . . . by Jove, I believe you are!" exclaimed Smith, adding, "But . . . I wonder if the man ever did anything of that sort . . . professionally, you know? He'd have to be pretty darn clever . . ."

"You vait! Ve find out!" He picked up a

The film stopped. In the darkness that followed before the switching on of the lights, no one saw Seibert's swift movement as he slipped a tiny white pellet to his lips. "Don't move, Seibert!" Detective Smith barked and the lights appeared. The director laughed mirthlessly. "I am no fool. I know when—when I am cornered. It is you who are the fools—the imbeciles—the cowards. And yet—fools that you are—you defeated me!"





# Extra! The Hardell Murder Mystery Solved!



The tense audience in the darkened projection room watched the film of the crime as reconstructed by Detective Smith. The horrified watchers saw Seibert, rapier in hand, return to the prone actor . . . urging him on to intensify his expression. They saw him lean over, pressing the rapier against the actor's heart. . . .

portfolio from his desk. "Vile I was waiting for you I get this out of the Publicity Department files. Ve always take biographies off our people.

"Ve use them in writing stories for fan magazines and newspapers, you understand . . . that iss, our people under contract. I haff not yet read this . . . but . . . Ah . . . here!" and he ran a pudgy finger down a column marked, "Former Occupations," and handed the book to Smith, who read aloud.

"TOURED Russia, France, America and England, 1907. . . 1912, in vaudeville. Played also before the crowned heads of Europe. Started motion pictures in America in 1914 . . ." Smith continued reading silently then until the end of the biography, when suddenly he leaned forward. His quick movement showed plainly that something had struck a vibrant note in his brain. He had come to a page under the heading "Hobbies." He read aloud again—

"Not interested in usual games. Does not make collections.

Hobby, if any, an interest in the occult. Thought to have belonged, while in Europe to leading organizations of this kind, scientific research societies, etc., spending many hours on investigations into matters occult and metaphysical. It is rumored has a rare library, containing ancient and valuable manuscripts on these subjects."

Smith raised his eyes to find Rosenthal's fixed expectantly upon him.

"I haff heard that Black Magic is still practiced . . ." but Smith put up a deprecating hand.

"No . . . not . . . that . . . but . . ." and he let out a breath of triumph. "We've got him, Rosie, old fellow! We've got him! That is, he's hooked, but the thing now is to land our fish!"

"I haff thought of that also," said Rosenthal quietly.

"You have? Shoot!"

"All the vay out here, my mind goes jumping about, trying to find the vay. Then I get it! From a picture ve made last



# Actor Murdered by Mad Foreign Director!

year I get it! In the picture vone of the vittnesses in a murder case turns out to be . . . vell, to be all off on his testimony! How do they prove it? They stage it offer, and show how that vittness has had ears, and hears wrong! Vell, ve do the same thing! Ve stage it offer again!"

"Huh?" Smith's eyes were fixed quizzically on the other. Never before in the detective's experience, had he dealt with a person who had the power to wave a magic wand and duplicate, regardless of the talent or money involved, a complete episode of life. Rosenthal became impatient.

"Sure, sure!" he repeated testily, "Ve do it offer. The whole thing! Vid the same 'props' . . . the same people . . . efferything!"

"The same people . . . ?" questioned Smith stupidly.

"SURE, sure! Mine Gott, Smith, don't I tell you many times Sve do anything in pictures?" Rosenthal's mind was already leaping ahead, planning the scene, timing the action, and he did not like being held up to explain.

He was accustomed to working with minds that instantly grasped ideas, that never conceded the impossible in pictures, and here was a man who put up a fence of buts and ifs! He shook his head impatiently, and forced himself to tell the detective, how, and why, any happening under the sun could be duplicated by the artists of Superior Films. He said,

"You are vondering how ve can bring Hardell back to life, maybe, for vat ve vant? How ve can cast the other vone? Easy! I got a make-up man that can make a fence post look like George Washington! Sure! You don't belieff me! Vait! I show you!" He hurriedly pulled a sheaf of photographs from

a cabinet drawer, and jammed them into Smith's hands. "Look! Effery vone of those pictures vas the same man! Effery vone!" he exclaimed.

"Impossible," said Smith. It was not an exclamation. It was a statement of fact.

"VEN will you realize that *nothing* is impossible in pictures!" shouted Rosenthal. "I tell you the man vat posed for all five of those pictures . . . for Lincoln, Washington, the Kaiser, The Christ, and that East Indian hunchback, is right here in my studio! One thousand dollars a veek I pay him, vether he vorks or not! Now do you say I don't know vat I am talking about?" His eyes blazed at Smith.

"Well, I'm not used to such wonders, Rosenthal . . . give me time. My only worry is that, if we start this thing, you know, we can't afford to have a slip up . . . I want to be darn sure it's not going to be a flivver! I'd be the laughing stock of the city!"

"The fellow vat laughs last, laughs best," said Rosenthal dryly. "But I see I got to convince you. I get Cedric Halland himself to come out here . . . tonight . . . now . . ." He plumped exasperatedly down in his chair and called a number. After a long wait he thrust his fat lips close to the phone.

"Cedric, that iss you? Rosenthal. I am at my office at the studio. I vant you should come out immediately. Vat? Vell, call a taxi and charge it to me."

He turned to Smith,

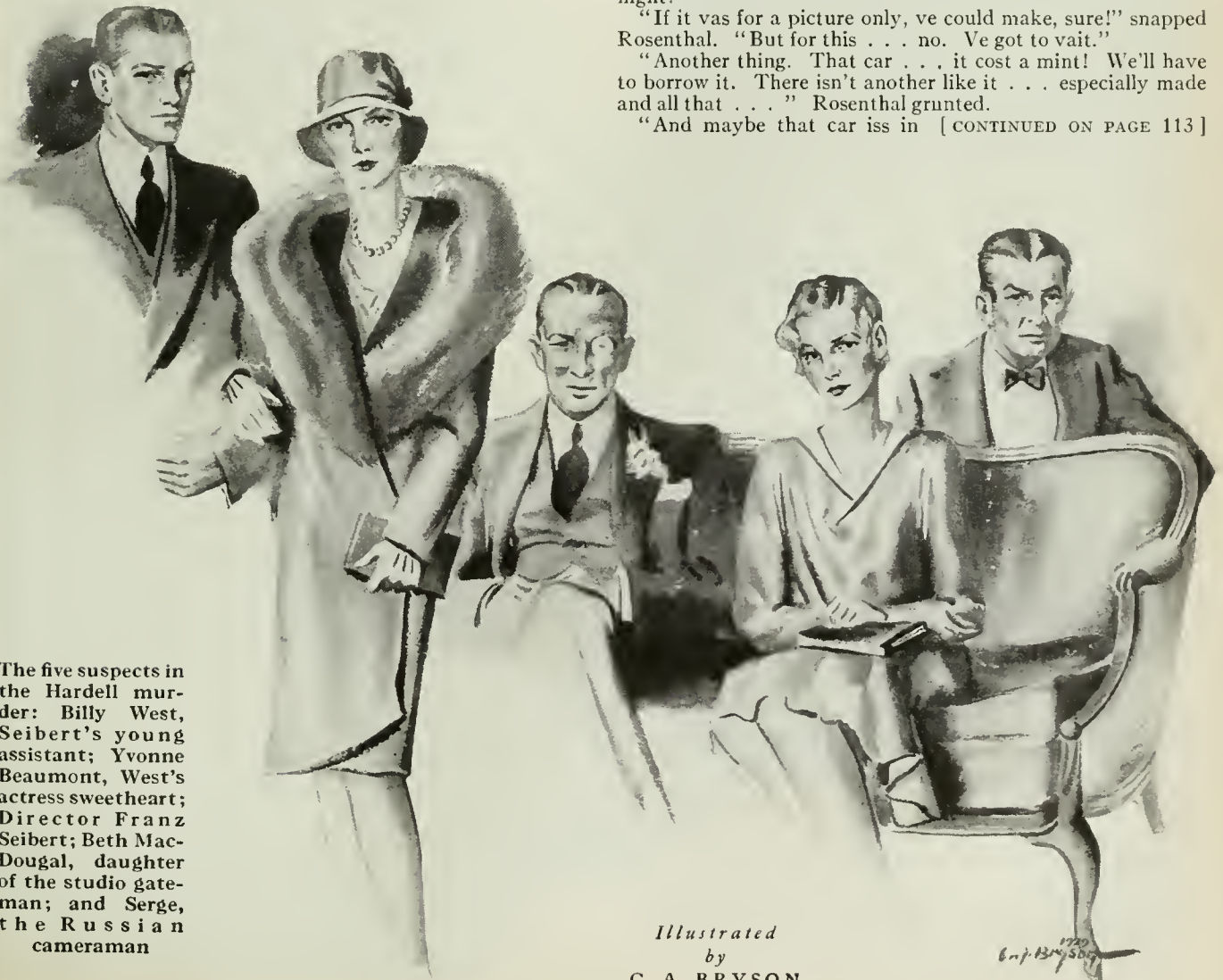
"His car iss in the shop, but he comes right away by taxi."

"The sooner we do this the better, but we'll have to do it on a foggy night!" Smith said. "The same kind of night. Did you think of that? I suppose you will tell me you can make a foggy night?"

"If it vas for a picture only, ve could make, sure!" snapped Rosenthal. "But for this . . . no. Ve got to vait."

"Another thing. That car . . . it cost a mint! We'll have to borrow it. There isn't another like it . . . especially made and all that . . ." Rosenthal grunted.

"And maybe that car iss in [CONTINUED ON PAGE 113]



The five suspects in the Hardell murder: Billy West, Seibert's young assistant; Yvonne Beaumont, West's actress sweetheart; Director Franz Seibert; Beth MacDougal, daughter of the studio gate-man; and Serge, the Russian cameraman

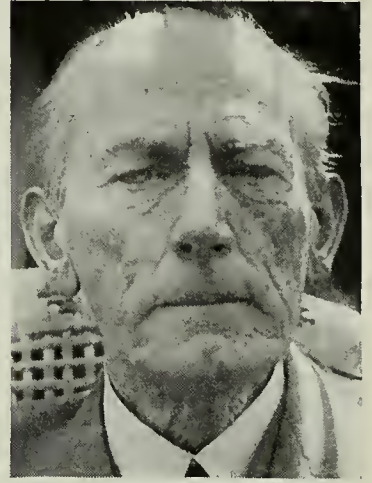
Illustrated  
by  
C. A. BRYSON

# The Fable of \$50,000



Before Taking  
Hollywood

How the charming Mr. Locke wrote a story for a Beeootiful Film Lady, and then sailed away with a plump check and no production at all!



After Taking  
Hollywood

By

Harry Lang

**B**Y this time, William John Locke, of England, has Joseph M. Schenck's cheque for \$50,000.

And Joseph M. Schenck of Hollywood has William John Locke's original story for Norma Talmadge's next picture. You see, not so many months ago, Mr. Schenck brought Mr. Locke and his family from England to Hollywood just to write that story—for \$50,000.

Well, Mr. Locke has the \$50,000, and Mr. Schenck has the story. There's only one catch in it all—that is, *THAT MR. LOCKE'S STORY WON'T BE NORMA TALMADGE'S NEXT PICTURE!* And—take this from United Artists officials—it won't *EVER* be Norma Talmadge's next picture. And—take this from them, too—Mr. Locke may be the foremost novelist of all England, or even of the world, *BUT*. . . !!!

Now, this story isn't at all about what Mr. Schenck thinks now of Mr. Locke, nor even of what the United Artists officials think of Mr. Locke. This story is about what Mr. Locke thinks of Hollywood and motion pictures and things like that.

You see, at the end of March, Mr. Locke, after packing up his pens and his pads and his things and his family, was going back to England—with Mr. Schenck's \$50,000. And he doesn't expect, for the present at least, to do any more original writing for the films.

"After all," he admits now, "my job in this world is novel writing, y' know. And I must place that first in all my activities!"

Now let us go to interview Mr. Locke, in the oh-so-lovely Beverly Hills home where he wrote the \$50,000 story that's never going to be screened. Let us go with Mr. Locke into his study, where he pens his thoughts in longhand. And let us sit down with the tall, thinnish, blond, long-haired, 65-year-old, Woodrow Wilson-smiled Mr. Locke and sip a cocktail and ask him questions and have him answer us, now that he's seen Hollywood from the inside.

"Mr. Locke," let us begin, "a few months ago you were good enough to write some lovely things about Hollywood, having seen it for just a week, and now that you've seen it for several months, intimately, one wonders if you've changed any of your original ideas . . ."

Mr. Locke beams and strokes his long yellow hair, of which he is very proud, being sixty-five.

"Oh, I find it the most hard-work-

ing community I've ever come across in my life," he tells you.

"You wrote, back then, about 'the peace and quiet of cinema production,' but admitted that was founded on but a week's impressions? Have you changed your mind?"

"Oh, no, nono, nono," he crows. "I still think it's so. I admire the very great patience of the directors and the artists."

"—And the producers, too?" you ask. Mr. Locke appears pained. The word "producers" affects him somehow or other.

"I've seen more of the directors than I have of the producers," he says, and he looks very much as though he wishes you wouldn't mention producers ever again. But one is so obtuse!—one simply persists . . .

"Is Mr. Schenck going to produce the story you wrote for Miss Talmadge?" one asks, naïvely.

"**O**H, I don't know. I don't know anything about the story at all," says Mr. Locke, who wrote it. Which strikes one as very, very strange, so one looks a bit bewildered, and Mr. Locke tries to make it plainer.

"Mr. Schenck and I," he tells you, "both fulfilled our contracts, and that's about all there is to that." He says something lovely about the California climate then, and appears hopeful that that might be a fitter subject for discussion. But it isn't.

"Now, Mr. Locke, let us be frank," one begs him. And he answers:

"Eh? Yes? . . ."

"Mr. Locke," one goes on, "it is very freely reported in Hollywood that there wasn't complete agreement between yourself and United Artists or Mr. Schenck on your story. Wouldn't you care to say something definite about that, for yourself?"

Mr. Locke, who ordinarily doesn't look a bit over 45, looks quite his age now. He strokes his hair some more, doesn't look a bit overjoyed, and phrases an answer with a bit of care. These Uhmeddic'n press fellows are so importunate, now! . . .

"It would be—ah—very difficult to do that without criticizing or treading on anyone's corns, now. Uh. Ah. Uh. I'd much prefer to keep to my general impressions of pleasure and—uh—the hard work and—ah—sincerity of the artists and directors." [CONTINUED ON PAGE 96]

**M**OOTION Picture Producer contracted with William J. Locke, the English author of famous best sellers, to write Norma Talmadge's next starring picture. Mr. Locke wrote the story, the producer paid him in full, but no camera ever ground on the story, and none ever will. Interviewed, Mr. Locke says "Er—the climate is—ah, salubrious, and—um—my word!"



# Whoopee!

## Here Comes Mary

Bobbed, audible, and  
coquettish in her  
latest picture

**B**EHOLD the new Mary Pickford! In her forthcoming film, "Coquette," she brings her admirers two new things—a windblown bob and a voice. Mary's haircut is significant. It marks the passing of an epoch, for it means that the kid parts of *The Little Biograph Girl* are no more, and that Mary is now a grown-up lady, on screen as well as off. Furthermore, for the first time a Pickford picture may have a sad ending. All of which goes to show that Mary has bowed to time and change in her first talkie.



Mary Pickford and Matt Moore  
in a dramatic moment from her  
new picture,  
"Coquette"



Mary seems to be getting a bit coy and kittenish with Johnny Mack Brown, her leading man in "Coquette." The storm-tossed bob makes our Mary look younger and prettier than she has in a long time. Do you like the haircut?



# The Girl From

The scion of the Boston Flowers hired her for background in his test film—but read what happened

**H**AROLD FLOWER had arrived in Hollywood with a very elaborate English-tailored wardrobe, an overdose of self-confidence, and the firm conviction that Nature had equipped him to be one of the great lovers of the screen.

He was just past twenty-one with a sapling figure and a face which he felt might very easily be mistaken for John Barrymore's. That he knew nothing whatever about acting seemed to Harold to be quite unimportant.

He had made what he thought was an extensive study of the screen and had reached the conclusion that the very best springboard for overnight stardom is a *name*. The proud old name of *Flower* had graced the Boston Social Register for many generations. Harold was ready to offer it to the highest bidder.

He parked his roadster of robin's egg blue in front of one of the largest studios and presented himself at the casting window.

"I'M Harold Flower," he announced importantly, "of the Boston Flowers—"

He paused for this to have its effect upon the pimply-faced youth who was gazing at him indifferently through the grilled-iron window. The effect was exactly the same as if he had said of the Podunk *Smiths*.

"Nothing today," came the reply. It sounded like a ventriloquist's dummy had spoken.

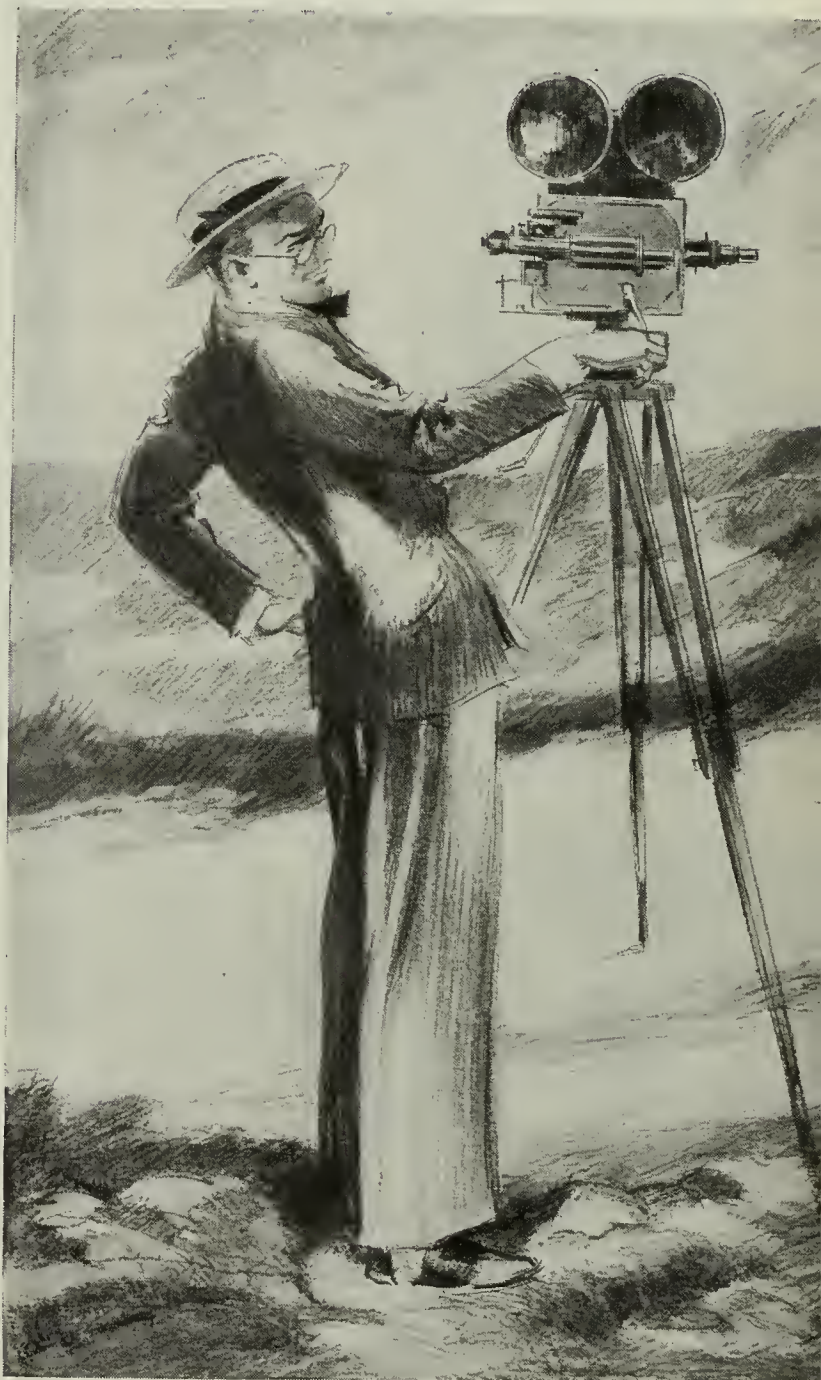
"But I say—" Harold couldn't believe that the boy had understood him. "Don't you know who I am?"

The pimply-faced one remained indifferent. "Wouldn't make any difference if you was the Prince of Wales. Company's all on location." He snapped a cigarette stub into a cuspidor across the room and reached for the telephone.

"I have some photographs here." Harold started to unfasten the large envelope he was carrying.

"Casting hours from nine to twelve. Bring 'em back then if you want 'em looked at." His manner indicated that it was immaterial whether the photographs were ever exhibited or not.

It was a bad beginning but Harold refused to let it discourage him. He was determined to be an actor. In a way he had set his heart on the Paradox Studio. He liked their slogan "*If it's a Paradox show it's the best show in town.*" Naturally, a *Flower*



could only be associated with the best. There were other studios however. In the days that followed Harold visited all of them, leaving a sheaf of expensive photographs at each one and explaining his identity. But the studio people it seemed had never heard of the Boston *Flowers*. Harold's letters home did not mention this. The family had been sufficiently upset by his announcement that he had decided to be an actor. In fact his father had made some impulsive threat about disinheriting him if he ever saw his name on a movie screen. For a time it looked as though he would never have occasion to exercise this threat.

Then, after more than a fortnight of idleness, Harold discovered that well-dressed youth can sometimes get by where ancestry proves a total flop. He made his first appearance before the camera as one of a crowd in a ballroom scene. This



# Woolworth's

By  
Grace  
Mack

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



On the following day Harold did some Western riding in Griffith Park, attired in chaps, spurs and a Tom Mix hat. Before the big scene he explained to his poker-faced cameraman: "In this scene I'm the bold, bad man of the mesa. I make love to Jennie, who is a poor little ranch girl. I foil a lot of evil cowboys and then I ride away. We'll put in a title something like, 'Love 'em and leave 'em'"

was earning as an actor to teach him bronco busting.

All that this resulted in, however, was a chance to double for three or four popular male stars whom he very slightly resembled. They got the glory and Harold got a couple of cracked ribs from falling off a horse in a stunt scene and pneumonia from swimming the icy rapids in a Northwest Mounted picture.

**B**UT his belief in himself never wavered. He was confident that he could do anything that any popular young juvenile could do. He had watched them work. It was a cinch. They had absolutely nothing that he didn't have. What he needed was a director to discover him. But how was a director even going to see him when he was just one of a crowd.

Then one day it occurred to him that he might insert himself into the foreground by inventing a little "business" of his own. It was a

gangster murder scene. Harold was one of a group of reporters. He waited until he was sure he would be picked up by the camera and then he leaned over to touch the body. Unfortunately the script called for this bit of action to be performed by the star. When Harold beat him to it an assistant director bawled out:

"Hey there! Whadda you think you're doing—a solo?"

For a moment it looked as if they were going to put Harold off the set. His ears tingled with the words "ham extra" and "screen hog" which the assistant director scathingly applied to him as he shoved him into the background.

It was this episode which made Harold realize that something had to be done. If he played extras any longer he would be marked for life.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 138]

was followed by other ballroom scenes. At the end of a few months he had been cast as a gigolo in a Parisian cabaret sequence, an unsung football hero in a college epic, and a *poilu* in a war picture. His dream of *stealing the picture*, however, remained unrealized.

**S**TILL, he was beginning to get on to the Hollywood racket. He had learned the trick of putting whitening on his teeth, had learned to pencil his pale blue eyes and to make up his chin so that it looked more forceful. He engaged a lifeguard to put some class into his swimming and to teach him a few fancy dives. An hour each day was spent at a gymnasium with a Swede boxer who had a right hook that left him absolutely punch drunk. He paid a cowboy extra twice as much as he





Who brought this up? Anyway, "The Two Black Crows" are all ready to caw into the microphone. Here is big Charlie Mack greeting his little pal and partner, George Moran, on the latter's arrival in Hollywood. Once hands were shaken and hats waved for the benefit of camera-men, the famous comics were hustled out to the Paramount studio to black up and begin work on the first of two talkies they're to make for that company

# GOSSIP *of* All

*Said Clara Bow to Alice White,  
"It surely is a lovely night!"  
"Oh, I don't know! Oh, I don't know!"  
Said Alice White to Clara Bow.*

**W**HAT gets over in Hollywood, doesn't make a hit in New York!

The newest instance is little Lupe Velez.

Out where the talkies begin Lupe has been looked upon as a ball of fire. Lifted from Mexican cabaret obscurity by producers, she is on the edge of stardom. It is natural that she would lose her head. And Lupe has lost it. She squanders the high salary she draws down. She acts pretty much as she pleases in public. All of which did very well—until she collided with Broadway.

**L**UPE blew into the metropolis evidently determined to give Broadway a very rough idea of a Hollywood hoyden off the reservation.

The second day she was in town United Artists gave an elegant luncheon for her at the Park Central Hotel. Lupe came bounding in wearing a half pound of clothes and screeching like the noon whistle at the plow works.

She pounced on Jack Cohen, intelligent but modest picture critic for *The New York Sun*, and barked, "I know-a you. I knew-a you in California! What-a you mean coming to my party? I no-a like you!"

When Cohen came out of his faint, he was told it was just clean fun, and Lupe's insistence on that fact only added to his discomfiture. Her other girlish pranks included shouting across the table at any one who addressed his neighbor above a whisper, and sticking the damp end of a guest's cigar in a salt cellar. If David Belasco had been there, she would probably have pulled his chair from under him.

**L**UPE'S cute tricks didn't get over so well, and there was plenty of muttering among the lowly populace of mere writers and critics.

A couple of days later her hotel gave her a tea, large and swell, but Lupe was a changed gal. True, she didn't wear enough clothes to wad a peashooter, but she was comparatively calm and restrained.

Cal imagines that United Artists piped her down on the wild Mexican foolishness. Velez just overtrained on her debut, that's all.

But Lupe was a riot when she appeared personally with "Lady of the Pavements." Hot and entertaining across the footlights.

But not quite placid enough for a luncheon partner.

**Join the Painters' Union and see the girls. Iris Ashton, one of the Fox Movietone Follies beauties, has merely slipped on a coat of paint and is ready for the camera. But Iris doesn't look very happy about it, somehow. Perhaps she is thinking of the fatal moment when she will have to scrub it off!**





One day while Director Millard Webb was waving his arms at the actors during the making of "Gentlemen of the Press" at Paramount's Eastern studio, a beautiful girl walked on the set and smiled. Three players and a property man fell dead. And lo and behold, it was nobody but our beautiful-as-ever Beverly Bayne, just dropping in to see what the talkies are all about, anyway! Why not give her back to us in the talkies?



# The STUDIOS

By  
Cal  
York



CLARA BOW'S visit to New York was just about as noisy as a cream-puff falling on a feather bed.

The scintillating sorrel-top registered at a hotel as Stella Ames, and had a maid and a chaperon, the latter being Mrs. Clarence Badger, wife of the director.

She did a little modest night-clubbing, but that was all.

Her one personal appearance was at the Paramount Theater in Brooklyn, her home town, and all the folks turned out.

Police fought off crowds, the house was sardine full at the one performance she graced, and for all I know there were fireworks, band music and dancing in the streets.

It was a great night for Brooklyn, which is usually in the shadow of its more famous sister borough, Manhattan, across the East River. Home Town Girl Makes Good.

THE Bow heart seems to remain in the film capital despite the fact that she, personally, is in New York.

Hollywood's big gas-and-tire man, Frank Muller, is reported to be the latest "Samson."

A wire from the vivacious Clara fell from the Muller pocket the other day and was swept to an obscure corner of the Muller gas station where a gas buyer found it.

Did he read it before returning it to the owner?

I'll say he did!

And therein he found many endearing young terms. Clara made it plain that Mr. Muller was her Samson and she was his Delilah and that if he didn't be nice, she'd "get a Samson with longer hair." Another blithe sentiment was embodied in the following: "I'm drinking a toast to your eyes," said Clara; "may they never meet."

Sweet rest for the tired business man! The first picture of Nancy Carroll as *Bonnie* in the Paramount picture version of the brilliant drama of life backstage "Burlesque." This is the big chance of Nancy's fair young life. And when it comes to filling tights, La Carroll certainly has what it takes!

ANOTHER amazing story from Hollywood. This time it's a true one and not conceived at a press agent's Underwood.

Many months ago W. S. Van Dyke's publicity man took a "gag" picture of the director with a group of blondes.

The caption stated that Van Dyke was attempting to pick one of the gals to play the leading rôle in "Trader Horn."

It was just a publicity stunt and the girls had been gathered from the casting office. All went well until one of the extras said, "I won't do this picture unless I get paid for it. I'm not in this business for my health, but for the checks. This is work, isn't it?"





Ruth Chatterton and Lionel Barrymore just have a good heart-to-heart talk about a scene for "Madame X," in which the eldest Barrymore boy is filming Mrs. Ralph Forbes. When it is over Lionel will go into the sound-proof cage, wave "allez!" and the bit will be immortal!

The incident was closed. Van Dyke went to the South Sea Islands to do "The Pagan." He returned and started to look for the lead in "Trader Horn." They thought of Camilla Horn and Mary Nolan. Both actresses were too expensive. Van Dyke was worried. Hundreds of tests were made. And then, one day, he said, "Who was that spunky little extra girl who wouldn't do a gag picture without a day's check?"

The girl's name was Edwina Booth. She has the only woman's part in "Trader Horn"!

**A**RTHUR CAESAR, Broadway wit and playboy who now does talkies for Fox, has most of the film colony panicked all the time with his nifties.

At a Wampus meeting the other day Arthur said that Warner Brothers had performed the stupendous feat of taking the Bible, an established hit for years, and making a flop out of it.

P. S. He meant "Noah's Ark."

**M**ARION DAVIES' benefit for war orphans was pronounced a success. Three local theaters were taken over. Their regular attractions were given plus performances by Al Jolson, Marion Harris and other headliners, who donated their services.

Jimmy Hall, who was master of ceremonies at one of the houses, deserves an especial laurel wreath all his own. Gus Edwards was late and it was Jimmy's duty to stall for time. If you've ever been a master of ceremonies and one of your acts was late, you'll know just how Jimmy felt.

But who cared about time and Gus Edwards, with Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Gloria Swanson in the audience?

**I**F, after my years of effort, you still don't believe that Hollywood is the maddest pin-point on a nutty globe, read this.

Out in a tiny Missouri hamlet called Marionville, proud of its 1,200 people, Jennie Benjamin ran the town millinery shop. Once she did a modest business. Then the coming of the automobile allowed townswomen to drive to Springfield, two hours away, where hats were better and more plentiful.

Tired of listening to her arteries harden, Miss Jennie took all her meagre savings and came to Hollywood to get a job in the movies. The first day the little old-fashioned woman called at the Warner studio.



We seldom see Billie Dove this close to nature, minus the silver-spangled frocks into which she is poured. Soon after this picture was snapped, Bill hooked a halibut weighing fully 892 or 114 pounds, and at least THIS long!

"I'm a hat creator from the East," she said. "I'd like to connect with your company."

Two days later they called her. "Report for work tomorrow morning."

For the past several months the little milliner from Marionville has been designing snappy modes for Warner.

Beauty, fame and fortune storm the gates of filmland in vain. Miss Jennie, from Old Mizzoo, knocks timidly, and walks right in.

Tell me, is there any sense at all to the business of living?

*Ten thousand battling to get in,  
The riot squad, the flashlights' din,  
Top hats and ermine shove and squeeze—  
And on the screen a piece of cheese.*

**R**UMORS of a smash-up in the marital relations of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor brought quick denials from both members of the famous domestic team.

They started while Jack was in Florida superintending the Stribling-Sharkey fight, called "The Miasma of Miami," and Estelle was at work in Hollywood.

However, as soon as she finished up with "East is East," the Lon Chaney picture, she hurried East, and reached Florida in time to be at the ringside.

Then the reports broke out again, but Jack and Estelle squelched them by long distance to New York.

Estelle, as everyone knows, is tremendously ambitious in her picture work, and Jack likes fight promoting, but they are both going to make concessions in order to be together, just as they always have in the past.

No—the Dempsey-Estelle Taylor romance looks safe and





Anita Page, deadliest of blondes, is aware of the importance of a delightful odor in filmland. The half gallon of scent you see her holding was chosen out of a shipment of some sixty varieties sent her by hopeful perfumiers



Gene-Kornman

Hot from Hollywood comes the first scene from Harold Lloyd's new picture, so far untitled. He began it with the working name "TNT," which is in the best Lloyd manner. Hal is posing the cop nicely, and we suspect that somewhere behind him is a pipe wrench or baseball bat

sound for some time to come. Which probably just breaks the hearts of the trouble-makers and grief-spreaders who infest the world!

**T**HE prize story for May. Some visitors on a set were discussing a screen star, *sotto voce*.

"She certainly has 'It,'" said one.

"What's the good of 'It' if you're illiterate?" said another.

The star overheard, and burned.

"I'll have you know that my father and mother were married three and a half years before I was born!" she stormed.

**H**OLLYWOOD is going gaga thinking up titles for new theme songs.

Here's one waggishly suggested for Norma Shearer's new picture—

"Mary Dugan, you're a trial to me!"

**R**OBERT BENCHLEY is one of the prominent and popular New York smart boys who has clicked in Fox movietones.

A distinguished actor, one of Bob's fervent admirers, was interviewed recently by a San Francisco newspaperman, and the actor went into a long rave about the brilliance of Benchley.

Proudly, the actor sent a clipping of the interview to Benchley.

Bob sent back this note—

"Dear little girl . . . I didn't know you cared!"

**D**OROTHY PARKER, the Broadway poet and wit, can always be counted on for a stinger.

Metro-Goldwyn imported her to Hollywood to write talkie dialogue. Mrs. Parker specializes in ultra-smart sophistication,

with a rash of cynicism, so of course the studio gave her the old tear-squeezing melodrama, "Madame X," to play with. It would.

A day or two after her assignment Dotty met James Gleason.

"Got a swell idea, Jimmy," she said.

"So what?" answered the actor-writer.

"Going to jazz up the story, stick in a few hot numbers, and call it 'Mammy X!'"

**W**HEN Greta Garbo first came to these Metro-Goldwyn shores, several years ago, she was given the usual publicity runaround.

That is, the press department called on the Sinuous Swede for all the publicity tricks that are customarily the lot of the newcomer.

She was snapped in running trunks, posed in trick clothes, and photographed shaking hands with trained gorillas and United States congressmen.

"When I am beeg star like Leelian Geesh," she once told a press agent, "I will not shake hands with prize fighters for publicecy."

Well, now that she is beeg star, she won't. It would take a visit from Mussolini to turn out La Garbo, and only once in an exceptionally blue moon will she pose for studio pictures. And the moon has to be plenty blue.

**A**L BOASBERG, the title writer, can always be relied upon to do his gagging bit.

When Universal shook out the lot not long ago, Al smiled wanly and said:

"It's all so futile! Just as soon as those guys learn English they fire 'em!"

**H**OLLYWOOD is all of a twitter!

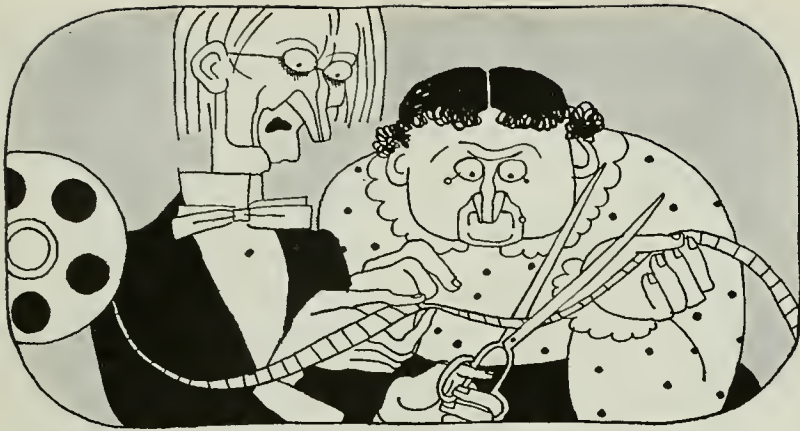
Who is the Mysterious Mrs. McDonald?

No, Junior, this isn't the start of a new Van Dine puzzler, though it sounds like one.

The fact is that Mr. Ronald Colman—the shy, aloof and secretive Mr. Colman—has been seen first hither and then yon with a most attractive lady of the blonde persuasion.

When asked who she is, Mr. Colman habitually goes into a becoming blush and stammers, "That? Oh, that is Mrs. McDonald."

Only that and nothing more. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 80]



LADY CENSOR—"Dear Dr. Spavin, don't you think there's something a LEETLE mite suggestive in the way they're staring at each other?"

# Reeling Around

with

Leonard Hall

## Fame

*For twenty years, upon the screen,  
He fought for many a movie queen.*

*Saved honor, battled sin and shame—  
Lived all the virtues one could name.*

*In ermine, every inch a king.  
Looked noble, loved, and everything.*

*One day a tiny item read,  
"Los Angeles—Bill Jones is dead."*

## Just Good, Mean Fun

The Paramount Theater, Paris, recently had "Three Sinners" on the screen and Pola Negri in person. . . . As Frank Tinney used to say, what could be fairer than that? . . . The newest theme song, "Dynamite, Dynamite, Blow Back My Sweetie to Me!" . . . Clara Bow registered at a New York hotel as "Selma Ames". . . . Mrs. Director Clarence Badger came along as chaperon. . . . Oh, ho! The old Badger Game! . . . Lupe Velez came to Broadway and the local hot babies got chilblains. . . . Three stitches were taken in Tony Moreno's head after a careless mechanic dropped a bottle on his head from a height of 35 feet and Tony didn't even have presence of mind to say, "I hope it's blood." . . . Coolidge's hum state catches up with the parade. The first theater in Vermont to install sound equipment was fitted out a little while ago, two years after the fun began. . . . Vermont may be interested to know that its most distinguished son left the White House last March. . . . New stage play, "Squawk," produced in Los Angeles. . . . What a talkie! . . . Director Harry Pollard calls one of his leading women "a morgue for dead emotions." . . . The leading Argentine film star is named Jose Bohr. . . . Comment on that would be carrying ribbon clerks to Hollywood.

## The Gag of the Month Club

Arthur Caesar, wit and talkie writer, gets this month's second-hand paper napkin.

Movie actors are now as crazy for lines as they used to be for close-ups in the silent days. One dizzy blonde came to Caesar on the Fox lot and said, "Oh, Mr. Caesar, don't you think I ought to have some lines in this big picnic scene?"

"Yes, I do!" said Arthur. "You can come on and say, 'Well, here's the ham!'"

"Fine!" beamed the blonde. "And do I really bring on a ham?"

"Oh, no," said Caesar. "That's just a confession!"

## Getting Personal

Nance O'Neil, the veteran stage star, got a thousand dollars for coaching Vilma Banky, the Budapestiferous Beaut, in English. . . . Mrs. Norman Kerry, formerly Heiress Rosine Griffen of Chicago, is going to court about it. . . . Late in the Winter Richard Dix and Regina Cannon, a New York film reviewer, were reported making goo-goo eyes. . . . Dix is the most persistent bachelor in films. Just stubborn. . . . It is reported that Jack Gilbert talked to Greta Garbo in Paris for 30 minutes, *via* telephone, while she was abroad, and then sent the chief operator in New York a mass of roses because he liked the transmission. . . . Lars Hanson, who left Hollywood flat but still alive, gave a special performance of "Strange Interlude" in Garbo's honor during her visit to Stockholm. . . . The late Bill Russell left over \$100,000. . . . Ronald Colman sprained a knee and cracked a rib during a fight in a scene for "Bulldog Drummond." . . . In the mezzanine of the Seattle Theater, Seattle, Washington, women are permitted to play cards at matinee performances. . . . Hatpins and nail files checked at the door. . . . Lupe Velez says she won't marry Gary Cooper because she is afraid wedlock will kill their love. . . . Just a nervous little bundle of faith and optimism, that gal! . . . Roxy's Cathedral of the Motion Picture, in New York, celebrated its second anniversary recently. In two years it was attended by 13,000,000 people, and \$11,000,000 passed into the boxoffice. . . . Film producers are barring visitors from talking picture sets, to guard their technical secrets. . . . The Hollywood slang name for such pictures is "sneakers." . . . Lily Damita's personal appearance tour lasted nineteen days. . . . She attended 12 luncheons, 11 dinners, five teas and made 17 radio speeches. What a lot of peanuckle she had time for! . . . Ruth Taylor, the little *Lorlei* of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has lost out at Paramount, and is free-lancing. . . . Billie Dove was born May 14, 1903. . . . Heigho, 26 years a menace to masculine peace of mind, and still menacing. . . . Pola Negri is to get \$75,000 for making a picture in Germany. The Perilous Pole is still a big shot abroad. . . . Metro-Goldwyn has been letting options lapse. Among those out are the lovely Aileen Pringle, Gwen Lee, Bert Roach and Raquel Torres. Aileen should worry. As Dave Warfield would say, "If Metro don't want her, we want her."



# What are Your Correct Colors?

By *Laurene Hempstead*

Hints for that inter-  
mediate type, the brown  
haired girl

*This is the last of PHOTOPLAY'S series of color articles for the four distinct types—the brunette, the blonde, the red haired and the brown haired girl. Miss Hempstead, who has written this series, is an expert on color harmony, and we believe our readers have found the articles and the accompanying color charts a valuable aid in choosing clothes and cosmetics suited to their individual coloring. We hope to present further articles by Miss Hempstead on the proper appreciation and application of color and line as an aid to feminine attractiveness.*

**I**N America, where there is a fusion of Southern peoples with their warm dark coloring and of Northern peoples with their cool light coloring, we find many so-called intermediate types, persons whose coloring is neither predominately warm nor cool, light nor dark, but containing elements of each. Most frequently their hair is brown, of medium value rather than very dark or very light, so they are known also as the brown haired type.

As readers who studied the three previous articles of this series appreciate, the colors in the costume should be chosen with regard to the warmth or

**N**OT a blonde, not a brunette, sometimes classed as one and sometimes as the other, the girl of the brown haired or intermediate type frequently feels that her coloring is indefinite, even nondescript. It is true that her coloring is not so striking as that of either the blonde or the brunette. It is neither as light and cool as that of the blonde, nor as dark and warm as the brunette. But it combines advantages of both, enabling the brown haired girl to emphasize her best characteristics. Beginning with the February issue, PHOTOPLAY'S cover was a color chart for brunettes; March, for blondes; April for red haired girls; and this issue completes the cycle. Each has a corresponding article by Miss Hempstead, giving detailed information about correct color combinations. You may obtain any issue by sending 25c for each copy to PHOTOPLAY, 750 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



This is a keyed color chart for brown haired girls, corresponding to our cover drawing of June Collyer. No. 1 is warm gray. 2. Soft yellow. 3. Yellow-orange, pleasingly softened. 4. Soft light red-violet. 5. Warm beige. 6. A softened red-orange. 7. Light grayed blue. 8. Light soft violet. 9. Light red-orange. 10. Soft blue-green. 11. Soft light green. 12. Grayed blue-green, medium dark. 13. Soft blue-violet, medium dark.

coolness of the skin, the hair and the eyes. As a rule, persons with warm coloring appear at their best when wearing apparel of warm hues. Those with cool coloring find that cool hues best emphasize their charm. The intermediate type, having the advantage of possessing both warm and cool coloring, therefore frequently has the unique distinction of being able to wear either warm or cool colors.

While the intermediate type is permitted a wider range of actual hues than either cool or warm types she should not, however, wear aggressively cool colors or as flamingly warm hues as may the more decided types with strikingly cool or warm coloring. Extremely cold colors, those of vivid intense hue without a trace of neutralizing warmth in their composition, are likely to be stronger, more powerful than the cool tones in her personal coloring, thereby overpowering or killing them. Actively warm vivid colors are likewise usually detrimental in their effect upon less forceful warm colors in the skin, hair or eyes, dominating rather than emphasizing the coloring of the individual. Intensely cold colors also tend to clash [CONTINUED ON PAGE 147]



★ *THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*—M.-G.-M.

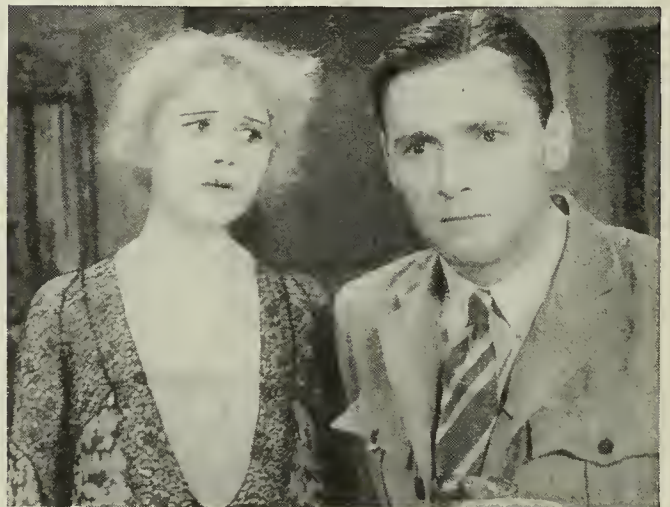
**M**ETRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER sunk four years and nearly a million dollars in filming this Jules Verne tale of the first submarine which glides along the ocean's floor. Ernie Williams invented a deep-sea camera process which knocked technicians cold. Then a company went to the Bahamas but the Florida hurricane defeated them and the film was shelved. Several other false starts were made but something always checked production. Six months ago they tried again, with new cast, sets and director—and the result is an unusual and fantastic spectacle.

The entire production is in technicolor, which gives undreamed-of beauty and clarity to the undersea sequences. The photography is art of the highest order, and the sets bizarre and production lavish. The story is intoxicating fiction. It must be seen to be believed.

# The Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *THE LETTER*—Paramount

**H**ERE is the first high pressure emotional performance of the all-talkies. We have had stars who emoted in the sound films but, in "The Letter," Jeanne Eagels runs the whole distraught gamut. It is great work.

"The Letter" may or may not be a popular film. It's an unusual one—a mature story for grown-ups. Don't take little Willie to see it. Somerset Maugham wrote "The Letter" as a stage play and it moves into a sound film almost intact. The one big elaboration is a battle between a deadly cobra and a mongoose. This was originally a short German film. It adds a thrilling and macabre moment.

The wife of a British plantation manager kills her lover, but by blackening her victim's character, she succeeds in wriggling out of the crime on the stand. Acquittal is just ahead—when an incriminating letter, written by the murderess to the dead lover, turns up.

See the film for the rest of the unsavory story. Miss Eagels plays the unfaithful wife who shoots her lover down in cold blood. The woman is utterly unworthy—and Miss Eagels plays her unrelentingly. She hasn't a redeeming quality, but the star's performance is a corking one.

O. P. Heggie is admirable as the friendly British lawyer who saves the woman. The rest of the cast is fairly good. The atmosphere of a far Eastern rubber plantation (the location is near Singapore) is excellently maintained.

You will like Miss Eagels' dynamic work but you will probably hate the woman she portrays. You may not like the story. But "The Letter" is a real landmark in the progress of the microphone drama.



★ *CLOSE HARMONY*—Paramount

**T**HIS vaudeville backstage hit is the last word in talking pictures. First, Buddy Rogers encounters the "mike" with the most pleasing results. He has a gorgeous speaking voice. His poise and facility prove his phenomenal success due to honest ability, not lucky breaks. Also, it's Nancy Carroll's first all-talkie. Her voice is clear and resonant—her songs the latest from Ziegfeld's. Likewise Skeets Gallagher and Jack Oakie, a comedy team that'll panic the world. Harry Green is a knockout as the harassed producer.

There's no attempt at epic. A sophisticated chorine helps a shy but clever boy sell his act to Broadway. To this modern story and the cast's excellent work is brought brilliant handling and faultless synchronization.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

THE LETTER

SPEAKEASY

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND

CLOSE HARMONY

BETRAYAL

HEARTS IN DIXIE

## The Best Performances of the Month

Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter"

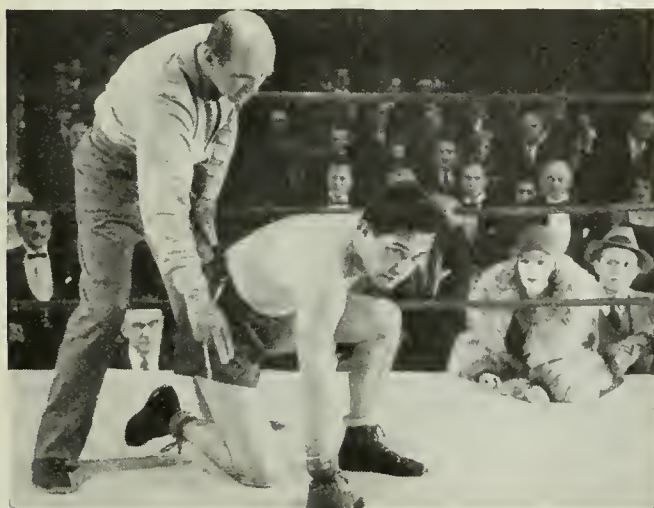
Emil Jannings in "Betrayal"

Helen Ware in "Speakeasy"

O. P. Heggie in "The Letter"

Stepin Fetchit in "Hearts in Dixie"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 152*



★ **SPEAKEASY—Fox**

IT remained for Mr. Fox to talkify the first melodrama of the prize ring, and he made a good job of "Speakeasy."

Its movie bones are old and obvious, but when Director Stoloff begins laying on the talkie meat the body begins to twitch, move and look about.

It's the old, old story, mates—of the bright young prize-fighter surrounded by crooked handlers, hot song singers and bottles of rum—of the pretty girl reporter who is all broken out with faith in him, and who turns up at the ring-side of his comeback bout just in time to so rouse his dander as to enable him to knock the champion into a week from Wednesday night. "Speakeasy" bristles with action.

There are torrid sequences in the dive itself, exciting race bits, and a fight in Madison Square Garden that is no more affectionate than the usual run of photoplay sparring. There is also a fine example of what Mr. Stoloff thinks is a newspaper editor. The girl reporter is played by Lola Lane, and *Martin*, the intellectual pug, by Paul Page. They are nice-looking, pleasant spoken youngsters and work smoothly, if not with inspiration.

Two old-troupers steal the picture in an acting way. Helen Ware, of the stage, is splendid as the hostess of the speakeasy, and right behind comes Henry B. Walthall, *The Little Colonel*, as a sweet old gent who keeps alive by thumping jazz on the piano and who dies for the sake of Lola. Most of the exteriors were made in New York, and you can see Madison Square Garden as big as life, and at least as natural. One can say—no, one *WILL* say, that "Speakeasy" is lively screen entertainment.



★ **BETRAYAL—Paramount**

NOT a pretty story, this, because it lifts the veil on illicit love. Jannings does a fine emotional study which would be even more effective if it were less of a screen solo. The picture is well cast and Lewis B. Milestone has done an artistic job of directing. The appeal, however, is to the discriminating minority rather than the mass of amusement seekers. As the stolid Swiss burgomaster whose wife bears a child to another man after her marriage, Jannings tries at times to hold the screen too long. Gary Cooper as the artist lover is very fine; there are times when his work comes close to genius. Esther Ralston wins sympathy as the erring wife and shows herself superbly fitted for heavy dramatic rôles. The tragic deaths of wife and lover end their rôles all too soon. The Swiss locale offers scenic beauty and thrills. The story is a dramatic tonic.



★ **HEARTS IN DIXIE—Fox**

AT the risk of giving that colored boy, who glories in the classic monicker of Stepin Fetchit, a bigger opinion of himself than he now possesses—if possible, we are going to say that you ought to see that boy throw his flat feet around in "Hearts in Dixie," Fox's all-negro picture. This is the lad who has usurped the leadership of colored society in cinema circles. He stands outside the theaters in Hollywood and when one of his race goes by he points to himself on the posters and yells: "Look ahere, big boy, that's me!"

This is the first really all-colored cast (we were going to say "all-colored picture") and it gives you on the screen a grand exposition of plantation life with its joys and sorrows, its ignorance, its superstition and religious frenzy. It's all very real and understandable.



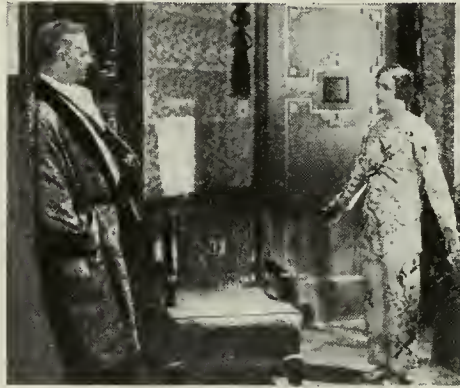
# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY—  
M.-G.-M.**



**T**HE prevailing question in Hollywood has been, "How are they going to get a picture out of 'The Bridge of San Luis Rey'?" Well, they got a good picture. The suspense is accomplished by showing the falling of the bridge at the beginning but not divulging the identity of the characters killed until the last reel. Lily Damita is cast as the fiery Spanish dancer and she is vivid to say the least.

**CHINATOWN NIGHTS—  
Paramount**



**H**ERE'S a vivid melodrama that holds your interest completely and is made doubly exciting by Wallace Beery's splendid characterization. It deals with the white boss of Chinatown and a cultured lady with "an uptown head and a Barbary Coast body." Florence Vidor as this woman is badly miscast. When you see the film you won't need anybody to tell you that it's the first time she has ever done a drunk scene.

**ALIBI—  
United Artists**



**"NIGHTSTICK,"** under the title of "Alibi" has come to the screen as an almost flawless talkie. Chester Morris brings to the films the same potent crook that made him famous on the stage. Here is the story of a young gun-man, crooked to the core, who takes advantage of the misguided sympathy of a policeman's daughter and marries her. When the cops corner him, he turns yellow. Corcking melodrama.

**THIS IS HEAVEN—  
United Artists**



**W**HEN Sam Goldwyn first looked at this picture he decided it was so good silent that he wouldn't add dialogue. Rumor had it he was afraid of Vilma Banky's accent. But he did add dialogue and Vilma's voice is delightful. The accent is poignant and her characterization charming. The story? Another trite Cinderella yarn. New York scenes and noises are fine and you mustn't miss hearing Vilma.

**HOT STUFF—  
First National**



**A**NOTHER collegiate picture to incite the universities. Evidently the technical director learned how college students act by witnessing twenty-six performances of the musical comedy, "Good News." Alice White takes off her clothes, smokes and drinks. But it's all a mistake. The youthful hero, Billy Bakewell, carries cold tea and ginger ale in his flask. If that would kid a college student, it would fool your old man.

**SONNY BOY—  
Warners**



**T**HEY have placed adorable little Davey Lee, who stole a lot of the thunder of "The Singing Fool," in a bedroom farce. That's a shock. Davey is delightful but the comedy is old stuff. Betty Bronson works hard as the girl in negligee in a strange man's room. Edward Everett Horton is the strange man. Nothing excuses "Sonny Boy" but Sonny Boy himself. This probably will disappoint you a whole lot.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**THE SIDE-SHOW**—  
Columbia



**W**E know it's hard to believe, but here's a really original circus story. It's an intimate portrayal of the struggle for success of a midget with a Napoleonic soul. From a side-show attraction, he becomes a circus owner, and thousands of six-footers could take lessons from him. Little Billy, vaudeville headliner and Broadway favorite, is the star.

**THE HOUSE OF HORROR**—  
First  
National



**T**HIS is some better than "Haunted House" and "Seven Footsteps to Satan" because of the work of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. As far as story is concerned it is as cheap and claptrap as the former efforts. There are diamond smugglers and other hokum. One is not supposed to tell the denouement of a mystery. One can't, for the climax is as mysterious as "the plot." Pass it up.

**SHANGHAI ROSE**—  
Rayart



**A** DRAMA which by any other name, is still suspiciously like the stage classic, Madame X.—the mother who is forced to leave her husband and boy, goes down the scale until she becomes one of those women. She kills a man to preserve his silence, and her own son defends her on trial. Irene Rich battles gamely to save the picture from utter mediocrity but it takes more than a fine actress to make a film.

**THE LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER**—  
Columbia



**I**F you like crook pictures and if you like Bert Lytell, you'll find much to admire in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," Columbia's new crook picture with Bert again as the lone wolf. You will be reminded of William Haines in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" when you see the lone wolf slipping gracefully and easily out of every trap that is set for him. The picture is good comedy, well directed.

**THE WINGED HORSEMAN**—  
Universal



**C**URSES be on Lindbergh's head for making airplanes so popular. He's gone and ruined the old fashioned Western. Here's Hoot Gibson giving up his horse and chaps for these new fangled air ships. If you like your nice, honest shoot 'em up Westerns you won't approve. The plot is vague. A lot of people float nonchalantly in the sky in parachutes. Ruth Elder is the flying gal. She looks pretty in flying togs.

**BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**—  
Columbia



**A** SIMPLE but tense tale of lost papers and mislaid identities, centering around the activities of a United States secret service girl in a mythical country. It takes a great deal of gun-play and strangling to locate the spy, but Miss America's brain-work knocks twenty ambassadors for a loop. Virginia Valli, beautifully gowned and poised, is the special agent, and De Segurula is excellent. [CONT'D ON PAGE 108]

# Hollywood

In color, line and design it offers its creative genius to American women. The screen gives a day by day style service to millions



Norma, Norma! Added to that delectable costume, the come-hither smile is almost too much for our aging pulse. The dimples are copyrighted, but it's no secret that the dashing ensemble is created by an Angora sweater striped in pink, rose and blue, a flannel skirt, Angora coat and soft silk turban



The newness and distinction of this printed chiffon evening frock is further accentuated by the smart bolero jacket, finished at the neck with a bow of self material, with long streamers extending to the hem. A circular piece is set on at the hips, rippling gracefully to an uneven hemline, which continues to be the smart line for evening wear. Colors are canary, turquoise blue and lavender

Simple and summery, but exceedingly smart, is this cool print frock. Tiny figures in green, yellow, lavender and pink make a dainty pattern on a white ground. A one-sided treatment is followed, the blouse being trimmed with a bow placed at the right side of the neck, the two gathered flounces taking an upward trend on the same side. The narrow belt follows the natural waistline and is tied in a bow to correspond with the one at the neck. White bangkok hat, with band and edge of lavender





# Sets *the* Summer Fashions



It's difficult for us to restrain ourselves. What we really want to say is that Norma's clothes seem to be getting sheerer! But no, no, we *won't* say it! We'll just tell you that this lovely printed chiffon dance frock is figured in cerise and apple green on a background of delft blue. The graceful collar extends down the back to form a cape, finished at the waistline with a narrow belt and bow



Adrian designed this decorative but practical golfing costume in champagne color. The jaunty suede jacket is made with patch pockets and is loosely belted; the raglan sleeves are finished with straps. A short flannel skirt, brimmed felt hat, and scarf bordered and figured in scarlet complete the picture



We just had to add this stunning and unusual gown, which Norma will wear in her forthcoming picture, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." Adrian chose for it a flesh-pink moire. Silver sequins outline the neck and elaborate the petal-like scallops on the bouffant skirt. The huge moire bow is besprinkled with sequins. A smaller bow finishes the neckline in back, the ends forming long streamers which hang to the floor. The fan is shell pink, and silver slippers add the final fairy-like touch



# The GIRL who Walked Back

They shoved Bessie out of the Old Star Buggy—but, all the same, D. W. was right when he named her Love

By Herbert Howe

Bessie Love, otherwise Juanita Horton, at the ripe age of five. Bessie came to Hollywood from Texas. Her parents were pioneer folk—and Bessie knows all the old songs of the range

ALL Hollywood clapped hands the other night. Bessie Love came back. Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" The answer in the case of Love is—love. When Hollywood unanimously says, "I'm glad" over anyone's success, without adding, "But of course—" you may be sure that that one is closely related to God. In fact, the only names I can think of that are above invidious cavil are the Lord's and Bessie's.

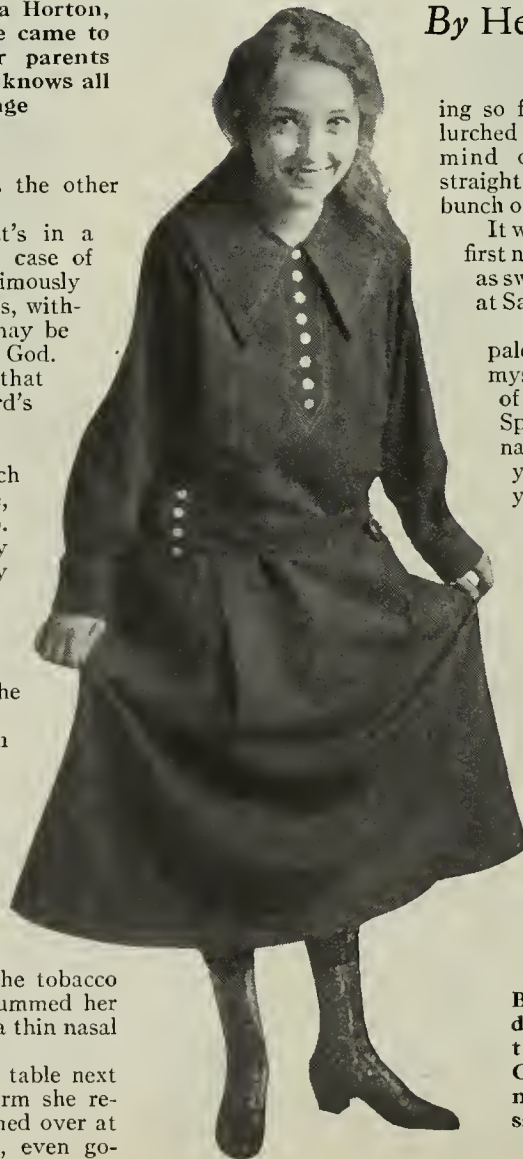
IT was in the Black Cat in Greenwich Village that I first met Bessie Love, when I was very young, many years ago. Bessie looked as young as she does today and so, for all I know, was an old lady then.

There's Magic on her. Father Time nicks all of us as he makes his rounds, but when he tries to touch Bessie some one gives him a gallant kick in the knickers.

Every now and then old souls are born into the world who for recompense are given eternally young faces. So I was told when a child by a toothless aunt who nearly got hung for witchcraft. Are you getting creepy?—just hold onto my hand and follow me; I feel a bit sh-shaky myself. Let's get back to the Black Cat. . . .

AN angel face shining mistily in the tobacco smoke of the cabaret, Bessie thrummed her uke and sang "Willie the Weeper," in a thin nasal voice.

The effect was evangelical. At the table next a cargoed lady, so powdered and warm she resembled a melting marshmallow, beamed over at Bessie and tried to stop hiccupping, even go-



ing so far as to drink water. A whoopee lad lurched to his feet in a sudden miracle of mind over matter and made an almost straight line to Bessie's table to present a bunch of violets.

It was Bessie's first trip to New York and her first moonflowering into night life, yet she sang as sweetly unconcerned as on the home beach at Santa Monica.

Beside her sat her mother, a woman with pale gaunt face and the burning eyes of the mystic, about her that strange remoteness of one who lives in spirit more than flesh. Speaking of her daughter she uses the full name, Bessie Love, a curious detachment, yet between them there's an affinity beyond the mother-daughter bond. Though Mrs. Love has never been a managing mother, I'm convinced that through her there's a mystic power over Bessie, giving her the quaint, the unearthly *spirituelle* of a Peter Pan.

WHEN I first went to California I made an almost straight line to the bungalow of Love in Laurel Canyon. I was received with that Oh-Gee-Look-Who's-Here glee that friends of Bessie know full well.

That night Bessie gave one of her famous wiener roasts on the beach of Santa Monica. After a swim in the moon warm sea we sat around the fire listening to Bessie as with her solemn, far-seeing eyes she  
[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 150 ]

Bessie in the old Triangle Fine Arts days of twelve years ago. Despite the glamorous predictions of Griffith, little Bessie slipped to minor pictures, because Hollywood said she had no IT. She was Cute, but Unawakened





Louise

**W**HEN you see "The Broadway Melody," the new film hit, you will be amazed at little Bessie Love's performance. Bessie talks, sings and dances perfectly. Back of this hit, which has captured a fine contract for Miss Love, lay years of inferior rôles. The silent screen never did right by our Bessie. It passed her by—but the talkies have brought her back with a crash







*A* STUNNING view of the enormous night club set used by Director Paul Fejos in making the Universal film version of the famous play, "Broadway." Fejos, megaphone in hand, is perched on the summit of the camera crane, built especially for this picture at a cost of \$75,000. It is capable of every possible motion, and can travel 600 feet a minute on a horizontal plane. Three hundred extras and a chorus of 30 were on this mighty set at one time. It is 70 feet high, and a city block wide and deep. The night club sequences are being filmed in natural color. Glenn Tryon is starred, and Evelyn Brent and Merna Kennedy are featured. Uncle Carl Laemmle's \$1,000,000 beauty!

*H*IGH on the staircase, Joan Crawford gazes down at the crowd assembled for her wedding. This mighty set is used in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, "Our Modern Maidens," a sequel to the enormously successful "Our Dancing Daughters"—the picture which made Joan a star in her own right. On the right, behind the lamp, sits the patient script girl, and in the rear is part of the mob of extra people hired to usher, kiss the bride and drink punch at the wedding reception. The studio assures us that Joan is not planning to jump, so we can await the new Crawford sparkler with hot anticipation. And Fiance Doug, Jr., is in it!



Richee

**T**HE motion picture camera saw a different Ruth Chatterton than theater audiences had observed. Behind the footlights Miss Chatterton played gentle flappers with sweetness and charm. On the screen she is a sophisticated woman of the world. Across the page is Katherine Albert's interesting explanation of the metamorphosis. Also Miss Albert tells you of Miss Chatterton's other surprising discoveries in Hollywood.



# That Old Devil, CAMERA

The All-Seeing Eye has changed Ruth Chatterton from a Footlight Pollyanna to a Siren of the Screen

By  
Katherine Albert



Ruth Chatterton as she looks in her new picture, "Madame X," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talking photoplay. A far cry for Ruthie from her "Daddy Longlegs" days on the speaking stage. The films have made her a tragedienne!

THE greatest vamps of history were little and fair and had funny noses. It is this fact that has altered the career of Ruth Chatterton. Nothing psychic, nothing supernatural in this.

The stage-goers know Chatterton as a young thing who played a gentle girl in "Daddy Longlegs" and "Come Out of the Kitchen."

The screen has made different demands. Her first rôle was in "Sins of the Fathers." She became a villainous, scheming, hard-boiled vampire with no redeeming qualities.

What—then—has brought about the change?

Was it, perhaps, that the camera is possessed of a strange demon with second sight? Did the screen, with its revealing close-ups, penetrate a quality in Chatterton that even the first row of a theater audience had missed?

Or was it a change that had come over Ruth herself? Did her separation from Ralph Forbes, and their subsequent coming together again, make a different woman of the star of "Daddy Longlegs"?

It was none of these things. It was merely a wrong idea of the vampish, sophisticated woman.

Ruth celebrated her eighteenth birthday while she was starring in "Daddy Longlegs."

At that time a professor of English literature wrote a lengthy article about her in which he said, "Given fifteen years of health and happiness Ruth Chatterton will be able to play *Lady Macbeth* convincingly."

This caused a furor among the critics. The fault-finding judges of the theater could not believe that a mere slip of a girl would ever develop into a *Lady Macbeth*. They remembered only the buxom, voluptuous ladies who had characterized her.

The professor replied that Shakespeare had definitely described the noted murderess as having small, dainty hands. He further added that the Women Who Changed Maps were invariably little and fair and had funny noses.

"Good and bad actresses may be judged by how much or how little they are inhibited," said Miss Chatterton. "I find it frightfully embarrassing to do a melodramatic or a sentimental

scene. This is particularly hard when you're working before people. But you've got to un-inhibit yourself. You must shake off embarrassment.

"What you play on the stage or screen has nothing to do with the sort of person you, yourself, are. Great changes come into the lives of actresses and, if they're good actresses, these personal crises do not affect their performances.

"The camera sees the performance that you give. It has no hidden powers at all. There is no change in me simply because I have changed rôles. Merely the idea of vamps has changed.

"Maybe Anita Loos did it when she wrote 'Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.' Maybe Greta Garbo did it by introducing a fair, wan sort of person as the vamp supreme. At any rate the buxom, voluptuous, dark-haired creature with her tight fitting black satin dress is out of the picture.

"YOUTH and age, of course, have nothing to do with it. Pictures are changing in that respect, too. In no other art has youth played such an important rôle. A young girl is nice to look at for half an hour or so but, as a rule, quite stupid conversationally. And certainly the loves and hates of children are dull. Heretofore puppy love is the only type that has had screen credit.

"An actress should be quite ageless. I was twenty-four when I played 'La Tendresse' and in the story my children were twelve or thirteen.

"Ethel Barrymore played 'Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire' in a rôle that called for grown children, when she was only twenty-six.

"In 'Madame X' I make the change from a young to an old woman and I feel that it won't make any difference to what you, call the 'fans.'"

The "fans" are a new consideration for Ruth Chatterton. For a number of years this vitally gifted woman who was touched by the gods with a rare quality of deep, poignant beauty has held herself aloof from [CONTINUED ON PAGE 94]

# Making Bedrooms

By  
*Lois Shirley*



Charlie Farrell's partiality to blue seems to have no effect on his smile. The handsome blue brocade used for chair, drapes and cushions is really an inexpensive rayon and cotton fabric. Couch cover and door drapes are of two-toned blue and red heavy cotton rep

**T**HE other day I happened to be in the yard goods department of one of the Hollywood shops when I heard Janet Gaynor instructing the saleswoman to give her fifteen yards of voile. Of course my curiosity was aroused.

"What are you buying?" I asked. "Who ever heard of fifteen yards for a frock now-a-days? Or are you going to make your own costumes for pictures? Or are you, perhaps, going to outfit all the starving and unclothed Armenians with dainty underwear?"

Don't blame me for asking questions. You never know what these picture gals are going to start next.

"Nothing of the sort," said Janet. "I'm re-doing my bedroom."

"Your bedroom?" I repeated. "But this is the dress goods department."

"I know it. You have no idea how much cheaper and smarter dress goods is for drapes for summer bedrooms and

the picture. The glass curtains are of heavy dress voile, hem-stitched in deep tan. The hangings are of a more sheer voile, in orchid, embroidered in small orchid flowers. A yellow lining of a silky cotton fabric produces a charming effect when the

dressing rooms. It's a grand gag. I learned about it at the studio."

This, of course, bore investigating, and I found that Richard Smith, the chief interior decorator at Fox Studio, has made the most interesting uses of dress fabrics in decorating the two-room bungalow dressing rooms of the stars.

**A**ND when I heard that the total cost of drapes, curtains, a slip cover for an armchair, a couch cover, drapes for the dressing table and several pillows was \$15, I knew it was in the cards that I write a story about it for you.

Dress yardage used by Mr. Smith for these decorations includes old fashioned calico, challis, English prints, pamico cloth, plain cotton voile and silk voile, organdie, dotted swiss, checked and plain gingham, denim, a silk finished cotton, unbleached muslin, bobbinet and sateen. Certainly these are enough to choose from if you want to freshen up your boudoir, or furnish an attractive guest room or nursery.

If you want to be more swanky and use silk there are rayons, taffetas, dress satins and brocades (many of these being obtainable in short lengths at reduced prices), costume velvets, shantung silks, pongee and laces.

Janet Gaynor has one of the \$15 dressing rooms. It's just lovely, as you can see by



Janet Gaynor's studio dressing room is done in dainty light colorings. Instead of using stiff window shades, she has covered her windows with closely shirred heavy voile. Don't you love the way they are finished at the top with that delightful shirred valance? The chaise longue is very swanky in peach taffeta



# More ATTRACTIVE

It can be done for as little as fifteen dollars a room, invested in low-priced but attractive fabrics for draperies and slip covers, sheer, soft curtains and gay pillows

light shines through them. The chaise longue is upholstered in peach taffeta and the small armchair is in satin.

In this case the shirred glass curtains are meant to act as a substitute for the conventional window blind, which Mr. Smith considers in-artistic.

Sally Phipps has a dressing room done in pamico cloth in green, and English prints. The cushions are made from quaintly printed old calicos and challis. The chair cover is calico.

The dressing rooms used by Victor McLaglen and Charlie Farrell are described here to help the housewife who wants to make her husband's den more attractive. Of course, flowered materials and delicate organdies and voiles are entirely out of place in such a room. Materials that are dark in tone but rich in color, and heavy in texture, are appropriate here.

McLaglen's room is furnished with twin couches that are



Comfort, beauty and economy go hand in hand in the very modern dressing room of Lois Moran. The couch and cushions are of a combination dull cotton and mercerized weave, in silver and blue. The drapes are of bright blue rayon taffeta, lovely in effect but low in cost

arranged in a way that makes an L shaped wall seat in a corner of his room. They are covered with a dark blue denim, woven in a small diamond shaped pattern, with a box pleated valance at the bottom of the smoothly fitted top and side.

An armchair has a slip cover to match the couches. These covers are durable, easily laundered and do not show the rough daily usage to which they are subjected.

Portieres of deep maroon are made of costume velvet, 54 inches wide, that is split, and lined with a heavy sateen. Another armchair is upholstered in an extra heavy cotton satin in tan. Window hangings are made of a two-tone cotton rep in deep blue and red. Glass curtains are of a heavy, geometrically designed allover rayon lace.

**C**HARLIE FARRELL'S room shows a lavish use of blue in its furnishings. The chair covers, cushions and drapes are an inexpensive cotton-rayon brocade. The couch cover and door drapes are a heavy cotton rep, two-toned in deep blue and red.

The drapes in Lois Moran's room are rayon taffeta in a lustrous [CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



English prints, calico and challis make a quaint and delightful setting for Sally Phipps, who is shown here dressed to match the winsomeness of her room. The modernistic table and plaque add a dash of sophistication. Ideas galore for the clever girl



# Everything,

The star quit the picture and the double had her moment of glory. Read what came of it

**K**AY BRADY drove her little green roadster into the auto park, across the street from the Glorious Motion Picture Studio, and jumped out.

"Hello, Billy," she greeted the attendant gaily.

"Good morning, Miss Kay, how are you this morning?"

"Fine. I feel lucky today."

She swung over to the studio gate, where straggling groups of people were filing in ready for work, some made up and in costume.

The gateman smiled cordially. "Miss Kay, they're wanting you in the front office."

"At the front office? Who wants me?"

"You're to ask at the desk."

"Thanks, Kelly."

She walked briskly through the gate toward the front office; her little sports coat flapping behind her; her heart beating wildly.

"Somebody want me?" she asked the girl at the desk.

"Yes, Miss Brady, Mr. Mortimer. He's on the second floor, third door to the right."

The production manager wanted to see her; something was up.

Jack Mortimer came to the door of his private office as soon as her name was announced.

"Please come in, Miss Brady. We phoned for you early this morning, but you had already gone." He was unusually cordial.

"**I** GOT up early to drive to the beach; it is such a glorious morning. Has something serious happened?"

He took up the telephone before answering. "Have Ben Milton and Mr. Blate come in at once, please. And, Miss Wall,

I shall be busy for half an hour, see that I'm not disturbed."

"Something serious for us has happened; it might not be so serious for you," he smiled engagingly at her.

**S**HE immediately became suspicious. The thought came to her, however, that it didn't take the production manager, studio manager and business manager to fire the double for Delva Delova. She settled back more comfortably in her chair.

Ben Milton, thin, dark, and nervous, and Ernest Blate, bald-headed and keen of eye, came together.

"I was just telling Miss Brady that our bad luck might be her good luck," Mortimer told them, as soon as they were seated.

They watched Kay so closely that she began to feel uncomfortable. They seemed to be seeing her through her clothes. She affected a little smile, and watched them in turn through purposely listless eyes. Her mixture of French and Irish blood stood her in very good stead.

"Delva Delova has quit the picture cold, and we are asking





# But —

By  
France Goldwater

Illustrated

by

Ray Van Buren



The action started. The whistle blew jarringly. The lights clicked and blazed. Delva Delova swept everything with a magnificent gesture. Kay watched it all, sick to her very soul. An almost uncontrollable rage took hold of her. She had played this part with emotion, subtly; this woman couldn't equal her if she lived to be a million

They vied with each other in assuring her of the brilliancy of her future, at whatever price she asked. Despite the warmth of their hopes for her future success, she could feel their uncertainty about her.

SHE arose to go. At the door she hesitated, and smiled bewitchingly back at them. "By the way, may I dress in Madam Delova's bungalow?"

"Certainly," Mr. Blate was graciousness itself. "Jack, have a dresser sent over for Miss Brady. And, Miss Brady, will you please go right down to the wardrobe department? Pierre is making a duplicate of Madam Delova's costume for the garden party scene; we are shooting it this afternoon."

She smiled broadly, speechless with happiness.

He took her cold little hand. "I don't need to tell you how important it is to us that this goes over right. You know how much we have at stake."

"Trust me," she assured him, "believe me, it means my whole future to me." They laughed politely.

Before they had finished their goodbyes, she was out of the office and on her way to the wardrobe department. Her feet keeping time to the song in her heart. Her chance had come; her opportunity to show of what stuff she was made. Her throat ached with excitement, and her knees felt wooden. All through this picture, which was known under the working title of "Faint Hearts," while she had stood in for Delva Delova, and had doubled for her in the wild Apache dance, in the dangerous horseback ride to the top of the mountain, and in the swim through the cold mountain lake, she had thought of the futility of doing all of the hard work, and of receiving no recognition whatever. Even Delva Delova had entirely ignored her. This great foreign star, whose fits of temper and of nerves had kept the staff, the actors, and the director constantly upset, swept past her as though she didn't exist.

It was all past, now she was to have the credit which rightly belonged to her.

"Mees Kay, I'm so thrill' that [CONTINUED ON PAGE 124]

you to step in and finish it for us. There will be the details of salary and wardrobe, but of course those are easily settled." Ernest Blate began briskly.

Kay nodded, afraid to trust herself to speech.

"We can't give you screen credit, you understand," broke in Ben Milton.

"And it mustn't get out to the papers; you can see that." Blate had never taken his eyes from her.

"How will five hundred a week suit you—until the picture is finished?" Mr. Mortimer's voice was suave.

KAY made a rapid calculation. Delova was getting three thousand dollars a week; she was making a hundred a week.

"I shall be very glad to help you out, and to do everything in my power to make the picture a success. The salary will be all right, provided that—" she hesitated; they moved uneasily in their chairs, "that if I make good, you will give me a chance on my own account." She drew her breath in a little unevenly.



# The BIG BOY tells



The tale of how Gary Cooper, six feet, four of Montana Boy, comes to Hollywood, the city of dreams—goes hungry, loses, and wins!

This is the House that Gary Built—a beautiful Spanish bungalow in the Beverly Hills district that is studded with bright stars. And there is Big Boy himself, standing on the veranda, and looking very much monarch of all he surveys!

*In the first installment of Gary Cooper's life story, printed last month, he told of his birth twenty-seven years ago in Helena, Montana—of his father, a distinguished jurist, and his gentle Anglo-French mother.*

*Of the hardships of a ranch that turned out to be a white elephant, of schooldays in England, of the homesickness for Montana's plains and mountains that never leaves him, even during the hours of his film fame.*

*Now, in the second chapter, we find him on the brink of manhood, ranch days and his Hollywood career still beyond the horizon.*

## PART II

**M**Y latter teens were full of happenings. I spun up from a kid into a spindling, lean boy of six feet, four. In less than a year I grew ten inches, and then stopped. By the time I was sixteen I was as tall as I am now. And conscious of it.

My brother left for France at the beginning of the struggle, when America went into the war, and left a kid brother. Arthur returned to find me towering well over him.

Those years were not uneventful. Two of them were taken bodily from my school life by an automobile accident that forced me to the ranch to recover.

I didn't mind that. I did not crave to go to school, but something within me wanted the amber and red sunsets, the clear bright days with a buzzard planing through the sky, not moving a wing for thousands of feet, and, as I turned my head, a bald eagle circling, ominously, above a hidden prey.

There are things one remembers as if yesterday. Wallops that life has handed you. I remember, now, the sock in the ego that I got when I was told that I had flopped in my first dramatic part, and that I was out of the cast.

**Gary Cooper and his mother at the door of the Montana lad's home in the hills above Hollywood. Mamma Cooper and her husband were dead set against a film career for their big boy, but now that success has come, they are happy**





# His Story

As told by

Gary Cooper

to

Dorothy Spensley

I remember, as yesterday, the automobile accident that knocked me out of active life for many months and sent me to Sunnyside. I can recall the big touring car I was driving as it whizzed along. The sudden impact. How it rolled over. How I got up and walked to the curb, not dizzy, nor weak, my senses sharpened to a super-human degree. And then how my left side failed me. It hung like a heavy dead thing. And everything went blue. I guess that is the way you feel when you faint.

I awakened in a hospital. They said I had a broken leg, and other complications too numerous to mention.



Richee

A vivid close-up of Gary Cooper, tousled hair, frank eyes, and all. Among all the stars that shine in the firmament of film-land, Gary typifies what we like to think of as the best of young American manhood



A rare old print of Gary, at the age of 16, playing Indian. The picture was taken during his ranch days. No doubt he is wearing the tribal feathers of old Chief Don't-Hog-the-Camera

I recall, distinctly, that I thought of mother and dad. I didn't have any regrets about the car, or myself. I thought of the dirty trick life had played on us, just as things were beginning to clear a bit, and the ranch was showing signs of living up to its name.

CONVALESCENCE on the ranch was easy. There were always cow-hands around to tell stories, play cards or to whang away at a two-stringed mandolin. Some of the fellows that drifted in and out again as soon as they had earned a couple of months' pay, had harmonicas, and we listened to "Pretty Baby" interpolated with some old buckaroo bar room ditties picked up along the Borders, North and South.

I had great admiration for one taciturn old ranger. His name was Ashburton Carter and his fame among the sweating, two-fisted punchers was that one winter he had been snowbound for six months in Colorado and had not spoken a word to a human being all that time.

It was my fun, when I was well enough to permit it, to tag after Ash, begging him to tell me his experiences, and to tell me again how, desperate to hear the sound of a voice again, he held long conversations with his horse. And how startled, at first, he would be at the strange grating sound of his voice in his desolate throat. He thought he was going mad.

We had about five hundred head of cattle then and when I was stronger, I helped to ride the range.

It was a good chance to think and plan and dream. Pleasant, too, to slouch down in your saddle, your firm-legged pony taking the rough spots like so much [CONTINUED ON PAGE 84]

# Amateur Movies

By Frederick James Smith

## PHOTOPLAY'S Contest Closes with Many Interesting Entries—Amateur News

PHOTOPLAY'S second amateur movie contest has closed and the judges are making their preliminary examination of the many films submitted.

It is possible that a decision may be reached in time for a full announcement of the awards in the July number of PHOTOPLAY. Every effort will be made to complete a study of the competing films in time to make an announcement in that issue.

NOW that PHOTOPLAY'S second contest has moved into history, it is interesting to look over the records of amateur activities. The amateur film for instance, has reached a high point of development in colleges and universities.

The first collegiate production on record with the Amateur Cinema League is "The Witches' Fiddle," produced by the Kinema Club of Cambridge University, England, in 1922. This was made on standard width film, as was the club's second production, "A Miss in May Week." A club at Oxford University was formed shortly after and then Harvard Workshop entered the field in America with a 35 millimeter production.

That was the beginning. Amateur film work began to be taken up by universities all over the world. The Purity Players of Yale produced Fielding's "Tom Jones" in an interesting way and the film attracted wide attention.

The students of Colgate made "Roommates," an amateur group of the University of Southern California produced "The Sporting Chance." Groups have been active at the University of Minnesota, Stanford, Princeton, the University of Virginia, Amherst, Dartmouth and the University of Oregon.

OUT in Cleveland the Motion Picture Division of the Cleveland Photographic Society has finished an interesting comedy, "Picture Puzzles." This shows (in 200 feet of 16 millimeter film) the disastrous effects of a puzzle craze upon a household. There is a skillfully worked out dream sequence, in which the puzzle automatically solves itself. Harry S. Shagren directed the production. Lloyd W. Dunning photographed it.



James Hack in the leading rôle of "Dope," being produced by Fred S. Nieman at Culver Military Academy. The amateur movie is now an important student activity

Players, the amateur group plans a scenario film, enacted by students, which will depict a year's activities in the life of an undergraduate at Hanover. Upon the basis of this experience, an undergraduate unit will be formed for the regular production of amateur photoplays.

A NEW amateur group at Peekskill, N. Y., completed a film drama in 400 feet of 16 millimeter stock for the PHOTOPLAY contest. It is the story of the secretary of a boy's school. He steals student funds, plunges in Wall Street, acquires a fortune—and awakens to find himself still poor and honest. Some interesting camera angle shots of New York streets have been worked into the dream sequence.

J. V. D. Bucher was the cameraman and director and the cast of two number Dwight Carpenter and A. H. Hallock.



A scene from "Destiny," submitted by the Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton University in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S contest. This is one of the interesting contest entries

PLANS for the extensive use of amateur movies have been completed at Dartmouth College. Two news releases, entitled "The Dartmouth College News," have been filmed in 400 feet of 16 millimeter stock and are being circulated among the various alumni groups in the country.

Alumni secretaries in all universities report that the amateur movie is of tremendous aid in keeping graduate bodies in touch with studio activities. The amateur movie is a solid bond between the student and the graduate.

In the case of The Dartmouth News, the newsreel will be made and released periodically and a regular film service has been built up for subscribing graduate associations.

Assisted by the Dartmouth

J. V. D. Bucher was the cameraman and director and the cast of two number Dwight Carpenter and A. H. Hallock.

ONE of the unusual entries in PHOTOPLAY'S contest is an interpretation of Oscar Wilde's Salome, worked out in 35 millimeter form by the Cumberland Cinema Club of Vineland, N. J. The production runs 1,000 feet.

No attempt was made at historical accuracy. Conventionalized settings and costumes were utilized to interpret the feeling of the Wilde story.

Many months were spent on the production.

[ CONTINUED  
ON PAGE 122 ]



# Watch Your DIET

Read, young lady,  
and learn how to  
achieve beauty of  
figure and complexion  
through health

*Says*

**Dr. H. B. K. Willis**



**H**AVE you a problem of diet? Let Dr. Willis of PHOTOPLAY be your adviser. Write to him in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif. And be sure to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for reply. Dr. Willis will give your question his personal attention.

**B**EFORE the necessity for mineral elements in the diet can be appreciated, the layman must sell himself the cell idea, if I may be pardoned this bit of Kiwanese.

The body is made up of cells, perhaps as many as one hundred trillion, and each one is to the body what each brick is to a house—the smallest unit of structure.

We can regard the thing we call our body as a cell mosaic of many different kinds of cells—bone, muscle, nerve, etc.—all of more or less the same chemical components.

Everything that lives is a collection of cells, whether it be a radish or a Richard Dix. As the cell types vary, so vary the functions of the organs of which the cells are units.

The brain cells work differently than the muscle cells, but analytically each has much the same make-up, the complexity of the cell depending upon the work it has to do.

Each cell must have its daily allowance of fuel, replacement and regulative substances on the basis of its daily needs.

Your daily food should contain a hundred units of iron. Iron is chiefly present in the body in the form of hemoglobin (the red blood cells' color substance, which absorbs oxygen from the air in the lungs and carries it to the body cells to keep the fires of life aglow).

Men need less iron than growing children, and women need more than men.

The very common iron deficit in the diet brings about a blood deficiency, which, if allowed to continue, becomes most injurious. This is the reason that women ambitious to retain their sylph-like figures develop anemia.

One of the brightest twinklers in the movie firmament came to me a month or so ago complaining of nervousness. With tears in her eyes she told me how her producer was continually harping at her about her curves.

She had reduced her diet till she was taking nothing but three glasses of sauerkraut juice a day, with the result, as she put it, that she felt as if she were going to fly into a thousand pieces.

She was a striking example of what an iron deficit in the diet does to the blood stream.

All the iron compounds necessary can be found in the red meats, egg yolk, cabbage, spinach, asparagus, string beans, carrots, grapes, raisins and apples, and when there is a lack of iron, recent experiments have proven that a sufficient supply of mineral iron can be introduced into the blood stream. This, of course, must be done by a physician.

Only a few years ago the [ CONTINUED ON PAGE 135 ]

**“H**AVE you had your iron today?” is not just an advertising catch-phrase but a question that vitally concerns your health. Do you know you can get it in your foods much better than in bottles?

Next month Dr. Willis will conclude this series on the principles of nutrition with some valuable advice on the body's need of regulative substance.

It is the hope of PHOTOPLAY and Dr. Willis that our readers will unite in combating the senseless craze for weight reduction without regard for dietary principles necessary for both health and beauty.

You will notice no quick reducing internal medicines advertised in this publication. You may obtain back issues containing these articles (beginning with February) by sending 25c for each copy to PHOTOPLAY, 750 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

# TIPS vs. ART

By  
Mark  
Larkin



Donnie Johnson dishes up a red-hot rarebit to Buddie Rogers and Dick Arlen, two of Paramount's bright boys. Donnie has been juggling trays at Henry's ever since the famous beanery opened. She owns a home, she drives a smart car, and she is a licensed solo pilot with over a hundred hours in the air

no farther to get them than those harassed extras who tramp from studio to studio, chasing the figment called fame.

"It takes brains to be a waitress," Donnie told me; "it doesn't just take a pair of good feet!"

"I'D rather be a waitress in Henry's than a Baby Star at De Mille's," said Donnie.

"Or at RKO, or Warners, or Paramount, or First National, or any other studio," said Jennie.

"Ab-so-lutely!" said both Donnie and Jennie. And Donnie and Jennie should know, because both of them are waitresses at Henry's.

And Henry's is the great institution of Hollywood—the melting pot of the movies, the place where star, tourist and extra forgather to sup.

There is no caste at Henry's. Appetite levels all social barriers. The stars are not the picture people who eat there, they are the waitresses who serve them.

Queens in their own domain, these girls, with affluence and opulence that many a picture person might well envy.

Take Donnie, for instance.

Donnie has been at Henry's nearly ever since the restaurant opened on July fifteenth, 1925. And Donnie is a lady of means. Donnie owns her home, and a very fine touring car which she bought just a short time ago after trading in the old one. And Donnie is a licensed pilot! An aviatrix, if you please. So stand back, Ruth Elder; please don't crowd! Donnie has had one hundred and twelve hours in

Lillian Morris pauses in her leap to the links long enough to allow our cameraman to snap what a young sportswoman should wear. The nippy roadster she is holding up was purchased with some of her generous tips at Henry's remarkable restaurant





# Yearn for Art and Fame and you starve. Become a Waitress at Henry's and drive your own golf ball and Rolls-Royce

And I believe her, for Joe Berliner, partner of Henry in the business, told me that the training the girls get is as good as a college course.

If you want to know anything about tact, just ask a waitress. Also if you want a liberal education in the fine art of repartee, just drop into Henry's some night and listen to the fast patter that passes between some of the keenest minds in pictures and these girls in the crisp white collars and smart black frocks.

They think fast, captain—they have to!

There is only one rigid requirement of the girls who work at Henry's—good health! It is no place for invalids. Long before the state law was enacted (which is not yet in force) requiring a certificate of health from a waitress, Henry and Joe made it a fixed rule to require a physical examination for every girl they employed. In fact, Joe and Henry were among the leaders in the fight for that new law.

Donnie Johnson's case, of course, is merely typical. Every



Three of Henry's prize peaches, studying the daily menu like good little girls. Left to right they are Nora Knight, Betty Harris and Genevieve Bruce. Betty once won the second award for beauty in a contest conducted by a Los Angeles paper

waitress there is on velvet. But it isn't merely the money she makes, it's the associations too, the privilege of being intimate with the big and little personalities of pictures.

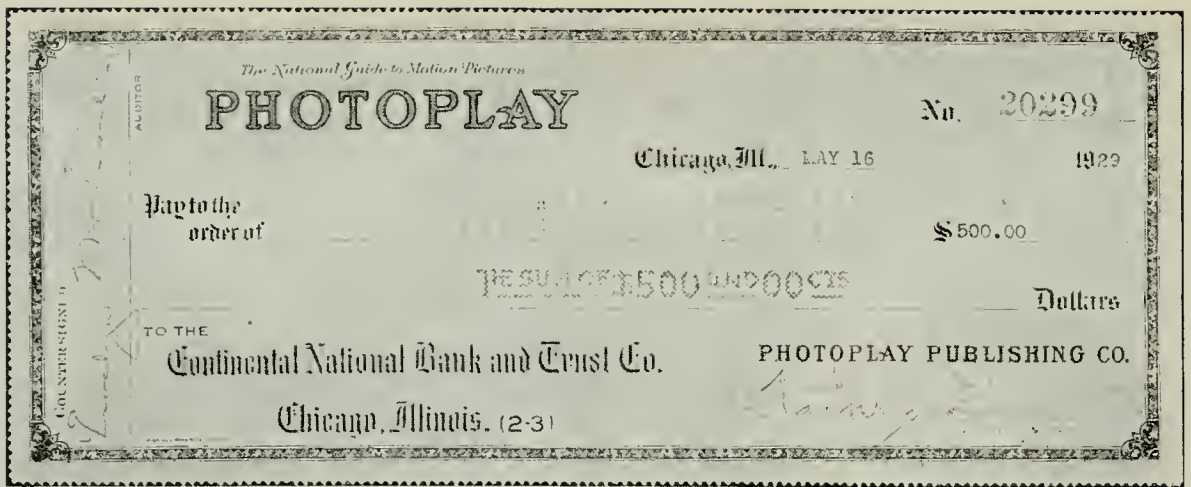
"And if you don't think you're intimate with people when they're eating," said Donnie, "guess again. A hungry star isn't much different from a hungry extra. Both want food!"

There is probably no spot in the world like Henry's. It is unique in that it is the most democratic, the most cosmopolitan eating place in the film capital. The heart of the industry beats in Henry's. Big deals are consummated there, over a bowl of soup, perhaps, or a salami sandwich. Romances begin there, hearts are often broken, with bread, across the clean white tables. Troubles and tragedies are aired. Scenarios are written on the tablecloth, masterpieces that go to the laundry and are lost forever in a froth of suds. Great ambitions are born at Henry's, great hopes, great thoughts, great ideals.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 100 ]



Maeme Hall waves gaily to the nice traffic cop from the window of her sporty coupe. Maeme bought the job on the proceeds of her pleasant toil at Henry's—\$12 a week salary and gosh knows how much in tips from her horde of contented diners



# WANTED-

## A New Name *for the* TALKIES

This imposing scrap of paper is the \$500 check you will receive if you are smart and lucky enough to coin the best available name for talking pictures. There is something charming about a \$500 check!

\$500 will be awarded by PHOTOPLAY for the best suggestion

**T**HIS is the last ringing call for a new title for the talkies! PHOTOPLAY's contest to uncover a new name for audible pictures ends with a resounding crash at midnight on May 15.

At that hour a bench of learned jurists will begin going through the mountain of answers that have been pouring into the office since the first announcement of the search.

The lucky winner will receive our check for \$500, our blessing, and the thanks of the country's millions of fans.

Detailed rules for the affair will be found in the box due east of this space.

We believe that "talkie" is an inelegant name for the newest step taken by the infant art.

We believe that in someone's mind is a better—one that parallels "photoplay," perhaps, in propriety and usability.

"Photoplay" brought its inventor, a Mr. Strakosch of California, a \$100 prize way back in the Biograph days, when men were men and women were Mary Pickford.

This magazine will see that, and raise the award \$400.

The talkies' new name must be explicit and explanatory, yet proper and popular.

A trade paper, The Exhibitors' Herald-World, has been on the same hunt.

Hundreds of titles have been suggested, with the word "audien" seeming to lead the field.

Other entrants are cinelog, dramaphone, pictovox, audifilm and vocafilm.

We are inclined to the belief that these are all a little too literary for public approval. We're not yet sold. It remains for a PHOTOPLAY reader to sell us on a better. And there's half a thousand dollars in it for the fortunate inventor.

Get the family together on this matter. That sum, in real Americano money, will come in plenty handy this Spring, what with new bonnets and reconditioning the plane, and all.

Don't forget—the contest comes to a dead stop at midnight, May 15.

### Rules for the New-Name-for-the-Talkies Contest

1. \$500 is offered for the best coined name with which to christen the talkies and for the best explanation in 100 words or less, giving your reason for your selection.

2. In the event that two or more names and explanations are found of equal merit, duplicate prizes of \$500 will go to the lucky contestants.

3. Suggested names, with the accompanying explanations, must be typewritten on one side of a single sheet of white paper with your name and address in the upper left hand corner. Names and explanations must be mailed to The Talkie Name Contest, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th St., New York City, N. Y. You can send in as many coined words as you wish, provided each is accompanied by an explanation in 100 words or less and each is typewritten on one side of a single sheet of paper as specified.

4. Names and explanations must reach the office of PHOTOPLAY before midnight of May 15th to be considered. Announcement of the winner or winners will be made as soon after that date as possible. An editorial committee of PHOTOPLAY will judge the submitted words and suggestions and its decision will be final. No names or explanations will be returned and PHOTOPLAY reserves the right to publish any or all of the suggestions submitted.



# Lady Violet Astor



Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside—hair golden as ripe wheat, eyes violet blue and skin as pink and white as a hedge rose.



She is one of the most beautiful and brilliant hostesses in English Society. She often entertains royalty in her magnificent London house.

AN ENCHANTING ENGLISH BEAUTY

BEARS A GREAT AMERICAN NAME

**L**OVELY, lovely Lady Violet Astor! Hers is the serene beauty of the English countryside. Her hair is golden as ripe wheat, her eyes are violet blue, her skin is pink and white as a hedge rose.

Daughter of an Earl, Lady Violet grew up amidst the pomp of vice-regal courts. Now she is one of London's most brilliant hostesses. But she loves best country life—gardens and flowers, fishing, golf and riding to hounds. She is a devoted mother and her good deeds bring sunshine into countless lives.

Sweet as her shy name-flower, Lady Violet is yet a woman of definite con-

victions. It is no shallow vanity that has caused her to give her skin meticulous daily care with Pond's. She has lived amid Canada's snows, and under India's blazing sun, yet kept the bloom of that marvelous English complexion. She is outspoken in her praise of the "wonderful service Pond's have done for women."

"They've put in our hands the means of making our skin look younger each year," she says.

"Those Two Creams keep my skin so perfectly cleansed and protected! And the Skin Freshener, the filmy Tissues for removing cream—all four are delightful!"

**T**HIS IS THE POND'S METHOD for home treatment:

*First*, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

*Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, wipe away the cream and dirt. What an economy in towels and laundry!

*Next*, after a daytime cleansing, dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin. It firms, tones, closes the pores and banishes oiliness.

*The finishing touch*—a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Give your skin this care during the day. Always at bedtime thoroughly cleanse with Cold Cream and wipe off cream and dirt with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. S  
114 Hudson Street New York, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright, 1929, Pond's Extract Company



Lady Violet leaving her London mansion for a ride in Rotten Row, Hyde Park.



You can buy them everywhere, Pond's four delightful preparations—the famous Two Creams, new tonic Skin Freshener and soft, snow-white Cleansing Tissues for removing cold cream.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



Freulich

**J**UST to prove that it's a long lane, etc., etc., there's Vera Reynolds and Bob Ellis. Vera was just getting well under way as a De Mille star when C. B. shut up shop and moved over to M.-G.-M. Bob Ellis, fine actor and good director, has a collection of tough picture breaks that would fill the Smithsonian Institute. Came the talkies and Bob was chosen for the biggest speaking part in "Broadway," for which Universal paid \$100,000. Vera is coining money in independent pictures. They've just let the world know they were married some time ago in Paris. "What do you want for an anniversary present?" says Bob. "Just one thing," says the little woman. "Just show those producers you are the best screen actor that ever faced a microphone." And if that black cat keeps out of "Broadway," he may do it





## Her hair is dry

*She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap . . . in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.

## Her hair is oily

*She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly *astringent* . . . approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.



## He has dandruff

*He should use Packer's Tar Soap*

the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. For almost 60 years dermatologists have endorsed Packer's Tar Soap for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



### LISTEN IN!

Miss Jean Carroll discusses hair health and hair beauty over the Columbia Broadcasting System's Radio Home Bazar hour: every Friday at 12 noon (Eastern Daylight Saving Time).

## Select the shampoo your hair needs

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store

The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc., Dept. 16-E, 101 West Thirty-First Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose—cents. Send sample of

- Packer's Tar Soap . . . . . 10c
- Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo 10c
- Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo 10c
- Set of all 3 . . . . . 25c  
(check sample desired)

Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

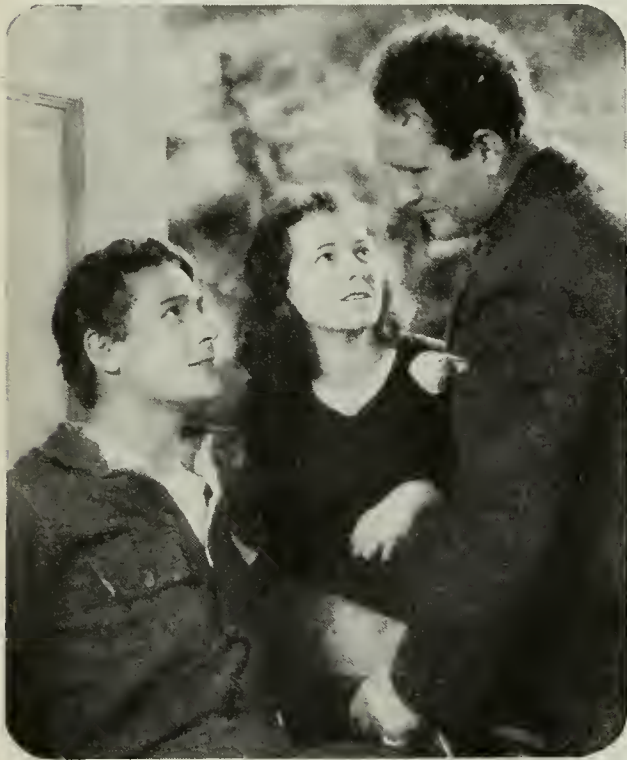
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# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



The Big Three are together again! Director Frank Borzage, two-time Photoplay Medal Winner, is talking over "The Lucky Star," his tenth Fox picture, with Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell. How about another medal, Frankie?

Further questioning would only cause the reticent Mr. Colman to turn silent, and then flee.

Meanwhile, who is the dashing Mrs. McDonald? Hollywood Sherlocks are beginning to put on their fake beavers, and prow!.

THE arrival in Los Angeles for a series of matches of the Midwick Country Club of such well-known poloists as Tommy Hitchcock, Averill Harriman, Winston Guest, Laddie Sanford, Arden Roark, Jack Whitney, and a half dozen others, caused almost as much of a flutter in the feminine hearts of Hollywood as did the visit of Prince George of England.

Although Tommy Hitchcock had removed himself from the ranks of the other very, very eligible bachelors, there remained a sufficient number to provoke considerable rivalry among the fair sex.

Hollywood was well represented at the matches. Virginia Valli usually sat in a box with the men who were not playing in the match of the day, and chatted between chukkers to those who were. Marion Davies, Claire Windsor, Lily Damita and others cried encouragement to their favorite teams and favorite players, while Mary and Doug talked over the various plays with Major and Lady Metcalfe. Blanche Sweet found an admirer in the blond Laddie Sanford, while Adonis in the person of Winston Guest was hard put to it to decide between the blonde vivacity of Lily Damita and the seductively brunette Mona

Maris. Lily had him as a dinner companion, Mona carried him off to a tête-à-tête luncheon, Lily watched a picture with him, Mona danced with him. It was hard to say which picture he carried away with him, and it is difficult to say whether he enjoyed the rivalry between the two more than their many friends who watched the maneuvers of each with pleasure.

NO issue of this uplifting journal is quite complete without the latest story about John, Dick Arlen's butler and boy of all work.

The other day a messenger boy found John at work in the garden.

"Can you tell me where Mr. Arlen lives?" he asked.

"Well," said John, "there are two residences heah. Ah lives at the back. Mistah Ahlen lives just in front of this house."

When Doris Hill would a'skating go she just puts on her bathing suit and fur anklets and steps out on the artificial ice of California. "Skating is SUCH hot work," says Doris. "Even in the shade of the palms"



Wide World



Bull

BEN LYON and Bebe Daniels are going to tackle matrimony from a new angle. They are learning to make the necessary compromises before instead of after taking the vows.

Bebe has always been a bridge hound, while Ben never cared a hoot about the game.

But now he has bought every obtainable book on the subject, and is boning hard so he can make a fourth in the games around the old Lyon fireside.

Bebe, not to be licked, is taking up flying, so that she can indulge Ben's hobby, too. As a matter of fact, she is actually taking up piloting.

With this give and take spirit, the Daniels-Lyon marriage should not be one of these Hollywood flowers that bloom in spring, tra-la, and fade away in the fall, boo-hoo!

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 83 ]

This is Joyce Murray, the adorable mite who led the beautiful "Wedding of the Painted Doll" number in that great talkie, "The Broadway Melody." "Always on her toes, this baby!" say her studio bosses



# In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI

*celebrated beauty  
specialist*

**advises washing for beauty  
with this palm and  
olive oil soap**

*"In addition to my own beauty  
products, I always recommend  
the soap blended of palm and  
olive oils. It leaves the skin in  
a smooth, healthy condition."*

*Lina Cavalieri*

61 AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS



*Portrait, by Argnani,  
of Lina Cavalieri, the  
beautiful opera star,  
who now conducts a  
smart beauty shop in  
Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's  
own loveliness is proof  
of the wisdom of her  
beauty advice.*

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Enconced in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing with healthful color.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps... think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.



*Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.*



Retail Price 10c

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAJ and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



# Paris— Where Women Know How to Charm

By Edna Wallace Hopper

**W**HEN summer comes I leave the States for my vacation in Paris. This capital of gay cities is always fascinating to me. The Parisienne is smart. She knows the art of attracting. To the Frenchwoman any amount of work is worth while if it makes her beautiful.

American girls, with their many advantages, can be just as alluring. No extensive program is necessary, but in busy, hustling America you must protect your face against the wear and tear of dust and

wind. Use care in the selection of your cleanser—it should soothe the skin as it gently removes the day's collection of make-up and grime.

During my annual stays abroad I have examined many creams. None has taken the place of my own on my dressing table. My Youth Cream is light . . . airy light. A cold cream should not be an added burden. The force of "rubbing in" a heavy cream causes fragile tissues to sag. My Youth Cream is so dainty and easily absorbed you do not need to rub it in. There are two types, the cold—and vanishing for oily skins.

For a finished toilette apply my face powder over the Youth Cream base. It's the French, clinging kind that adheres for a long time. It blends so subtly with your skin as to seem a part of it. Only its fragrance is apparent.

## Give Your Skin New Life

Even naturally fine skin looks jaded and colorless at times, especially after a busy day. Once in a week or ten days you need a sub-surface cleansing. Give yourself a White Youth Clay at home. It cleanses deep, leaves the pores perfectly free and gives your skin a revitalized tone. The renewed circulation is as good as hours of sleep. A white clay pack is a wonderful help when you feel too tired for an evening's pleasure. It's dainty—so much nicer on the face than the old, muddy kind.

Remove the clay when dry with a dash of cold water and you'll be delighted with the warm, natural blush and satiny smoothness of your skin.

# Free

I will also send you a sample of my Youth Cream and Youth Powder, three samples in all.

(D-44)

**SEND**

**This Coupon!**

to Edna Wallace Hopper  
536 Lake Shore Drive,  
Chicago

with 10 cents for trial tube of White Youth Clay to prove to yourself that a glowing, beautiful skin is possible when pores are cleansed beneath the surface.

Name .....

Street .....

P. O. .... State .....

5-PM





# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 ]



Houston-Williams

It's just a rough little shack, after all, but Tommy Meighan is happy to call it home. The Meighan hovel is near New Port Richey, kissed by Gulf breezes and warmed by Florida sunshine. It seems to have some eighty rooms, ninety baths, seventy electric iceboxes and a rowboat, which can be seen resting against the sea wall. Tommy, though now a Vitaphone star, can call it "The House Paramount Built"

don't care! You don't care! Who does care? I wish I had never been born!"

That was all for *THAT* day!

**D**ARK work was done by Slickum, the colored bootblack at M.-G.-M., when he made a valiant effort to crash the dress circle at the opening of the Fox negro opus, "Hearts in Dixie," at the United Artists Theater in Los Angeles.

Slickum has just been elevated from bootblack to assistant director on King Vidor's colored folk classic, "Hallelujah," and he was anxious to see just how much better "Hallelujah" is going to be than "Hearts in Dixie." Also he wanted seven of his dusky friends to bear witness to this triumph.

Knowing that he might experience some difficulty in crashing into the orchestra section for the opening night, Slickum conceived the bright thought of asking for the tickets in King Vidor's name. He put through his phone call from the Vidor office and not until some time after the reservations were made was the ruse discovered. Naturally consternation reigned, for Slickum and his party of fellow darkies had been seated next to Cecil De Mille's elegant and aristocratic party.

The difficulty was met, however, by transferring Slickum's party to the balcony. Slickum was probably just as happy, for he appeared with a broad smile, his dusky friends, a tuxedo and a green fedora hat.

**R**UTH CHATTERTON can give a lot of actresses some lessons in modesty and good taste. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 106]

**R**AMON NOVARRO'S brother, Joseph Samaniegos, died recently at the actor's Los Angeles home.

He was 24 at the time of his death.

The blow was a crushing one to Ramon, for he loved his brother devotedly. Determined that the youngster should have the advantages he missed, he sent Joseph to the University of Southern California. It was there, on the football field, that the star's brother received the injuries that resulted in his death. It was Joseph's long illness that kept Ramon from taking his long-planned trip to Europe.

Novarro's life is peculiarly innocent. He is wrapped up in his family. He has kept away, more or less, from Hollywood atmosphere, preferring the residential section of Los Angeles to the gaudier Beverly Hills.

*Two picture fans met on the street*

*And one began to shout*

*"Well, what do you think of the talkies?"—*

*And then a shot rang out.*

**H**OLLYWOOD has been wondering how Jeanne Eagels gets along with Paramount at the Eastern studios.

When she worked for M.-G.-M. she was as hard to handle as any actress that has ever been on that temperament-swept lot, and she caused executives many nervous hours.

One morning the director had worked three solid hours to get a scene. Jeanne was balky. At last she began to understand, and the day's first shot was about to be made when a publicity man ambled on the set.

Not aware of the preceding grief, the press agent asked,

"Miss Eagels, where were you born?"

That was the finish, the wind-up, the last straw. Eagels threw her hands in the air.

"Where was I born? Who cares? I



Bull

The Imperial Throne Room—in other words, King Cecil B. De Mille's new offices at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Foreground, the bench (unpadded) where suppliants await their audiences with the Master. Middle distance, the sanctum where his secretary puts them through the ritual and takes their finger prints. Rear, the holy of holies of his boss hired man. De Mille's office parallels the suite



# The Big Boy Tells His Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71 ]

lightning. Gave you a chance to think of what life meant to you. Whether it meant sliding along from day to day like this—happy, free, getting no place, materially, but with a spiritual contentment moistening your very roots—or going into Helena or some big city and being smothered by musty books and stifled by rows of adding machines.

The best thing, though, was to imagine you were a heroic cowboy, like those in the wild western films, and to stick your heels into your pony's slats and go like hell-bent-for-salvation after Indians. Ride for miles like the devil incarnate, wind shrieking past your ears, head bent low over the pony's. Speed! Speed! The Indians are coming and the girl must be rescued. Speed! The rabbits scurry out of the way. A wise hoot owl blinks amazedly down at you. The grass bows before you. You stop. The horse's sides are heaving like bellows.

**W**HERE are the Indians? That's a bunch of mesquite. Where is the girl? That's only a clump of greasewood. The girl is incidental. She represents no ideal. She is there because the plot demands that somebody be rescued. It couldn't be "the papers." They are too inanimate.

The pony is panting. Its mane is flecked with foam. You pat it and fish out a piece of sugar stolen from the breakfast table. Or an apple. It nibbles it, upper lip thrust derisively back, and quivers. You pat it again. Good horse!

What would a man do if he were harnessed to a desk from nine until five every day except Sundays?

In the Spring and Fall the cattle were driven to the railroad siding, noisy, frightened, stamping, to be herded into the cattle train that took them to St. Paul, Chicago or another stock marketing center. With the cattle went the more experienced punchers, who had taken cattle to market before. With them, as I grew older, I also went.

Travelling was no particular thrill to me. The biggest thrill was in getting home. In watching for the first range of mountains—I think it is the Bear Paw range—and feeling that at last I was back where I could take a deep breath. It had been that way when I returned from England as a kid. It was always that way.

**I** LIKED to go to market, though, with the men. I liked to see them dicker with the city men and watch them get their money and stick it inside their flannel shirts or in the little front pockets of their tight-fitting pants.

At night they went in for hell-raising, to which I was usually an interested onlooker, unless I went to a theater, and later, literally picked them up and got them onto the night train that would take us back to Montana.

The liquor they got on their cattle-selling expeditions was a lot more potent than the white mule they imported, secretly, to Sunny-side.

In the summer months, when the High School at Bozeman was closed, I worked as guide at Yellowstone National Park. I wanted to do something that brought in money, and the family agreed to it. I couldn't imagine myself in an office job. I was too restless. I am still that way.



**Vacation days in Montana. The dashing figure on the left of the quartet is Gary Cooper. Note the rakish slant to the sombrero, the wicked holster and the cartridge belt. Gary was about 14, and so were the other blades, here shown ready to set out to hunt varmints in them thar hills**

I can seldom finish a book. It takes too many sedentary hours to sit, motionless, and read. Hours that could be spent in riding or walking or doing something vital. I think that is one reason why I did not become a cartoonist.

I liked drawing, had a flair for it, so I was told, but the tedium of sitting for hours, sketching, to get one little thing flawless was too great a demand on a restless spirit.

So for three or four summers I took "dude cowboys" from the East through Yellowstone and kept white-collared campers in creased khaki from throwing bits of soap into Old Faithful Geyser to see it spout; and elderly ladies from fainting by assuring them that the cinnamon bears were harmless unless you pulled their ears or kicked them.

That was work to my liking. I could sneak out of my bunk before the "dudes" were stirring, and steal out into the open to the tune of their snores. I could watch the sun come up from where the North Fork of the Shoshone flowed. I could see an osprey come swooping down for his morning meal, grab up a struggling fish, only to drop it when a huge eagle swerved down on him, and see the eagle catch the glistening morsel in mid-air.

Even when I left high school and entered Grinnell College the summer vacation found me back at the Park.

Women always have much to do with molding a man's life. I don't mean the sentimental

attachments that make you tramp on clouds. And I don't mean marriage. Something beside the biological urge. I mean the women who are our mothers. And the mothering souls who have to do with forming ideals and aspirations. School teachers, for instance. In their constructive hands, kids are so much human clay. Everyone can look back in his life and recall a school teacher who stands out as a sort of beacon light to kids who were groping and grasping at life.

Miss Davis was that sort of person. Through her I decided to enter Grinnell College in Iowa. She was my English teacher. Slight, a grey-haired woman that a big wind from the prairie could easily have blown away, she was of the type that is born to mother somebody else's sons. I liked her, and listened to her, because she had the same fundamentally sound ideas that my mother had.

**I** WENT to Grinnell for two and a half years, during which time I absorbed all the adult experiences I could. I studied commercial art intensively. I fell in love. I became engaged. I was going into the advertising business and make a success, either as an artist or as an executive. I was going to marry and have a home and family.

I was twenty. After two and a half years I left college. Our engagement was broken. Perhaps it was well.

At twenty life has a different hue than it has at twenty-seven, or thirty-seven. Dad was assisting Joseph Dixon in his campaign for Governor of Montana and I tried my hand at cartooning on one of the Helena papers. I could have stayed in Helena and done cartooning.

I felt that my choice of occupation bound me to a city.

**W**HY not to a bigger city where the possibilities of advancement would be greater? Why not go to New York or Los Angeles? I could not get myself to go to New York. I knew I could not love its canyons of big buildings and the rugged crags of its skyscrapers. They could never take the place of the West. Los Angeles, on the other hand, was a Western city, sprawled over desert and mountains.

I arrived in Hollywood on Thanksgiving Day four years ago. It was the first big shove-off from home. The family didn't like to see me go. Summers at Yellowstone were all right, and so was school at Bozeman and Grinnell, and that job as timekeeper in an Iowa corn canning factory that I held a part of one summer.

They felt in closer contact with me. Now we were separated by the Rockies.

Once in Los Angeles, it was the usual story of trying to get work in a new town. There were no horses to break or cattle to herd. I

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 110 ]

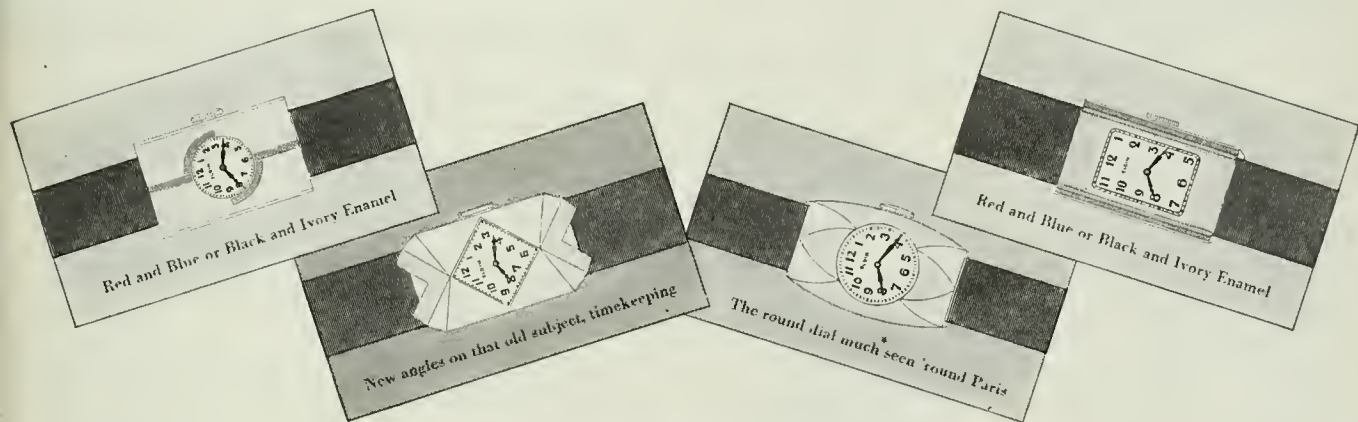




MONSIEUR · LUCIEN · LELONG

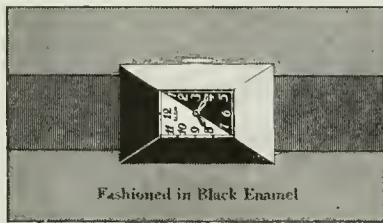
*Internationally famed Paris creator  
now designs six cases for*

THE ELGIN PARISIENNE... \$35<sup>00</sup>

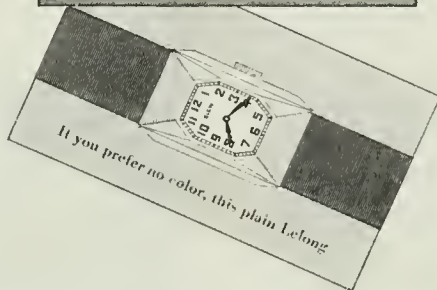


Now Lelong puts into watches that same chic you find in a frock that bears his noted label. The same flair for style, the same air of worldly charm. And the vast efficient ELGIN factory makes a stylist's dream a reality to gleam upon your wrist.

And such versatile watches, these Lelong models. Harmoniously in the picture, whether the golf course, or the tea table is your background. Then, too . . . it's so simple to have extra ribbons to match the colors of your evening gowns and your Parisienne watch will give a true



Fashioned in Black Enamel



If you prefer no color, this plain Lelong

Parisian flair to your formal hours. Three are plain; three are inlaid with lustrous hard enamel. And all are brilliantly smart. Ask any jeweler to show you his sparkling tray of ELGIN Parisiennes. And not only Lucien Lelong, but Agnes, Jenny, Premet, and a group of equally prominent leaders of the Paris Grande Couture are represented.

A Parisienne costs but \$35, there is no duty on *designs*. Style genius pays no fees at the customs house. Paris style . . . at a truly American price!

© ELGIN, 1929. ALL PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA  
ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE  
WATCHES SHOWN  $\frac{3}{4}$  ACTUAL SIZE

The 1929 WAMPAS  
BABY STARS, too,  
all use  
LUX TOILET SOAP  
for smooth skin



LORETTA YOUNG, charming First National star, says: "Smooth as a rose-petal. That is the way my skin feels after using Lux Toilet Soap. It is just like the finest French soaps!"



Fascinating HELEN FOSTER, of Mrs. Wallace Reid Productions, has charming skin. She says: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the lovely smoothness known as 'studio skin.'"

39 Leading Hollywood  
Directors say:

"Lovely Smooth Skin is  
Girl's Greatest Asset"

MONA RICO, United Artists' beautiful and talented star, says: "I must keep my skin exquisitely smooth to face the close-up. I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It's so wonderful for 'studio skin.'"



CARYL LINCOLN, beloved screen star with Fox Films, is enthusiastic about Lux Toilet Soap. She uses it both in her own lovely bathroom and in her dressing room on location. She says: "I wouldn't be without delightful Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin as smooth as the finest French soaps used to."

**B** LONDES, RED-HEADS, BRUNETTES—but all the 13 Wampas baby stars have one outstanding appeal—the rare loveliness of exquisite smooth skin.

These thirteen charming girls have given their skin the same care that all of the 1928 Wampas Baby Stars have given theirs. They use Lux Toilet Soap both at home and in their studio dressing rooms.

Even the searching glare of the huge incandescent close-up lights reveals not a single defect in their lovely skin.

Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 depend on Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great Hollywood film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

Remember: 9 out of 10 screen stars use this white, daintily fragrant soap.

You will be charmed with it, too! Order several cakes—today.



ETHLYNE CLAIR is a charming screen star who is famous for her beauty. She says: "I never have to worry about a smooth, velvety skin—'studio skin'—now that I use Lux Toilet Soap."





JOSEPHINE DUNN, lovely Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer star, has the exquisite skin of the perfect blonde. She says: "A soft, smooth skin is a star's most prized possession. I use Lux Toilet Soap to keep my skin perfectly smooth and soft."



When you see DORIS DAWSON, First National's delightful star, in a close-up, notice how fine and smooth Lux Toilet Soap keeps her skin. She says: "It leaves my skin so wonderfully smooth."



ANITA PAGE, famous young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says, "I always use Lux Toilet Soap. It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."



SALLY BLANE, R. K. O.'s lovely star, has such appealingly beautiful skin and gives it such intelligent care. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for the beautifully smooth skin that is so important to a screen star."



JEAN ARTHUR, Paramount's charming star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is indispensable to me. It keeps my skin so wonderfully fine and smooth."

Nine out of Ten  
Screen Stars Use  
LUX Toilet Soap



DORIS HILL, attractive Paramount star, guards her skin carefully. She says: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so beautifully smooth that I cannot see any difference between this delightful soap and the finest French soaps."



BETTY BOYD, beautiful young star with Educational Films, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy! My skin is so smooth after using it!"



HELEN TWELVETREES, lovely Fox star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is exactly like those lovely soaps one finds in Paris. I love it!"

Luxury Such as You Have  
Found Only in French  
Soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00  
the cake . . . now 10¢



# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Costs and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

E. H. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your worries are unfounded. Jack Mulhall and Dorothy Mackaill play together again in "Children of the Ritz." "Lady Be Good" was the title of the picture you refer to. Dorothy is twenty-five years old and hails from Hull, England. Carroll Nye was born in New York City just twenty-two years ago. Gary's next picture will be "Betrayal."

V. L. G., JACKSON, TENN.—Jack Stone was the handsome youth who played the part of the kid aviator in "Lilac Time." Milton Sills next picture will be "Dark Streets" and Thomas Meighan's next will be "The Argyle Case."

F. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Just a case of mistaken identity. It was Jean Hersholt and not George Seigman who played opposite ZaSu Pitts in "Greed."

RONNY, EAU CLAIRE, WISC.—Carol Mason and Lola Todd are one and the same person. Lola thought she would like to be known as Carol Mason, but after trying that name out for awhile, she decided to return to her original monicker. Lucille Powers is the name of the young lady who played in "Marquis Preferred." Charlot Bird did not appear in the cast of "Wings."

D. E., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—"Chickie" was released in May 1925, with John Bowers and Dorothy Mackaill playing the leads. "Sinners in Heaven" was released in September, 1924, with Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix heading the cast. No leading man was chosen to play opposite Clara Bow in "The Saturday Night Kid," as that picture is shelved while Clara is making "The Wild Party." FBO stood for Film Booking Offices but now that company is known as RKO meaning Radio-Keith-Orpheum. In "The Shopworn Angel" the young soldier never returned.

FRANCES E. REED, ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Madge Bellamy is divorced from Logan Metcalf. Leila Hyams is twenty-three years old and is married to Phil J. Berg. Mary Astor is the same age as Leila. "Broadway Babies" will be Alice White's next picture.

J. A. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Ah! Your initials spell a word and that's a lucky sign. Your big moment, Bill Haines, was born in Staunton, Va., on January 1st, 1900. He has brown eyes and is still single. His next picture will be "The Gob."

F. H. B., NEWARK, N. J.—Evelyn Brent is thirty years old, five feet four inches tall and hails from Tampa, Fla. Ian Keith was born in Boston, Mass., on Feb. 27th, 1899.

H. S., ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Gosh, I can almost feel the heat from that argument. Let's settle it now. David Rollins is nineteen years old and Arthur Lake is just four years older.

MRS. M. G. K., DENVER, COLO.—Goodness, here's another argument. Seems to be the season for them. Greta Nissen has blonde hair. However, she did make one picture in which she covered her blonde tresses with a black wig. The title of the picture was "Blind Alleys" and Thomas Meighan was the leading man.

JACK FIKE, TULSA, OKLA.—Sally Eilers was born in New York City on December 11th, 1908. She is reported to be engaged to William Hawks. You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

E. L. D., SHERIDAN, WYO.—Raquel Torres is twenty years old and Dorothy Penelope Jones, who uses the screen name of Dorothy Janis, is one year younger. You can reach both of them at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

J. L. T., ALBANY, GA.—Sorry to disappoint you but the Paramount Picture School has been out of existence for the past two years.

## Hear Ye! Hear Ye! "Name Seekers"

**T**HIS month we will reveal the family names of the stars most frequently brought up before the Answer Man.

Mary Brian was formerly known as Louise Dantzler.

Ramon Novarro, if you please, was Ramon Samaniegos.

Joan Crawford, before going into pictures, danced to the name of Lucille Le Sueur.

Anita Page recited her A B C's to the tune of Anita Pomares.

Gary Cooper was tagged with Frank J. Cooper.

Bessie Love thought her fans would like that name better than her own—Juanita Horton.

At home, Lupe Velez, that li'l Mexican gal, was called Marie Villabalos.

In writing to the stars for photographs, PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost of picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

K. L. BROWNING, RICHMOND, VA.—Now to settle all doubt in your mind. Mary Pickford was born on April 8th, 1893. And that's authentic.

LOIS N., WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, CANADA.—I am so glad to hear that my friends up there enjoy PHOTOPLAY. Walter Byron, your "marvelous" chap, was born in Leicester, England, just twenty-seven years ago. He is six feet tall and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. You can reach him in care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Thanks for the good wishes.

M. L., OMAHA, NEBR.—No matter how white my hair gets, I'll never feel old. David Rollins was born in Kansas City, Mo. You can reach him at the Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif. Oh, yes, he's still single.

R. D., MARINETTE, WISC.—No need for further dispute. Al Jolson is an American and his real name is Asa Yoelson.

J. C. H., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—When Dorothy Dalton was married to Arthur Hammerstein, she retired from the screen. You can write to her in care of the Arthur Hammerstein Productions, 1650 Broadway, New York City.

ADELE OLIVER, HOUSTON, TEX.—Have pity, old dear, I don't deserve to be bawled out that way. Here's the information you wanted—Nils Asther's latest picture is "Wild Orchids." Gary's next will be "Betrayal." Greta Garbo has returned from Sweden.

BABE, EXETER BORO, PA.—Nils Asther played the part of Count Luigi Ravelli in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh." "Weary River" is the title of Richard's latest. Lupe Velez did no play in "Kit Carson." Yes, it is true. Fred Thomson died on December 25th, 1928.

B. K., WENONAH, N. J.—What—another argument and among the "militia"? Let's settle it quickly before the shooting starts. You're right, Richard Dix was the hero in "The Gay Defender" and Thelma Todd was the beautiful heroine. Ruth and Greta are both twenty-two and Joan is one year older. Don't ask me who I think is the most beautiful actress or the shooting will take place here—and how!

MRS. F. M. S., BREMERTON, WASH.—The bout is over. You're both wrong. It was Percy Marmont who played the lead in "The Street of Forgotten Men."

MRS. F. SHIMEK, TULSA, OKLA.—Agnes Ayres is playing a part in a picture titled "The Donovan Affair." When it is completed she is going to appear in vaudeville. Alice Calhoun is not appearing in pictures at this time.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 102 ]



Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

# "Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



**T**HE importance of the *health* of your skin cannot be exaggerated! For it is perfectly apparent that your skin must be healthy if it is to be beautiful. A clear complexion and a soft skin, innocent of roughness and wrinkles, will be your reward if you faithfully follow the directions that come with every jar of Milkweed Cream.

The key to a soft and youthful skin lies in the careful study of the "six stars" shown on the face of the mannequin above. And the column at the right clearly explains how to protect with Ingram's Milkweed Cream each one of these six vital spots!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream protects the skin and fosters its health. Slightly therapeutic in its effects and a meticulous cleanser it does things no other cream, however expensive, possibly can do. It tonics your skin. It is excellent against roughness, redness and blem-

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very ageing and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's Milkweed Cream with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

ishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is perfect against chapping and flaking.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Mark the date you start using it and notice how marvelously your skin improves in a single month.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, will gladly send you her new booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty problems, write to Miss Ingram for advice.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A-59, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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## ≡ INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream ≡

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

# She Fell in Love with Her Husband

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]

theme of decoration prevailed, except that a pastry rooster crowed proudly from the center of the spread. Corinne vows that she has no idea of what Walter said to her that night, except that he remarked he wanted her to meet his mother. He danced with her whenever he could, and invited her to dinner the next night at his mother's house.

But Corinne Griffith was quite fed up with men at this time. To her, they were just a drug on the market. They did not concern her in the least. As a matter of fact, through the avenue of the divorce court she had just succeeded in detaching herself from one male who had in no way proved himself indispensable in her life. Also she was suffering from an acute attack of dejection brought on by a complication of the wrong type of pictures and meager screen opportunities. Her career was at a very low ebb, on a par with her spirits, all because she wanted to do characterization and producers gave her only parts with clothes to wear. She was at a loss as to just what treatment to prescribe. Resuscitation was necessary but the method of procedure was in doubt.

It did not take Walter Morosco long to figure this out, and he forthwith constituted himself the remedy.

There probably never was a more diligent or active remedy in all Hollywood than Walter turned out to be. The boon companions of the moment began to miss him and whenever he could not be located in company with Miss Griffith, he was always to be discovered in some obscure corner staring moodily into space or trying aimlessly to catch his thumb.

It did not take the wise ones long to diagnose his case. The complaint is common, even in Hollywood. But all of the first aid treatments applied to Walter by his friends failed to make him rally, so he was finally abandoned as hopelessly incurable.

Such was not the case, however, with Corinne Griffith. She liked Walter, yes; he was interesting, good diversion, and a good companion.

But of course she could not take him seriously. No, no, no—why certainly not; how perfectly silly! And that, strange though it may seem, was the grave consciousness that distressed Walter. He just somehow couldn't make himself heard, and he was trying hard.

Perhaps it was Walter's persistence that finally won him a break. Or maybe it was his sincerity. He has an abundance of both. At any rate, just when he was about to walk off the end of the pier of despair, he noticed a silver lining peering through the black clouds of defeat.

"In courtship," said Corinne, "Walter was wonderful. He was consideration itself and I liked him tremendously. He taught me to play Golf, tennis, swimming. And his un-failing humor and good nature were the most buoyant and inspiring things I had ever encountered. There were times when I felt that I could not do without him."

Even then Walter was advising her regarding her career. And the advice was so sound that it immediately began to manifest itself in terms of profit. More and more she began to bank on his judgment in matters of business.

But it was natural, of course, that young Mr. Morosco should spend much time hovering around jewelry windows that displayed engagement rings—an ardent complex that became an affliction. It alarmed Corinne greatly. Much as she liked him, much as she needed him, much as she appreciated his fineness, she was fully aware that she was not in love with him.

This knowledge caused her miserable and unhappy moments that no one ever dreamed of. It presented a problem so overwhelming that she found herself lacking in either the comprehension or ingenuity to grapple with it. Such utter misery as she endured at times would be hard to conceive. She wanted to break with Walter, she felt that she was unfair and unjust, that the thing she was doing was cowardly in the extreme, yet somehow she could not muster the courage. She knew that to tell him the truth would break his heart.

So the thing dragged on, Walter with his persistence, Corinne with her doubts.

Finally one evening he arrived at her home, moody and strangely subdued. She thought she had never seen him so quiet. Then suddenly he became restive. He said that he couldn't stay, that he must go. He rose and got his hat. As he stood on the threshold, he reached for Corinne's hand and pressed into it a little square, plush box. Then he made a wild dive for his car and was gone.

For two days he did not see her. Finally, however, they met for lunch. Of course no reference was made to the little plush box.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 129 ]

## New Cut-Puzzle Contest



### Another Big Competition Starts in the June PHOTOPLAY

HAVE you shared in the big awards made by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in its Cut-Puzzle Contests of past years? Thousands of dollars have been distributed to lucky readers of PHOTOPLAY. Get busy this year with the new competition, which will have interesting and distinctive features.

Watch the June issue of PHOTOPLAY for the first cut pictures and for the complete rules.

### \$5,000 in Prizes to Lucky Contestants!



# Look for 3 Benefits from this tooth paste

**W**HEN you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will make three important discoveries:

1. That it leaves teeth amazingly white and clean with a minimum of brushing.
2. That your entire mouth feels healthy and exhilarated afterwards—a wonderful sensation you associate with Listerine.
3. That your tooth paste is not only costing you less, but lasting longer.

We waited many years before producing Listerine Tooth Paste. Meanwhile we studied the requirements of teeth and

mouth. We aimed to produce a dentifrice worthy of the Listerine name. Finally we achieved one—ideal for all.

That was less than five years ago. Today Listerine Tooth Paste is an acknowledged leader. Never in history has the triumph of any tooth paste been so complete. It has succeeded on sheer merit, supplanting older and costlier favorites.

We urge you to try it. Give it a thorough trial. A month at least. And note results. You will be delighted. Lambert Ph a r m a c a l Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

TREASURE  
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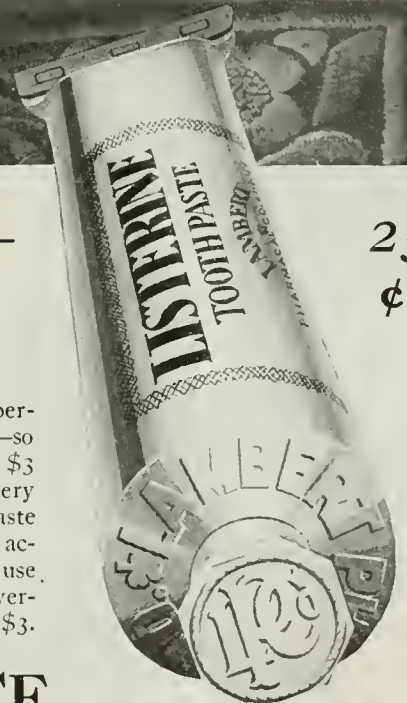
STEVENSON

*A magazine subscription—  
a good book—*

**paid for by  
your  
tooth paste**

Or hosiery, handkerchiefs, necktie, perfume, a golf iron, an inner tube—so many things you can buy with that \$3 Listerine Tooth Paste saves you every year. A tube of Listerine Tooth Paste costs you 25c instead of 50c, the accepted price for a dentifrice. You use about a tube a month therefore the average yearly saving is 12 times 25c or \$3.

25  
¢



## LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE



FOR THE  
**AMERICAN  
 MISS**  
 at  
**GRADUATION  
 TIME**  
 a  
**MEEKER  
 MADE R**

*Vanity, Handbag or Underarm*

**S**HE will thrill at receiving one of the "Madge Bellamy" Vanities—a Meeker Made novelty of imported steerhide. The "Madge Bellamy" is a practical little accessory having a compact or powder-puff pocket, comb pocket and comb, coin pocket, detachable beveled edge plate mirror, two card or memo pockets and pencil. Artistically hand colored. Hand laced edges.

The larger illustration below shows this vanity. The handbag illustrated is No. 4522 with silver finished turnlock frame. All Meeker Made leather goods are the finest on the market. Dozens of different styles and new designs from which to make selection.

*Shown by the better dealers everywhere.*



*Made in the shops of*

**THE MEEKER CO., Inc.**  
 Joplin, Missouri

*The largest manufacturers of steerhide leather goods in the U. S. A.*

and  
 for the  
**YOUNG MAN**

If you are looking for a graduation gift for a young man, a Meeker Made gentleman's bill fold, hip fold, cigarette case, key case or a combination set of two or three pieces cannot fail to be appreciated. Your guide is simply the "Meeker Made" imprint. Look for it in the leather.

# The All-Star Blonde

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

pictures but you haven't seen Lov until you see her in color. She's the justification of gentlemen's preferences.

It matters little whether she ever has a starring rôle, for she herself is an all-star blonde. She's Vilma Banky, May Allison, Agnes Ayres, Alice Terry and Anna Q. Nilsson in a production of less than a hundred and ten pounds.

**S**O closely does she resemble all the blonde goddesses that she is ever being mistaken for one or all of them. Knowing this, Lupe Velez at a Mayfair dance shouted: "Good evening, Miss Banky, and how is Rod?"

Scandia does not bow to Mexico for wit: "Good evening, Miss del Rio, and how is Eddie?" (Rod is Miss Banky-La Rocque's husband according to latest report, while Eddie Carewe is the director of Miss del Rio.)

Something of my feeling anent Jeanette's divine resemblance must have seeped into my eyes ("The eyes are the windows of the soul"—Lashbrow-line). Or maybe Jeanette isn't seasoned as yet to the bold interviewer. Anyhow she became suddenly flustered: "Oh dear, I haven't offered you anything."

Of course, this did prove she is not yet versed in interviewing. The seasoned star always tries to get the interviewer tight and usually succeeds, alas!

"Won't you have some tea or something?"

I said I'd have a little something.

Jeanette vanished from the room, presumably into the polar regions of Frigidaire. Not until then did I light a cigarette from the altar candle. Pacing the apartment and examining things—a habit peculiar to the inside worker, though really I rarely take anything—I noted two porcelain cats, a red-haired doll in black and on the mantel a saintly likeness of Jeanette that reminded me of Lillian Gish (Goddess-reminder XLVII).

"Oh dear!"—I turned swiftly, being the sort who takes everything personal, even an innocent exclamation. "Oh dear, I haven't anything," flushed the returned Jeanette.

"You mean you haven't something?"

Jeanette nodded. "I'm afraid I'm not used to receiving interviewers."

**I SAID I** was afraid not and looked melancholy. But I'm nothing if not the Born Comforter.

Advice is always on tap.

In a sudden flash of inspiration I suggested that in view of the altar candle and her divine resemblance she never offer something to interviewers.

I realize it's a dangerous precedent to set and may drive some of the best interviewers out of the business. But there's kick enough in interviewing Jeanette. She's really a very high percentage blonde.



Talkies have started the gentle art of pussyfooting in the studios. The village blacksmith is here shown shoeing Dorothy Janis with felt shoes for an audible scene in "The Pagan," the Novarro picture. It's the Janis voice they want, not the tramp-tramp-tramp



Artist · Actress · Dancer · Author · Sculptor · Aviator

# Brilliant Women with brilliant Hands

... keep them always exquisite with this flattering Cutex Liquid Polish

**BILLIE BURKE** at a Palm Beach fancy dress ball or at her stately country house, is just the golden-haired merry young wife of Florenz Ziegfeld. "I love the stage," says Billie Burke, "but I also love gardens, woods, tramps—dogs! What they do to one's hands!

"I find the new Cutex Liquid Polish protects the nails from stains and dirt and gives them such a flattering sparkle. In fact, I adore all the Cutex preparations—the Cuticle Cream and the Remover."



Billie Burke does these three simple things to keep her finger nails shapely and shining:

*First*—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape the cuticle.

*Second*—the Polish Remover, followed by the flattering Cutex Liquid Polish.

*Third*—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to soften cuticle.



**LADY HEATH**, famous flyer shown at the left, asked if caring for her own plane wasn't hard on her hands, said—"I put Cutex Nail White under my nails to keep out the grease. I use Cutex Cuticle Remover to shape the cuticle and the Cuticle Oil to feed it, and I'm quite devoted to the new Liquid Polish."



**PAVLOWA** takes the most exquisite care of her graceful hands. "Cutex Liquid Polish helps give my hands sparkle and vivacity," Pavlova herself says. "I always use it to 'make-up' my hands, to keep each finger nail shining.

"All the Cutex preparations are needed, however, to make the hand ready for this brilliant finish. Cuticle Remover and Cream to keep the ovals smooth and rounded and the under nail tips immaculately clean."

**HELEN DRYDEN**, smart and successful New York illustrator, whose interesting photograph appears at the right, works day in and day out with pencils, oils, and crayons. "Before I used the new Cutex Liquid Polish," explained Miss Dryden, "my nails were always in need of a manicure. Now just a thorough washing and they come out smart and shining. The Polish protects against stains and it stays on no matter how much I wash and scrub my hands."



**CLARE SHERIDAN**—sculptor, diarist, and society woman—shown in the photograph at the right in the native costume of Algiers.

"My nails become fearfully stained and grubby," says Miss Sheridan, "but the new Cutex Liquid Polish has saved me. It protects the nails from stain and dirt and the smart brilliance lasts miraculously. It certainly is a boon to busy hands."



**ANITA LOOS**, delightful young author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," says: "The new Cutex Liquid Polish flatters the hands and I love flattery. A Cutex Manicure Set goes with me on all my trips."

Ask to see the delightful new Cutex Liquid Polish that smart women everywhere are finding so indispensable.

Cutex Preparations 35¢ each. Polish and Remover together 50¢. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



Special Introductory Offer—12¢



I enclose 12¢ for Cutex Midget Manicure set sufficient for six manicures. (If you live in Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)  
Northam Warren, Dept. 905  
114 West 17th Street, New York





## COMPLEXION BEAUTY *demands* CLEAN SKIN

The first essential of complexion beauty is a clean, bright skin. Realizing this, thousands of beautiful women never think of retiring without first removing every trace of make-up, dust and powder with Black and White Cleansing Cream.

This pure, light cream slips quickly into the pores and out again, removes accumulated dust and impurities which cause blackheads and blemishes and leaves the skin youthfully fresh, smooth and clear. Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Three popular sizes—25c, 50c and 75c. Begin using it tonight.

*Plough*

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## BLACK AND WHITE *Cleansing Cream*

## That Old Devil, Camera

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

the cinema. Nor was it the talkies that won her over.

She frankly admits that it was money, plus an appreciable lack in good play material. There have been few successful star vehicles on Broadway in the last five years. So she signed a contract with Paramount, made one silent picture and has since appeared in several talkies.

**Y**ET she is not of Hollywood and, with her stage background, she cannot submit to the indignities imposed upon the stars by the public. She has acquired the reputation of being "ritzy" merely because she refuses to go to the popular gathering places, won't pose for unnecessary publicity pictures and ignores the stilted star-smile.

"Ritzy?" she questioned. "That I'm not. I'm a tramp. I like to bum around in strange places. Put on old clothes and a sweater and go down to Harlem. And I adore people of every calling. As a rule, I like men better than women, although I wouldn't trade the few women friends I have for ten men. I'm certainly not ritzy, but I've never had my life prided into, nor have I known about people with the absorbing curiosity that they seem to have about the film stars.

"Some years ago there was an insane man in England who believed himself married to Lillian Gish. Lillian had to go abroad on business and Dorothy thought she should accompany her. She wanted James Rennie to go along, too, for she felt that Lillian needed the protection of a man if the situation grew difficult.

"Why?" I asked in my simplicity, 'why does anyone need to know she's there?'

"Dorothy, of course, howled at my naivete. But in the theater no one cares about your personal life."

If you had seen her, as I did, in the quiet restrained drawing room of her English home, you would have known, as I did, that one just doesn't pry into the personal life of culture, dignity and real reserve. So we chatted over tea and biscuits.

"I love the talkies," she said. "I love that strange, temperamental microphone. On the stage I learned to project my voice for that slightly deaf old gentleman in the back row. But I had to unlearn all that.

"Sometimes I talk into the thing in an ordinary, conversational tone and they say, 'Softly, Miss Chatterton, softly. You've just blown out three tubes.' Then again I raise my voice to a high pitch and I'm not speaking nearly loud enough.

"But it's pioneering. If the whole thing were perfected and each day went smoothly I'm sure I wouldn't have as much interest in the work as I have. It's because it's new that it's exciting."

**C**ERTAINLY hers is one of the loveliest voices on the screen. It is a cultivated voice, of course. Her words are carefully pronounced—with the broad "a"—not for effect, not to be something that she isn't (for she is proud of being the fourth New York generation) but simply to give her added charm and to charm others more.

Hers is a distinct charm. She plays vamp parts well partly because she loves them and thinks they have real character and partly because she, herself, is the charmer type.

She is, indeed, little (with an almost boyish littleness) and fair, with pale yellow hair, and she has a funny nose.

An adorable, funny nose, that's quite tipped and pert.

And thus she measures up to the real requirements of a siren.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

did, and I think it one of the more interesting pictures of the season. But if it gets by, then why did the censors blot out the strength of "The Green Hat" to artificial banality? A bank embezzler. Whoops, dearie!

Everyone knows "A Woman of Affairs"—certainly a more suggestive title—is "The Green Hat," so why massacre it?

At the present, censoring seems so ridiculous as to be worthy of only laughter. "Rain" was too naughty, but "The Loves of Carmen" was judged and found pure.

Please do not decide that I dislike this realism. It is only that I cannot witness the decline of a strong plot to utter "blahness" without some criticism. Don't you feel that the scale by which the moral threat of pictures is weighed must be out of order?

DOROTHY MAY DAVIS.

### Putting Pep Into a Small Town

Franklinton, La.

The story of how our little country village has been transformed from dullness with its attendant evils of listlessness and lawlessness into a very delightful community, largely reveals the refining, educating, harmonizing power of the good motion picture.

Realizing the wholesome effect of recreation, our Woman's Club undertook a picture show. The prospect was unpromising, but for eight years, we have operated our community show. Formerly we exhibited on Friday nights in

the school building. Two years ago we purchased a centrally located lot, a veritable rubbish heap. Here we built an artistic little theater, and surrounded it with flowers. Here twice a week we show the best pictures produced.

Our young people have never seen any but the best actors and the fine productions. Strikingly, they show the influence of this training in their intelligence, their poise and self-confidence; their good judgment in questions of conduct; their appreciation of the worth while things; their wholesome charm.

MRS. JOHN M. LOVE.

### Our Best Missionary

Akron, O.

Recently I visited my native land in the Balkans—Croatia, to be exact. I had intended to introduce American styles and ideals among my friends and relatives, but to my surprise I soon found out that I was a year and a half too late. A moving picture show had been installed in the town dance hall.

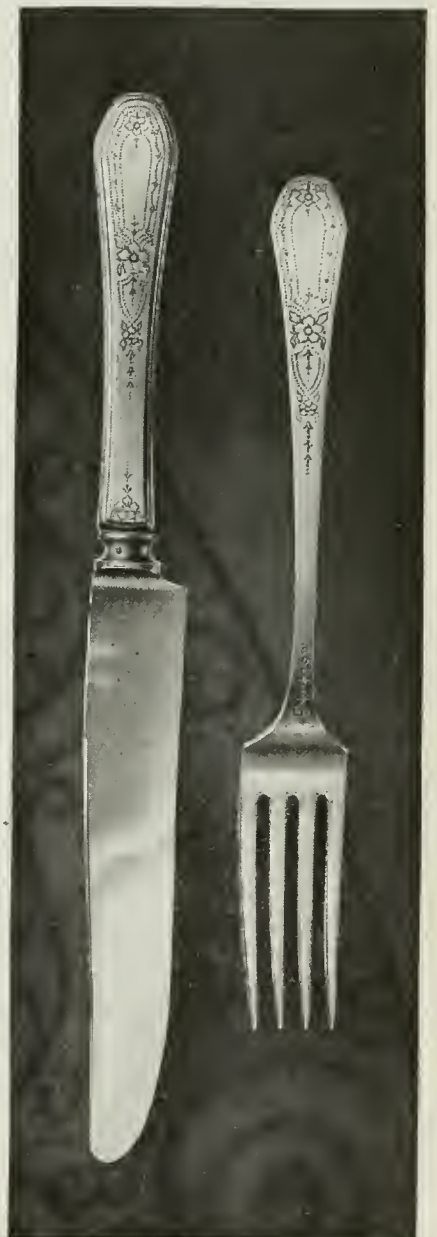
I noticed that my brother never bought ready-made clothes, but always took the latest picture of his favorite actor to the tailor and had his clothes made accordingly. My sister always had pad and pencil handy when attending a movie, so as not to let any star's make-up escape her.

VICTOR YAGER.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 112]



# “Correct and Altogether Charming”



WHERE good taste rules daily living as a matter of course, there you find appreciation of the loveliness that is Community Plate. How fitting that Mrs. William P. Rend formerly Miss Kathryn Prest, débutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Prest of Glencoe, Ill., should choose the Paul Revere design. Kathryn Rend, it will be remembered, was chosen by a great artist as one of Chicago's most beautiful society women.

*“For every occasion, I find my Paul Revere Community Plate quite correct and altogether charming. My friends admire its exquisite design. It is really lovely.”*

*Kathryn P. Rend.*

- Teaspoons, half dozen . . . . . \$3.75
  - Dessert Spoons, six for . . . . . 7.50
  - Dinner Knives, De Luxe
  - Stainless, six for . . . . . 14.00
  - Dinner Forks, six for . . . . . 7.50
- AT YOUR JEWELER'S



*The Paul Revere Design*

- Complete service, six places . . . \$36.00
- Complete service, eight places . . . 47.50
- Water Pitcher (illustrated) . . . 17.50
- Other designs at equally modest prices.
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# COMMUNITY PLATE



*"A perfect  
Comb is necessary  
for a beautiful bob"*

says **ROBERT**

Famous Fifth Avenue Beauty Specialist

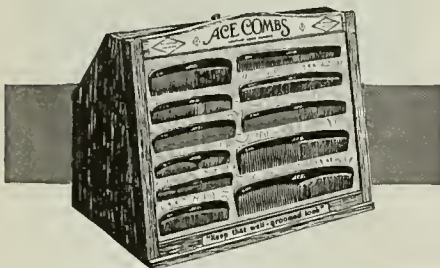
"THERE would be no styles in hairdressing without artistic combing," states this authority whose patrons include fashionable women of two continents.

And to assist you in developing your own style effects there are ACE COMBS made to suit all needs. The eight and nine inch ACE COMBS for general use give the best results for the thorough combing upon which the well-groomed woman always insists. Then there are smaller Ace Purse and Pocket Combs in various sizes.

## ACE COMBS

made of the purest Hard Rubber, are sanitary, efficient and enduring. So perfectly molded are their teeth that they cannot catch the hair or injure the most delicate scalp. There are no better combs made—or made of better material for the purpose than ACE COMBS. Always insist on ACE COMBS.

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Enclosed is 25 cents (stamps preferred) for "Current Style in Hair Combing" and sample 4 inch Ace Comb. Please send to

Name.....  
Address.....

## The Fable of \$50,000

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44]

"—And the producers, too?" one echoes again.

"I've seen more of directors and artists than of producers," Mr. Locke reminds you. "I'm simply talking about it from—ah—uh—er—it has nothing to do with policy—ah—I can't say a wud about that; that's a matter of the producer, isn't it? I do so admire the work of the directors and the artists."

NOW, frankly, for one of the foremost English authors, that's rotten poor English, but that's exactly what Mr. Locke said.

"Do you mean, or would you say that the directors and artists are hampered by the producers?" one wants to know.

"No—not a bit—oh, no!" he protests. "What I have said has nothing to do with—I start from the premise that the producers are the people who direct the policy of the studio. And that side of the business I have no—why, it'd be impertinence—impertinence!—of me to offer any criticism—I can only repeat my admiration for the patience and industry of the directors and the artists. Their—ah—zeal is unbounded!"

"Do you hope," one goes on to ask him, "to do any more originals for the movies, Mr. Locke?"

Ah, Mr. Locke appears to be so relieved that one hasn't asked him something more about producers.

"One always hopes, heh, heh, heh," he laughs. "While one has life one has hope, heh, heh, heh, heh . . ."

So everyone laughs, heh, heh, and there is a pause for a coolish sip, while Mr. Locke explains that while he hopes, he rahly doesn't expect—not for the present, anyway—to do any more work directly for the screen, and it's at this point that he observes that ahfter all, his job in the world is novel writing.

Then one reads to Mr. Locke the words he wrote a few months ago, when he first came to Hollywood to write that story for Norma Talmadge.

He wrote this:

" . . . I am fired by one insensate ambition. Listen, I pray you. In her last four pictures, Miss Talmadge has been, in the language of our grandmothers, 'no better than she ought to be!' What I madly dream of doing is to reform the character of this delightful and fascinating lady. Will she be grateful?"

"Ah, yes," Mr. Locke remembers writing that.

"And was she grateful, Mr. Locke?" one suddenly demands to know.

"Oh, I dunt know. I dunt know. I finished my contract with Mr. Schenck. That's all."

Ah, heavens!—imagine writing \$50,000 worth of story for the delightful and fascinating lady, and then not even knowing whether one's one insensate ambition has been fulfilled. Or whether or not the lady was even grateful. . . .

So one asks Mr. Locke what this glamour of Hollywood is. And he says he thinks it's "merely a matter of the ah uh glow of the dollars that rather entertains the world."

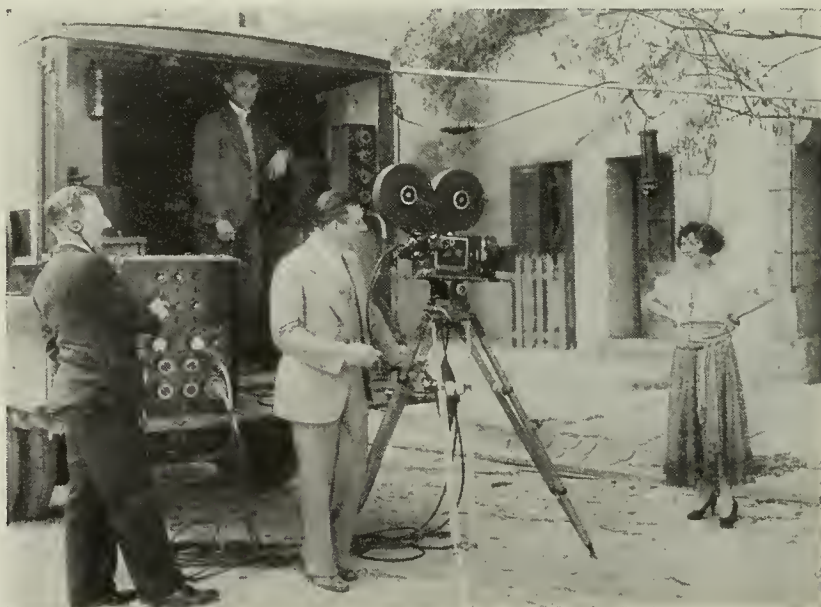
So one asks him, now that he's mentioned dollars, whether or not he's seen any signs of that so-much-rumored war between dollars and art, out here in Hollywood. And he is shocked.

"OH, for heaven's sake," he says, "don't think I'm sneering or sarcastic in any way. Because I'm not. I'm merely—ah uh—trying to get hold of some elements of the glamour that surrounds these people and I think one element is the general dissemination of information about their tremendous salaries, ah."

"And now you're going back home?" one remarks, a bit stupidly, feeling that the interview is ended, or ought to end, anyway.

"Yes, late in March. I've very much enjoyed the stay. My family and myself are, of course, in tears at the thought of going away."

So he smiles.



The Movietone truck allows sound to follow the actors. It's just a question of backing up the wagon and starting to grind. Here is Renee Adoree registering a tinkling laugh for a test of the contraption. Cameraman John Arnold is telling Frenchy a new gag so she can tinkle her very best for the birdie



# New facts about CLEANING TEETH

**DO YOU KNOW . . . .**

*that there are thousands of tiny crevices in healthy, normal teeth and gums?*

*that no toothbrush can get down into these microscopic places?*

*that food particles and mucin deposits lodge in these crevices and may start decay?*

*that the real test of a toothpaste is its ability to cleanse these crevices?*

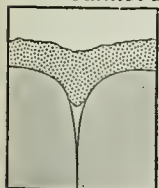
**A** REMARKABLE scientific discovery has recently brought to light some new facts about cleaning the teeth.

A scientist carefully measured the power of toothpastes to penetrate the tiny crevices in teeth and gums where food particles lodge and where decay begins.

He found that some dentifrices merely scrub the outer surface of the teeth. Others go partly down into the larger crevices. *Then he discovered that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.*

This is the secret of Colgate's remarkable ability to clean—it gets down deep into the hard-to-clean places where the toothbrush cannot reach.

**How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach**



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.



Colgate's superior penetrating power is due to the fact that it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent. When brushed, this cleansing agent bursts into a sparkling, snow-white foam that sweeps over teeth and gums. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to go deep down into the tiny tooth crevices where decay starts. There, it dislodges clinging food particles and mucin, washing away these impurities in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk-powder—a polishing material used by dentists—which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly. Thus Colgate's cleans and beautifies; purifies and refreshes the entire mouth restoring natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

*and only 25¢*

*The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world.*

**Try Colgate's one week FREE**

COLGATE, Dept. B-2531, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

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## FOR SORE MUSCLES

GIVES  
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Rub in

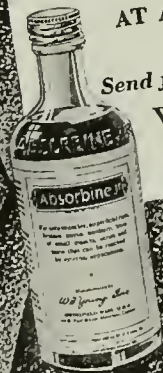
# Absorbine Jr.

**T**HE activities of Spring develop many unexpected, and unwelcome aching muscles. Keep Absorbine, Jr. on hand—rub it in at the first indication of soreness. This brings prompt relief and comfort—and prevents next day stiffness.

Absorbine, Jr. is also a reliable antiseptic. Apply full strength whenever the skin has been broken. It will reduce to a minimum any danger from infection. Absorbine, Jr. is pleasant to use—it is not greasy, and does not stain the skin. It has many other uses. Read "Timely Suggestions."

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\$1.25

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Springfield, Mass.



## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Unless you have the penetration to recognize defeat, when and if it finally comes to you, and to meet it bravely—

*Stay away from Hollywood. Choose a career in which you have a more even chance for success and happiness.*

You say, Hortense, that you have always been interested in amateur theatricals. A secretarial position would not necessarily shut you away from this outlet for your dramatic urge. Why not continue in the group with which you have been identified, or try to find some advanced group that will spur you on to better work? Many girls have some hobby they ride outside of their business lives, something that fills up the gaps of romantic, creative work which business may deny them.

But don't get the idea that business hasn't its own romance, its own power to bring out creative ability in those that follow it. Some lines of work that seem so dull and prosaic to the outsider fairly teem with excitement and romance to the initiated.

And now we come to Cecile's letter.

It seems to me, Cecile, from the brief information you have given me, that nursing is not for you. Of all professions, that is the one where love of the work for its own sake should be paramount. I believe your parents would prefer you to be a successful teacher, happy in the work you are doing, than a nurse who must constantly minister to the sick and sad-hearted with no contentment and happiness within herself to be reflected to those under her care. And you couldn't be contented and joyful if you were doing work that was distasteful to you and regretting your choice of a career.

If you talk this subject over with your father and tell him why you feel you can't be happy in the work he has chosen for you, I think he will see your point of view. His experience has taught him what qualities are essential to nursing and he should readily understand why you cannot enter a profession requiring such consecrated effort unless you believe that is your real place in the work of the world.

Consider well what road you will take before you start out on the great adventure of working and winning. There is so much to be gained besides money.

ELEANOR:

No indeed, you don't have to go to Florida to get a good coat of tan now. There is a new lotion on the market that can be rubbed on and will make you as beautifully tan as if you had just returned from the South. It will probably be very popular next summer for the girls who insist on going around stockingless.

MISS B. V. B.:

Brunettes with pale skins often have slightly dark rings under the eyes. These do not always mean ill health and sometimes add character and charm to the face. Perhaps you are not getting enough sleep or your circulation is a little sluggish. If the rings are pronounced and proper diet, rest and exercise do not cure them you should consult a physician. A neck length bob should be curled in ringlets at the ends unless the hair is quite curly naturally.

ROBERTA J.:

I don't believe your slight physical defect has anything to do with your lack of popularity. Boys don't care so much about details. They like girls whose general appearance is attractive and who are jolly and stimulating companions. You are just beginning to find yourself and I know you can attract the kind of boys you want for friends. Just be nice and sweet to them all and some of them will soon single you out for special attention.

RONNY P.:

Your best color is probably blue, Ronny, but you can wear a number of others. Did you study the color chart for blondes on the cover of the March PHOTOPLAY and the corresponding article on page 50 of that issue? By all means read it carefully. You will note that soft blue-greens are flattering; that red-violet and wine red are apt to be becoming; that you can wear rose-beige more successfully than a neutral yellow-beige. If your coloring is vivid, or if you achieve vividness by the skillful use of makeup, you can wear black, which will accentuate your fairness and slenderness. Thick lips that are not too pale are often more attractive without lipstick. If you do use lipstick it should not be too bright. I suggest flesh powder and medium rouge, but you may have to experiment a little with the aid of your mirror before you decide on the most flattering shades.

PEARL WHITE:

Correct diet, outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep are bound to improve your complexion and bring color to your lips and cheeks. A growing girl need not worry about getting stout, unless she overeats. Your figure is maturing and will find its own charming lines by the time you are fully grown. Cultivate your mind and try to achieve an interesting and happy personality. Be neat always, and wear becoming clothes, no matter how simple the materials. Then forget your looks and you will avoid self-consciousness.

TERESA V.:

At seventeen one should be happy and full of fun. But don't carry your fun to such extremes in the office that it interferes with your work. You say you are ambitious to make something of yourself. Cultivate more dignity for business hours and remember there is a time and place for everything. You can still be the life of the party when you are out for a good time.

HOPELESS:

There is just one way to overcome self-consciousness—and that is, to stop thinking constantly of self. If your legs are bowed, wear your skirts a little longer than the present styles require. When you get up to recite at school remember that the others are waiting to hear what you have to say and it is in your power to be so interesting that they will not concentrate on your appearance but on your words. Cultivate an agreeable voice, and a sympathetic nature. Get interested in other people's problems and you will forget your own. After a while you will discover you haven't as many as you thought you had.

BUBBLES:

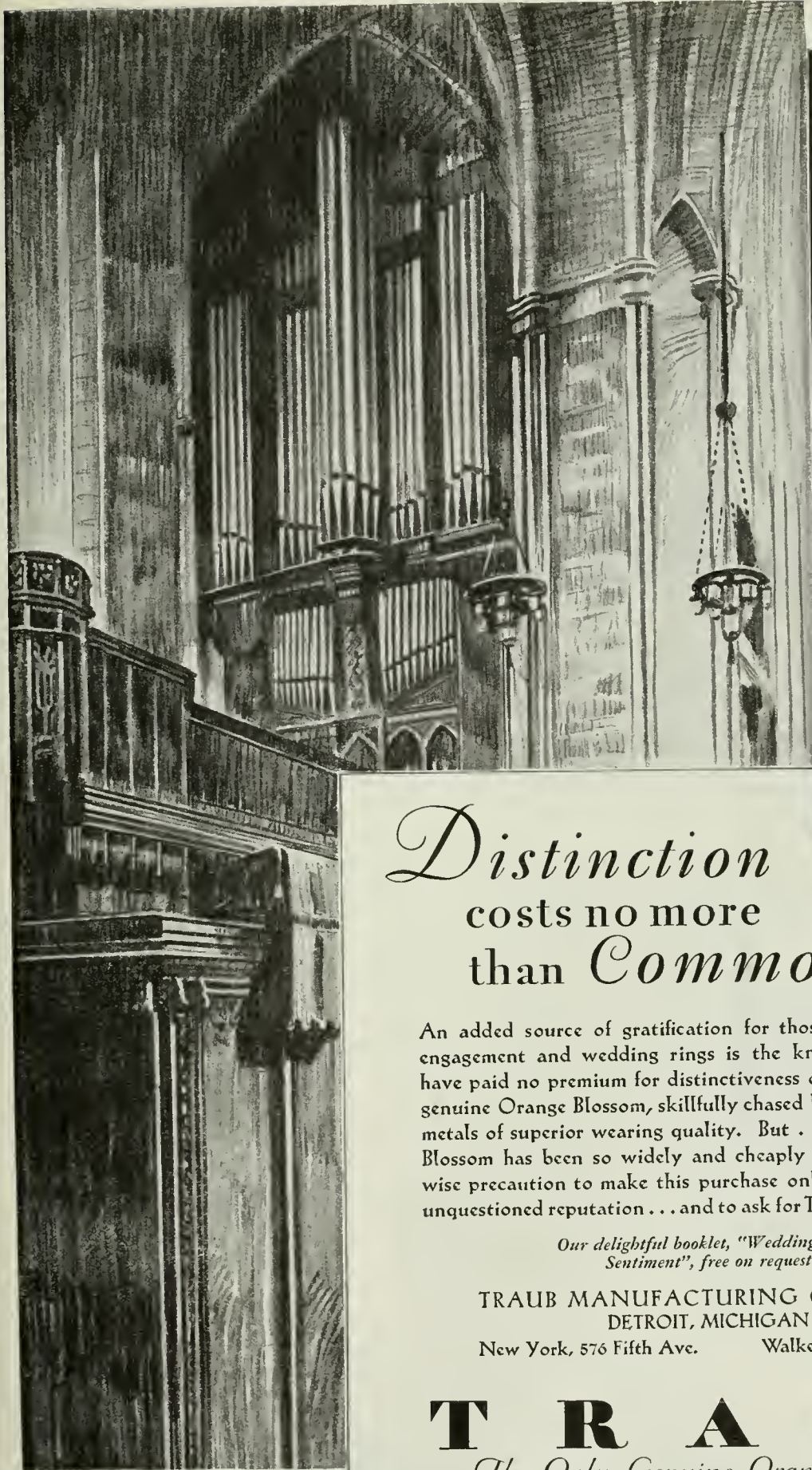
I think you are dramatizing yourself, Bubbles. You like to think you are different from other girls—and indifferent to the normal fun and interests of girlhood. Don't do it. Youth passes swiftly and you will regret the joy you have missed. Be natural and unaffected. Let people know you are out to get every bit of true happiness that life has to offer you. Listlessness is a habit which you must break.

RUTH B.:

Since the date your letter was written, PHOTOPLAY has published some splendid articles on diet by Dr. H. B. K. Willis. Another article appears in this issue. In March Dr. Willis furnished a table of food values that will answer all your questions about what foods are fattening. For more specific advice on gaining weight I suggest you write Dr. Willis at the address mentioned in his article. I am sending you my leaflet on the care of the skin.



More than 400 styles; iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled. Priced as low as \$12



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*Fit setting for correct and charming wedding ceremonies is the beauty of the Congregational Church, Montclair, N. J.*



# What Has This ROUGE to do with Your Eyes?



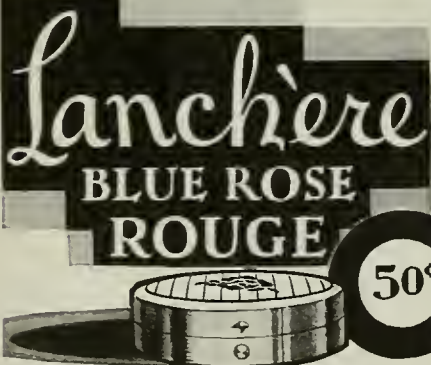
Try  
this today  
before your  
mirror—

Rub the puff of your BLUE ROSE ROUGE compact on your cheeks. Look in the mirror and notice the effect. Then wipe off all the rouge. What will you see? The paleness in your cheeks will have taken the sparkle out of your eye. If you don't believe it, rouge your cheeks again and notice how your eyes brighten up. It's subtle, but it's true.

How often you've noticed a woman with pretty features and how often you've wondered, "Why doesn't she add a touch of rouge to brighten up her face?"

BLUE ROSE ROUGE is really a wonder worker. Because of the pure oil with which it is compounded it spreads evenly, clings for hours. A LANCHIERE BLUE ROSE ROUGE make-up doesn't fade and leave you pale of cheek and eye.

Ask for Lanchiere Blue Rose Rouge at department and drug stores. It comes in four shades, Cabaret, Grenadine, Senorita, Bordeaux—in slim silvery cases, 50c. Refills, 25c. Send for free rouge chart. Write MARIE BONNARD for advice on make-up problems.



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## Tips vs. Art

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75 ]

And it all happened because a stout man was lonely.

I remember Henry when he used to sit in the forecourt of Sid Grauman's Egyptian Theater. He used to sit and sit and sit.

He had nothing else to do, no place to go, no one to talk to.

He was a very lonely man, Henry Bergman, and sick besides.

For three months he had the gout.

ONLY one man beside Henry knew it, and that was Joe, his partner.

And Joe knew it better than Henry. Better than anyone else, Joe Berliner knew all the things that were wrong with Henry, things much worse for him than the gout. Joe Berliner knew why Henry sought the warm and friendly sunshine in the front yard of Sid Grauman's Theater. He sought it, not because it was warm but because it was friendly. And there were tourists there to whom a lonely man could talk.

"I was getting to be an old man," Henry confessed. "You see, I am a bachelor. And I wanted companionship. I knew companionship would make me young. So I decided I wanted to open a little place where my friends could come and sit and get a bit to eat. I didn't want to make money, I just wanted to make friends."

And that's how the idea was born. Henry's gout finally got so bad that he was confined to his room.

Joe Berliner lived down stairs. He took care of Henry like a brother.

He became what Henry needed, a companion.

And one day Henry said to him:

"Joe, if you ever want to go in business, come and see me."

Soon after that, Joe *did* want to go in business.

He had been running a little restaurant with a man whose tactics he didn't crave, so he made the man a present of the Berliner share of the business and stepped out.

And then he went to see Henry.

Henry took \$2,750 out of savings and Joe took \$1,090 and then went into the restaurant business.

They called it Henry's, because everybody in Hollywood knew Henry.

And half the population of the United States had shaken hands with him in Grauman's forecourt!

For thirteen years Henry Bergman has been on Charlie Chaplin's payroll as a character actor.

Even then, in 1925, he was internationally known as a Chaplin comedian.

Of course, there is the Chaplin influence at Henry's. No one knows just what it is, but it is there. Perhaps it is financial, though Charlie says not, perhaps it is merely moral support.

At any rate, Henry's is Charlie Chaplin's favorite Hollywood rendezvous, the place where he chats with his cronies, his friends.

AND now all the world goes to Henry's to worship at the Bergman shrine of rye bread and imported condiments.

And the business that began in a room sixty feet long by seventeen-and-a-half feet wide has grown to proportions triple that size, and nets its proprietors a hundred thousand dollars a year apiece.

And it has made thirty-eight waitresses very happy and prosperous also. And, too, there are three cashiers and twelve cooks and two chefs and twelve hus-boys who are not complaining any.

Jennie Hinthorne, who says she's rather be a waitress in Henry's than a Baby Star at

RKO or Paramount or First National or any other studio, knows what she's talking about.

Jennie takes care of her father, her three children and helps out her widowed sister and brood of three. She owns a five acre ranch at Roscoe, in Los Angeles, where she maintains a kennel of thoroughbred police dogs and sells puppies at one hundred and fifty dollars per pup.

And when Jennie first went to work in Henry's she was broke. Not only was she broke, she was a widow with three kiddies dependent upon her. Now she's giving them all musical careers.

But she has one complex, Jennie has. She drives fast.

She's worn out three cars since she's been at Henry's.

AND Lillian Morris who has been there ever since the restaurant opened also has a complex.

It's all around sports for Lillian. Golf, ice skating (in the ice pavilion, of course,) and flying.

Lillian, too, is an aviatrix.

Ray Black made enough money to retire. Then she got lonesome and went to work again.

Ray took a flyer with her earnings in the stock market.

She bought Mexican Seaboard and sold at the peak, bought Bank of Italy and sold at the peak, bought General Motors and sold at the peak, and when she finished her dealings she had \$40,000! And in addition to that a home and a car.

Maeme Hall maintains a governess for her boy of four.

She has made considerable in real estate, Maeme has, and she has a passion for betting on the fights.

She bet three hundred dollars on the Dempsey-Tunney fight, even, and won.

When Virginia Murphy first went to work, she didn't have a dime.

Now she owns her home, her car, and has a safety deposit box full of stocks and bonds, all good.

ONE of the girls is positively land poor. Josephine Lee McEssy. She invested in acreage in the suburbs, a good investment, but it takes everything she can scrape to keep up the payments.

And there's Keekee Kellett and Arlene Bachelor who went into pictures. The girls say Keekee will be a star. Any girl with personality enough to be a good waitress can, they say, become a film star.

In California there is an eight hour law which protects women workers. No woman can work more than eight hours. At Henry's, therefore, the girls work in three eight-hour shifts.

But there is really heavy duty only three hours at a stretch—three hours at breakfast, three hours at noon, three hours during the dinner hour.

During that time a girl may handle as many as thirty-eight checks, and there is an average of three persons for each check.

So figure out the tips for yourself. The girls won't ever tell you.

The closest any of them came to confessing was Jennie. She said, "Well, I served three drunks the other night, and one of them tipped me four and a half. The others were just plain tight."

And the rest of the girls all say, "Well, I get enough tips to change a dollar."

So there is the story of Henry's, human, intriguing, affluent.

It's the most Hollywoodish story in Hollywood.





**Doctor tells lady  
simple way to insure health**

*"The only thing in the world you need, Madam, is plenty of Vitamin B in your diet. Eat Tastyest regularly. One bar, an hour or so after each meal. Tastyest will put roses in your cheeks, and KEEP them there!"*

# Here's that New Vitamin Food that corrects your faulty diet

Wrong diet causes 90% of our common ills, say famous doctors. Vitamin B in this new form will keep you well. See generous introductory offer in coupon below

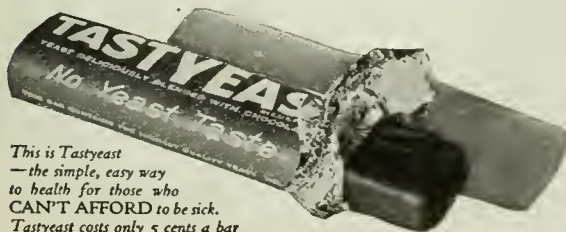
**F**EW people ever enjoy completely perfect health. You realize it in your own case—how often you feel below par. Not sick, yet certainly not 100% fit.

Science now tells us why this is so. Wrong diet is the cause. We are starved for vitamins.

Famous doctors both here and abroad find that the lack of Vitamin B is the most serious health problem which we all have to face. We are careless about eating. We get in a run-down condition. Real trouble follows.

**Now, new vitamin food**

Now thanks to Tastyest, an amazing new health food, you can get all the vitamins



*This is Tastyest—the simple, easy way to health for those who CAN'T AFFORD to be sick. Tastyest costs only 5 cents a bar*

you need in a very easy way. Tastyest is rich in Vitamin B. Rich, too, in bone-building mineral elements. An ideal food for growing children and adults.

Hundreds of happy users have written to tell us that through this natural health food, they have put their systems in perfect condition. And kept them that way with Tastyest.

When Tastyest first went on the market people were skeptical, because they did not understand the importance of vitamins in the diet. They didn't believe that Tastyest could do all that we said it would. But it didn't take them long to find out the truth. And now thousands are learning about it every day.

**Make 8-day health test**

If you want new health, new vigor, eat this health delicacy regularly and faithfully. You'll quickly see the wonderful results.

The man who wrote this advertisement has tried Tastyest and he *knows* how good it is. But don't take his word for it. Don't take anybody's word for

it. Go right out and get a 24-bar box of Tastyest at your neighborhood store and see for yourself.

If you cannot get it, send \$1.20 for one box, with your dealer's name, to Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex Street, Springfield, Mass.

Eat one bar, an hour or so after every meal for eight days. Even in this short time you'll notice the improvement in your health.

Save your Tastyest wrappers. Send them in with the coupon below. We'll send you the valuable Eversharp pencil pictured at the left free as a reward for giving Tastyest a fair trial. Only one pencil will be given to each customer.



Green Bros. Co., 33 Essex St., Springfield, Mass.  
I enclose 24 Tastyest wrappers\*. Please send me a genuine Eversharp pencil free.

Name.....  
City.....State.....  
P-3

\*We will accept 12 Tastyest and 12 Big Banker Candy Bar wrappers. Big Banker is that delicious wholesome 5-cent candy bar—the nutty nougat caramel treat—made by the makers of Tastyest.



after hair is removed  
**FROSTILLA**  
*smooths, soothes,  
 protects!*



**T**HESSE mere wisps of frock worn for the evening bridge, for dining and dancing, make the removal of hair an essential rite of the toilette.

Yet too often such treatments leave their mark—a tell-tale touch of red on arm or leg or face—irritating to your skin—irritating to your self esteem.

It is then that you will find Frostilla a most consoling confidant.

Its instant touch cools, soothes, and banishes that offending redness. Its delightful fragrance counteracts all unpleasant odor—for Frostilla contains a subtle, lasting perfume, imported from the shores of France.

*Look smart—Show your skin as fashion dictates—but be sure to use Frostilla!*

Now that Style has stolen sleeves from dresses, backs from bathing suits, and stockings from shoes—now that your skin is exposed more than ever before—Frostilla will prove a friend indeed.

It is more than a comfort and a complement to daytime décolleté. It keeps your skin supple and silken; it gives it enticing softness and smoothness. It prepares it for a gracious pat of powder and makes that powder "stay put."

In beautiful blue-labelled boudoir bottles, Frostilla is 50c and \$1, at drug and department stores in the U. S. and Canada. Or write for an attractive, useful sample sent FREE on request. Department 641, The Frostilla Co., Elmira, N. Y., and Toronto, Canada. (Sales Reps.: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City.)

## Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88]

L. B. L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Theda Bara is married to Charles Brabin, the director. She has retired from the screen. John Gilbert is divorced from Leatrice Joy.

J. W., KENMORE, N. Y.—Kathryn Carver Menjou was born in New York. She was a model for Harrison Fisher, the artist, and first married Ira Hill, the photographer. She made her film debut in "The Wanderer" as Kathryn Hill. And now that you mention it, I am a bit sheikish.

NAOLI T., SANTA RITA, N. M.—Lina Basquette in "The Noose and Molly O'Day in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Molly's real name is Suzanne Noonan and sister Sally O'Neil was christened Virginia Noonan. Both girls have been in pictures since 1925. Molly is seventeen and Sally is two years older. Molly has reddish brown hair and hazel eyes, while Sally has black hair and blue eyes. I suppose they changed their names because they didn't think so much of the Noonan monicker.

ANTONIO R., N. ESCANABA, MICH.—Don't scold me and I'll never do it again. Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, S. A., June 16, 1905. Louise Brooks is a native of Wichita, Kans., and was born in 1909. Alice White's birthday was July 25, 1907. Norma Shearer comes from Montreal and was born Aug. 18, 1904. Dorothy Mackaill is from England—Hull to be exact—and was born March 4, 1904.

J. W. H., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate." Billie has been in pictures since 1921. Gilbert Roland was the hero of "The Love Mart." "The Sheik" was filmed by Famous Players-Lasky in November, 1921. Diana was played by Agnes Ayres. Adolphe Menjou was Raoul St. Hubert. R. R. Butler appeared as Aubrey. And, of course, Rudolph Valentino was the Sheik, Ahmed Ben-Hassan.

JOHN B., GOSPORT, IND.—Marion Davies is twenty-eight years old. She has blonde hair and blue eyes, weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, five and one-half inches tall. Her real name is Marion Douras. "Down to the Sea in Ships" was released in February, 1923.

R. R., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Jeanette Loff was born in Orofino, Idaho, Oct. 9, 1906. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has blue eyes and golden hair. Jeanette has been playing in pictures for about two years. Still single. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland, a writer. Nancy is twenty-two years old. Baclanova doesn't give her age. She is divorced from her husband, who lives in Russia, and is reported to be engaged to Nicholas Soussanin.

B. K. T., HOUSTON, TEX.—Get all set to listen—Gilbert Roland gives his birthplace as Chihuahua, Mexico, and the date of the big event as Dec. 11, 1905. He is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Have you noticed how many men stars are just under six feet? Gilbert has jet black hair and hazel eyes. He's still single. His next picture will be "The Sign on the Door." PHOTOPLAY published an article about him in the September, 1927, issue, and there was a rotogravure picture of Mr. Roland in July of the same year. Write to the Photoplay Publishing Company, 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., for back copies. Send a quarter for each copy you want.

CHRISTINE, COVINGTON, KY.—This boy Novarro causes me a lot of trouble. First he's going into a monastery, and then he's going into grand opera, and then he's going to

retire. How is a poor old Answer Man going to keep up with all these reports? Anyway, Ramon is still in Hollywood, making pictures. His newest is "The Pagan." Ramon has a clause in his contract that gives him a liberal vacation every year, so he may run over to Germany and try his voice in opera. However, he is still under contract and if he leaves pictures within the next few years, I'll be very much surprised. George Bancroft's newest is "The Wolf of Wall Street." It's a talkie. Fred Kohler is married.

R. G. L., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Patrick Cunningham played opposite Madge Bellamy in "Very Confidential." Sorry I can't give you any information about him, as I haven't heard of him since. Hey, Patrick, where are you?

M. M. F., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Edna Murphy was born Nov. 17, 1904. She has blonde hair and blue eyes and weighs 110 pounds. Miss Murphy is married to Mervyn Le Roy, the director.

DANIEL C., LORAIN, O.—May McAvoy is twenty-seven years old and is one inch under five feet tall. She weighs 94 pounds. May's first picture was called "The Perfect Lady" and her latest is "No Defense."

E. S., PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Colleen Moore, Ben Lyon, John Bowers, Wallace Beery, Ford Sterling, Jean Hersholt, Phyllis Haver and Gladys Brockwell were in the cast of "So Big." Quite a line-up of stars, wasn't it? Lon Chaney is forty-six years old. No, Nils Asther isn't going to retire. He has renewed his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

S. M. B., NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Montagu Love has been playing in pictures for almost as many years as I have been answering questions. Mr. Love was born in Calcutta, India, fifty-one years ago. He is six feet, one inch tall, weighs 195 pounds and has red hair and blue eyes.

S. D., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The picture you enclosed is not Mary Astor but just some attractive advertising model. Claire McDowell played the mother in "Ben-Hur" and Kathleen Key was the sister. Bebe Daniels is twenty-seven years old.

LUCY, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Razzberries to all those stories! Your friend may have just returned from Hollywood, but she brought back with her a load of misinformation. Cross my heart, there isn't a word of truth in any of it.

E. S. G., FARMVILLE, VA.—Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo had the leading rôles in "The Torrent."

J. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett and Sally O'Neil played in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

"PESTY," CHICAGO, ILL.—Why should I call a nice girl like you a pest? Vilma Banky may be addressed in care of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. You weigh less than Norma Shearer, who tips the scales at 112 pounds. She is five feet, three inches tall. Joan Crawford's hair—there it is again—was pink for several months but now it is brown. She has blue eyes. Some movie stars are born with their short snappy names; others marry them; while others have them thrust upon them by their managers.

DOT, ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Ramon Novarro's real name is Ramon Samoniegos. He was born February 6, 1899 and started in pictures in 1917, playing extra rôles.



# Have you entered the Eastman

# \$30,000 PRIZE CONTEST?

One of the 1,223 cash awards can easily be yours

PROBABLY you have already heard of this big event for amateur picture-takers. But have you made any pictures for it yet?

If you have said to yourself, "What's the use of entering? I can't win. I'm no expert with the camera," you're making a big mistake. The winners in this contest are going to be men and women just like yourself, people who, if you asked them, would say they had little or no photographic ability.

Technical skill is a minor factor in this contest. What the judges are looking for are *interesting* pictures—pictures of children and scenes, sports and animals, still life and nature studies, buildings and architectural details, interiors and unusual photographs.

If you live under the flag of the United States or that of the Dominion of Canada, you're eligible to enter and compete—except, of course, if you or some member of your family is connected with the photographic



*Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform: Reduces the danger of under- or over-exposure. It gets the picture.*

business. And practically any snapshot or time exposure that you may take during March, April or May, this year, is eligible also, provided it is received by us on or before May 31. There are enough classifications to cover all kinds. When we receive your entries we'll place them in the classes where they'll have the best chance of winning.

Any brand of camera or film may be used, but negatives must not be larger than 3¼ x 5½ inches and prints not larger than 7 inches in width or length.

Enter this contest without losing another day! Increase your chance of winning by beginning to take pictures *at once!* There is no limit to the number you are permitted to submit. The more you enter, the more likely you are to capture one of the big cash prizes. Clip or copy the entry blank below and *get your camera out today.* This may prove to be the most profitable advertisement you ever read.

## PRIZES

Grand Prize of	\$2,500.00
11 prizes of	500.00 each
11 prizes of	250.00 each
125 prizes of	100.00 each
275 prizes of	10.00 each
800 prizes of	5.00 each
1,223	\$30,000.00

In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants. (57 of the above \$100 prizes were sent to winners April 1. 57 more will be sent May 1. That leaves 1,109 prizes for you to aim at.)

Only pictures made during March, April and May, 1929, are eligible.

For a program of delightful entertainment, tune in on Kodak Hour each Friday at 10 P. M., New York time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

## PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

Name ..... (Please Print)

Street Address ..... Town and State .....

Make of Camera ..... Make of Film .....

Enclose this blank or a copy with your entries and mail to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

While this page tells you practically everything you need to know to enter the contest, further details, including the rules for the Special Enlargement Award, may be secured from your dealer or from the Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Rexall

NEW

PROTECTION

NEW

COMFORT

NEW

ASSURANCE

FOR WOMEN



Gauzets—the new, improved sanitary napkins—solve women's problem of personal hygiene in a safer, more comfortable way. Made of highly absorbent tissue and antiseptic gauze. Buffed edges prevent irritation. Under-layer protects clothing. Light, cool, easily discarded. Just ask for Gauzets. Box of one dozen, 49c. Sold only at Rexall Stores. Save with safety at your

Rexall

DRUG STORE

There is one near you. You will recognize it by this sign. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores.



## Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

THE issue of PHOTOPLAY for May, 1919, is a sturdy milestone in the history of motion pictures and their critics.

This month the clever and erudite Julian Johnson takes his place in history as the first man to go to bat for us of the movie audience! He is the first man to deny, with shouts and arm-wavings, that we are dim-wits fit only to be amused by cowboy pictures and cartoon comedies!

In 1919 movie producers insisted on making their pictures to suit an average intelligence of some twelve years (and so have they from

WHO'S this sparkling, vivid gal that fairly leaps at us from the page?

Nobody but Priscilla Dean, in 1919, a brilliant new star for Universal. How we went for the passionate Priscy!

"The Wicked Darling" is the name of her latest picture.

Who's this villain in the piece, way down in the supporting cast? A seamy-faced gent named Lon Chaney.

And where is Priscilla now? With the snows of yesteryear. Gosh, how tempus does fugit along!



Remember the vivid Priscilla Dean of 1919? She was starring then in "The Wicked Darling"

1919 to 1929!). In 1925, or thereabouts, some of the rest of us discovered that movie fans were getting smarter, brighter and far more choosy.

But in 1919, PHOTOPLAY and Julian Johnson fought our battle alone.

Hear him—

"While the Better Photoplay League draws its Excalibur for clean pictures, this department will brandish a bludgeon for SENSIBLE ones.

"I wish the average producer had my faith in the average audience. In four years of close observation I have never seen a high class photoplay fail *WHEN IT HAD A GOOD STORY!*"

A monument for Julian Johnson while he is still alive!

He, of all critics, stood up for us when producers and highbrows alike considered us picture fans a lot of oafs, dolts, duds, nuts and dummies!

(At this time, you may recall, the Better Photoplay League, organized by PHOTOPLAY and composed of a lot of prominent club ladies, was battling for better pictures. Pretty soon pictures got better, and the ladies didn't get their names in the papers quite often enough, so the league didn't battle any more!)

UNITED ARTISTS has just been formed, with Doug, Mary, Charlie and Griffith. Bill Hart stepped out almost as soon as in . . . Lovely Ethel Clayton, newly widowed, carries on alone. Remember her in "The Great Divide," a Lubin, with House Peters? . . . One of filmdom's handsomest couples—Jack Pickford and that little beauty, Olive Thomas. Olive died in Paris—and Jack? . . . "Young man, stay away from the movies in your working hours!" says James R. Quirk in his lead editorial . . . Two pictures of Phyllis Haver in her Sennett bathing suit. Well, Phyllis has gotten peachier every year for 10 years. In 1939 she'll be sure and sudden death to sophomores! . . . And Alla Nazimova is hard at picture work for Metro. "Out of the Fog" is her latest.

REMEMBER our "Why Do They Do It" department?

How many readers cracked down on careless directors!

Here's a sample. It used to be a game with fans in the early days.

"In Fox's 'Call of the Soul,' featuring Gladys Brockwell, the action of the story is supposed to take place in California. In one scene we see Miss Brockwell come into the lab to phone her friend, Dr. Clayton, who resides in the same city as she, and yet she finds his number in a New York telephone book!"

Lynx-eyed Dick Graham, of Butler, Pa., snagged that one!

FAMOUS old Thanouser, maker of "The Million Dollar Mystery," has shut up shop. It introduced to fans Flo La Badie, Marguerite Snow, James Cruze, Gladys Hulette, Muriel Ostriche, Sidney Bracy, Harry Benham and others . . . Mary Moore, only sister of Tom, Owen and Matt, has died in France on war service . . . Nat Goodwyn has recently died . . . Theda Bara plots a stage tour . . . Fatty Arbuckle has signed a \$3,000,000 contract . . . Adolph Zukor has secured two prizes for pictures, "Peter Pan" and "Peg O' My Heart" . . . Pauline Frederick has just wowed us in "Paid in Full."

SAYS CLARA, of Dallas, Texas, to the Answer-Man—"I am a very young thing, and I would like to know, oh, so much, why Mary Pickford doesn't kiss her leading man. She evades the expected embrace in every fadeout until I could scream!"

And the Answer-Man hasn't a very good comeback, either.

THE MYSTIC ROSE—Pearl White is thirty years old, weighs 135 pounds and is five feet, three. Miss White says, "I love my public, and would give my life to please them!" Fair enough. Write often, Rosie!

### CASH FOR TALKIE FANS

\$500 is offered for the best suggestion for a new name for talking pictures. Read the rules on page 76 and send in your suggestion now.





*Priscilla*  
Platinum Encased  
Wedding Ring



*Love's  
Greatest Gift*

—the promise of the girl of your dreams to become your wife. Your mind naturally turns to that precious circlet to be placed on her finger on your wedding day. And what more appropriate to express the age-old traditions of marriage than a Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Ring? These rings, made by the famous Bek process which encases a core of 18k white gold in a heavy shell of pure platinum, have all of the style and quality appearance of solid platinum at no greater cost than high-grade 18k white gold. They will wear indefinitely and never tarnish.

Take your fiancee to the jeweler and let her choose her Priscilla Wedding Ring. You'll find a complete assortment priced at \$16.00.

**EISENSTADT MANUFACTURING CO.**

St. Louis

(Manufacturers to retail jewelers only)

Missouri

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 ]

A few years ago, at a charity bazaar in London, she had a booth to tend, and over it she found the sign "Ruth Chesterton's Booth."

Her manager was horrified.

Ruthie only smiled.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "In the first place, I'd be proud to bear the name of Chesterton, and in the second, who knows the difference?"

**SORREL- TOP CLARA BOW** has a new rival for the fan mail championship.

The contender is Gary Cooper, the Montana Menjou, who already receives almost as many mash notes as La Bow.

We're all wondering what effect, if any, his possible marriage to Loopy-the-Lupe Velez will have.

**COLLEEN MOORE**, of all people, is having an elegant orgy, but not the kind you think.

Colleen's particular form of debauch is house-building and, if she holds together the



Mary Brian, on the day the good plane Question Mark broke the endurance flight record, broke a fad record by wearing the symbol on her brand new bonnet

magnificent McCormick-Moore mansion in Bel-Air will soon be finished and livable.

The shack is really all done with sound effects," says the Graduate Perfect Flapper.

"You enter the formal hall and say 'Ah!'"

"Then you go into the beautiful living room and say 'Oh!'"

"Then there's only one remark to make when you see my bedroom. That is 'Ain't that swell?'"

**REGINALD DENNY** and his new frau seem to be completely happy.

They are everywhere, these days, and always in tip-top spirits.

But over at the Warner studio I found Big Reggie's first wife, playing an obscure part in "The Time, the Place and the Girl."

It is her first screen appearance, and a very pleasant speaking voice landed her the job.

Not that she needs the money. But she does need to be busy, for the sake of forgetting.

Perhaps she remembers, all too often, happier days when she and Denny discussed his work.

*Are Joan and Fairbanks married*

*Or are the rumors wrong?*

*While chatter writers scream and moan*

*The world rolls right along.*

**SIDE-LIGHTS** and spotlights on the Ruth Roland-Ben Bard wedding—

Billy Haines playing a bull fiddle because he was not asked to ush . . . Buddy Rogers and Jimmy Hall betting on which would seat Claire Windsor and both losing . . . Lloyd Hughes had the privilege . . . Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, the lovebirds, accompanied by their mammas . . . May McAvoy and Fiance Cleary saying we'd see the Lyon-Daniels nuptials before theirs . . . Shirley Mason, looking no more than 12 nor less than 11 . . . Ona Brown and Harvey Barnes averring that such a purty wedding tempted them to move up the date of their own splicing . . . The bride putting on fresh lip rouge, the first layer having been quite kissed off . . . Writers nudging each other and wondering when the champagne would be brought on . . . But what they got was unsticked fruit punch and a slice of cake, and liked it . . . A nice, informal Hollywood wedding, with the bride and groom actually being given a big hand as they came up the aisle.

**KING VIDOR** is heaving a fine, rich sigh of relief, now that his all-Negro production, "Hallelujah," is finished.

Not that the colored boys and girls were hard to direct.

Two things, however, made Vidor gray over the ears.

One was getting them to work. The other was getting them on the set once they were in the studio.

In Memphis he signed two colored dancers. But when the company assembled at the depot they had faded, and couldn't be found.

At last King signed up "Slickum," the Metro-Goldwyn bootblack, to ride herd on the cast. Even this blew.

For "Slickum" was so cocked up with his new power that he made the younger players dance for every visitor that came near the set, with the result that they were too worn down to hoof for the camera!

**HEARD** on a Hollywood dance floor.

"Yes," said the famous producer, "my wife and I have reached the ideal married state."

"What do you mean 'ideal'?" murmured the lovely lady, no one else but Estelle Taylor.

"She no longer cares about the shape of my nose," answered the magnate, "and I no longer care that she doesn't."

**SHARON LYNN** was official hostess at the Los Angeles horse show recently, and was asked to say a few words over the radio.

Unaware that the microphone belonged to KNX, official Paramount station, she went into a song and dance about the glories of Fox pictures!

The announcer died a thousand deaths as Sharon's hymn of praise went on. As soon as he could he got her away from the mike and gasped over the air:

"If it's a Paramount picture, it's the best picture in town!"



Leila Hyams with the blue glass mirror used in putting on the panchromatic makeup necessitated by the incandescent lighting of the talkie stages. Blue reflection shows how her face will look through the camera's eye

**DOROTHY MACKAYE**, the little musical comedy actress, is back in Hollywood.

She has just been freed from San Quentin, after serving a term for some sort of complicity in the death of her actor husband, Ray Raymond.

She's going to build a new life, and picture people have been more than generous. Lilyan Tashman went about quietly getting together a subscription for Dot, and everyone helped.

Incidentally, the two had never met before Dorothy's trouble.

It is reported she will get a job in a musical comedy to be produced in Los Angeles.

**LILY DAMITA** wants to leave Hollywood for a rest. It isn't that she's been working hard. In fact she hasn't appeared at the studio for weeks.

The reason is that the polo team descended upon Hollywood and Lily acquired a sudden interest in horses. In fact, she took it upon herself to see that the entire team had a lively time.

Which is a task that Lily can handle most effectively.

**RESTAURANT** managers at the studio lunch room pay what they consider a pretty compliment to the stars by naming sandwiches for them. Monte Blue has just had his moniker added to the Warner menu.

Proudly he told his wife about it.

"What's the sandwich made of?" she asked. "Ham and cheese," said Monte.

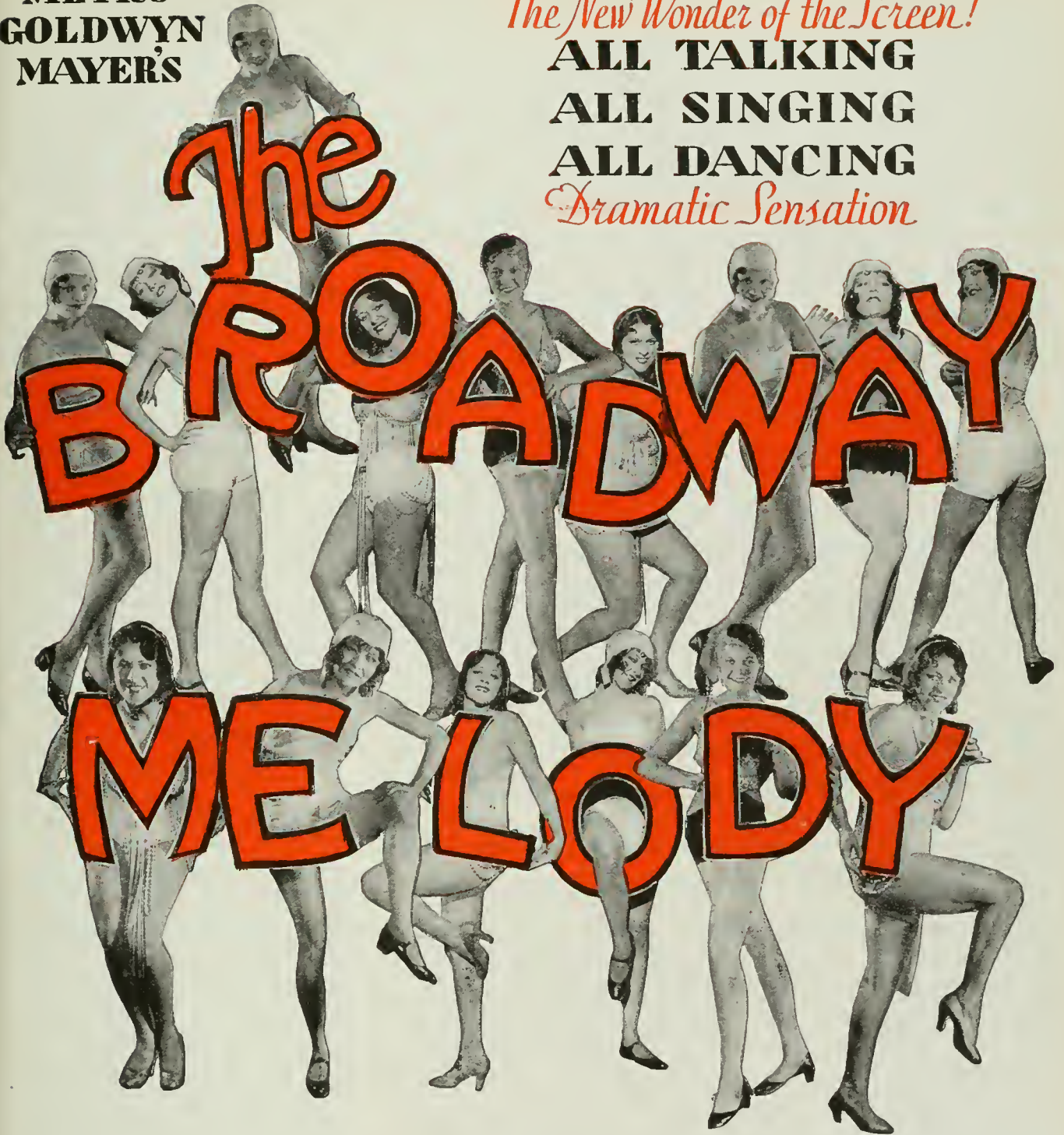
"That," said Mrs. Blue, "symbolizes an actor and his performance."

**POLLY MORAN** stood on the balcony just outside her dressing room. The assistant director called her. "You're wanted on the set, Polly," he told her. "How soon will you be there?"



**METRO  
GOLDWYN  
MAYER'S**

*The New Wonder of the Screen!*  
**ALL TALKING  
ALL SINGING  
ALL DANCING**  
*Dramatic Sensation*



with  
**CHARLES KING  
ANITA PAGE  
BESSIE LOVE**  
Directed by  
**HARRY BEAUMONT**

Story by Edmund Gouling  
Continuity by Sarah Y. Mason  
Music by Nacio Herb Brown  
Lyrics by Arthur Freed  
Dialogue by Norman Houston  
and Jacques Gleason, author of "Is Zat So?"

**F**ROM COAST TO COAST has swept the fame of the newest miracle of the films. All the magic of Broadway's stageland, stars, song hits, choruses of sensuous beauty, thrilling drama are woven into the Greatest Entertainment of our time. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the leader in production of silent pictures, now achieves supremacy of the Talking Screen as well. See "The Broadway Melody" simultaneous with its sensational \$2 showings in New York, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**



*"More Stars than there are in Heaven"*



# All over the world people are CHEWING



## FEEN-A-MINT for quick relief from Constipation

COOL, delicious, mint-flavored chewing gum—yet containing a tasteless new laxative that acts with perfect evenness, perfect thoroughness! That's Feen-a-mint—no wonder that all over the world men and women are chewing it to banish constipation!

For because you chew Feen-a-mint, its scientifically approved laxative is carried into the intestines gradually. No griping—no drugging of the system, either. For this laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects.

Your own doctor can tell you why you should keep Feen-a-mint on hand for the entire family. Children love it, naturally, for its delightful flavor. On sale at every drug store in the United States and Canada.

## Feen-a-mint The chewing laxative

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION P-5  
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.

Please send free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name.....

Address.....

## The Shadow Stage

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57 ]

### THE ROYAL RIDER— First National

SEEMS like they can't keep the cowboys in the West any more. In their mad but worthy quest for originality, they've taken Buck Jones to Honolulu, Tom Mix to Arabia, and now Ken Maynard to one of those mythical continental monarchies. His strolling rodeo saves the boy king (Phillipe de Lacy), from assassination. Ken performs, with machine-gun rapidity, more than his usual repertoire of horse nonsense, and Olive Hasbrouch is the inspiring heroine. See Maynard for Westerns.

### THE VOICE IN THE STORM— FBO

WE will now have a little ditty entitled: "Just Before the Hanging, Mother." With the tremolo stop. You've seen it fifty times. Murder. Innocent boy convicted. Gallows. Shadow of noose. Real murderer confesses. Parade to death chamber. Storm raging. Governor tries to phone reprieve. Wires down. Noose around boy's neck. Reprieve arrives. Not, however, until your nerves are on-verge of collapse and your backbone twisted into a pretzel. But if you like that kind of fun—

### WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE— Rayart

THE kind of picture at which small boys cheer the hero and hiss the villain. It's a Blue Grass horse-racing romance of the most melodramatic variety—the sort of thing that's been going on for some years now. Helene Costello and Rex Lease are two lovers whose future is bound up in a handicap. Does their horse win in spite of the machinations of the especially vile villain? Well—what do you think?

### THE TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES —FBO

THIS Western lopes along at an easy gait, keeping about an even pace with the rest of the Tom Tyler output. It makes one wonder what these stalwart heroes of the wide open are made of. This time, Tom is blinded by sand, nearly murdered, nearly drowned, jailed, thrown into quicksand. Some day they'll go too far! Better get the kids in on this. It's the last chance to see Tom and Frankie Darro together.

### THE LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS— Cooperative

A PICTURESQUE and authentic tale of South Sea life as lived by the last of the Polynesians and the whites who listlessly go native. Written, directed, and produced by Raymond Wells, at Tutuila, it is probably the first independent picture of the sort to get across. Its success is obviously due to a complete absence of trumped-up movie gags, beautiful photography, and the discerning use of tropical resources. Grace Lord, as a stoic native woman, is splendid.

### BORN TO THE SADDLE— Universal

TWENTY years of fasting and prayer. Then this—a Western that is really good. It is a logical story, seething with action and

gaily flecked with humor. It has S. A., B. O., and all the rest of the alphabet. Young Ted Wells, the debonair head man, lacks that classic thug-like countenance which identifies most of our cow gentlemen, and wins us completely by wearing smart clothes and sounding his G's. Duane Thompson, the feminine relief, is a relief!

### NAVAJO—Goodwill

HOW the modern Indians eat, drink, sleep, dress, dance, and play hop-scotch—five long reels of it. Very educational. But who wants to be educated? Anyway, the people who made this spent gobs of hard cash to get this elongated newsreel off the Navajo Indian Reservation in Arizona. All the actors are Indians, the photography is remarkably clear, and it's great stuff for anyone who doesn't want his melodrama spread on with a shovel.

### BROTHERS— Rayart

HERE'S another brotherly love picture, the first of the new school (forsaking tradition and omitting the heroine) to be done by Rayart. And it's good. Arthur Rankin and Cornelius Keefe are brothers who are complete strangers to each other, until the college "grad" hears the crook's real name. It never descends into the maudlin. Barbara Bedford, the only woman in the picture, is one of the few leading women who have dared to play a "heavy."

### FRIENDSHIP— Fox

ACTORS may come and actors may go, but the sincere charm and conviction of Robert Edeson's performances go on forever. "Friendship," the very sophisticated short talkie which is a little inclined to drag, is lifted well out of mediocrity by his distinguished acting. Two things make this a "different" sort of picture—it has an all male cast (the female of the species is talked about but not seen) and it has a most unexpected ending.

### THE WOMAN I LOVE— FBO

THIS picture is FBO's last and it's just as well. Changing the brand to RKO won't help unless they change the stories. It's the tale of an irate husband who sets out to murder a man for making love to his wife. A surprise ending, however, saves it from mediocrity. Leota Lorraine, touted by George Melford as a great discovery, is not great. And a good director is slipping. It's just fair entertainment.

### THE PEACOCK FAN— Chesterfield

THEY may put dialogue in this. It needs a lot more than dialogue. It's a mystery story wherein the chief detective questions suspects and then nonchalantly burns the evidence before the trial. Oh, it happens in the movies. Tom O'Brien, immortal for his part in "The Big Parade," has been forced into the quickies in a comedy rôle. The action of this piece takes place almost entirely in one room. Well, one room is enough.



**THE SWEETEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD**  
—The EPIC DRAMA of the AGES

SEE and HEAR

**DOLORES COSTELLO**

*in...*  
**"NOAH'S ARK"**

WITH  
**GEORGE ÓBRIEN**



Here is romance that transports you into realms of blissful emotion. Drama with a world-sweep, colossal and sublime. Thrills that grip every fibre of your being!

"Noah's Ark" is the outstanding achievement of the Screen, made vivid as reality itself through the marvelous Voice of Vitaphone.

See and hear "Noah's Ark." You'll agree that it gloriously surpasses all existing standards or conceptions of modern screen entertainment.

A WARNER BROS. **VITAPHONE** TALKING PICTURE

You See and Hear VITAPHONE only in Warner Bros. and First National Pictures



## The Big Boy Tells His Story

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 ]



### THIS FACE POWDER

*allows me to be  
nonchalant about  
my complexion*

"I RUB this smooth, fragrant powder into my puff when I apply it. I have never known anything like the way it stays on. Armand Cold Cream Powder is the perfect powder for my complexion." \$1 at good stores.

*Send 10c for this beauty treatment that takes but ten minutes of your day. It contains:*

- 1 copy Armand's new "Ten Minute a Day" beauty treatment.
- 1 trial package Armand Cold Cream Powder—Zanzibar shade.
- 1 trial package Armand Foundation Creme—a marvelous discovery for powder base.
- 1 trial package Armand Eau de Cologne Cleansing Cream—that liquefies the moment it touches the skin.
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*You must try one of these new Armand Powder shades: Zanzibar, light sun-brown for brunettes or blondes. Starlight, for day or evening.*

ARMAND, 142 Des Moines St., Des Moines, Ia.  
I enclose 10c, for which please send me "The Ten Minute a Day Beauty Treatment," including the four essential preparations.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_  
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tried all the local papers to get on as an artist. No use. The advertising agencies were full, too. And I was told that all the big advertising accounts were handled in New York City of Chicago. I did the only thing I could.

I got work by the day or the hour. Anything to eat. I sold photograph coupons from door to door. I tried to sell real estate. The papers were full of ads for suckers to come and invest money.

IT wasn't so much fun living in a dinky, smelly room and eating sinkers and coffee. But I wouldn't write home for money. It was when I was flatter than a beaver's tail that I discovered motion pictures. Extras were getting five a day and I thought I'd try my luck. That, at least, was better than having angry housewives slam the door in my face when I asked them to buy photographic coupons.

I got my first day's extra work at Fox. It was in a Tom Mix picture. He was using two hundred extras in some sort of legendary flash-back taking place in Sherwood Forest in Robin Hood's heyday. I crawled into a pair of green tights, slipped on a leather jerkin, put a funny little cap with a feather in it on my head, and someone shoved a bow and arrow at me. I was an archer. My picture career had begun. In the distance I saw Mix's leading woman, Billie Dove. I thought she was beautiful. I decided Hollywood was interesting.

I was bowled over by studio life. I was drunk on what, at first glimpse, appeared to be its utter freedom and lack of restraint, and what I learned later is the most delusive thing about it. There is no real freedom in Hollywood.

It's a mirage. Every movement, no matter how slight, is commented on, and a motive, often erroneous, is given to it. I thought this freedom matched that which I had always craved. And so I stayed.

My first part of any importance was secured by hiring an agent who placed me in the part of *Abe Lee* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." I got an agent after playing Westerns and going hungry and playing extra and going hungry. It wasn't hard to play *Lee*. He was a lean, lanky cowboy. I knew him as I knew myself.

IT was after the picture was released that Mr. Schulberg signed me to a Paramount contract, and gave me a bit in "Wings." After that I played with Clara Bow in "It."

It wasn't hard to do the stuff I did in those pictures. The part in "Wings" was minor, and William Wellman, the director, was a regular fellow. In "It" Clara was helpful. She is that kind of a girl, generous with her friendship and praise.

I had never before known an actress. She was a new type of girl, glamorous, full of fun, devoid of jealousy. I was grateful to her and admired her.

We went around together.

It looked as if I was going to make a success of pictures. But something was incomplete. I knew, well, what it was. I was homesick for Montana.

I'd try to compensate my desire by driving up into the desert for a few days, between pictures.

But it wasn't like chucking a slab of bacon, some flour, baking powder, coffee and sugar into a roll, tying it on a horse and disappearing into the mountains for a span of days.

I sighted an eagle's nest one day when I was fishing off Catalina Island and scrambled along a narrow path, high over the sea, bedded with crushed rock where wild mountain goats sleep, to look down into it.

But it wasn't like Montana. I missed our family life, too.

The inevitable happened. I never laid claim to being an actor. To this day I do not consider myself one. I don't think I have any divine talent. I am disappointed, many times, in seeing myself on the screen. I fall so short of what I think I should be as an actor. Only on rare occasions have I seen traces of what I am striving for.

IN "The Shopworn Angel" I saw a faint glimmering of the sort of characterization I would like to give.

The inevitable was that I failed in my first dramatic part. It was drawing room drama and I was unqualified. We worked on one scene for "Children of Divorce" for a full day, making shot after shot. By the time we had photographed it seven times, my nerves got the better of me. My mind refused to govern my body.

My limbs wouldn't function properly. I went hay-wire.

Frank Lloyd was directing. The next morning he called me into his office. I knew what was up. A sleepless night hadn't been for nothing. It was hard for Lloyd to tell me, but I knew I was out of the picture. It looked like the upset of everything; that my career was ended.

I jumped into my car and heat it for the Mojave, driving like the devil. I stayed all night on the desert, in a ramshackle hotel. It was quiet, like a balm.

The next day I came back down the coast road, through Malibu, with the mountains rising on one side, the ocean beating on the other.

I didn't know just what I was going to do, but I knew I could think straighter.

It was about noon and I was hungry. I went straight to Henry's. As I entered the door a man stood up and grabbed me, "By God, Gary! We've been looking all over town for you."

"Even had the police on the search. Thought you might have jumped off a cliff."

"You're back in the picture." It was Lloyd. The rushes on the third day's work had shown improvement and I was back in the cast.

Experiences are valued by their effect. Because I went back to the picture after failing, I helped to overcome a natural reticence—a self-consciousness.

It is that reticence which prohibits me from going into detail about a few feminine friendships that I value.

Privacy seems to be a thing that is denied a motion picture person. It is a thing that constitutionally, I crave. It happens that I have made friendships with women who have aided me in my work and that have been happy contacts.

It was that way with Clara. In Evelyn Brent I found the companionship of a woman who was wise and brilliant.

I was first attracted to her as a woman who had her feet on the ground and was not riding the clouds.

IN Lupe Velez I find a girl who takes the same joy out of primitive, elemental things that I do. In each friendship I have found that the most casual linking of our names caused dynamite.

I am going to marry. I want, like almost every man, a home and a family. I want a permanent union, not one of these week-end impermanencies.

I want, eventually, to convert Sunnyside into a "dude ranch," but on the lower ridge that slopes up into the higher mountains I want to build a chalet, clinging to its side, where I can go when my Hollywood days are over.

I want, before my life is over, to go back to Montana.

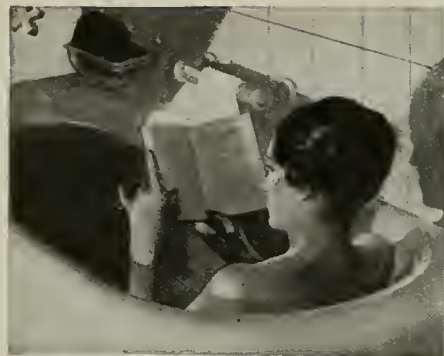


# Guessing Games

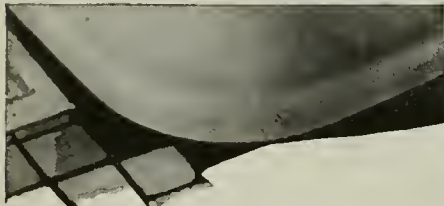
THEY were a lot of fun when we were youngsters, those guessing games. Guess who this is! Guess the number of beans in the pot! Guess how long the pendulum will swing! Sometimes we came pretty close to the right answer. Sometimes we were a long way off. Whichever we were, we all had a good time, and the worst guesser got as much of the evening's refreshments as the best.

How far away those guessing games seem now! And how they have lost their appeal. Perhaps it's because we learned, as we grew older, that to *know* is better than to *guess*. Guess which is the best package on the grocer's shelf! Guess which bolt of cloth is pure wool! Guess which talking machine will give us most satisfaction! No, guessing for those things wasn't so much fun. We wanted to be certain. And that was one of the reasons we turned to advertising.

Advertising takes the guesswork out of buying. It lets us *know* what is best and what is cheapest and what will last longest. It does away with unsatisfactory uncertainties. The advertisements in this magazine tell a concise, interesting and accurate story about articles you need. Reading them is the surest and quickest path to wise buying. It eliminates guessing.



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The best indication of how Bathasweet accomplishes its remarkable results is to be found in the fact that, if properly used, the Bathasweet bath leaves no sticky "ring" around the tub. Instead it holds soap and dirt in solution, so that they cannot wash back into the pores.

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**FREE** A can sent free if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. P. E., 1907 Park Avenue, New York.

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94 ]

### Looking on the Dark Side

Tucson, Ariz.

This innovation—the talkies—will not be a success. Better for producers to strive for perfection in plots, players and photography than to introduce a departure contrary to two of the most enduring characteristics of the cinema; first, its appeal to the imagination, and second, the quiet, refined and soothing atmosphere of the modern motion picture theater. Talkies are cut-and-dried, blatant, mechanical. You leave the theater mentally cheated, spiritually unrefreshed, physically tired and altogether disappointed.

G. MACKENZIE.

### Only Actors in Whiskers

New York, N. Y.

As a direct descendant of the Vikings, I take the liberty of sending you a few words of criticism of the picture, "The Vikings." The costumes are atrocious. The least the director could have done would have been to look up the data pertaining to different clothing, headgear and ornaments used by vassals, chieftains and kings. The costuming is in a miserable scramble in this picture.

Allow me to draw your attention to the fact that the mighty race of Vikings never could have been the terror of Europe, if consisting of men as cast in this picture.

JACK MAGNUSEN.

### Chaney Without Trimmings

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Personally I like my Chaney *au naturel*. Lon has an honest-to-goodness face, and it's a pity he so often uses it simply for the groundwork of facial carpentry of the most fantastic order. Another thing: Chaney never sands his sugar. His pictures are sure to be darned good entertainment, and no short measure.

P. V. KEYES.

### Unspoken Words Are Sweetest

Dayton, O.

I like to use my imagination and, with talking pictures, that is impossible. A beautiful love scene is completely spoiled by hearing one of the characters speak in a terrible voice and probably say something commonplace. I want to imagine what they are saying.

MRS. H. W. PENTON.

### A Bouquet for Janet

Billings, Mont.

Janet Gaynor gives to us the romance of innocence and purity. She leaves us with the feeling of having seen something finer in life. Her very inner self radiates that sympathetic, sincere, heartfelt touch of human interest that is becoming so rare in screen characterizations today.

ALBERTA HAYES.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE 123 ]

## Making Bedrooms More Attractive

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

blue with heavy overdrapes in cotton brocade. The couch upholstery and cushions are of a combination dull cotton and mercerized weave of silver and blue.

Mary Duncan's suite is a trifle more elaborate than the rest, but I included it for its many clever ideas. The drapes are of hand embroid-

ered pongee, lined with cream colored sateen. The embroidery is a simple motif made with four red stitches and four blue ones. The chair covering and the drapes that conceal the clothes rack are of bright blue satin.

In this way the ingenious studio folks have pleasant surroundings for very little money.



Mary Duncan's dressing room is chock-full of suggestions you can copy at small cost. Pongee drapes, with pale blue georgette overdrapes. Lustrous blue satin upholstery and hangings



# The Studio Murder Mystery

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43 ]

Newport Beach, or Palm Springs ven comes a foggy night! No. Ve make vone! Ve copy it!" He saw Smith's dubious look. "Sure. In a closed set ve do it. Nobody knows vat ve do. I got some men haff been vid me a long time. I talk to them. They keep their mouths shut!"

"This is going to cost a pretty penny!"

"Money! Say, money means nothing ven my whole business iss at stake! Vat is a few thousands? I vant to get that murderer off my lot quick!"

THERE was a knock at the door, and Rosenthal got up to let in a slender, fair, young man. He stood hesitating in the doorway, until the President said,

"Cedric, I vant you should meet Smith, captain of detectives . . ."

"Glad to know you, sir . . ." but there was a curious tone in the newcomer's voice. Smith said,

"I know how you feel! That sounds as though we got you out here to put handcuffs on you . . . but . . . to be frank, it's somebody else we're planning the handcuffs for, and we think you can help."

"Think!" snorted Rosenthal. "Cedric, I vant you to convince him you are the smartest make-up artist in the business . . . Lon Chaney, or anybody else . . ."

Halland put up a slender hand.

"You're too generous, Mr. Rosenthal!"

"Vill you tell the truth! Already I spend an hour trying to make Mr. Smith understand ve can copy anything, and then you come out here and . . ." the President groaned. Halland said,

"What do you want me to do?"

"Of course, you know about the Hardell case?" asked Smith tersely.

"As much as any of us outsiders do, . . . yes."

"We want to duplicate a certain scene that took place the night he was murdered. To do it, we have to have a man made up as . . ." and Smith held out the book of biographies, opened the place where he had read. As Halland took the book, the detective's eyes fixed hopefully upon him. Rosenthal lay back in his chair and blew contented smoke wreaths.

IT is the ordinary man . . . without outstanding characteristics, who is the most difficult to portray. Instead of being doubtful, Mr. Smith, I can say that I am sure . . . absolutely . . . I can do this! Distinct types are very easy . . ."

"But you are not in the least alike . . . your figures . . . the shape of your heads . . ." said Smith, his eye going rapidly over the other man. Halland smiled.

"I don't often show the secrets of my make-up case . . . but I think I can soon convince you . . ."

"All kinds of heads he makes on himself! Vigs vid humps in them he has got!" Rosenthal broke in decisively, "noses like a pig's snout he can make, if he vants, too! I gif you my vord!"

"Halland, if you can actually do this . . . do it convincingly, well . . . I take off my hat to you! That's all I can say," said Smith seriously, looking into the other's eyes.

"Mr. Smith, if my part of it is all that is worrying you . . . forget it! I've made my living for years doing things like this! It's second-nature to me!"

"Fine!" Smith rose to shake hands with the man. "Unless Rosenthal wants to keep you longer, I will say goodnight." He pulled out his watch, and smiled at both men.

"It's late. Perhaps we'd all better turn in, and meet some time tomorrow . . ."



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*Wins*  
*One was said to be pretty—*  
*and the other, Beautiful*

**Y**ET neither has more natural beauty than the other. The sole difference which makes one the most sought girl wherever they go is the same difference that Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier would make in your appearance . . . Try this perfectly harmless preparation. See in your own mirror how it instantly darkens and transforms your lashes, and how, as though by magic, it imparts startling brilliance, inviting depth and wonderful expression to your eyes—and new loveliness to your person . . . Nothing else can give you such added beauty as can Maybelline. Insist upon the genuine and complete perfect satisfaction is certain to be yours.

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 Black or Brown at all  
 toilet goods counters, 75c

"I want to talk some more to you," Rosenthal said to Smith. "But, Cedric, you can go. And remember, if vone vord of this leaks out, ve are ruined! It vill spoil efferything!"

"I understand," returned the other, and started to the door. Rosenthal sat looking after him with a speculative look in his eyes. When Halland's steps were beginning to dim down the corridor, he jumped to his feet.

"**E**XCUSE me, but I got to tell him something about . . ." and he was gone. Smith chewed the end of his cigar thoughtfully until he came back. Then,

"We've all been up in the air . . . talking in the abstract. I want to get down to brass tacks. How long will it take you to make the 'props' as you call them . . . can you keep it from the people in the studio here, and just how much of this affair are we going to try to do over?" he said sharply.

"Right now ve write a little scenario, make a list of all the 'props,' and the action. That is the easiest vay!" returned Rosenthal, all business. He pulled a sheet of paper to him. "All right. Ve begin . . . just like a picture ve do it!"

Then for over an hour the two men sat with chairs close together, listing items, calling upon their memories to go over the scene they wanted, action by action, covering every detail. Smith said, drawing a long breath,

"By Jove, this is great! Great! We can do it!" Enthusied out of his customary indolence of body, he began pacing the floor, and calling off items and ideas to Rosenthal, who hunched over his desk, scribbled there furiously. In the midst of this a sharp knock came on the door. Both men looked with quick apprehension at each other. Then with a shrug, and a muttered,

"Vell, no use to keep still, you vas talking pretty loud" . . . Smith went to the door.

The unmistakable, immaculately dressed figure of Superior Films' most celebrated director, stood bowing in the opening. Even at this hour the white gardenia in his button-hole was without wilt . . . his white gloves without stain. Smith had an instant of admiration for the man's fastidiousness, before he returned the greeting. Plainly Rosenthal was annoyed.

"Vell?" he asked sharply. The visitor adjusted his monocle, and stared at them curiously . . . insolently.

"**I** THOUGHT I was the only one working tonight . . . but . . . ah . . . I find myself intruding!" With another of his quick, stiff bows, he turned on his heel and marched off. Smith looked at Rosenthal, and a soft whistle came from his astonished lips.

"What the devil did he mean by that, and say, d'you suppose he heard us? I'd hate to have anyone get an earful of this right now!"

Rosenthal's brown eyes were bent on him with a peculiar complacent stare. For a moment Smith had a wild idea . . . a crazy nightmarish thought, that the president of Superior Films, and this erratic, mysterious director, were in league together. A quick apprehension that he had been made the butt of some trick . . . the goat of some carefully schemed plan of the two . . . swept over him, arousing his instant fury. As a thousand thoughts can succeed themselves in the human brain in the space of a breath, he remembered Clancy's explanation of the Hardell mystery. Was this, then, another hoax? Another insane, muddled attempt to keep the hand of the law from the real criminal . . . the real cause of the actor's death?

Fire flashed in his eyes, and he strode, light and quick as a woods cat, to the desk of the man who had not once modified his almost smiling scrutiny.

"What the devil are you up to?" he demanded, and his customarily indolent syllables slid off his tongue as a razor-edged knife slips through flesh.

Rosenthal leaned back and imperturbably met the cold anger of his face.

"*Efferything* I told you ve could in pictures

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... and ... you would not believe me! Well ... I show you!" he said calmly. "You thought you was looking at Seibert. Well, you were not!"

"Great ... Jumping ... Jchosophall!" exclaimed Smith. Excitement, reverence, admiration, exultation ... all pulsed in the low amaze of his voice.

On a certain "old street" of the back lot, strange things were happening. Empty and soundless by day, night saw a building open its doors, and a crew of men file in ... but after the doors were shut upon them, no lighted windows gave evidence of their occupancy. Literally, they vanished into the void of its interior.

A new gateman was on in place of MacDougal. He did not know the regular workmen of the lot. That they had not gone off at the dinner hour was also unknown to him, and the day gateman was told they were working overtime. Rosenthal himself took to checking over the time sheets, and holding them in his office. When Cohen came to him wanting to know how he was going to make up the salary checks for the week, Rosenthal smiled blandly at him.

"I WILL take care of that, Izzie. Don't you worry your head about it."

"Why shouldn't I worry my head about it? Ain't it part off my business? Ain't I production manager off this lot?"

"Sure, Izzie, but for vonce I tell you not to mind your own business! You forget it!"

"I ask you, Abie, is it right ... is it right you should treat me like this?"

"More I can't tell you, Izzie, I giff you my vord! Me, I vish it vas offer myself ..."

"Vish vat vas offer?"

"Izzie, vill you get out vonce? You keep asking me and maybe I get foolish and tell you! Please to go away and let me alone!"

And if the president of Superior Films and Captain of Detectives Smith had thought to escape the sharp eyes of Lannigan, they were mistaken. Night saw him sneaking out to the back lot between rounds, and prowling curiously about the gaunt, black-curtained building.

"And will ye tell me phat the divil and all's goin' on out here these nights?" he asked himself, having no one else to talk to in the absence of MacDougal, and not having decided to become intimate with the new man. Once he spied Smith, and planted himself directly in his path.

"Will yez be kind enough to inform me, Mr. Smith, phat's up on this lot o' nights?" he demanded.

"Why, Lannigan, a bit of extra production, I suppose," said Smith with a smile.

"Humph! Extry production is right! Anyways 'tis the first time I've been ordered away from anny part o' this studio, and I'm domned sure it's the first time the old boy himself has left off his winin' and dinin' and hob-nobbin' wid the stars, to come out here and see phat's going on! The other night he see me, and acts like I was tryin' to steal his Jewish good luck piece, blast him, 'stead of tryin' to earn me money honest, and keep a watch to see that everything is as it should be!"

"LANNIGAN, my man, you're all right, but ... you talk, you know! Maybe he doesn't want you nosing into everything ...," said Smith, not unkindly.

Lannigan spat noisily.

"Talk, do I? Well, that's more than I can say for thim that's workin' so mysterious on the back lot there! Sure, and if I hadn't seen his honor himself a goin' out there, I'd have reported them to Izzie Cohen long since!"

"Lannigan, old chap, I think if Mr. Rosenthal told you to keep away, you ought to take it as a gentle hint, and let up snooping. ..."

"And snoopin' is it!" burst out the little Irishman indignantly. "Well, let me tell you something, my fine Mr. Detective! If I'd a done what I had a mind to do, and had done a wee bit o' snoopin' around Stage Six that night,

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you wouldn't be cudgelin' your brains now tryin' to find out who killed Dwight Hardell, and Scot MacDougal and that little French lady wouldn't be waitin' to have their lives tried for murder! Phat d'ye think of that?"

"What makes you think there is anything strange in what's happening on the back lot, Lannigan?"

The other cocked a bright eye at him.

"Sure and it ain't only yerself as can put two and two together, sir! Phat about that Cedric Halland, comin' out here night after night, and shuttin' himself up in his studio, and thin comin' out wid a look on his phiz like the cat what's just laiked up the cream? No, sir, ye can dodge the issue all ye want to, but I've a notion what's goin' on!"

"You have?" said Smith quickly.

"Sure! Ye think I haven't heard about thim foreign fillums made in this country? The kind that won't pass the censor . . . bein' all full of naked women, and carousals, and the likes o' that? Sure and phat else can they be doin' so mysterious, but putting up wan o' them wild party sets, and Halland, he's in on it! I do be sayin' tho, that the Old Man must have gone clean off his nut over this 'murder business' to engage in such a disreputable undertakin'."

Smith laughed.

"WELL, so long as your morals aren't corrupted, Lannigan, don't let it worry you!"

Smith got away from the garrulous little fellow, and over to Rosenthal's office, where he was met with a beaming smile.

"Efferything is ready! Perfect! I vant you should go to look!"

They walked a time in silence along the gravelled drive. Then Smith said:

"It must be very gratifying to you to know that you can accomplish these things. They seem like magic to me! When I think of the expense, the number of master craftsmen . . . at your command . . ."

Rosenthal sighed. "Haff you forgotten the reason ve do it, Mr. Smith? Neffer, not fer vone moment haff I forgotten it! Neffer for vone moment haff I got offer being shocked . . . shocked to my soul . . . offer this thing! I cannot think off it! Always I know about it, but I cannot let myself think about it! I laugh, I joke, I entertain at my house . . . mine Gott, I would go crazy unless! Neffer in my life have I heard of such a cold blooded . . ."

Smith put his hand on his arm.

"Criminals are everywhere, Rosie, old man! It isn't your fault that one got into your studio! Nobody is going to blame you . . . connect you in any way! Wait until I tell them what a wonderful help you've been! That idea of yours . . . it was the connecting link between two theories of my own that seemed impossible . . . but that I couldn't get out of my mind."

CHAPTER XVIII

NIGHT! Outwardly the huge confines of the Superior Films lot seemed deserted. Brooding shadows of dead sets, of huge, silent stages, lay athwart the mist-drenched lawns. These only when a late moon, rising over the distant ramparts of San Jacinto, cast its sullen, pale light . . . then to be swept into obscurity by rolling blankets of fog, billowing inland from the sea. The studio buildings became Gargantuan monsters, clothed in flowing shrouds of grey. The great lights about them dimmed, illumined, and dimmed again. The shrubbery about the grounds became weird, dwarf creatures, shaking gaunt limbs menacingly.

The president of Superior Films peered out from his curtains, and then looked at his watch.

"It is come," he whispered. His hands trembled. "But ten o'clock only! Ve must wait!"

Smith looked up from his chair and his cigar. "Right!" he nodded. "Is everything all set?"



"All set! For five nights ve haff been ready . . . waiting only for this fog!"

Rosenthal's hand left the curtain and it moved noiselessly the little distance back to its place . . . as silently the two men took up their watch, only the hurning ends of their cigars revealing their presence through the darkness of the room.

Nearer midnight the cars out on the boulevard began whisking by, their wheels making a wet, singing hum . . . their reckless drivers missing death by a skid. Lannigan, his superstitious soul aquiver, his big coat collar pulled around his ears, clumped out of the murk, and to the lighted space about the gate house. He had no liking for the new-gateman, but any other human soul was a comfort on a night like this . . . a night when ghosts walked!

"HELLO, Lannigan" . . . said the man at the gate. The little Irishman crossed himself hurriedly. Surprise, not unmixed with terror, froze his tongue.

"Is that the welcome you give me, man?" said MacDougal a bit sharply.

"God save us . . . 'tis yerself, then?"

"No other. Did you think I was a ghost?"

"Naw, I knew ye the minit I set eyes on that big ugly mug of yours!" lied Lannigan, with instant resentment. "Some day, Scot MacDougal, ye'll find out old Lannigan knows a ghost whin it's a ghost, and a man whin it's a man! And the same would have gone a long ways towards saving a life, had ye the good sense to know it . . . now phat do you think o' that?"

MacDougal did not answer. His grim face, and the bleak blue eyes, did not wince.

"Phat the devil are the loikes of ye doin' on the lot this night, anyways, MacDougal? I've a mind to quit me job! I've no agreement wid the Jew to consort wid murderers . . . self confessed at that!"

"Ye'll not quit your job, Lannigan!"

"And I won't, won't I? And who's to stop me, I ask you? Maybe a few more words from me, and they'll wake up to the need of a man at the gate that can take a warning, and go after a marauder whin one's pointed out to him!"

"Are you seeing things in the fog again, Lannigan?"

"Seein' things? And why shouldn't I be seein' things? I remember a night the loikes of this wan, whin if I hadn't listened to the advice of a cold-blooded mackerel like yerself that was born in a fog bank . . . there'd be a man now lyin' under the sod that would be drinking his tea like the rist of us! . . ."

"Aye. I ken what you're driving at, you little scut!" said the Scotchman with a show of temper, "but ye'll get nothin' out of me by it! Get out of my office . . ."

"SURE, and I'll be gettin' out immedjit! If the life you've been leadin' since you confessed yerself into jail ain't taught you nothin', you are beyont learnin' from yer betters!"

"Begone the noo!" roared MacDougal, dropping into his native dialect. His bleak eyes took fire, and blazed down upon the other and his hand closed on a paper weight. . . .

"I'm goin', you big lummox! If I had me shillalah I could lick ye on a thin dime! Ye . . . ye . . . domned hot-headed dumbhead!" yelled Lannigan instantly, but nevertheless chumping away into the murk . . . "Bad cess to ye! I hope a gob of fog chokes ye! Cagin' up some kinds o' animals drives 'em plumb fey!"

And now there were two places on the lot that night which Lannigan could not bring himself to visit again . . . Stage Six . . . from out of which he expected momentarily to see the ghost of Dwight Hardell stalking . . . and the front gate, where, without explanation, Scot MacDougal had again taken up his post. The night wore on and the approaching midnight hour . . . the time when ghosts walked . . . began to weigh heavily upon him. Need of human companionship drove him back towards the gate . . . muttering strange Gaelic words to himself. . . .



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lurks behind  
white teeth

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# International Exposition Barcelona May—December 1929

"What wid the curtains on thim dead sets back there a' floppin', and them old scantlin's a creakin' and a groanin' . . . and this domned cold fog a slitherin' down yer spine . . . 'tis enough to make a man afraid of his own shadder. . ."

MacDougal heard him muttering, and called out to him.

"Your boy brought your lunch . . . Slim's closed up. His wife's sick. Better come up and get it, man."

"'Tis the first night Slim's been closed since I came to the lot," retorted Lannigan suspiciously. "I'll not come near ye, Scot MacDougal! I've a mind what happened the last foggy night, and I'm not ready to go to Hivin'!"

"**C**OME and get your lunch, you old fool!" returned the gateman crisply, and the commanding snap in his voice brought Lannigan edging up to him. MacDougal held out the lunch.

"Maybe ye'll act more like a human being with red blood in your guts when you get it down you!" he said. Lannigan shot him a baleful look, and taking the box sat down by the other side of the gate to eat. MacDougal filled his pipe and kept his distance, so that presently the little Irishman's fears abated.

"Will ye have a swallow of good hot coffee, Mac?" he asked.

"I appreciate the peace offering. Thanks, no," returned MacDougal.

"'Tis not peace a offering, ye spalpeen, 'tis the thought of ye not havin' a stomach-full the past weeks was all!" Lannigan gulped down the remaining hot coffee. "Mac, d'ye remember that ither night . . ." he stopped, the thermos bottle gripped in a hand that suddenly shook. "Did ye hear it, Mac? And you said awilst back there was nobody on the lot!"

"Not a soul has come through the gate this night!" said MacDougal peering into the mist. Plain, now, to both of them, came the purring of a motor from down the murk of the drive . . . coming their way.

Lannigan dropped the thermos and crossed himself, not once but many times in quick succession.

MacDougal gave a short laugh.

"You've got us both acting like a couple of old women!" he snapped. "Somebody's worked overtime, and is going home . . . it's happened before! Stand aside, and don't let them see you crossing yourself like a doddering idiot!" He went briskly to the gates and swung them open for the approaching car.

A purple car, of whose special design and build there was but one known to be in existence, slipped up to the entrance . . . slowed . . . rolled slowly through . . .

"Goodnight, men!" said the driver.

"**I**T'S a great life if you don't weaken, eh, fellows?" called a bantering voice, and a hand was waved to them as the car turned to the boulevard.

Then the mist swallowed it.

"Holy Mither of God Protect Us! Holy Mary, Mother of God, Have Mercy on Our Souls. . . Holy Mary, Mither of God. . ." Lannigan, quaking and jabbering against the iron gates, alternately crossing himself and clasping his hands, shaking against each other, at his breast. . . "Mac, did ye see it? Holy Mary, Mither of God . . . Good Saint Patrick . . . he spoke to us, Mac . . . did ye hear him? God Save Us All . . . and he's dead, Mac . . . Holy Saint Patrick and All the Saints be wid us this night . . . 'twas his ghost . . . the ghost of Dwight Hardell . . . Holy Mary Look Down on Us Miserable Sinners . . ."

But MacDougal was not listening. Striding like one sleep-walking, he pushed past Lannigan and entered his little office. Amazement had numbed and dumbed him. Habit took hold of his motor centers, and caused him to bend over his time book, and make an entry. . .

"Franz Seibert and Dwight Hardell out at 12.17 A. M." was what he wrote there.

"Holy Mither . . . what are ye doin' now?" came the whimpering voice of Lannigan. Like a small boy he had pushed after MacDougal, crowding close against him . . . grateful for the touch of his big body. MacDougal dropped the stub of his pencil, and turned a strange face to the Irishman.

"Yon's dead," he said, pointing to the last entry . . . "dead this long time . . ."

Blue eyes stared into beady black ones.

"But you saw them drive out?" he finished.

Lannigan nodded violently.

"You heard him talk?"

**A**ND again Lannigan nodded. "That I did!" He stood a moment staring, then he grabbed at his time clock, tearing it off him.

"'Tis through I am! 'Tis bad enough whin a man's murdered and ye have to go walking past the spot ivery night . . . but whin his ghost comes ridin' after ye . . . ridin' right under yer nose, and calls out to ye . . . I'm through! Not another minnit do I stay in this haunted place . . . not another minnit! What wid banshees and ghosts, and thim talkin', 'tis more than I can put up wid . . ."

The big Scotchman caught him as he was sneaking past.

"No you don't, Lannigan! You're going to stay right here until we get this thing settled!" He shook the night watchman savagely. "Why did you come here and tell me there wasn't anybody on the lot the night?"

"Let go, ye black murtherin' divil! And don't ye put words in me mouth, ayther! 'Twas yerself as said there was nobody on the lot this night, bad cess to ye!"

"Stop evading me! I said nobody came through the gate this night! What were you doing when you were supposed to be making the rounds, that you didn't know what was going on back there?"

"And evadin' is it? Let go me arrum and ye'll not think I'm evadin' ye, for I'll bust ye one on the phyz that'll take ye the rist of yer life in the pinnintinary to forget, ye bog trotter!"

MacDougal shook the squirming Lannigan. "Don't lie to me!" he roared. "Why didn't you tell me somebody was on the back lot?"

"I'm not lyin' to ye, ye scut! How the Hell could he be on the back lot, or anywhere else but his grave, will ye tell me that? He's dead, ye great dumbhead!"

"That's right. He's dead . . ." said the Scotchman slowly. "There's something back of this!" He picked up the Irishman bodily and set him in the gatehouse, and then closed and locked the door on him. From there he went to the phone booth.

"Get me Mr. Rosenthal's house . . . Rosenthal of Superior Films."

But Rosenthal was not at home. At the very moment he was pouring a pair of glasses full from a choice bottle, whose habitual resting place was a wall cabinet back of the smiling pictured face of Yvonne Beaumont.

"Here's to Halland, the dummy, and the ventriloquist!" he said, raising his glass.

"Here's to Abraham Rosenthal, president of Superior Films, and a second Sherlock Holmes," smiled Smith. It was a compliment the president never forgot.

### CHAPTER XIX

**R**OSENTHAL and Smith were both at the studio early next morning . . . neither one having slept, but having feverishly waited the dawn, and the final act of the drama they had precipitated. When the detective walked into the president's private office, he had a round tin box under his arm. Rosenthal's eyes watched his movements curiously as he laid the box down on the desk, then they raised to Smith's face . . . but the latter said only, "Tell you later," and Rosenthal had to be content with that. The detective added: "Have you got all that other stuff ready?" "Ach, yes!" exclaimed Rosenthal with anxious eagerness. "It iss in the vault . . . safe under lock and key!"



Smith nodded.

"Can't take any chances . . . a slip now . . . and all would be lost! Now, how soon can I get this," and he tapped the tin box with the tips of his long fingers . . . "developed and a print made?"

"Two . . . three hours. Vat iss it?"

"Rosey, I wouldn't tell my own grandmother what . . . I firmly believe this to be! I'm not going to trust your 'lab' people, either! This is a job for the superintendent himself . . . behind locked doors! And I'm going to stay right with him . . . my pistol cocked for trouble! You phone him I'm coming over to put this in the soup. I don't want to have to get rough with him if he tries to high-hat me!"

"SURE, sure. I phone him. But really I would like very much to know vat iss in there! I am all goose pimples vid curiosity already!"

"You just 'goose-pimple' all you want and rest your curiosity . . . sorry, but I haven't time to explain. Here's a list of names. I want all these people in your private projection room at four this afternoon. Tell the gateman and office boy to let in Clancy and Ryan with their party . . . no questions asked. See that the operator who runs the stuff this afternoon keeps his mouth shut. Tell him if I hear a sound out of him, or if he lets anyone in the projection room I'll half kill him. Then you take Ryan with you when you get that stuff out of the vault, and you get it *yourself* . . . see? Got all that?"

"Sure, sure," commenced the president amiably, then, realizing Smith was in the way of giving him orders in his own office, he drew himself up stiffly and amended, "Certainly" in his coolest executive tone.

Smith leaned down and patted the fat shoulder affectionately.

"No time for ceremony. No offense meant. I'm on my way to the 'lab' . . . better phone your man . . ." and he was gone, the tin box clamped firmly against his side under his left arm . . . his right hand in his pocket. Rosenthal glared after him, lips outthrust, then with a shrug and a weary sigh, he pulled the telephone towards him . . .

"Ach Gott! Will ve effer get rid of this dirty business and start making pictures again?" he asked of the galaxy of pictured faces about him. They smiled their famous smiles at him reassuringly, but he was not so easily rid of his resentment against the detective.

"I would not be so close-mouthed, even vid my Rachel!" he muttered into the receiver. The switchboard girl had to ask him three times for the department he wanted.

IN the dim, half-light of Rosenthal's private projection room was gathered the little group made up of those persons having had a part in the Hardell murder case. They did not know why they were there. Minds were nervously speculating, while bodies attempted vainly to compose themselves at ease. Sighs . . . escaped pent breaths . . . jerking muscles . . . the scraping of feet and creaking of chairs . . . all spoke their unrest . . . together with the mental chans from fear-tensed brains, that sent unseen vibrations clashing through the atmosphere.

West, haggard-eyed, his dark hair swept distraughtly across his brow. Yvonne, pale . . . a trembling that was not the old joyous, tip-toe verve, in the agitated movements of her slender body. They avoided each other, save when they turned to lock their eyes in an occasional long and questioning agony. Mac-Dougal, grim and silent, and Lannigan darting his bright, beady little eyes furtively upon him.

Serge, wrapped in that remoteness which makes Americans hunt for descriptive words, and finally say briefly, "foreign." Beth Mac-Dougal, a pitiful huddled little figure . . . all the impudent dash of her comedy days gone . . . an apology in her manner.

Apart from the rest, immaculate, sitting in unshakable dignity, was Seibert. He toyed



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with his monocle . . . his eyes fixed upon some mind-picture of his own . . . apparently he was oblivious to the situation and its significance. He was not enough aware of it apparently to be bored!

Clancy slipped into a seat directly behind Beth MacDougal, and Ryan seated himself beside Billy West. Two plain clothes men posted themselves by the door, and stepped aside with a brief gesture of respect when Rosenthal and Smith entered.

ROSENTHAL, not looking to right or left, went directly to the front row, and Captain Smith faced the others in the room from a position beside him. For a few seconds there was silence as he let his gaze encompass them. Then he said:

"I have asked you here, because each one of you has in some manner been brought into the murder investigation of Dwight Hardell. Three of you confessed to killing him. I am going to show you now, in the medium familiar to you all . . . motion pictures . . . just how he was killed. . . according to the evidence now in my hands. Mr. Rosenthal and I have endeavored to duplicate in pictures what I believe happened the night of Hardell's death. I think the titles will be self-explanatory." He stopped to allow for smothered exclamations . . . for them to accustom themselves to this surprise so that they might get sensibly the full import of his words. Then he said with slow emphasis,

"Our little scenario begins on the set on Stage Six where Hardell was found . . . dead.

"As you all know, Mr. Seibert and Hardell made a final rehearsal there that night. We are starting with that rehearsal. The rôle of Seibert is played by Mr. Halland, whose wizardry at make-up you all know. Hardell is played by a 'heavy' made up by Mr. Halland to impersonate the murdered man. I want you all to remain absolutely quiet . . . no matter what happens. Understand? *You are going to see exactly what happened that night! How Dwight Hardell was murdered!*"

"You mean, Mr. Smith, how you believe he was murdered . . . Am I not correct?" It was Serge, leaning indolently back in his tilted chair, who spoke.

Smith ignored him. Raising his voice to the operator, who was peering curiously from his cubbyhole in the rear, he called:

"All set?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Let's go!"

A sizzling hiss, and then the white beam of light illumining the screen; the flickering of the leader strip, and then the title:

"MR. SEIBERT REHEARSING HARDELL FOR THE LAST CLOSE-UP THE NIGHT THE ACTOR WAS MURDERED."

On the screen, following this, came the now familiar set. In this, the actor's last drama, he lay prone in the position of the close-up in which he was to get over his last death agony in the story. Above him, leaning close, one hand gripping a dueling rapier, stood Seibert, portrayed by Halland. Anger and exasperation were expressed in every angle of his body. The watchers did not need the title

"AFTER HOURS OF DRILLING THE DIRECTOR STILL FAILS TO GET WHAT HE WANTS."

And now the director casts down his rapier furiously, and strides up and down, turning now and again to cast some withering remark at the actor, who stands in sullen immobility. Finally the former turns back, throws himself on the floor in the position desired, himself goes through the tortured writhings of the death scene. . .

A DRY chuckle made tensed nerves jump. It was Serge again. "Not so bad, Seibert! He has made of himself what the Americans would call a 'dead ringer' for you!"

"Quiet!" snapped Smith instantly. The film went on. Now a medium shot holding in the camera that was supposedly to have photographed the close-up, as well as the two

players. The director, rising from the floor, speaks to the actor, and once more the latter assumes the prostrate position. The director now steps to the camera and carefully removes the magazine, replacing it with another . . . with white-gloved fingers he slowly threads the film through the sprocket mechanism . . . then he turns and speaks to the actor, who nods understandingly. The supposedly dying man assumes an agonized expression . . . his extended hand tenses . . . his eyes roll back. . . The director watches a moment, then steps back to the camera and starts the motor that automatically grinds the film. Now, rapier in hand, he returns to the prone actor . . . urging him on to intensify his expression. To assist him in putting over a convincing scene, he leans over, pressing the rapier against his heart and pressing it slowly and unswervingly into the flesh beneath the satin waistcoat . . . and still the actor looks up, listening to each word from the director, making a desperate, earnest effort to give him what he wants . . .

Serge let his chair to the floor suddenly. Someone smothered a scream . . . Smith again snapped:

"Quiet!"

INEXORABLY . . . like the wheels of time itself . . . came the steady clicking from the projection room. Hearts thumped in rhythm . . . pulses raced . . . the suspense was strained to the bursting pitch . . . when the scene shifted to a close-up . . . Hardell with the rapier point over his heart . . . and then a sudden downward plunge of the steel . . . a flash into the scene of a white-gloved hand. . .

Smith's voice rose thunderously above the released tumult in the room.

"Keep your seats! You are now seeing Hardell in his actual death throes—Hardell, played by himself!"

On the screen the grim tragedy went on. Hardell, suddenly betrayed by one he trusted, with his soul shocked out of his body, was gazing piteously, wildly, out at the little handful of watchers who, incapable now of giving aid, must sit helpless and stunned as they watched the actual portrayal of his death. For a moment there seemed to be pleading in Hardell's eyes, a piteous appeal for help, and this was quickly followed by a look of terrible questioning, and of awful fear. Then came the ghastly jerking upward of his body as the rapier was withdrawn and then the body fell back in convulsive writhing.

"Oh, my God! My God! Stop it! Stop it!" Beth MacDougal sobbed. But the scene went on.

Hardell's features were now stiffening, the shoulders sagging, and his head rolled from side to side. Just as the body made its last movement, mercifully the scene was cut by the title:

AND SO HE DIED

The film stopped. In the darkness that followed before the switching on of the lights, no one saw Seibert's swift movement as he slipped a tiny white pellet from beneath an immaculate white glove and lifted it quickly to his lips. Seibert, the master of dramatic episode, director of action, of entrance and of exit, needed no prompter to tell him that his moment of exit had come. But he grimaced, ruefully, as he swallowed. After all, the last exit is not always easy. . .

"DON'T move, Seibert!" Smith barked. "You've been covered ever since you stepped in here. Lights! Lights, operator!"

The lights came on immediately, to show Smith standing, revolver in hand, and the white faces of the others with their eyes fixed upon Seibert. Fear of the man was loose in the room. They shrank from him, the while they stared at him wild-eyed.

Yvonne's voice rose in a little sobbing scream.

"Billee! Billee!"

West gathered her in his arms. They clung together. The grim MacDougal dropped his



face upon his cupped hands and the repressed quiver of his stern frame told its own story. Clancy's arm comforted Beth.

During the space of these happenings Seibert and Smith had held their positions, eyes fixed upon each other. Now Seibert arose, a little unsteady on his feet. The lights shone down into the cold depths of his strange blue eyes, revealing the last fanatical gleam he no longer had need to mask with a stare of cool insolence. He swept them all with that scintillant gaze and started forward.

"Don't move!" Smith warned.

Seibert laughed, mirthlessly. "You will remember, Mr. Smith, that I once said, 'I yield to the inevitable only!' I am no fool. I know when—when I am cornered." He stopped, and plainly labored for breath. Beads of sweat were gathering on his upper lip and brow. "No, I am not the fool! It is you—" he turned and his eyes played like tongues of fire over the little group, "it is you who are the fools—the imbeciles—the cowards! Here, protected by the law, you are afraid of me! I feel your fear. You think I am—insane. You think me a crazy director—capable of doing anything—to amuse, to entertain more fools like yourselves."

HE stopped, gasped, and made a futile, wild, up-flung motion of his gloved hands.

"And yet—fools that you are—you defeated me! What—what matter the price of success? It is the price—of—failure that is—bitter!"

He fumbled for his cane, attempted to bow, punctilious to the last, and failing, sagged back into his chair and slid to the floor.

Smith knelt beside him and felt of his heart, making sure that it had stopped. From that position, he spoke:

"Mr. Seibert has just committed suicide. In so doing he escaped hanging. His last act was an admission of his guilt. You have just been witnesses of the actual picture of his crime. Yet, if there is doubt in any of your minds I will answer any questions. Are there any?"

"Gott, yes! That close-up. Vere did you get it? Ve did not shoot that!" Rosenthal exclaimed, speaking what was in all of their minds.

"Seibert shot it. Just before committing the murder he started the motor driven camera. Doubtless he told the weary Hardell that they would try the scene once more and that he would make a test shot of it. I suppose he intended to use the actual death of Hardell in the picture instead of the usual substitution."

"You're wrong there, Smith," said Serge, quietly. "He never shot that for the picture that we would release. I thought there was something behind his kick about the stuff we got that afternoon, for I never shot better stuff in my life—and he knew it. Where did you get that film?"

"I started hunting for it immediately after I got his palm prints from the camera. I was convinced then of what he had done. But you have not answered my question. What did he want that picture for?"

"He was a member of a half dozen occult societies. Crazy, every one of them, just as he was crazy. He wanted that film to send to some of his fellow students in one of those secret societies. They study the occult, the question of life after death, and the question of what takes place when a soul leaves the body. They are all nuts, and they even pledge their lives to what they call 'the cause.' When they fail, they do what he did. Huh! And he called us fools." Serge hesitated and gave a dry chuckle. "Well, he was right about me. I'll wager that film was the one I saw in his desk drawer. I even picked it up once and asked him if he didn't want it developed. Can you feature it?"

"LIKE many criminals, he thought the obvious place the safest," Smith said. "Any other questions?"

"Sure, and there is that," spoke up Lannigan. "Maybe you'll be after tellin' me how I saw Hardell ride past me *after* he was murdered.



## does your mirror say "powder" or "beauty"?

*If only powder were magic! If you could use it to achieve JUST BEAUTY! Marvelous if possible. To have again the undimmed, velvety skin of childhood loveliness, to have your mirror say "beauty" and not "powder"*

Well, then, Princess Pat does give just soft, powdery beauty without the slightest hint of chalky appearance, and your intelligence will grasp the reason. Then you will want to try.

As you ordinarily powder—and peer into your mirror—you now observe a chalky effect. Try as you will, you cannot altogether banish it. Your mirror still says "Powder" and it always will—until you use powder without the usual ingredients that give the undesirable chalky appearance.

Such ingredients are banished from Princess Pat. Precious almond replaces usual starch. Instead of harshness there is softness. The very feel is a caress to the skin. Watch as you apply this utterly different powder. Subtly, magically, it transforms the skin. It merges, blends, and touches the surface of your skin with a delicate powdery bloom.

Now then! After you have powdered what happens? Oil comes upon the skin, gradually yet surely. Usual powders become patchy and unlovely. You have to use more powder—with not the happiest results.

On the contrary, the almond in Princess Pat powder has an affinity for oils from the skin glands—usually called pores. As oils appear—and they do on every skin—they are absorbed by almond. Thus distressing shine is prevented—even on the nose. Powder is no longer disturbed nor beauty marred. Wonderful! Yes, of course.

And think! This almond in Princess Pat, giving untold powdery beauty, likewise assures you a fine-textured skin, the oil glands never sealed, never choked, never distended. If already distended Princess Pat gives every assistance to make them normally invisible again.

But it is beauty without an artificial look that is the first thought of every woman. That is why women who know choose Princess Pat for make-up of more than natural beauty. Of course, though, the added virtue of improved skin texture is equally well loved as time passes . . . as pores become superbly fine, as the skin becomes delightfully soft and pliant, as blemishes vanish.

And now, if you have read carefully, learned the unusual advantages of Princess Pat you will surely want to try it.

Your favorite toilette goods counter can supply Princess Pat almond base powder—in two weights. These are regular weight, in the "drawer" box, and a splendidly adherent light weight powder in round box. Both weights are made with the famous Almond Base.

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daintiness—even when you have no  
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It is soothing and healthful to the skin.  
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At leading drug and department stores,  
Only 50 cents for large size container.



## Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're  
always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth.  
Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. Better  
than dangerous calomel. Safe. Non-habit-  
forming. A pure vegetable compound mixed  
with olive oil that drives out constipation,  
cleanses the system, removes the cause of  
pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use  
for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleas-  
ing results. Know them by their olive color.  
At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

"Twas with me own eyes I saw him, and with  
me own ears I heard him spake."

Smith smiled. "To quote Mr. Rosenthal,"  
he answered, "in pictures we can do anything.  
We can make a dummy look like a live man  
and a live man look like a dummy. Seibert  
took the dummy, made up to look exactly like  
Hardell, propped it up in the seat of his car  
and drove out. But the dummy did not  
speak. It was Seibert, mimicking Hardell's  
voice, who spoke to you."

"Holy Mary, Mother of—"

ROSENTHAL lifted himself ponderously  
from his chair. "Ve vill shut the studio for  
the day. I must telephone my Rachel. I  
must telephone—"

Smith slapped him affectionately on the  
back. "Don't get nervous now, Rosie. It's  
all over and—"

"Offer! It's all offer, iss it? And me half

crazy, my Rachel half crazy, and half the  
world blaming me for haffing a murder com-  
mitted on my lot! Gott of Abraham!" he  
moaned. "Gott of Abraham! Vat a viper that  
Seibert was! Vat a viper I took to my bosom!"  
THE END

THE judges in "The Studio  
Murder Mystery" contest are  
examining the thousands of solu-  
tions submitted in the PHOTO-  
PLAY competition.

It is hoped that a full announce-  
ment of the winners can be made  
in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY,  
out May 15th. Every effort will be  
made toward this end. Watch the  
June number for this important an-  
nouncement.

## Amateur Movies

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

A moving camera was used frequently, run-  
ways, inclines and movable platforms being  
built for the purpose. The group believes that  
all censorship difficulties in filming the Dance  
of the Seven Veils were overcome by placing  
the camera on a movable platform overhead.

All of the scenes were interiors and 16,000  
watts were used in lighting the sets. Pan-  
chromatic film and a f3.5 lens were used  
throughout. The sets were flats, constructed  
of wall paper and then painted with conven-  
tionalized designs. A cyclorama background  
was used briefly. The designs on the costumes  
were painted. The film was developed and  
printed in the club's laboratory and a 16 milli-  
meter reduction print was made. The cast  
numbered nineteen and the direction was in  
the hands of John D. d'Ippolito. Roy C. Ehrhardt  
handled the camera.

THE Undergraduate Motion Pictures of  
Princeton University completed "Destiny"  
for the PHOTOPLAY contest. In production the  
atmospheric introduction first planned had to  
be discarded to allow for longer story footage.  
A moving camera was used liberally in relating  
this story, which is a melodrama tale of a crime  
passionelle committed because of mistaken  
evidence.

THE Amherst Movie Club has been formed  
at Amherst College under the leadership of  
Kenneth M. Hickey.

The group is at work on a story as yet  
untitled.

Thirty-five amateurs attended the organiza-  
tion meeting of the Movie Makers' Club of  
Springfield, Ill., recently.

Elizabeth Harrison Coke was selected for the  
feminine lead in "The Highest Degree," being  
produced by the College Topics Productions  
of the University of Virginia. Edward Lee has  
the comedy rôle.

AT the organization meeting of the New  
York City Amateur Motion Picture Club  
Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of Mammals  
and Reptiles of the New York Zoological  
Park, was chosen president; Countess de  
Montagny and James V. Martindale vice-  
presidents and Britten Runyon secretary-treas-  
urer.

Together with these officers, the board of  
directors numbers: Mrs. William Barclay  
Parsons, Jr., George Lister Carlisle, Jr., J. Gerry  
Dobbins, Professor Carl Louis Gregory, Herbert  
C. McKay, P. G. B. Morriss and Colonel Roy  
W. Winton, managing director of the Amateur  
Cinema League.



"Picture Puzzles" was made by the Motion Picture Division of the  
Cleveland Photographic Society. It shows the devastating effect  
on a household of a puzzle craze



# Brickbats & Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112 ]

## The Boon of the Talkies

Okmulgee, Okla.

Some of the features of the Talkies as I see them are as follows:

- a. They will give us real acting by real actors rather than a series of close-ups of pretty faces and figures.
- b. They will help to Americanize movies, thus excluding "Foreign Finds," who are not even American citizens.
- c. They will afford excellent musical accompaniment by good orchestras.
- d. Instead of wondering what is actually said we can now hear the exact dialogue of the stars.
- e. Talkies will give many fans a chance to see and hear the world's greatest stage favorites and other notables that they might never have seen otherwise.
- f. They will provide a greater choice in movie entertainment as to whether it shall be silent or Talkie.
- g. And last but not least, there will be no written titles for the Ladies to read to the children. This will also eliminate much of the eye-strain from hurried reading.

MINOR HORTON.

## A Hint to Professors

Phoenix, Arizona.

I am a student in a small college where dormitory girls are forbidden to attend the theater on school nights and Sunday nights and are more or less frowned upon for attending on Friday and Saturday nights. Hence, as an alternative, you see them stationed in shaded nooks about the campus with the boy friends.

And yet, when the so-called Educational Picture, "The Road to Ruin" was shown, the girls were excused from their afternoon classes to attend the special matinee and all of the matrons were there and enjoyed the picture. This, to me, was positively repulsive while nine out of ten of the ordinary pictures booked are far more upliftingly educational and far more inspirational.

I will admit, of course, that there are many pictures released that are not worth seeing but if college faculties would cooperate with college-town theater managers they could offer the students good pictures (I have seen many this last year) with an added profit to the theater manager, a profit to the faculty in spirit and loyalty from the students, and certainly a profit to the students in giving them some place to go and something to do besides parking in dark corners.

ALICE ANN SMITH.

## Not So Uninteresting!

Arlington, Texas.

If allowed a few words in your columns I will be very pleased. First I will say that I would like to know if the Gilbert-Garbo pictures are supposed to be entertainment or are they instructions in the fine art of love making and necking. I mention the above stars but there are others that appear in very similar and uninteresting pictures. Give us pictures with a real story in it. Most of the stars are capable if given a real rôle to play.

I would also like to know if the censors are dead. There is too much vulgarity in lots of the productions. I have seen a good many that I wouldn't want a mother or sister of mine to see. But I suppose that can't be helped. The producers have to keep up with the modern age to the fullest extent. I just wonder what a motion picture will be like twenty-five years from now.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.



1929		MAY							1929	
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT				
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12	13	14	15	16	17	18				
19	20	21	22	23	24	25				
26	27	28	29	30	31					

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your home with "Lysol" Disinfectant, insure it against sickness—as you make it look clean.

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*"Old Town Boats"*

## Everything, But—

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

you hav' such a lucky break. Come in, now hurry an' get undress'. They're expectin' that this dress is feenish' by one, an' they tell me only wan hour ago."

Pierre caught Kay by the hand and drew her into the fitting room, which was resplendent in orchid taffeta and gold lace. Kay knew it well; she had modeled and had fitted all of the clothes that Delva Delova had worn in every picture for the past year.

"Oh, Pierre! I am just fainting with joy. Just think, I'm to do the whole garden sequence—with Martin Marrow!" She rolled her eyes ecstatically.

Pierre took a fluffy pink creation from the hanger and stood holding it out in front of him. "Come on now, be queek."

KAY slipped out of her dress, and adjusted her teddie and garters.

"No slip," Pierre fairly wailed in dismay. "Madam Deverois—Madam Deverois," he called excitedly into the work-room.

A shrill voice piped, "Oui," and Pierre lost himself in voluble French over the missing slip.

Kay sat on the edge of the table opposite the mirror, pressed her hair into the shape Madam Delova affected, then noted the result with approbation. She rouged her lips and walked languorously before the mirror, until Delova herself would have been deceived, so nearly did she imitate her.

Pierre returned with the slip, Madam Deverois followed carrying a lacey pink hat and a gay little purse, while the fitter with a tape measure, and bristling with pins, brought up at the rear. Pierre slipped the creation over Kay's exquisitely rounded shoulders, and stood off to get the effect.

"Do you ever see anything so beautiful in your life?" he demanded. "Mademoiselle vous etes charmante."

He pulled his shoulders on a level with his ears. "Why they should choos' that 'oman when they hav' a one like her, I cannot see." He turned to Madam Deverois appealingly.

Madam Deverois was looking at the dress. She rolled her eyes to the ceiling, and spread out her hands, as though imploring heaven to help her in this important decision.

Kay was embarrassed by their flattery. "You are a wonder, Pierre. The dress is glorious, simply exquisite. I have never modeled one so lovely. I do feel, though, that you have made the neck very low for an afternoon gown, and really too short; don't you think?"

"Thank you, Miss Kay, you are very sweet. Delova never give me credit for know' wan theeng." He stepped over, tried the suggested changes, agreed to them, then perched on the edge of the purple velvet couch to superintend the alterations.

"You know what is the trouble," he confided to her, while Madam and the fitter worked industriously around her. "Delva Delova can't get enough off now. When she come firs' she have long sleeves and long legs cotton underwear. You know down to here," Pierre pointed dramatically to his ankles and wrists.

Kay laughed gaily.

"SHE wears a corset, an' such a corset, an' petticoat, an' cotton stocking!"—pfaugh, a peasant. A what you say? a hick? an' I tell to her, 'You hav' so much that is beautiful, take off this clothes.' She did, Mon Dieu. I tell you she did. She comes in wan day to get fitted and she hav' leave everything excep' the dress off—everything. A little bit in the front longer, Madam Deverois, there, so. Now she wants the dresses cut off to nothing."

Kay sympathized with him. The alterations completed, she walked back and forth before

the mirror, imitating Delova's glide, her sleepy abstraction, and quick original gestures of her hands.

"Parfait," approved Pierre, "Mees Kay, you are the mos' lovely theeng, I have ever see."

PIERRE, the aloof untouchable Pierre was being really human. Kay beamed at him. "If I get my chance, I won't forget you."

She accepted his homage naturally. She, too, was thrilled by the exquisite dark little person in the fluffy pink, who stared out at her from the great mirror in its huge gilt frame. She allowed them to undress her, while she stood too overcome with excitement to fully realize what was going on. It gave her an added feeling of elation when she told him: "I shall be in Madam Delova's bungalow; you'll have the costume sent there, please."

"An' I'm weeshin' you luck," he told her as he followed her to the door.

"And I'm thanking you," she laughed happily.

She walked slowly across the lot to the bungalow, the dressing room of the untouchable Delva Delova, which she had never been invited to enter. She had watched the directors and officials enter and leave, starting or finishing more or less important, but always lengthy conferences. Meanwhile she, with the rest of the actors, musicians, assistant directors, script girl, electricians, carpenters, and the host of others who had something to do with the growth of the embryo picture, waited, or worked, or made up, or talked, under the green glare. They walked, stood, sat, or paced nervously, according to their temperaments, and the facilities at hand.

The garden set was appropriately spread out on the lawn in front of the studio. Great tin reflectors kept the light in, and kept the gaze of the curious motorists out. It was eleven-thirty. Since eight o'clock the place had been over-run with workmen, and 'atmosphere' made up ready to go on. The stunning thin girls in fluffy multi-colored garden party dresses, and the good looking young men in correct afternoon dress, with silk hats and canes, lived the parts of the people they were dressed to represent.

Some of the boys sauntered across the lawn jauntily swinging their canes, while groups of men and girls sat at the tables under the huge vivid umbrellas which dotted the lawn, playing cards, smoking and gossiping. Now and then a waiter, in a pink apron and pink dress shirt, wandered through the crowd. The result of their hours of waiting would be a flash across the screen, in which many of them would be only partly shown.

KAY crossed the set and reached the bungalow door. As she stood waiting for the attendant to open it, she was conscious of the temporary hush of voices, and could feel the inquisitive looks of those who stood within range of her.

It was hard to carry off her entrance without a little swagger. She realized that everybody had noticed how Delova ignored her. Now that she was actually entering the portals of her sanctum, she knew that they would be guessing a dozen reasons—all wrong.

She stepped into the ornate place a little timidly. It was the last word in luxury. There was a long living room, which served also as the dining room, with a dressing room and bath leading off, and the kitchen at the rear. She had never seen such an array of useless paraphernalia as cluttered up the dressing room. The mirrors which covered the walls were festooned with garlands of roses and the windows were covered by three tiers of velvet drapes. Ornate furniture, gay satin pillows



and dolls, lamps and ash stands, crowded each other.

Kay pushed aside the curtains to let in the air, and cleared a place on the littered dressing table for her makeup box. While taking off her hat the bell rang. The woman, who was to act as dresser, was admitted. She had not time to say a word to her, the telephone rang. The office told her that the director, the head projectionist, and the production manager, Mr. Mortimer, would be in for luncheon at twelve-thirty. They were sending a Filipino cook over.

SHE had just stepped into the sunken green tile bath, when the dresser came in to tell her that there was a photographer waiting to take some pictures. They were to accompany an interview titled, "Between Scenes." It had been written for one of the leading motion picture magazines. The deadline for the pictures was long past. Delva Delova had never felt in the mood to have them taken; now would Miss Kay mind?

It was all a part of the game to Kay; she agreed graciously. When she had finished her bath, she was surprised to see the dresser hold a flame colored satin negligee for her to put on.

"Sure, put it on," she said as Kay hesitated. "I found it in the closet. Why not wear her clothes as long as you are supposed to be her?"

Kay put it on musingly. So Delva Delova hadn't taken her clothes. The realization went through her like a pain. But the officials were so positive that she had quit them cold; they must have been sure before they called her in to take Delova's place. The thought relieved her somewhat, but the depression she had felt for a moment remained.

She made up carefully, then glided into the living room, selected the most flattering deep couch, took a long Russian cigarette from the silver box on the table at her side, struck a typically Delovian pose,—and waited for the photographer.

It was two-fifteen and Kay was tired out. She put the skirt of her costume over the back of her chair and closed her eyes. So much excitement in one day was much too much. The door bell rang and the Filipino boy, who had come to act as butler and had stayed as general factotum, returned carrying a huge basket of flowers. A card bearing goodluck greetings from the officials, director, and co-star, dangled from the handle. Kay received it without enthusiasm. She had had so much adulation in the past few hours, that she couldn't fully appreciate it. Tomorrow, perhaps. She closed her eyes again. Everyone wanted to do something for her; she was embarrassed by all of the attention and flattery. No wonder stars took on airs, they couldn't help it; it was expected of them.

SHE couldn't relax. Over and above all, the thought of Martin Marrow kept flashing through her dizzy mind. How charming he had been to her; so kind and considerate when he had shown her how Madam Delova did certain exits with him. How different from what she had imagined him. He had never spoken to her off the set before. His eyes had been only for Delova, some even said—but never mind, now she would have his whole attention through the whole garden fete. The chief had praised her poise and intelligence, but he—he had smiled into her eyes. The very memory suffocated her.

She was aroused by the bell. The Filipino boy came back.

"They are ready on the set, Miss Kay," he said in precise English.

She retouched her makeup, put on her lovely hat, fell into a languorous pose, and swept out of the door. As soon as she appeared in the garden, everyone turned to look at her. She knew the word had spread that she was to take Delova's place.

The director, Duke Webster, actually arose as she approached and greeted her by clapping his hands. It was one man applause, and he

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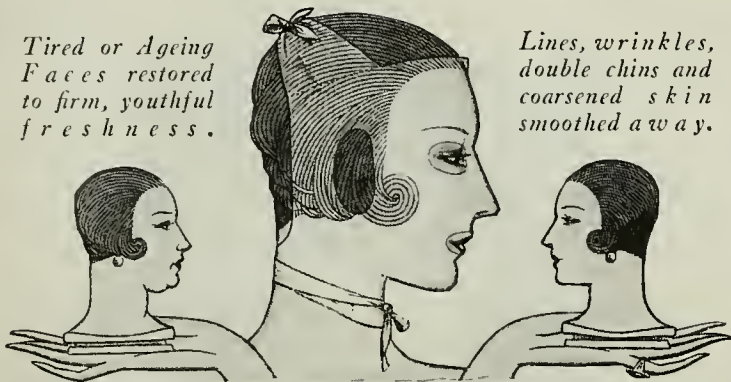
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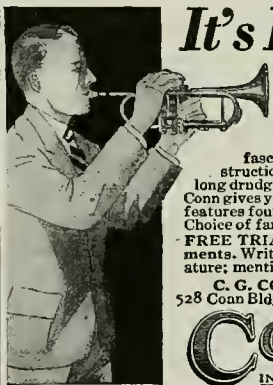
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meant it only for effect, but she blushed prettily.

"You look glorious," he said cordially. "Now, Miss Brady, you and Mr. Marrow are to have this scene together. This is the short, but important scene, I explained so fully to you at luncheon. It follows, without break, the scene Madam Delova had completed before she left; and leads up to the sequence which we will take later today."

HIS forced amiability didn't deceive Kay. "Yes, I remember," she said brightly.

He stepped closer to her, "You must realize that I am most anxious to put this picture over," he told her confidentially. "I didn't have a chance to tell you at luncheon before the others, but the powers that be are watching this one. If it goes over, I get what I've been working years for."

"I appreciate your position, Mr. Webster, and you can count upon me. When I spoke to the chief this morning, he assured me, that if I go over the way he expects me to in this picture, they will give me a chance on my own. So you see, I am anxious too."

He seemed relieved somewhat. "We shall both get there," he said solemnly. It was serious business for him.

Martin Marrow joined them.

"Oh, I say, will you please go through this scene with Miss Brady, Martin?"

Kay and Martin came between the little tables, wound in and out of the gay crowd, until they were close to the camera, keeping in the same tempo as the music off stage. He was meeting her for the first time; he was losing his heart to her; he looked deep into her eyes and registered happy surrender. She met his glance coolly, almost disinterestedly. The waiter passed with a tray of tall glasses, full of ginger ale and cubes of clinking ice, that reflected the powerful light. She looked archly over the top of her glass with maddening provocativeness. He raised his glass and drank a silent, but very eloquent toast to her, while Duke Webster coached and corrected each bit of business. After they had repeated the scene five times, they tried it with the lights.

"I'm sorry, Miss Brady, but you must be your own 'stand in' girl this time."

Kay laughed, "I shan't mind if you will call me 'Kay'; the Miss Brady is so formal, besides you call Mr. Marrow, Martin."

"All right—Kay—how's that?"

"And may I call you 'Kay' too?" Martin bent just a delicious trifle toward her.

Kay was lost in ecstasy, "Please do," she managed to say.

"NOW just once more. When you come between the last two tables, pause a little longer. Look up at him with a little more interest—Kay—let him see that you are impressed. Unbend a bit more, Martin; you are leaving your sweetheart for her, remember. Kay, you are doing this beautifully, really. Now ready."

The music started, the lights blazed and everybody became suddenly animated.

At last they were ready to shoot. Kay's knees shook a little, but she was elated. She was doing something that really counted. Heretofore she had stepped out of the scene when it was ready to be shot, and all of her work was lost as far as the audience was concerned. She knew that she was putting more verve, more real sparkle into this scene than Delova would have done; and she could feel that her fellow actors were as happy over it as she. Delva Delova was unpopular; her arrogance was insufferable.

"All set," called Webster to the head camera man. The head electrician blew a shrill whistle, immediately the lights blazed out. The music off stage took up the same tune all over again. The animated groups at the tables and those walking through the garden, laughed, chatted, and raised glasses, with a gusto that would have deceived any onlooker. The four cameras ground mercilessly.



Kay put her whole soul into that minute. She was elusive and impulsive by turns; after a flashing smile, she suddenly became un-touchably distant. Martin played up to her, so that the finale over the glasses was a little masterpiece.

THE whistle blew sharply. The lights snapped off. The music stopped in the middle of the bar. The scene was over.

When Kay walked off the set toward Duke Webster, everyone turned to her and clapped. It was a touching ovation. She couldn't believe that it was for her until Webster told her to bow to them. She bowed stiffly, as though in a trance and smiled in their direction, but she saw them as a swimming blurred mass of color.

Duke Webster squeezed her hands appreciatively, "That's the stuff, little girl, now keep it up and we will have some picture."

"I'm giving the best that is in me," she told him.

The dresser had carried her make-up box over to the hotel lobby set. She walked over with Martin Marrow.

"You are a clever girl; Delva Delova herself couldn't have done that scene better."

"Thank you," she seemed to have touched the fringe of heaven. "With the encouragement you have given me, I should step into stardom, no less."

They both laughed. The groups of actors that they passed watched them enviously. It looked to them as though Kay had stepped into Delva Delova's rôle away from the set as well as upon it.

A little distance from the set, a corner of the stage had been screened off for the star's dressing room. Kay went in immediately, to change her makeup a little and to relax. She realized that she had been standing for over two hours. She was surprised to see the happy animated face that looked back at her from the mirror. She seemed wholly transformed.

"My dear, you sure look pretty," the dresser told her over her shoulder. "No wonder Martin Marrow's falling for you. Ain't he the handsome one though?"

Her question wasn't answered. There was a commotion on the set. Kay put her powder puff down and listened. "See what has happened, Mrs. Anderson." The dresser stepped outside of the screens. Kay heard her walk across the boards. A feeling of uneasiness came over her.

MRS. ANDERSON came in, a frightened look on her face. "It's Delva Delova, Miss Brady, she's come back."

Kay flew to the corner of the set, and saw Delva Delova talking angrily with Duke Webster. He seemed to be apologizing. As Kay watched, Jack Mortimer with Ben Milton and Ernest Blate, came on the set. Her heart sank. In the sickly greenish light their faces seemed to be leering at her.

The little group around Delova talked earnestly. They moved off the stage together. As they walked away, Martin Marrow joined them, and greeted Delva Delova with a warmth that made his gesture toward Kay seem like toleration. Kay walked to the door of the great stage and watched them across the lot, back through the garden set, until they reached the door of the bungalow.

Delva Delova had come back. No matter what she had done, hers was the big name, they would stand for her, they would even like her doing all of this.

After what seemed hours, the word came that they were to retake the garden scene. Mechanically she changed her makeup a little; the world seemed to have stopped utterly.

Mrs. Anderson watched her coldly. "I guess you won't be needin' me much longer, Miss Brady. It's too bad; I thought I'd have a steady job. You're nice to work for."

Kay tried to force a little smile; it was useless. "Thanks," she said miserably.

They walked across the now deserted hotel

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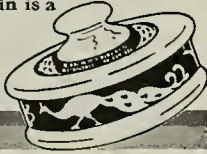
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set, picking their way among the light cables, across the lot to the garden set, which she had left such a short time before feeling that the world was in the palm of her hand.

Duke was talking to someone as she came up. He scarcely noticed her. When she had almost passed him, he turned to her, "Oh, Miss Brady, Delva Delova has changed her mind; she will finish the picture. You will please stay while we make a retake of the scene."

**S**HE nodded. There was no mistaking the relief in his voice and manner. She had slid back into her former position. She sent Mrs. Anderson to the bungalow for her clothes, and sat with her back to the busily humming set, where she knew that the whole affair was being minutely discussed. She could tell their decision in advance; they worshipped success. Some few might feel sorry for her.

Her brain seemed numb. Before, every familiar sound was welcome, now, everything jangled her nerves and made her head ache.

After ages of waiting, the men came out of the bungalow. They stood respectfully aside until Delova should appear. There was a little hushed silence, then she glided out dramatically; a pink duplicate vision of Kay. She ran her arm through Martin Marrow's with a gesture of possession, and flashed a smile up at him for everyone to see, but she didn't notice them.

Duke Webster called everyone on the set with a gusto he had entirely lacked before. "Stand in for lights," he ordered.

Kay obeyed mechanically. Through the corner of her eye, she saw Delova watching her; saw her turn to Martin derisively; saw Martin smile assuringly back at her. Kay quickly dropped her head.

"Put your chin up so that the light can strike your face, Miss Brady, now—so," Webster ordered.

Kay gritted her teeth and obeyed. It was one of the hardest things she had done in her life. As she stepped off the set, Martin passed so close to her that he could have touched her, but he didn't see her. The chief and his two associates had developed the same astigmatism, when a few minutes later they crossed the set on the way to their offices.

The action started. The whistle blew jarringly. The lights clicked and blazed. Delva Delova swept everything before her with a magnificent gesture; she left no room for the work of anyone else. Martin tried vainly to keep up with her; it made the tempo jumpy. They swept through the garden, between the gay umbrellas and the animated mannikins, until they were close to the camera, then the badinage over the glasses. Delova was bold and overconfident; Martin tried to match her, it spoiled the effect.

Kay watched it all, sick to her very soul. An almost uncontrollable rage took hold of her. She had played this part with emotion, subtly; this woman couldn't equal her if she lived to be a million. Her rebellion against everybody and everything made her a little hysterical.

"**MR. WEBSTER,**" she said evenly, when the scene was over, "may I take the rest of the day off?"

He looked at her disinterestedly. "Now don't take it hard, Miss Brady. Everything happens for the best, even in this game."

She found her shabby dressing room, blocks from the set, and took off the pink creation without a glimmer of remorse. She felt



The ever-luscious Betty Compson at the 19th hole. If reaching for a So-and-So Instead of a Sweet has kept Betty in this shape, we're all for more and better reaching



crumpled, hurt, and unwanted. A cruel and inhuman thing had happened to her; she had been raised until she felt that she was everything, but—, and then dropped like nobody's business. She wanted to cry, but flaming anger raced through her, and kept her stubbornly quiet. She slammed the door and strode across the lot to the gate.

"Did you find out what they wanted you for, Miss Brady?"

"Indeed I did, Kelly," she said grimly.

"Fill her up," she told Billy at the auto park, a few minutes later. "I am going for a long—long ride."

## She Fell In Love with Her Husband

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 ]

But as they sat down to lunch, Walter noticed that Corinne wore a brilliant solitaire on the third finger of her left hand. He laughed and looked away quickly, to hide the mist in his eyes. She had approved the contents of the little plush box.

Not long after that, Corinne's mother and Walter's mother and his grandmother went to Tia Juana to see what arrangements could be made for a secret wedding. They were determined, Corinne and Walter, that there would be no publicity. No one must know. There would be just a quiet little ceremony—nothing spectacular, nothing unusual.

SO the hardy little band of matrimonial scouts set forth. And in the garish town of Tia Juana, disaster all but wrecked their expedition before it was fairly launched. They were driving down the main street, the rancous and tin-panny sound of automatic pianos and music boxes pouring out of the open doors of saloons and dives, when suddenly the rear wheel of their car knocked over a stone in the middle of the street.

Instantly pandemonium broke loose. Uniformed soldiers came on the run. Their loose-fitting sandals kicked up the dust. There was much gesticulating, much loud talk in Spanish, which none of the party understood. Quickly a crowd gathered. The soldiers surrounded them, they were placed under arrest. Instantly they had visions of the bastille and a firing squad. Finally, however, an official showed up who could speak English. He explained that they had committed the unpardonable sin of knocking down the only traffic marker in town.

They apologized profusely, set up the stone again and went ahead with arrangements for the wedding . . .

AND now of course you are wondering how it all worked out: Whether a woman should ever marry a man if she doubts that she loves him. Whether she can grow to love him after their marriage. Whether he will realize eventually that he has made a bad bargain and be sorry. Whether unhappiness will result . . . These and a dozen other questions no doubt are in your mind.

It would be difficult to tell how much Corinne Griffith loves Walter Morosco now. And, too, it would be difficult to tell how much Walter Morosco loves Corinne Griffith. Corinne could not live without Walter, Walter could not live without Corinne. They are among the most devoted couples in the world. Their romance is ideal, Hollywood points to them as a shining example of matrimony that succeeds. And possibly it is because life's fundamentals are often cast in a sensational mould. There's was a strange marriage, sealed by the stamp of sensationalism in a Tia Juana bar. Perhaps perfect love is born in such a cradle.

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## You Are Looking Well

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 ]

during the day. Our cottages were on the left side of the road and theirs on the right. We saw each other only at meal times and again between the hours of six (we dined very early) and eight-thirty when a bell rang that sent us hurrying to our cottages.

In those two precious hours we, huddled together around the fire, learned to know each other well. Gilbert was the strangest one in the group. Moody, temperamental, nervous, intense.

He used to stride out of the room at any mention of "the bugs." He used to hide when the doctor gave his weekly talk to the ambulatory patients.

AND there was a reason for this. Gilbert didn't have the infection. He had been run over by an automobile when he was eleven years old and it had left him with a bad heart and a deflated lung. He was at Barlow's Sanatorium for rest.

But there was no rest for Gilbert. Too Latin, too profligate, too mad. We all clung together in our hours of stress. We all kidded ourselves that we were better than we were. We all tried to readjust our lives to the months that had been slashed out of our experience by a doctor's word.

All of us but Gilbert. He chafed at the confinement. He fumed at the bells that rang, one for rising, one for each meal, one for in-your-cottages and one for lights out. He paced the floor, gloomy, apart.

But his very wildness and freedom was his charm. One of the patients had been in vaudeville. He used to play the piano for us. We were not, of course, allowed to dance. But Gilbert would snatch some girl in his arms and dance away with her.

What if the doctors did see him? What could they do? Tell him to leave? Very well. He wanted to be rid of the place anyhow. He was sick of it.

Upon one subject, however, he always waxed eloquent. The pictures! He told us that he had played a very small bit with Rudolph Valentino in "Blood and Sand" and a few days later the exchange sent the picture out for us to see. (Various companies showed us a movie once a week.)

We waited breathlessly. "Where are you, Louis?" (His name was Louis Alonzo, not Gilbert Roland then.) "Where?"

A scene showed Valentino entering the bull ring. A boy came up to him, a dark boy with black hair. It was just a flash. "There I am," said Gilbert.

And I didn't know until five years later that he had invented this out of whole cloth and by a strange coincidence the bit player looked like him! His desire to be an actor was that strong!

Yet when I wrote a little play, a travesty on sanatorium life, and had the patients act in it Gilbert refused a rôle. I think he was secretly sorry later, for he used to come to Williams Hall and look in longingly on all the rehearsals.

WE all had different ambitions for that halcyon day "when I get out." Gilbert's hopes never wavered.


"When I get out," he would say, "I'm going to be a picture actor. I'm going to those studios and just stay there until I get a chance. I'm going to do it, that's all."

I used to smile wisely, for I had interviewed stars for one of the fan magazines. After all, thought I, he was just another good looking Mexican lad.

What chance had he? I didn't know the sort of will he had.

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**"GETS-IT"** World's Fastest Way



For all their grimness, those were happy evenings. Gilbert's father, he told us, had been a bull fighter in Spain. He had come to Mexico where Gilbert was born and then, when the revolution came, had moved his family to Texas. After Gilbert's accident they had all moved to Los Angeles. His father went back to Spain to fight bulls and the family was left desperately poor. That was his story, and he stuck to it.

**I**N Los Angeles he worked in a department store, but he was too blithe a spirit to stand discipline.

He would not be told where to put boxes. He was too nervous and weak to work.

Anyhow, he was discharged from the store. So the doctor advised the sanatorium.

I remember his mother and little brothers and sisters who used to come out to see him during visiting hours.

And then our little fireside group broke up. One of the boys got well and was dismissed. A death in the family of one of the girls caused her to leave. My doctor in town said that I might go if I would continue to take the cure at home.

The next time I went out to visit a girl in my cottage they told me that Gilbert had left, too.

Perhaps I wondered once or twice if he ever got in pictures and then, a couple of years later, I ran into him at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

He was delighted to see me. He smiled a lovely Latin smile and took both my hands. You feel as if you had been to college with your sanatorium friends.

He had changed. He was just as fiery and intense but he didn't look unhappy, as he had at the "san."

Of course, we said, "You're looking well."  
"You're looking well, too."

But he could hardly wait to tell me, "I got in pictures," he beamed. "I told you, Katherine, I'd get in pictures."

"I had a terrible time at first. You see, I used to go where I knew they had calls for extras and sneak on the lot. Sometimes they'd find me and kick me out and sometimes they wouldn't."

"I've had a lot of bad breaks. Once I heard they were using a bunch of extras that they were going to carry on salary for several weeks. It was in Valentino's 'The Hooded Falcon.' Alice Terry's sister got me registered at Central Casting but they hadn't called me."

"Anyhow I went out. They were picking people at the old Brunton Studios. I sneaked into FBO and jumped over the fence to the lot. Mrs. Valentino was choosing the ones she wanted and was giving out the costumes. Each change meant another week's work."

"I just stood there and waited. But she looked over and around me until everybody was chosen but me. She started to go but I ran after her and said, 'Oh, can't I do something in this picture?' She looked at me for the first time and at last she said, 'Why, yes, you could be one of the king's pages.'"

"I was fitted in my costumes and ready and they never made the picture!"

He looked dejected.

**B**UT I used to tell you at Barlow's that I'd get there. I heard that one of four foreign policemen for Valentino's picture 'Cobra' was sick and I sneaked into the studio and when the assistant called for the four men and there were only three I begged, 'Can't I have the job?'

"'Hell, no,' he said. But every time he'd turn around there I was until at last he said, 'O.K. Just to get rid of you, kid. Here, take this uniform. Put it on.'"

"And I played a bit. But I didn't have a dime and so I lost out on parts that required full dress. I played Indians instead. Lord, I've been a thousand Indians!"

"But everything's fine now. Ivan Kahn, the manager, saw me playing extra in 'The Lady Who Lied' and he wanted to manage me."



## Especially in those "trying days"

**D**URING those trying days, when one seeks especially to retain one's poise and peace of mind, "Mum" is a friend indeed.

For "Mum" is quite as effective in its use on the sanitary napkin as it is in preventing the odor of perspiration.

You will find this dainty snow-white cream both antiseptic and soothing—entirely harmless to tender tissues and to the finest garments.

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He has me under contract now and is trying to get me in at Paramount."

And then we talked over old days at the "san" and both were glad that we were well and happy.

I heard about him off and on.

I saw some good notices on his work in "The Plastic Age."

He did a couple of other things for Paramount, including falling in love with Clara Bow.

THERE was much about Gilbert in the papers during the Bow-Savage scandal. And when his and Clara's engagement was broken she said that she loved him more than any man she had ever known but that he was too temperamental.

I smiled at that, remembering how he used to stalk out of Williams Hall.

I think somebody told me that he had been let out at Paramount and then I saw that he had been signed by United Artists to play opposite Norma Talmadge in "Camille."

And since that time, of course, the spotlight of publicity has been thrown on Gilbert Roland. He played with Norma in "The Dove" and "The Woman Disputed." He went to Honolulu and then to Paris.

He became, so I heard, a suave man of the world.

I also heard that he was upstage. I gathered that he was even more impossible after he signed his new long term contract and was given the lead in Norma's new talkie, after the rumor that Eugene O'Brien was to do it.

I was, somehow, afraid to meet him. I had been fond of the boy. I felt that there was a real artist behind the moods and intensity. I didn't want him to be changed, but I felt that it was impossible for him to have gone through success and notoriety and gossip without having it affect him.

His press agent and I sat in Joe Schenck's office.

Gilbert had been told that I was there. He would be over in a few minutes.

He opened the door and stood for a minute in a careless brown suit and a dark blue shirt open at the throat. At least he had not worn the clothes of the man of the world for me.

I saw that he had changed, of course. He was five years older. He had become a celebrity. He was more poised, naturally, but there was a certain sadness in his eyes, a certain trapped bafflement.

HE had changed, but he had not become conceited and impossible. Except for the dignity that his years of success had given him he was the Louis Alonzo I had known at the "san." He was the same lad who had sat before the fire and talked and played bridge and danced when he shouldn't. He did not try to impress me with his grandeur. We were still friends. It was just the same.

He walked toward me with outstretched hand.

"You're looking well," he said.

And I, with the key to the password, answered, "You're looking well, too, Gilbert."



Married or not, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford are giving a perfect exhibition of a bride and groom, right down to the last spat and sequin. It's all for a scene in Joan's big starring picture for M.-G.-M., "Our Modern Maidens." P. S. Has Doug a haircut, f'even's sake?



## How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36 ]

How about its human rulers?

Well, Mary picks the colors, orders the re-decoration, chooses the furniture, but every penny of Pickfair's sizable bills is paid for by Douglas Fairbanks! Not a cent of the opulent Pickford income goes toward the expenses of the menage.

Doug believes that it is not only the duty but the privilege of the master of a household to pay its running expenses.

Here is data on the staff of servants who keep the manor going smoothly and hospitably.

**A**T the head of the staff is Albert, majordomo extraordinary and head of the household. For \$300 a month he supervises the home, with a first and second man under him at \$150 a month apiece.

But it is Albert's great joy to see that Doug is ever well turned out. Albert sees to the pressing of the master's immense wardrobe—that his shoes have the daily shine and that no fragmentary socks are in danger of being worn. And when a fancy luncheon is served at the studio, Albert takes pride in seeing that it is all handled in the height of good taste.

Over the kitchen reigns a chef-cook. Her salary is \$200 a month, and she rules the culinary arrangements. The Fairbankses have found that a woman buys more economically than a man, and can be had for about \$50 a month less. As her assistant she has a kitchen maid, who does all the scullery labor and cooks for the help.

An upstairs maid does all the chamber work, at \$90 a month, while the first and second man look after downstairs. They also clean, dust and tend the fires. There are two chauffeurs, one who receives \$150 a month for driving and \$50 extra for operating the motion picture projector. The other receives \$150.

Over the grounds presides the head gardener, at a salary of \$200 a month. He has four helpers at \$4.00 a day, but only on fair days. The laundress receives \$80 a month, and does all the washing, including Mary's personal things. The mistress' maid sees to most of the mending.

Young Mary's governess is on the roster at \$80 a month, while Miss Pickford's personal maid receives \$125 a month. And there is one watchman at \$35 a week who lives out.

Last, but far from least, is Charlie Daugherty, general roustabout and handy man.

**C**HARLIE came with the property, and seems to be a bargain at \$35 a week. One of his chief duties is to go to Film Row and bring out the pictures that are privately shown at Pickfair, and he is a familiar sight chugging through Hollywood in a dilapidated and grunting flivver. Charlie, in short, is Lord High Errand Runner.

Pickfair can't be run on a budget. There are too many unexpected demands. Any minute a duke may drop in. Green stuffs alone sometimes cost the family \$14 a day, as it is difficult to grow one's own things, even in California.

One of the first things Doug did, when Pickfair was purchased, was to strike for water. His brother, Robert, an engineer, supervised the boring of a fine, deep well. Whatever happens to the Beverly Hills water supply, Pickfair will never lack for a good cold drink of water.

Pickfair is at once one of the most democratic estates in the world, and yet one whose charming privacy of life is most jealously guarded.

Doug believes that his home is his castle, in the good old English tradition. Tremendously friendly and hospitable, he still feels that

# WHEN THE KING COMMANDS



**P**ROVOCATIVE red heels in a swirl of silken skirts . . . lace mantilla enhancing the charm of coral lips and starlit eyes . . . and then . . . the king's own compliments!

This was the triumph of our own American danseuse, Doris Niles, commanded to dance before King Alfonso of Spain!

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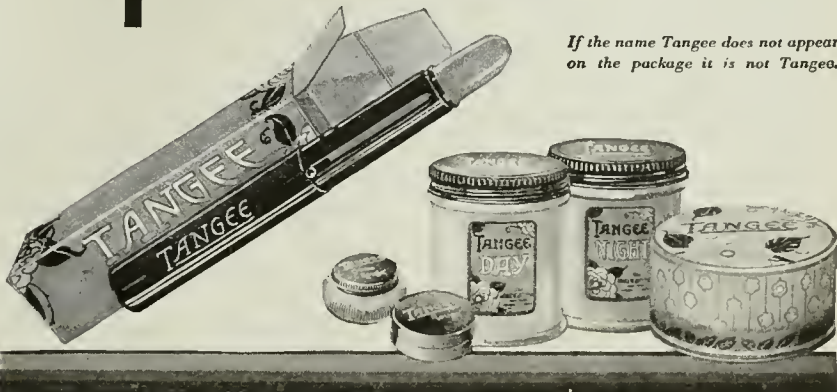
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it is nobody's business the color of the sheets he sleeps between.

For this reason a large stone wall cuts Pickfair from the bordering roads.

For a long time there was no wall. Rubberneck busses began to make a nuisance of themselves, and Mary and Doug didn't dare show their heads from the windows of their own home.

The climax came when a hot-dog vendor parked his wandering kitchen outside the estate and all day long sang his horrid song. This, at last, caused Doug to bellow for masons and plenty of stone.

INCIDENTALLY, Doug has a fine collection of weapons, and of all of them his favorite is the "burglar gun."

This is an ugly sawed-off shotgun with a pistol grip. He keeps it loaded to the nozzle with bolts, nuts and other assorted ironware. With Doug's pet persuader, plus several alert dogs and an armed watchman, an intruder wouldn't make out so well trespassing on the premises of Pickfair.

One of the prides of the house, by the way, is the snow-white kitchen and its richly stocked pantries, filled to the brim with priceless china-ware and silver services.

The fact that Doug and Mary entertain so many distinguished foreigners—even an English prince of the Blood Royal—is due to the fact that some almost ask to be invited.

Prince George, for instance, is at Santa Barbara with his ship. A mutual millionaire friend of that place rings up and suggests that the Prince be invited. Was there ever a better chance to be gracious?

Then, too, there is the matter of reciprocity. Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain entertained Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks in England. Surely the Chamberlains are to be entertained at Pickfair when they visit California!

But after all, those who are oftenest entertained at Pickfair are relatives.

The house is always full of sisters and brothers, aunts and uncles, cousins and nieces. Doug and Mary rarely eat a meal alone. There are, for instance, Doug's brother Robert, with his wife and children. And Mary has plenty on her side, and never forgets one.

Of course, both Doug and Mary are always bringing co-workers home from the studios.

Of their motion picture friends, only a few are really intimate—notably Lillian Gish and Charlie Chaplin. On formal occasions, the guest list is generally as inclusive as possible.

For Prince George were invited Charlie Chaplin, Jack Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Claire Windsor, Irvin Willat, Lupe Velez, Bessie Love, Mary Astor, Kenneth Hawks, Dorothy Gulliver, Norma Shearer, Irving Thalberg, June Collier, Ralph Forbes, Marie Gray, Ronald Colman, Tom Mix, Ramon Novarro, Walter Byron, John Loder, Jetta Goudal and Lily Damita. Only a possible dozen of these are frequent guests. On the other hand, nice but comparatively obscure people are always to be found at the hospitable board.

Mary is a fine little housekeeper and an incomparable hostess.

WHEN she is giving a formal party she stays home and runs the show herself. Most of the time, however, the busy couple are at the studio until early evening, and then Albert has full sway over the arrangements.

Although Mary employed an art decorator to aid in doing over her home, she weighed every suggestion herself before it was adopted. She seems to have an intense and uncanny feeling for the exact color—both for draperies and for clothes. Pickfair is really a monument to her taste. And you should see the Pickford attic! It is a fascinating place.

Besides housing discarded things, it contains many furnishings for the new wing of the house that is soon to be built. Discarded things don't linger long, however, for Doug and Mary each have three beach cottages to which cast-offs go when they have outlived their Pickfair usefulness.

## FRECKLES



Remove  
this ugly mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or department store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful complexion.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

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DOUBLE STRENGTH



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## MONEY FOR YOU!

\$500. Offered for the best New Name for the Talkies.

Turn to page 76 of this issue for conditions of contest.



One wistful attic treasure is the suite of furniture Mary bought with which to furnish a new home for her mother. She thought the home Mrs. Pickford had built was too cheerless. She had bought things to duplicate their old home in Canada—but alas, they arrived too late!

Social life at Pickfair, in the long evenings, centers in the big 18th Century living room.

There, when shadows fall, a silver screen is thrown across one end of the room, and pictures are shown. The house is now wired for sound photoplays.

Practically all the pictures turned out are shown, sooner or later, fetched by Charlie in the rattling slivver. The servants gather quietly in the hallway for the screenings, and Doug and Mary set great store by the photoplay opinions of some of them.

Other entertainment at Pickfair takes many forms. If the day is fine, there is swimming. Doug and some of his picture friends occasionally take a plunge at night.

Then there are many games with odd names, all derived from cricket, croquet or golf, that are played on the front lawn.

Once brisk horseback rides began the Pickfair day, but recently the time demands of the studio have almost done away with the equine exercise. Within doors, the entertainment depends largely on the guests.

IF chums like Chaplin or Tom Geraghty drop in, there may just be long, interesting talks, as between old and valued friends. There are store games to play—or charades and extemporaneous debates on subjects grave or gay. And it is well known that some of Chaplin's greatest pantomime has been seen in the living room at Pickfair before his best friends. He is said to have surpassed himself the night of the dinner for Prince George.

Indoors the shaded lights play upon the happy faces and the beautiful furnishings of a handsome American home.

Outdoors, in the darkness, are the Pickfair dogs—"Robin Hood," a huge St. Bernard; "Zoro," "Bagdad," and "Rooney," who is just plain dog, but greatly beloved.

Night falls on Pickfair, and all is well.

Doug and Mary, a nice American married couple, are at home!

## "STEP ON IT, MOTHER ▶ THIS ISN'T THE POLKA"



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# Modess

(Pronounced Mō-dess')

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## Watch Your Diet

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73 ]

billboards and newspapers flared with the slogan "Have you had your iron today?" People were assured that the humble raisin would supply this necessary mineral, but in order to get enough iron from that source alone one would have to eat four cups of raisins.

The appended mineral content table will show you a more pleasant way to get the minerals you need.

MILK contains a small, though important, amount of iron, but the fats, sugars and starches possess a low iron content—another reason why vegetables and fruits should always have a prominent place in the daily diet.

Though ninety per cent of the mineral content of bone is calcium, the American diet is more often deficient in calcium than any other mineral. One hundred units of calcium a day are essential to provide a margin of safety.

It takes fully six pounds of calcium to build the body, from birth until adult age.

There is an old saying, "For every child a tooth." This merely means that if there is not enough calcium in an expectant mother's diet, she will draw on her own bones and teeth for this mineral in order that her child may be properly supplied. This is one of nature's ways of fighting what often develops



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## Kolor-Bak Banishes Gray Hair

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into a tragic battle, one of the war-scars of which is softening of the bones and teeth in the mother when the ordeal is over.

Calcium is not needed solely for bone building. If the heart is to act and the blood to

coagulate normally, sufficient calcium must be present.

A certain young starrng prospect at one of the big studios neglected her calcium needs in a diet which she designed for herself for

## MINERAL CONTENTS TABLE

Your daily diet should contain 100 units each of these three minerals.

Food	Serving	Calcium Units	Phosphorus Units	Iron Units
<b>Fruits</b>				
Apple.....	1 medium.....	1.....	1.....	2
Apricots.....	2 medium.....	3.....	3.....	3
Banana.....	1 medium.....	1.....	2.....	3
Blackberries.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	3.....	3.....	4
Currants (dried).....	¼ cup.....	4.....	5.....	6
Dates.....	4.....	3.....	1.....	6
Figs (dried).....	2 to 3.....	7.....	3.....	6
Grapefruit.....	½ medium.....	4.....	2.....	3
Grapes.....	1 large bunch (about 50).....	3.....	2.....	2
Huckleberries.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	3.....	.....	6
Muskmelon.....	½ medium.....	2.....	1.....	1
Orange.....	1 medium.....	9.....	2.....	2
Peach.....	1 medium.....	3.....	2.....	2
Pear.....	1 medium.....	2.....	2.....	2
Pineapple (fresh).....	¾ cup.....	4.....	4.....	6
Prunes.....	4 to 6.....	3.....	3.....	7
Raisins.....	¼ cup.....	3.....	2.....	9
Raspberries.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	5.....	3.....	3
Strawberries.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	6.....	2.....	6
Rhubarb.....	½ to ¾ cup (cooked).....	7.....	3.....	7
Tomato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	2.....	3

### VEGETABLES

Asparagus.....	1 medium serving.....	1.....	2.....	5
Beets.....	About 2 medium.....	4.....	3.....	4
Cabbage.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	5.....	2.....	6
Carrots.....	1 medium large.....	9.....	4.....	4
Cauliflower.....	¾ cup.....	4.....	4.....	3
Celery.....	3 stalks.....	6.....	2.....	2
Chard.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	1.....	2.....	11
Corn.....	2 small ears.....	1.....	6.....	4
Cucumbers.....	6 thin slices.....	1.....	1.....	1
Lettuce.....	¼ solid head.....	5.....	3.....	8
Onions.....	4 small.....	5.....	4.....	3
Parsnips.....	1 medium large.....	6.....	5.....	3
Peas.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	3.....	7.....	8
Potato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	5.....	10
Spinach.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	10.....	5.....	25
Squash (winter).....	½ to ¾ cup.....	3.....	2.....	4
String beans.....	½ to ¾ cup.....	4.....	2.....	4
Sweet potato.....	1 medium.....	2.....	3.....	3

### SEEDS, CEREALS and BREADS

Beans (dried).....	½ cup (cooked).....	7.....	10.....	14
Bread (graham).....	1 slice.....	2.....	5.....	5
Bread (white).....	1 slice.....	1.....	2.....	2
Cornmeal.....	¾ to 1 cup (cooked).....	1.....	4.....	2
Farina.....	½ to ¾ cup (cooked).....	1.....	3.....	2
Macaroni.....	¾ cup (cooked).....	1.....	3.....	2
Rice (white).....	½ to ¾ cup (cooked).....	.....	2.....	2
Rolled oats or whole wheat cereals.....	½ to ¾ cup (cooked).....	2.....	7.....	6
Shredded wheat.....	1.....	8.....	1.....	8

### NUTS

Almonds.....	15 nuts.....	5.....	6.....	4
Peanuts.....	15 nuts.....	2.....	6.....	2
Pecans.....	12 halves.....	2.....	4.....	2
Walnuts.....	7 halves.....	2.....	4.....	2

### ANIMAL FOODS

Buttermilk.....	1 cup.....	40.....	19.....	4
Cheese.....	1 inch cube.....	30.....	12.....	2
Cream 18½%.....	1 cup.....	34.....	16.....	3
Cream 40%.....	1 cup.....	30.....	14.....	3
Egg.....	1.....	5.....	7.....	10
Egg white.....	1.....	1.....	.....	.....
Egg yolk.....	1.....	3.....	5.....	9
Fish (Halibut).....	1 fairly large serving.....	2.....	20.....	8
Meat (medium fat).....	1 med. serving.....	2.....	20.....	25
Milk (whole).....	1 cup.....	40.....	17.....	4
Milk (whole).....	1 quart.....	160.....	68.....	16
Milk (skimmed).....	1 cup.....	40.....	18.....	4
Oysters.....	5 to 7.....	5.....	8.....	20

### SWEETS

Maple syrup.....	2 tablespoons.....	5.....	.....	7
Molasses.....	2 tablespoons.....	10.....	1.....	17



cutting down her weight. In a month or so she was in my office with a flare-up of an old, chronic tuberculosis which nature had arrested in childhood. She told me that her dentist had also noticed at a recent examination that her teeth were much softer than they had been six months before.

She was a young thing and should have been taking milk and vegetables every day.

Meal and milled cereal products are poor in calcium, while fruits and vegetables are rich. Milk is the calcium supply par excellence. Therefore, milk is as valuable a food for adults as it is for growing children, affording more calcium even than the same amount of clear lime water. A quart a day will keep bone disease and the dentist at bay. For the plump person skimmed milk may be taken, since cream chiefly carries the milk fat and vitamins.

The phosphorous content of the daily diet should also be at least one hundred units, because phosphorus is not only an important constituent of the body fluids, but is united with the protein, fats and carbohydrates of the body. It is an important component of that part of the body cell which permits cell multiplication and regeneration. The work of the various glands of the body is aided by phosphorus. Eggs and milk are particularly rich in this mineral.

**SODIUM**, potassium, magnesium and chlorine are seldom dietetic deficiencies. The meat and plant foods assure an ample supply of magnesium. Salt furnishes humans with an ample supply of sodium and chlorine. The correct normal diet should include about a fifteenth of an ounce of salt a day.

Iodine is chiefly found in drinking water, green vegetables and sea foods, but cod liver oil contains a goodly share of it.

While iodine's complete rôle in the life drama is still befogged, we do know that although but a small amount is necessary, that infinitesimal trace is none the less essential. Without iodine the thyroid gland (the governor of our bodily engine) is unable to function.

The soil and water in the Great Lakes region and about Puget Sound is so deficient in iodine that these areas are termed "goitre zones."

Even dogs have goitre in the Great Lakes region.

One could not be a movie queen with a goitre. Therefore, swollen necks are not common sights in Hollywood.

For an example as to how the locality in which one lives has to do with the production of a goitre, the case of the wife of a well-known screen editor is significant. This girl was born in the "goitre zone" and when she came to Hollywood as a bride three years ago her goitre was quite prominent. California foods caused a decrease in the size of this swelling until it was hardly noticeable.

Last summer she paid her relatives a prolonged visit at their home in the "goitre zone" and while she was away she suffered a recurrence.

Now that she has been back in Hollywood for six months on a diet rich in iodine the goitre has grown so small as to be hardly noticeable.

**THIRTY** grains of sodium iodide taken twice a year will eliminate iodine lack if the water and vegetables in the region in which you live are deficient in iodine.

Carrots grown in California have been found to contain 170 parts of iodine per billion parts of dry food, while carrots grown in the goitrous Oregon area contain but 2.2 parts.

Iodine is a two-edged sword, however, for lack of it will cause the slowing down of the thyroid gland and resulting fatness, while an excessive amount may speed it up, resulting in thinness.

Therefore, rely on a competent physician to determine your iodine needs rather than experiment.

He may prescribe iodized salt!



**SALLY PHIPPS**, youthful Fox star, as she appears in the leading role of "None But the Brave"

*at the right she is shown applying Boncilla clasmic pack—the first step for skin radiance.*



Beauties of the stage and screen have for many years been users of Boncilla clasmic pack. Scores of them send us pictures and statements for use in helping others. They make no charge.

**Boncilla First** These radiant stars, to whom beauty is their stock in trade, apply Boncilla first. The wake-up—always—comes before the make-up. There are no such results without it.

# Beauty for You

If you are a young girl, you can multiply your beauty in this way. You can do it before your evening appearance. Your friends will be amazed, and you will be delighted.

If you are an older woman, with one use of Boncilla you may seem to drop ten years. You will hardly believe the change. Why should not all of you, whose career depends largely on beauty, employ this utmost aid? Beauty experts, the world over, say that must be done.

### Just a Few Minutes

Consider tonight, or any time when you wish to appear at your best. Apply Boncilla to the face and neck. At once you will feel it draw from the skin much that should not be there.

It draws out the dirt and grime, the dead skin and hardened oil. The causes of blackheads and blemishes.

It cleans the skin to the depths, and that is the first step to beauty.

It draws the blood to the skin—the only factor which can nourish and revive it.

You feel all this. Then, when you wash off the Boncilla, you see a rosy glow, a clear, clean skin, a soft skin and an animated look. Then use what make-up you desire. Nothing can excel the natural.

Young girls will amaze themselves and their friends by this simple application. With older women, little lines will disappear. Wrinkles will be combated, enlarged pores reduced. Sagging muscles will be strengthened. The results are almost unbelievable. One glorious evening, after the use of Boncilla, will forever win you to it.

All toilet counters supply Boncilla in tubes or jars—50c to \$3.50. The coupon, with 10 cents, will bring you a one-week test. That means a Beauty Box—Boncilla clasmic pack and the two creams and the powder which go with it—your supreme beauty helps. If you wish to try before you buy, clip coupon now. Do one or the other in justice to yourself.

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## The Girl From Woolworth's

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

That night, lounging in his suite at an expensive hotel on the Boulevard, he hit upon an idea. He would waste no more time waiting for someone to discover him. He would discover himself.

He seized pencil and paper and made a rough outline of the things he could do. Then he spent most of the night dopping out scenes which would show him in action. Occasionally he ceased writing and stood before the full length mirror, trying out certain gestures and expressions, then feverishly jotting them down on paper. The next day he consulted a make-up expert and after many hours before the mirror he decided that the right side of his face was really the Barrymore profile.

WHEN his scenario was finally completed he engaged Art Hall, a cameraman who was temporarily out of a job, to make a thousand foot test.

"Now I want to get a girl to play opposite me," he explained to the cameraman. "You see I shall want to show how good I am at making love as well as my action stuff." He had spent an entire afternoon at a neighborhood theater where an old Barrymore picture was being shown, taking notes on the screen lover's soul kiss technique.

"Sure, I can get some little extra girl who'll be tickled pink to have a few days' work," Art had in mind a girl whom he personally considered star material.

"No, I don't want an extra girl," Harold said emphatically. "She would be sure to think that she knows more about acting than I do and try to steal my stuff. I want a girl who is cute—but not too cute. A dumb one would be better I think—one who has never even been before the camera. You see she is just to be a foil for me. The worse she is, the better I'll show up."

"I get you," said Art, who had already classified Harold as a nut but he had had enough experience in yes-ing to agree with the man who is to sign the checks.

For several days Harold and the cameraman inspected hat check girls, cigarette girls, waitresses, manicurists and ushers; but they were either too pretty or not pretty enough, too upstage or too eager. The most promising prospect was a young waitress whom Harold had noticed at the cafe where he ate his breakfast.

He watched her for several mornings and finally decided that she would be all right. But when he explained his proposition to her she shrugged indifferently:

"SORRY, big fella, you'll have to drive your Rolls-Royce up another street. I fell for one of those chance-of-a-lifetime gags once before. Now I'm playing safe and staying right here in this hash house where I get my pay regular and don't have to yes anybody." She swished a towel over her shoulder and dumped the soiled dishes on a tray.

Harold looked at Art who was busy lighting a cigarette. "These Hollywood girls are certainly fresh," he remarked as he picked up the check, tempted not to leave a tip for the girl.

"How about trying the five and ten?" The cameraman suggested when they reached the street. "That's practically virgin territory. Of course they haven't so much class but De Mille discovered a girl there once."

"That's an idea," agreed Harold. "The important thing is to find a girl who'll appreciate the chance I'm giving her and who won't imagine that she's doing me a favor by playing opposite me."

It was at the notion counter that they found



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Jennie, a little wisp of a girl with narrow, birdlike shoulders and enormous eyes that were like dark pools set in a pale, heart-shaped face.

Harold nudged the cameraman. Art had already seen the girl but he was diplomatic enough to let Harold think he had seen her first. They leaned against the opposite counter and held a whispered conversation.

"She'd be sort of cute if she had on some decent clothes." Harold watched Jennie out of the corner of his eye. "What do you think of her?"

"Oh, I guess she's all right if you want that type," said Art non-committally. He knew exactly how the camera would pick up those dark eyes but he thought it was just as well not to mention this to Harold.

"Maybe I ought to get a girl with more sex appeal."

"Oh, I don't know about that. An anaemic looking girl like this one would sort of emphasize your own virility—know what I mean?"

**H**AROLD agreed that this was true. He approached Jennie and asked for a paper of pins.

"What kind?" she asked in a timid, little girl voice.

"Er—safety pins." He tugged at his tie self-consciously.

Jennie put the pins in a little paper bag and Harold handed her a dollar bill. He waited until she brought the change before speaking.

"Ever done any picture work?" he asked casually, trying to act like a producer.

She looked up at him, startled.

"No, sir. I never have." A pink flush had crept into her pale cheeks. "I've never even been inside a studio—"

Perfect, thought Harold. He leaned across the counter.

"How would you like to play in a picture—with me?"

The dark eyes widened. "Me?" She gave a nervous little laugh. "You're kidding."

"No, I'm not," he said seriously. "How much do you make here?"

"Why—I make fourteen dollars—"

"How would you like to make ten dollars a day for several days' work?"

Jennie looked at him with sudden suspicion, as though uncertain whether she ought to call the floor manager or not.

"Oh, it's a perfectly legitimate proposition."

Harold hastened to reassure her. "You see I'm making a picture—starring myself." He added the last importantly. "I could use a little girl like you to play opposite me."

SHE stared at him with unbelieving eyes, her fingers nervously twisting a little skein of embroidery thread in the box beneath her hand.

If he had said "Here, little girl, is a million dollars. Would you like to have it?" she could not have been more startled.

"But I don't know anything about acting," she confided wide-eyed. "Wouldn't I have to learn that first?"

Harold noticed that she was almost pretty when her eyes lighted as they did now.

"Oh, the acting will be easy. I can teach you that in no time—"

"Can you?" she asked naively. A wistful little smile curved the bowed mouth on which there was no sign of lipstick. "I guess acting would be a lot nicer than working here, standing on my feet all day. Some days I get so tired—"

"Well, of course, you don't want to get the idea that I'm going to star you or anything like that."

Harold decided that she ought to understand the situation right at the start. No use getting her hopes up.

"It'll only be a few days' work."

She nodded that she understood.

"Better not give up your job," he cautioned.

"Just ask them to let you off for a week."

Jennie was thoughtful, apparently weighing



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a few days of glory against a lifetime of drabness.

"Say, it'd be great if we could get a shot of you leaning across the counter that way, propositioning the kid," suggested Art who had come into the scene. "It'd be good human interest stuff."

Harold had not included anything like this in his scenario, but since the test was to show him running the gamut of human emotions perhaps the suggestion was a good one.

"A coupla baby spots and *Crecos* and a nigger is all we'd need," continued Art. "I guess the manager'd let us shoot it after hours —if you explained to him who you are."

**T**HIS decided Harold. He consulted the manager at once with the result that that evening, after the store was closed, the opening scene in the super-test was shot.

While Art set up the camera and placed the lights Harold gave Jennie her first lesson in acting.

"Now all you have to do is just be yourself. Forget that you're trying to act. Look up at me like I was a customer and when I ask for a paper of pins you hand them to me, like you did this morning. Then I'll smile at you—see —and when you give me the change I'll catch hold of your hand."

Acting certainly sounded simple the way Harold explained it. "Now we'll just walk through the scene first to be sure you've got it right."

Jennie caught on quickly. The wide-eyed, adoring way in which she looked up at him as he leaned over the counter, Harold declared to be perfect.

"All set, Art. Shoot!" ordered Harold, and the cameraman ground out thirty feet of film.

The next day the robin's egg blue roadster conveyed the trio to the beach and Harold, in abbreviated bathing trunks, dived off the Venice Pier to rescue a very frightened Jennie who was supposedly going down for the last time.

This gave him a chance to use the fancy dive which the lifeguard had taught him and the overhand stroke as he swam to shore.

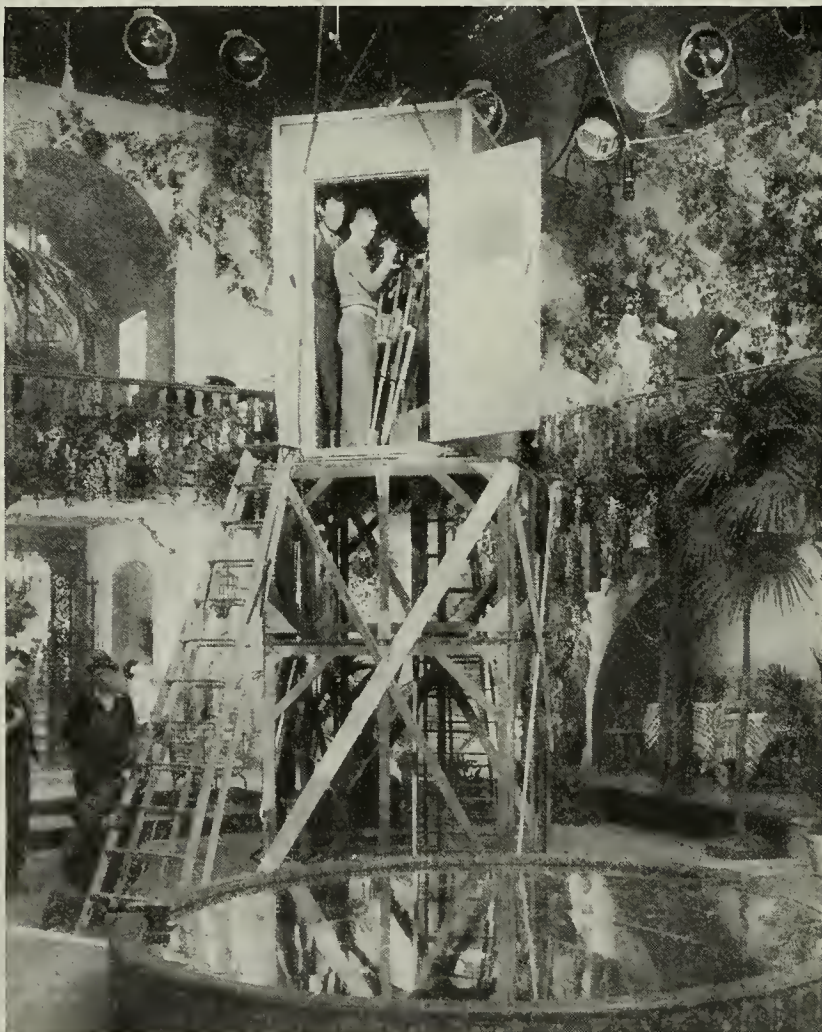
The camera then picked him up as he staggered up on the beach, very much out of breath, with Jennie in his arms. He placed her on the sand and knelt over her, carefully turning the right side of his face to the camera.

"Be sure to get my profile in this, Art," he called over his shoulder.

"The poor sap," Art said under his breath as he looked into the eye of the camera and shot the scene so that the profile did not entirely obscure Jennie's upturned flower-like face.

**H**AROLD'S scenario did not call for continuity of action nor for consistency of characterization. It had been fashioned solely for the purpose of showing how versatile he was.

And so the following day, looking like one



Talking Pictures have to do the craziest things! Here's a sound-proof camera booth raised on stilts to get smart camera angles for "The Cocoanuts," the Marx Brothers talkie being filmed at the Paramount eastern studio. If anyone says this dialogue will sound stilted he will get a hand-grenade, C. O. D., by the next mail



of the Alger boys, in chaps, spurs, and a Tom Mix hat, he did some western riding in Griffith Park.

"Now in this scene," he explained, "I'm the bold, bad man of the mesa. I make love to Jennie who is just a poor little ranch girl. I foil a lot of evil cowboys and then I ride away. We'll put in a title something like 'Love 'em and leave 'em.'"

**H**AROLD decided that it was unnecessary to rehearse the scene. No acting was required from Jennie. All she had to do was to stand by a tree and watch Harold. Everything went well until he jumped on the horse to ride away. Then he made the mistake of digging it with the spurs and the horse gave a sudden leap which almost sent Harold flying over its head.

He saved himself in time, but he lost his ten gallon hat in the effort, which of course was a little bit out of character.

"Better cut out the last few feet of that," he said to Art later.

"O.K." The cameraman managed to hold a poker face until Harold's back was turned.

But the next day when the actor appeared in the costume of a sheik, Art could restrain himself no longer.

"What do you think you are—the ghost of Valentino?"

Harold ignored this wisecrack from Art. "I thought a desert sequence would be sort of sexy," he replied seriously.

"Oh, sure. Desert stuff's always hot." Then he added: "You've certainly got a flair for production values. You ought to go in for the writing end as well as the acting."

Harold answered that he had already thought of that.

With great difficulty Art managed to keep a straight face while Harold portrayed a Boston boy's conception of a sheik, kidnaping Jennie and carrying her off to his desert lair.

As the test progressed Harold strongly suspected that Jennie had fallen hard for him.

"I think you're just wonderful, Mr. Flower," she would say when they had completed a scene, looking up at him in that wide-eyed adoring way which of course only added to his own conviction that he was good.

He thought it kinder, however, not to encourage Jennie and at all times he made it very plain that his interest in her was purely impersonal.

It was all right for Art, who was only a cameraman, to kid Jennie and lead her on, but Harold could not afford to have any complications.

He had his career to think of and it did not include Jennie.

After the desert scene came a Spanish sequence with Harold slimly elegant as a toreador, doing a hot Spanish tango—or at least that was what he called it; then an underworld sequence in which he rescued Jennie, a little gun moll, from a band of gangsters; and, lastly, the moonlit garden scene where love and virtue triumphed.

Through a friend of his father who did not know how Mr. Flower felt on the subject of his screen career, Harold secured permission to use the gardens of a beautiful Beverly Hills estate.

Art found a rotund violinist who was willing to furnish sob music for the scene for three dollars.

**C**INDERELLA at the ball must have looked very much like Jennie in her gay little evening frock as she melted into Harold's arms, gazing up at him starry-eyed. They were standing by a lily pond where their silhouettes had been caught in the water.

"It's been wonderful, Mr. Flower," she had said before they started the scene. "I just love being an actress—" A little wistful smile curved her lips. "I guess I'll remember this—*always*."

It made Harold feel very philanthropic that he had been able to bring a little sunshine into Jennie's drab life. Tomorrow she would go

# She still looked exquisite ~

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back to the five-and-ten to sell notions. No wonder that tears were trembling on her long lashes.

Sometime, he decided, when he was an established star and able to choose his own cast, he would give Jennie some extra work.

The rotund violinist began to sway to the strains of Harold's request number, "Hearts and Flowers." Art was to direct the scene.

"NOW remember, Jennie," he began grinding the camera, "he's your sweetheart. He's going away—out of your life. Maybe you'll never see him again. You're heart-broken. You don't want to go back to the notion counter. Your arms go about his neck. You cling on to him—beg him not to leave you—"

Jennie's arms went about Harold's neck. Great tears rolled down her cheeks as she clung on to him, imploring him with little broken phrases not to leave her. She made it seem so real that it was a moment before Harold realized that Jennie was completely obscuring his profile. She was behaving as if she had forgotten all about the camera, stealing the scene completely, and was too dumb to know she was doing it. What did Art mean giving her a break like that? He had suspected him once before, in the desert stuff, and had spoken to him about it. But now he couldn't stop him because they were at the end of the film.

One thing he could do, however. He could get Jennie's back to the camera. His full face was not so good but it would be better to sacrifice his profile than to let Jennie hog the scene the way she was doing. He tried to recall just what Barrymore's action had been in a similar scene.

He got a strangle hold on Jennie, swung her halfway round, bent her back, then leaned over and gave her the Barrymore kiss. It lasted for several feet. He felt Jennie wilt in his arms.

The test was finished. Jennie's flash of glory had ended. Harold's had just begun.

The film went to the laboratory. Harold went to Del Monte for a few days' rest after his strenuous activities. He wanted to be in condition to give his all, once the starring contract was signed.

Two weeks later the agent whom he had engaged to manage him was conducting a high-powered sales campaign in behalf of his new client.

"I tell you this boy's got everything," the agent enthused to Moe Stern, of the Paradox Pictures, who had finally consented to look at the test.

"He looks good, he dresses well, he can ride, swim, dive, dance and what's more—the boy can act. I tell you, Moe, he's a find."

"Well, let's have a look," said the skeptical Mr. Stern who had heard this line from agents so many times that it failed to impress him.

THE test with credit titles saying that it had been produced by Harold Flower and that it starred Harold Flower flickered across the screen in the studio projection. They saw Harold propositioning Jennie. Harold rescuing Jennie from a watery grave. Harold, the bad man of the mesa. Harold the sheik, the toreador, the hero.

"Well, what did I tell you?" said the enthusiastic agent when the film had reached its fadeout. "Ain't he great?"

For a moment there was silence while the agent waited breathlessly for the producer to commit himself.

"Who's the girl?" finally asked Mr. Stern. "Oh, she's nobody. Just a little kid from the ten-cent store—never been before the camera before. But the boy—I ask you, Moe, ain't he a knockout?"

"The boy?" asked the producer a little vaguely as though he had not noticed the boy at all, "Oh, there are dozens like him. But that girl—she's different. She's got something.

"Actually, she wrung my heart in that last scene.

"From the ten cent store you say? Get her in here. I'm going to sign her up. She'll be a star overnight."

The agent went down for the count.

It was with difficulty that he later attempted to explain to a dazed and unbelieving Harold the peculiarities of the motion picture business.

"Jennie!" gasped Harold. His self-confidence had taken its first nose dive. "But I taught her all she knows. She would never have had a chance if it hadn't been for me. Why I—discovered her!"

"You did, huh?" This gave the shrewd agent a new slant on the matter. "Then I'll tell you what we'll do. Get her in here right away and we'll put her under a long term contract.

"Then, you see, they'll have to deal through you."

Harold stared at him a little blankly. His one track mind was still trying to grasp what had actually happened.

"SAY, you wouldn't be the first guy to cash in on the drawing power of some girl's soulful eyes," continued the agent who had misinterpreted Harold's silence. "The gag is to catch 'em young, keep 'em cute and tell 'em nothing."

He reached for the telephone. "What's her number?"

But it was too late.

At that moment, at a well known chicken dinner palace, Jennie and the poker-faced cameraman were celebrating the signing of her contract with Paradox Pictures.

Harold would scarcely have recognized the Jennie who was leaning over the table, talking excitedly.

It was a Jennie rouged and lip-sticked, with a short skirt that just missed covering a very nice pair of knees, and a pert little red hat drawn over her dark hair.

"And I owe it all to you, Art," she gave him that same wistful little smile which had wrung Moe Stern's heart.

"That certainly was a wonderful hunch you had, putting me in as a salesgirl at the five-and-ten.

"Honestly, I never thought I could get away with it."

"Well, it only goes to prove that behind every successful girl in Hollywood, there's a man."

Art turned to see if anyone was looking and then gave her a quick kiss. "You might have gone on being an extra girl all your life if the Boston Flower hadn't engaged me as a cameraman."

At the mention of Harold they both burst into convulsive laughter.

"It was certainly a break for you to have Harold teach you how to act," kidded Art.

"But I think it was that anaemic makeup you figured out that really got me the job," Jennie made a little wry face at the memory of it.

"Why it almost made me feel sick and under-fed."

"You looked good to me, even with the makeup." He patted her hand and managed to steal another kiss while the waiter's back was turned.

"They're going to call me 'Genec,'" Jennie babbled on excitedly, "and they're going to star me in the very first picture."

"Yeah?"

It was obvious that Art was just as thrilled about it as she was.

"And guess what they're going to call it—'The Girl from Woolworth's.'"

A WEEK later a very inconspicuous news item appeared in the society column of a Boston paper. It read:

Mr. Harold Flower has returned to his home on Beacon Hill after an extended sojourn in Hollywood, California. Young Mr. Flower will soon enter upon his duties at the Mayflower Bank as assistant to his father.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16 ]

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

★ **INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

★ **IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to *D'Artagnan*—hurray! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

**JAZZLAND**—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. (March.)

★ **JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—Chesterfield.—Bootlegging, serious drinking, gunfire and pure night-club girls in an impossible hodge-podge. (April.)

**KID'S CLEVER, THE**—Universal.—But the film isn't. (November.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE RODEO**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**LADY OF CHANCE, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velez runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

**LAST WARNING, THE**—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

**LEATHERNECK, THE**—Pathe.—Good silent film crippled with some talk. Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Co., fine in Marine yarn. (April.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

**LIGHTNING SPEED**—FBO.—Adventures of a newspaper reporter—as the movies see 'em. (Nov.)

**LINDA**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

**LION'S ROAR, THE**—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

**LITTLE SAVAGE, THE**—FBO.—A Western that is saved by some good human interest touches. (March.)

**LITTLE WILDCAT, THE**—Warners.—Nothing to shoot up the blood pressure. (November.)

**LOOKOUT GIRL, THE**—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

**LOOPING THE LOOP**—UFA-Paramount.—Foreign drama of circus life, with an old theme but with some good continental atmosphere—if that's what you're looking for. (March.)

**LOVE IN THE DESERT**—FBO.—Smart and funny version of the good old hot-sand stuff, with Olive Borden, Hugh Trevor, Noah Beery. (April.)

**LUCKY BOY**—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking, silent, with lapses into sound and singing. (March.)

**MADOLON**—Universal.—A talkie—so bad that it should be a museum piece. (November.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

★ **MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MANHATTAN KNIGHTS**—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whiskers but plenty of action. (March.)

**MAN HIGHER UP, THE**—Three reel talker, with Robert Edson and Hobart Bosworth in fine voice. Heavy drammer. (April.)

**MAN IN HOBBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

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**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MAN'S MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjou comedy. (Feb.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER**—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confused fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

★ **ME, GANGSTER**—Fox.—Sentimental, melodramatic and yet completely absorbing. Introducing an unusual newcomer, one Don Terry, whose performance is worth seeing. (November.)

**MORGAN'S LAST RAID**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—An old-time melodrama made passable by modern embellishments. (November.)

★ **MOTHER KNOWS BEST**—Fox.—Edna Ferber's story of a stage mother whose dominating, relentless ambition for her daughter sends the girl to fame. A remarkable performance by Madge Bellamy and great acting by Louise Dresser and Barry Norton. (November.)

**MOULIN ROUGE**—World Wide Pictures.—Paris boulevard piece made in Paris and London by A. E. Dupont, with a Russian star, Mlle. Chekova. (April.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

★ **MY MAN**—Warners.—A chance to hear Fannie Brice sing all her best songs. Not much on story but a good Vitaphone novelty. (March.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

**NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NIGHT BIRD, THE**—Universal.—Reginald Denny goes back to the prize-ring, where he is at his best. (November.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NOTHING TO WEAR**—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn't hard to watch. (March.)

**OBJECT, ALIMONY**—Columbia.—He done right by our Nell, the little shop-girl, but it all made a trite and feeble picture. (April.)

**OFFICE SCANDAL, THE**—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

**ONE MAN DOG, THE**—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

★ **ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

★ **OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUTLAWED**—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! (March.)

**OUT WITH THE TIDE**—Fearless.—Great hand-fuls of melodrama. (November.)

**PAGE THAT KILLS, THE**—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)

★ **PAGAN, THE**—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Ramon Navarro, Renee Adoree and others. See it. (April.)

**PHIPPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tiresome. (Dec.)

**PORT OF DREAMS**—Universal.—Proving that you can't make a "7th Heaven" just by slowing down the scenes. This one is full of yawns. (November.)

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**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

**PREP AND PEP**—Fox.—Good boys' story of life in a military academy. (March.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

**REDEEMING SIN, THE**—Warners.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable but the picture has a certain pull. (March.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

**RED SWORD, THE**—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal Carmel Myers. (April.)

★ **RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

★ **RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot but good atmosphere and detail. (March.)

**RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia.—Just a very odd—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

★ **RIVER, THE**—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. (March.)

**ROMANCE OF A ROGUE, THE**—Carlos.—Soggy. (November.)

★ **ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROUGH RIDIN' RED**—FBO.—Buzz Barton's red hair triumphs over cinematic slush. (November.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SATANESQUE**—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. (March.)

★ **SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

**SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**—First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

**SEX LIFE OF THE POLYP**—Fox-Movietone.—Gorgeous satire on a scientific lecture, by old Professor Robert Benchley. (November.)

**SHADY LADY, THE**—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

**SHIPS OF THE NIGHT**—Rayart.—South Sea life seen by someone never off Main Street. Just too kiddish for anything. (April.)

**SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE**—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SHOW FOLKS**—Pathe.—Just an obvious story of theatrical people and their struggles. (November.)

**SHOW GIRL**—First National.—It misses the piquant charm of the book but still it is an above-the-average comedy. (November.)

**SILENT SENTINEL, THE**—Chesterfield.—A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

**SILENT SHELDON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

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**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**SINNERS IN LOVE**—FBO.—Little gal alone in a big city. Where have you heard that before? (November.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

★ **SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910. (Jan.)

**SISTERS OF EVE**—Rayart.—Mystery story of a missing millionaire who is not missed by his hard-hearted bride. Fair enough. (November.)

**SKY SKIDDER, THE**—Universal.—They are aviators now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. (March.)

**SMALL TOWN SINNERS**—Hugo Brahn.—German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

**SMOKE BELLEW**—Big Four.—Conway Tearle returns in an Alaskan yarn. Some splendid blizzards. (November.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)

**SOMME, THE**—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

**SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST**—FBO.—Tom Mix has changed his studio but not the plot of his pictures. (November.)

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

**SPEED CLASSIC, THE**—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIE MARRIAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best that Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don't miss. (April.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**SQUARE SHOULDERS**—Pathe.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. (March.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOOL PIGEON**—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

**STRANGE CARGO**—Pathe.—Another all-talking mystery, this time on board a yacht, with an all-stage cast. (April.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Back-stage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

**STRIVING FOR FORTUNE**—Excellent.—Doity work in the ship-yards. (November.)

★ **STRONG BOY**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen in a rattling good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage smashers. (April.)

**SUBMARINE**—Columbia.—A great thriller, with a fine situation and some spectacular scenes, almost spoiled by unimaginative handling. Worth seeing, nevertheless. (November.)

**SUNSET PASS**—Paramount.—Jack Holt in one of the best Westerns in months. And Jack's a sheriff. Dearie me! (April.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

**TAKE ME HOME**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a natural comedy of back-stage life. (November.)

**THAT PARTY IN PERSON**—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical center for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

**THREE PASSIONS, THE**—United Artists.—Rex Ingram produces an old-fashioned story of English high life, with Alice Terry still an ice cake. (April.)

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TIMES SQUARE**—Gotham.—Arthur Lubia imitates Al Jolson and so invites the inevitable odious comparisons. (November.)

**TRACKED**—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

**TRUE HEAVEN**—Fox.—A poky story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and big George O'Brien. (April.)

**TROPICAL NIGHTS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. (March.)

**TROPIC MADNESS**—FBO.—Turbulent melodrama of England and the South Seas. (March.)

**TYRANT OF RED GULCH**—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

**UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS**—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actors in this picture. It's different and it has primitive charm. (February.)

**UNEASY MONEY**—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

**VEILED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VIRGIN LIPS**—Columbia.—Respectable, in spite of the title and some dangerous costumes worn by Olive Borden. (November.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

★ **WATERFRONT**—First National.—Jack Mulhall proves that he can be attractive even with a dirty face. And he is again aided by Dorothy Mackaill. A comedy with originality. (November.)

**WATER HOLE, THE**—Paramount.—De Luxe Zane Gray Western that marks the return of Jack Holt. (November.)

★ **WEARY RIVER**—First National.—Barthelme's first talkie, with the star as a reformed convict. A popular sensation. (April.)

**WEDDING MARCH, THE**—Paramount.—Von Stroheim's romance of old Vienna, messed up with some repellent scenes and characters. Some good moments, but, as a whole, a waste of time, money and talent. (November.)

**WEST OF ZANZIBAR**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lon Chaney goes cripple again. So does the plot. (November.)

**WHAT A NIGHT!**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

★ **WHY BE GOOD?**—First National.—Colleen Moore at her naughtiest and nicest. Peppy and entertaining. (April.)

**WILD BLOOD**—Universal.—Rex, the wonder horse, gets a rough deal in a particularly childish Western. (April.)

★ **WILD ORCHIDS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in a story that proves that tropical heat melts all conventions. The scene is Java—the details are superb—and the picture is a riot for audiences. (March.)

**WIN THAT GIRL**—Fox.—With Sue Carol and Dave Rollins. Otherwise nothing to recommend it. (November.)

**WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE**—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Baclanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

**WOLF SONG**—Paramount.—Mountains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. (March.)

**WOLVES OF THE CITY**—Universal.—Action thriller, with Bill Cody saving Sally Blane from the rascally ransom-crooks. (April.)

★ **WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**YELLOWBACK, THE**—FBO.—More Royal Mounted Police, with the usual help from the scenery. (March.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)



# What Are Your Correct Colors?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

with warm hues of the personal coloring, while vivid warm hues may be at variance with the cool tones present in the intermediate type. Thus intense colors, always difficult to wear, are especially trying to the intermediate type, killing the hues most similar to themselves and revealing unpleasant tinges in those individual hues which are opposite to the colors worn.

**A** VIVID warm red is an excellent example of the disastrous effect of the too vivid warm color on the girl of intermediate type. The intense red makes the cheeks seem paler as the flesh tints are too subdued to successfully vie with the much stronger red used in the costume.

While a small area might be worn, an entire dress of intense red makes the skin seem pale and lifeless, much less attractive than when soft grayed reds, lighter rose tones, or darker, softer wine shades are worn. Not even an increased amount of rouge will give the skin sufficient force to wear vivid red as effectively as the darker brunette, with more definitely warm coloring, can wear it—and we will remember that even the brunette with forceful coloring finds the extremely vivid tones less pleasing than those of softer aspect.

The vivid red which overpowers the flesh tones of the intermediate type, at the same time makes the brown hair seem less colorful, more lifeless. The warm highlights which frequently are found in brown hair fade into insignificance beside the more flaunting red of the costume.

The eyes of the girl with intermediate coloring, usually cool in effect, gray, blue, green or perhaps hazel, seem too cool in contrast to the bright red dress.

This may make the eyes seem both faded and coldly expressionless. It never gives them depth or life.

Vivid blue may be taken as an example of the too vivid cool color, unpleasing in its effect upon the intermediate type. The skin, which is warmer than that of the blonde, less warm than that of the brunette, may contain considerable yellow, which hue may be intensified by the intense blue of the costume, as vivid blue causes its opposite color, yellow, to appear in surrounding surfaces. The eyes, which are usually of a grayed cool color, will appear lighter, less colorful in comparison with the intense cool color which overpowers them. The brown hair will suffer least; sometimes it may gain in contrast to the blue, at other times it may appear too much in contrast with the very cool color.

Seldom does it prove as harmonious as it would with a softer, more grayed color, either warm or cool.

**T**HERE are, naturally, many variations of the intermediate type. The brown hair may be fairly light or dark, although it is most frequently of middle value. It may be colorful, with definite highlights of reddish or red-orange cast, or it may be dull and drab or fairly neutral in tone without the colorful glints. The apparent color of the hair may be greatly influenced by the colors worn near it. Beige and browns similar to the color of the hair should in most instances be avoided. If they are worn they should be definitely lighter or decidedly darker than the hair. They should always be less colorful. A reddish brown will make the hair appear dull and lifeless. A shiny silky reddish brown fur will make dull brown hair appear even more uninteresting. Neutral beiges are too similar to both the hair and the skin.

Rosy beiges will usually be more becoming

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color of eyes which partake of both of these colors.

Green may be becoming to the girl whose eyes are definitely green, blue for the girl with blue eyes. It must, however, be used with discretion or it will make the face look old and hard, the eyes sunken and haggard. A dull violet shadow, such as used by artists to give depth to the eyes in a portrait, is sometimes recommended.

All are more suitable for evening than for daytime use.

**C**OMBINING warm and cool coloring, the intermediate or brown haired type is in a happy position as regards emphasizing her best features.

She may choose which points she wishes to emphasize, which she wishes to minimize, wearing cool colors if she wishes to accent the cool coloring of her skin and eyes, warm colors if she wishes to emphasize her hair or the warm tone of a sunburned skin.

She may wear a harmonious combination of warm and cool colors, accenting both warm and cool features.

Soft blue-green shades, those not too light or too bright, a soft grayed blue, not too light or delicate in tint, and greens that are likewise grayed or softened are flattering to skin, eyes and hair of the intermediate type. These colors make the skin and eyes cooler, the hair warmer and more colorful by contrast. Colors that are too cool or those that are too pale and delicate are far less pleasing than those of medium and dark values.

Violet, red-violet and also violet in softened grayed intensities, are becoming to intermediate brown haired types. Red-violet, particularly, is becoming provided it is not too intense, fading the red-violet flesh tints. Light delicate red-violet, middle values and the very dark wine tones of this color, are all flattering to the brown haired type.

Intense red is difficult, softened subdued reds may be worn, although they are seldom as becoming as other colors which the brown haired type may wear.

Very dark reds are more becoming than light or medium values.

Red-orange may be actively becoming, enhancing the color of the hair and making the skin appear cool and delicate by contrast with its warmer coloring. Sometimes red-orange is more becoming when rouge of that hue is worn.

Red-orange, like other colors, to be becoming must be grayed or subdued. If not too vivid, either pale tints of the type frequently known as apricot or peach, the deeper rose and coral tones, and the very dark values may all be becoming.

In choosing the darker values, the browns, care must be taken that they are not more colorful than the hair. Neither must they be too similar to the hair, which would be monotonous and uninteresting.

**S**OFT orange and creamy yellows are sometimes becoming, frequently enhancing the color of the hair. The intermediate types with hazel or brownish eyes find them especially pleasing.

Too vivid hues are extremely trying to the skin and usually to the hair.

Black, especially in lustrous texture, or used with white, off-white or color accent near the face, is frequently becoming, especially if the skin is clear. Contrast of light and dark value, as black and white or a dark color with a light color, may be pleasing. Gray is usually becoming. Cool bluish grays in medium and dark values, warm gray in light shades, may be becoming, especially when worn with an accent of color. Blue, blue-green, green, blue-violet, violet and rose or coral shades are effective with gray.

A variation of the intermediate type, one that also combines cool and warm coloring, but, because her hair is dark, is frequently classed as a brunette, is the girl with blue-black hair of definite cool feeling so different

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from that of the brunette, with cool skin with red-violet flesh tints, usually fair, appearing more so by contrast with the dark hair, sometimes with brown eyes, frequently with very dark cool eyes.

SHE is predominantly cool in coloring, yet frequently makes the mistake of wearing the warm colors becoming to the brunette rather than the cool colors which emphasize the fairness of her skin, the coolness of her hair, and if her eyes are cool, makes them look deeper and darker.

She may wear somewhat more vivid colors than the blonde or the usual intermediate type, but they are most becoming if not too vivid.

Pale delicate colors, especially if bright, coarsen her skin, while dark colors emphasize its fairness, making the distinctive contrast between dark hair and light skin even more striking.

BLUE-GREEN, green, blue, violet, red-violet are all flattering.

Warm colors are wearable, especially if softened or neutralized to a touch of coolness. Warm colors are, however, seldom as pleasing as those of cooler feeling.

Contrasts of light and dark color, particularly black and an off-white similar to the tone of the skin, are especially effective, emphasizing the contrast between skin and hair. Fairly neutral colors, beiges and grays, are becoming to this striking type, especially when used with an accent of vivid color.

## The Girl Who Walked Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

chanted her songs in a small haunting voice. Bessie then was a Vitagraph star. D. W. Griffith had discovered her, as ginghamed and pigtailed she played extra during school vacation.

They tell how the Master summoned her, saying, “What’s your name, little girl?”

“Juanita Horton,” piped Little Girl.

“From henceforth you are Bessie Love,” intoned the Master—and a few months later, “Bessie Love you are going farther than any of my stars.”

Maybe that prediction held back the tear when many times it tried to shove ahead of the smile.

BESSIE’S eyes were so big there wasn’t much room for her face, and it looked cheated. She played starved orphans in a way to attract Near East Relief. But before the Armenians could sue for infringement of patent, Bessie would turn around and play the betrayed mother.

The land was washed with tears for her and strong men wept like babes; indeed, it looked for a time as though she’d make Willie the Weeper the national anthem. Then suddenly she turned to comedy, there were rainbows o’er our shoulders, and Bessie Love was discovered all over again.

BUT she had no sex appeal—so producers said ominously, and to say that was to breathe damnation, for Madame Glyn had made it as sacred in Hollywood as the dollar sign.

Bessie was thin and big-eyed and without taste for clothes. A fine actress, they agreed, but no it.

Cute, but Unawakened. In all the world there never was such wisdom as lodges in the turrets of Hollywood film producers.

Thus little Bessie who had started early and travelled far was shoved out of her starry vehicle and told to walk back.

“Oh Gee,” I can hear her say as she stood

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forlorn in the road. She didn't weep. Willie could do that. She picked up her uke and started back through the road that is called Poverty Row.

As she walked she sang and her toes took to wriggling. Somewhere *en route* she saw the Charleston, and when at length she emerged into the brighter kleigs of Hollywood, where she was half-forgotten, it was no longer the starved orphan but the flexuous cup-taking Charleston dancer.

The big eyes sparkled as before but the tiny feet twinkled and Bessie's legs were discovered to be the sightliest and sprightliest in all our great leg land.

Her glorious past was forgotten, the actress was no more; directors only gave her dancing parts, sometimes bits. Socially she was in a leading rôle.

She was the life of the party. At Mable Normand's I heard Pola Negri beseeching her for Charleston lessons.

At another party I heard a sobering gent ask her what she drank to give her such a lasting kick.

"I take mine straight," laughed Bessie, pointing at a White Rock bottle.

If licker is nourishment she's still the starved child.

She has never taken a drink, never smoked a cigarette nor even endorsed one, but if you go to her home you are given your favorite brand.

IN New York last summer I heard that Bessie had slipped away into vaudeville. The old eyes dimmed; I felt like Willie as I recalled the child whom I thought the greatest of all our young actresses: her death scene in "Human Wreckage," devoid of theatric agony and like a foretaste of eternal beauty, a passing into the ultimate dream; her genius in scenes of "The Eternal Three" and in tawdry pictures which held nothing else.

Returning to Hollywood I stopped at the Roosevelt Hotel. As I passed down the corridor to my room I heard a woman's oath. I stopped dead still.

Only one woman in Hollywood uses that oath: "Oh Gee!" I rapped on the door and Bessie opened.

After the gaiety of greeting, and only under question, she told me reluctantly of her vaudeville tour.

It hadn't delighted her, though of course everyone was marvelous—they always are, according to Bessie.

Now she was going to New York, she said, to try musical comedy.

As a farewell to Hollywood she was doing one picture, a talkie.

It would be sort of nice, she thought, to have a picture released while she was in New York, so that people wouldn't think she wasn't wanted any more.

TWO months later "The Broadway Melody" came to Graumann's Chinese theater, and Hank was made immortal because Hank is Bessie. Heaven itself was apprized by searchlights that dusted Mars. All the stars of the local firmament arrived in diamonds that dimmed the searchlights and ermine that queens once could afford. They were filmed and radioed throughout the world. Carmel Myers, school girl chum of Bessie, stepped to the microphone and said, "I'm grateful for this night because Bessie Love is triumphing, and, if ever anyone deserved success, Bessie Love does."

Carmel said what all Hollywood felt as that night the Love of our town was given our greatest hand. And every night since there has been a hush—then a storm of applause for that great scene in which Hank sobs alone in her dressing room.

I REPEAT what I wrote two years ago in PHOTOPLAY: "There's no finer actress or sweeter character on the screen than Bessie Love."

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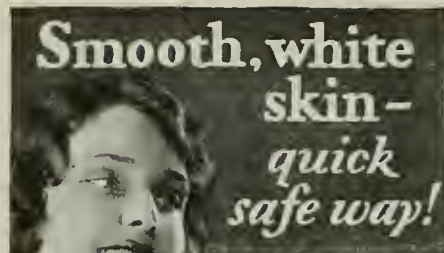
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# Casts of Current Photoplays

## Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ALIBI"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by John Wray, J. C. Nugent and Elaine Sterne Carrington. Adapted by Roland West and C. Gardner Sullivan. Directed by Roland West. The cast: *No. 1065* (Chick Williams), Chester Morris; *Buck Bachman*, Harry Stubbs; *Daisy Thomas*, Mae Busch; *Joan Manning*, Eleanor Griffith; *Toots*, Irma Harrison; *Danny McGann*, Regis Toomey; *Brown*, Al Hill; *Blake*, James Bradbury, Jr.; *Soft Malone*, Elmer Ballard; *Trask*, Kernan Cripps; *Pete Manning*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Tommy Glennon*, Pat O'Malley; *O'Brien*, DeWitt Jennings; *Geo.*, Stanislaus David, Edward Brady; *Singers in theatre*, Virginia Flohri, Edward Jardon.

"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Lillian Ducey and H. Milner Kitchen. Scenario by Howard J. Green. Directed by R. William Neill. The cast: *Nina Laska*, Virginia Valli; *Fred Baker*, Gaston Glass; *Max Randolph*, Otto Matiesen; *Henrick Schild*, Andreas De Segurora; *Captain von Gilden*, Torben Meyer; *John Barlon*, Broderick O'Farrell.

"BETRAYAL"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Victor Schertzinger and Nicholas Soussanin. Adapted by Hans Kraly. Directed by Lewis Mileston. The cast: *Poldi Moser*, Emil Jannings; *Ivoni*, His Wife, Esther Ralston; *Andre Frey*, Gary Cooper; *Hans*, Jada Weller; *Peter*, Douglas Haig; *Andre's Mother*, Bodil Rosing.

"BORN TO THE SADDLE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Bruce Mitchell and George Plympton. Directed by Joseph Levigard. The cast: *Ted Dorgan*, Ted Wells; *Helen Pearson*, Duane Thompson; *Clyde Montimorency Wippeny*, Leo White; *Amos Judd*, Merrill McCormick; *John Pearson*, Byron Douglas; *"Pop" Healy*, Nelson McDowell.

"BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Thornton Wilder. Adapted by Alice D. G. Miller. Directed by Charles Brabin. Photography by Merritt B. Gerstad. The cast: *Camila*, Lily Damita; *Uncle Pio*, Ernest Torrence; *Pepila*, Raquel Torres; *Manuel*, Don Alvarado; *Esteban*, Duncan Renaldo; *Father Juniper*, Henry Walthall; *Viceroy*, Michael Vavitch; *Marquesa*, Emily Fitzroy; *Dona Clara*, Jane Winton; *Jaime*, Gordon Thorpe; *Captain Alvarado*, Mitchell Lewis; *Don Vincente*, Paul Ellis; *Nun*, Eugenie Besserer.

"BROTHERS"—RAYART.—From the story by Ford I. Beebe and Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photography by Hap Dewep. The cast: *Tom Conroy*, as a child, Jimmy Cain; *Bobby Conroy*, as a child, Edward Anderson; *Doris La Rue*, Barbara Bedford; *Tom Conroy*, Cornelius Keefe; *Bobby Conroy*, Arthur Rankin; *Thomas Blackwood*, Richard Carle; *Randy*, George Chesebro; *Norman*, Paddy O'Flynn.

"CHINTOWN NIGHTS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Samuel Ornitz. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by William Wellman. The cast: *Chuck Riley*, Wallace Beery; *Joan Fry*, Florence Vidor; *Boston Charley*, Warner Oland; *"The Shadow"*, Jack McHugh; *The Reporter*, Jack Oakie; *Woo Chung*, Tetsu Komai; *The Gambler*, Frank Chew; *The Maid*, Mrs. Wing; *The Bartender*, Peter Morrison; *Gerald*, Freeman Wood.

"CLOSE HARMONY"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Elsie Janis and Gene Markey. Screen Play by Percy Heath. Directed by John Cromwell and Eddie Sutherland. The cast: *Al Hesi*, Charles Rogers; *Marjorie Merwin*, Nancy Carroll; *Ben Barney*, Jack Oakie; *Johnny Bay*, Richard "Skeets" Gallagher; *Max Mindil*, Harry Green.

"HEARTS IN DIXIE"—FOX.—From the story by Walter Weems. Directed by Paul Sloane. Photography by Glen McWilliams. The cast: *Nappus*, Clarence Muse; *Chinquapin*, Eugene Jackson; *Gummy*, Stepin Fetchit; *Chloe*, Bernice Pilot; *Romney*, Clifford Ingram; *Trailla*, Mildred Washington; *Deacon*, Zach Williams; *Emmy*, Gertrude Howard; *Media*, Dorothy Morrison; *Violet*, Vivian Smith; *Hoodoo Woman*, A. C. H. Billbrew; *White Doctor*, Richard Carlyle.

"HOT STUFF"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Bluffers" by Robert S. Carr. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Barbara* (Babs) Allen, Alice White; *Aunt Kate*, Louise Fazenda; *Mack Moran*, William Bakewell; *Thelma*, Doris Dawson; *Sandy McNab*, Ben Hall; *Wiggam*, Charles Selton; *Tuffy*, Buddy Messinger; *Bob*, Andy Devine; *Cop*, Larry Banthim.

"HOUSE OF HORROR, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Richard Bee. Continuity by Richard Bee. Directed by Benjamin Christensen. The cast: *Louise*, Louise Fazenda; *Chester*, Chester Conklin; *Joe*, James Ford; *Thelma*, Thelma Todd; *Mystery Man*, William V. Mong; *Old Miser*, Emile

Chautard; *Miller*, William Orlamond; *Gladys*, Dale Fuller; *Brown*, Tenen Holtz.

"LETTER, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the stage play by W. Somerset Maugham. Adapted by Garrett Fort. Directed by Jean de Limur. The cast: *Leslie Crosbie*, Jeanne Eagels; *Joyce*, O. P. Heggie; *Robert Crosbie*, Reginald Owen; *Geoffrey Hammond*, Herbert Marshall; *Mrs. Joyce*, Irene Brown; *Li-Ti*, Lady Tsen Mei; *Ong Chi Seng*, Tamaki Yoshiwara.

"LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Louis Joseph Vance. Adapted by Sig Herzig. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Photography by James Van Trees. The cast: *Michael Langard* (*The Lone Wolf*), Bert Lytell; *Helen Fairchild*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Count Polinac*, Charles Girard; *Velma*, Lilyan Tashman; *Bobby Crenshaw*, Donald Keith; *Adrienne*, Florence Allen; *Ethier*, Robert Elliott; *Mrs. Crenshaw*, Ruth Cherrington.

"LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE"—CO-OPERATIVE.—From the story by Raymond Wells. Directed by Raymond Wells. Photography by M. A. Andersen. The cast: *Don Alvarez*, Raymond Wells; *Jose Alvarez*, Leo Kelley; *Papela*, Gail Kenton; *Tautinet*, Grace Lord; *Alo*, Ole Toftia; *Bot*, Taototing Chief; *Sala*, Ole Toftia.

"MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, THE"—M.-G.-M.—From the novel by Jules Verne. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard. Directed by Lucien Hubbard. Photography by Percy Hilburn. The cast: *Dakkar*, Lionel Barrymore; *Sonia*, Jane Daly; *Nikolai*, Lloyd Hughes; *Falon*, Montague Love; *Mikhail*, Harry Gribbon; *Anton*, Sautz Edwards; *Dmitry*, Gibson Gowland; *Teresa*, Dolores Brinkman.

"NAVAJO"—GOODWILL.—From the story by Tom Griffith. Directed by Tom Griffith. All Navajo Indian cast.

"PEACOCK FAN, THE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Continuity by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Phil Rosen. The cast: *Dr. Chang Dorfman*, Lucien Prival; *Peggy Kendall*, Dorothy Dwan; *Sgt. O'Brien*, Tom O'Brien; *Mrs. Rossmore*, Rosemary Theby; *Mr. Rossmore*, Carlton King; *Bertram Leslie*, Gladden James; *Jerry Carlyle*, David Findlay; *Bob Kendall*, James Wilcox; *Thomas Elton*, Fred Malatesta; *Lily*, Alice True; *Arthur*, Spencer Bell; *Dr. Whalen*, John Fowler. In the Prologue: *Felini*, Lotus Long; *Okuri*, Fujii Kishiii; *Men Chung*, Wong Foo.

"ROYAL RIDER, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Nate Gatzert. Adapted by Sylvia Seid and Nicholas Jacques Jaccard. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: *Dick Scott*, Ken Maynard; *Miss Elliot*, Olive Hasbrouck; *King Michael*, Philippe De Lacy; *Count Nicholas*, Theodore Lorchi; *The Tutor*, Joseph Burke; *Parneve*, Harry Semels; *Tarzan*, Tarzan.

"SHANGHAI ROSE"—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Scott Pembroke. Photography by Hap Dewep. The cast: *Shanghai Rose*, Irene Rich; *Henry West*, William Conklin; *Gregor West*, Richard Walling; *Ezra Farthing*, Robert Dudley; *Diana Avery*, Ruth Hiatt; *Xavier Doolittle*, Sid Saylor; *Mrs. Doolittle*, DeSacia Mooers; *Ivar Khan*, Anthony Merlo.

"SIDESHOW, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Howard J. Green. Scenario by Howard J. Green. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Photography by Joseph Walker, A. S. C. The cast: *Oteenie Parker*, Marie Prevost; *Gentleman Ted Rogers*, Ralph Graves; *P. W. McBrose*, "Little Billy"; *Ghandi*, Alan Roscoe; *Bowen*, the *camas boss*, Pat Harmon; *Tall Man*, Texas Madesen; *Fat Lady*, Martha McGruger; *Knife Thrower*, Estaban Clemente; *His Aide*, Janet Ford; *Armless Man*, Paul Dismute; *Tattooed Man*, Bert Price; *Thin Man*, Chester Morton; *Fire Eater*, Jacques Ray.

"SONNY BOY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Leon Zuardo. Scenario by C. Graham Baker. Directed by Archie L. Mayo. The cast: *Sonny Boy*, Davey Lee; *Winifred Canfield*, Betty Bronson; *Crandall Thorpe*, Edward Everett Horton; *Mary*, Gertrude Olmsted; *Hamilton*, John T. Murray; *Mulcahy*, Tommy Dugan; *Mother Thorpe*, Lucy Beaumont; *Thorpe, Sr.*, Edmund Breese; *Phil*, Jed Prouty.

"SPEAKEASY"—FOX.—From the play by Edward Knoblock and George Rosner. Adapted by Frederick H. Brennan. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff. The cast: *Martin*, Paul Page; *Alice Woods*, Lola Lane; *Fuzzy*, Henry B. Walthall; *Min*, Helen Ware; *Cannon Delmont*, Warren Hymer; *Cy Williams*, Stuart Erwin; *Maizie*, Sharon Lynn; *City Editor*, Erville Alderson; *Davey*, James Guffey; *Speakeasy Hangers-on*, Marjorie Beebe, Ivan Linow, Helen Lynch, Sailor Vincent.



"THIS IS HEAVEN" — GOLDWYN-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Hope Loring. Continuity by Hope Loring. Directed by Al Santell. The cast: *Eva Petrie, Vilma Banky; James Stackpoole, James Hall; Mamie Chase, Fritzie Ridgeway; Mr. Frank Chase, Lucien Littlefield; Mr. E. D. Wallace, Richard Tucker.*

"TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES"—FBO.—From the novel "Desert Madness" by Wm. E. Wing. Adapted by Frank Howard Clark. Directed by Robert DeLacy. The cast: *Vic Stanley, Tom Tyler; Amy Taggart, Bee Amann; Clint Taggart, Harry O'Connor; Buddy, Frankie Darro; "The Eagle," Barney Furey; Babcock, Bill Nestell.*

"VOICE OF THE STORM, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Walter Woods. Adapted by Walter Woods. Directed by Lynn Shores. The cast: *Spike, Karl Dane; Franklin Wells, Theodore Von Eltz; Tom Powers, Hugh Allan; Dr. Isaacs, Brandon Hurst; Ruth, Martha Sleeper; Dobbs, Warner Richmond; Mrs. Parkin, Lydia Yeamans Titus.*

"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"—RAYART.—From the story by Victor Rousseau. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. Photography by Hap Dewey. The cast: *Caroline Swayne, Helene Costello; Ben Shelby, Rex Lease; Martha Shelby, Claire McDowell; James Leeson, Ernest Hilliard; Judge Clayburn, Emmett King; Robert Swayne, George Periolat; "Jockey" Boyle, Danny Hoy; Billy Shelby, Buddy Brown; Dream Lad, "Ranger"; Rags, By Himself.*

"WINGED HORSEMAN, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Raymond Schrock. Directed by Arthur Rosson. The cast: *Sky-Ball Smith, Hoot Gibson; Joby Hobson, Ruth Elder; Cal. Hobson, Charles N. Schaeffer; Carly Davis, Allan Forrest; Eben Mathews, Herbert Prior.*

"WOMAN I LOVE, THE"—FBO.—From the story by Erma Stroungquist. Adapted by L. G. Rigby. Directed by George Melford. The cast: *Edna Reed, Margaret Morris; John Reed, Robert Frazer; Lois Parker, Leota Lorraine; Hamilton, Norman Kerry; Lois' boy friend, Bert Moorhouse.*

## The Vitaphone Shatters Another Illusion

I heard the Vitaphone last night, that correlates both sound and sight. The picture dealt, throughout the plot, with "Love's Young Dream," and it was hot! The stars, of whom I've been quite fond, have lately come across the pond, exotic Thespian arts to show (it seems our stars want too much dough). The heroine, a girl whose charm was lost on a Norwegian farm, starred with a youth of some renown who hails from Mussolini's town. I watched the love scene—felt its sway—and this is what they seemed to say:

SHE:

"My love, Dear Heart, I give to thee, As broad, as boundless as the sea, And yet as deep. The more I give, The greater joy it were to live."

HE:

"Three words, Sweetheart, and then good night Till dawn, when Phoebus' golden light Shall drench a darkened world anew. Till dawn, then, Darling. . . I love you."

I sat enraptured—true enough, these foreign actors knew their stuff—when suddenly from somewhere 'round arose a strident, raucous sound. The needle screeched—the record whirred—and sonnets somewhat weird were heard. Now I'm convinced that Drama's dead, for this is what they really said:

SHE:

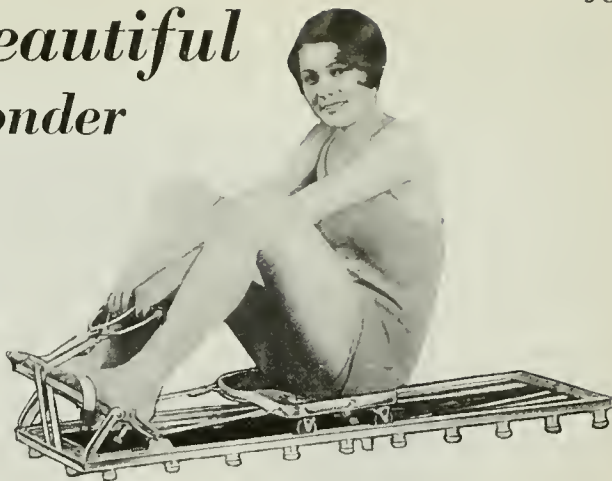
"Ay tank it over and Ay bat Yu ban bast faller Ay meet yat. Soch hair uff black—soch eyes uff brown Yust mak das heart yump opp and down."

HE:

"I gotta no idea in-a da min' Soch nice-a bebbie lik-a you I fin'. I tell-a you, keed, you've mak-a da heet . . . Da Boss-a say 'Fade Out!' Let's-a go eat!"  
CY BURLINGAME.

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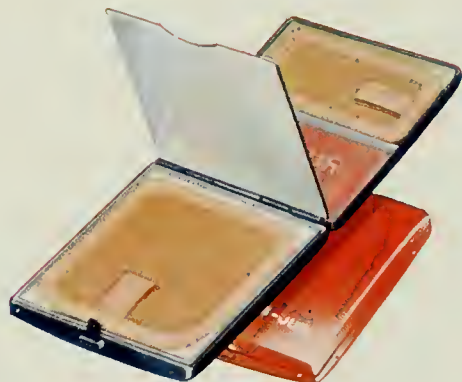
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cigarette just so downright good  
that no grief can prevail against it!





The National Guide to Motion Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

JUNE

25 CENTS



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★ ★ ★

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# PHOTOPLAY

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH  
MANAGING EDITOR

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WESTERN EDITOR

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For  
June  
1929

VOL. XXXVI

JAMES R. QUIRK  
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

No. 1

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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

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

**ADORATION**—First National.—Concerning the post-revolution romance of a Romanoff prince and princess. Ornamented by Billie Dove. (Jan.)

**AIR LEGION, THE**—FBO.—Story about the air mail service that has nothing but a good idea to recommend it. (Dec.)

**AIR MAIL PILOT, THE**—Superlative.—Another air mail story which breaks all the rules of aviation. (Dec.)

**ALIBI**—United Artists.—An almost flawless talkie about a young gunman who marries a cop's daughter. Elegant melodrama. (May.)

**ALL-AMERICAN, THE**—Supreme.—How a collegiate sprinter mops up the Olympic Games, demonstrated by Charlie Paddock. (March.)

**ALL AT SEA**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A Dane-Arthur comedy. The title explains it. (March.)

**ALL FACES WEST**—Pioneer.—Western thriller filmed with Mormon money. Marie Prevost and Ben Lyon are in it. (April.)

**AMAZING VAGABOND, THE**—FBO.—Not so amazing. Just the usual stunts, on land and in the air. (Jan.)

**APACHE, THE**—Columbia.—Just the romance of two sweet kids in the Latin Quarter—if you believe in such things. (Feb.)

**AVALANCHE**—Paramount.—High-class Western with Jack Holt and Baclanova—the picture thief (Jan.)

**AVENGING RIDER, THE**—FBO.—Simple-minded Western mystery story. (Jan.)

**BEGGARS OF LIFE**—Paramount.—The low-down on hoboes. Good entertainment. And hear Wallace Beery sing a song! (Dec.)

**BEHIND CLOSED DOORS**—Columbia.—Psst! Secret service stuff in another mythical country. Virginia Valli. (May.)

**BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES**—UFA-Paramount.—The German side of the war, with excellent and authentic battle scenes spoiled by some obviously studio shots. (Feb.)

★ **BETRAYAL**—Paramount.—Not a pretty tale, but fine dramatic fare, with Emil Jannings, Esther Kalston, Gary Cooper. (May.)

**BEWARE OF BLONDES**—Columbia.—Emerald, emerald, who's got the emerald? (November.)

**BITTER SWEETS**—Peerless.—Fun in the life of a girl detective. (Dec.)

**BLACK ACE, THE**—Pathe.—So-so Western that will fill in a blank evening. (Jan.)

**BLACK BIRDS OF FIJI**—Australasian.—Another South Sea Island picture—only so-so. (Feb.)

**BLACK HILLS, THE**—Dakota.—In which the dam bursts again. (March.)

**BLACK PEARL, THE**—Rayart.—Loose-limbed mystery that rambles aimlessly through the Orient. (April.)

**BLOCKADE**—FBO.—Bootlegging made attractive by Anna Q. Nilsson. A good melodrama. (March.)

**BLOW FOR BLOW**—Universal.—More adventures of Hoot Gibson, if you're interested in Westerns. (Feb.)

**BORN TO THE SADDLE**—Universal.—Three rousing cheers! A real good Western, with action and humor. Ted Wells is head man. (May.)

**BRIDE'S RELATIONS, THE**—Sennett-Educational.—One reel talking comedy sad and funny by turns. Eddie Gribbon is best. (April.)

**BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, THE**—M.-G.-M.—To the astonishment of all, a good picture from the Wilder novel. And oh, zat Lily Damita! (May.)

**BROADWAY FEVER**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Sally O'Neil being literally too cute for words in a trivial story. (March.)

★ **BROADWAY MELODY, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Brilliant all-talkie of backstage life, with Bessie Love astonishing. (April.)

**BROTHERS**—Rayart.—A good brotherly love yarn, one a crook and one a nice boy. Barbara Bedford dares do a heavy. (May.)

**BURNING BRIDGES**—Pathe.—Better than usual Western, with that good *hombre*, Harry Carey, in a dual rôle. (Dec.)

★ **CANARY MURDER CASE, THE**—Paramount.—Logical and well constructed mystery story. William Powell is perfectly swell as the detective. (Feb.)

**CAPTAIN LASH**—Fox.—A coal stoker's romance or love on the waterfront. Rather strong stuff. (Feb.)

★ **CASE OF LENA SMITH, THE**—Paramount.—Sincere drama of the love affair of a servant girl, her hardships and her martyrdom. A real picture for intelligent adult audiences. (Feb.)

## Pictures You Should Not Miss

"In Old Arizona"

"The River"

"The Canary Murder Case"

"Wild Orchids"

"7th Heaven"

"The Singing Fool"

"Interference"

"Mother Knows Best"

"Street Angel"

"The Patriot"

"Four Devils"

"Wings"

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.

**CAVALIER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Richard Tal-  
mage in some imitations of Douglas Fairbanks. (Jan.)

**CHARGE OF THE GAUCHOS**—FBO.—How the Argentine Republic got that way. With Francis X. Bushman. (Dec.)

**CHARLATAN, THE**—Universal.—Murder mystery done with nice light touch, especially by Holmes Herbert. (April.)

**CHEYENNE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in one particularly swell Western. (Dec.)

**CHINA SLAVERS, THE**—Trinity.—Ragged story of the Oriental slave trade, but smartly acted by Sojin. (April.)

**CHINATOWN NIGHTS**—Paramount.—Piping hot melodrama of tong wars and such, with Wallace Beery and Florence Vidor good. (May.)

**CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE**—Chesterfield.—Nothing that you could care about in a big way. (March.)

**CIRCUS KID, THE**—FBO.—You can sleep through it. (Dec.)

**CITY OF PURPLE DREAMS, THE**—Rayart.—Story of wheat pits of Chicago. Top heavy with drama. (Jan.)

**CLEAR THE DECKS**—Universal.—Reginald Denny in one of the oldest farce plots in the world. (March.)

★ **CLOSE HARMONY**—Paramount.—Brilliant talkie of backstage vaudeville life. Fine fun, with Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll aces. (May.)

**COHENS AND KELLYS IN ATLANTIC CITY, THE**—Universal.—For those who like this sort of thing. (March.)

**COME AND GET IT**—FBO.—Contains, among other things, a good boxing match. (Dec.)

**COURT-MARTIAL**—Columbia.—Melodrama about the less civil aspects of the Civil War. (Dec.)

**DEMON RIDER, THE**—Davis.—Just a Western. (Dec.)

**DESERT NIGHTS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of Jack Gilbert's less fortunate vehicles. (March.)

**DIPLOMATS, THE**—Fox-Movietone.—Clark and McCullough in a two reel talkie that will give you some laughs. (March.)

★ **DIVINE LADY, THE**—First National.—The old dirt about Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, told in romantic fashion. Pictorially beautiful, thanks to the lovely face of Corinne Griffith. (Dec.)

★ **DOCTOR'S SECRET, THE**—Paramount.—Barrie's playlet, "Half an Hour," emerges as a superior and well-constructed talkie. It is brilliantly acted and well worth your time and money. (March.)

**DOMESTIC MEDDLERS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—The eternal and well-worn triangle. (Feb.)

**DO YOUR DUTY**—First National.—Charlie Murray plays his piece about the honest traffic cop and the crooks. Not so hot. (Dec.)

**DREAM OF LOVE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The prince and the pretty peasant—again. Phony stuff in spite of Joan Crawford and Nils Asther. (Feb.)

**DRIFTER, THE**—FBO.—Just another Western. But send the kids, anyway, because Tom Mix is in it. (March.)

**DRIFTWOOD**—Columbia.—Looks like a tenth carbon copy of "Sadie Thompson." (Jan.)

★ **DUMMY, THE**—Paramount.—In this excellent all-talking crook melodrama, two Hollywooders—Zasu Pitts and Mickey Bennett—steal honors from a lot of stage stars. (April.)

**DUTY'S REWARD**—Elbee.—More cops, crooked politics, etc. (Dec.)

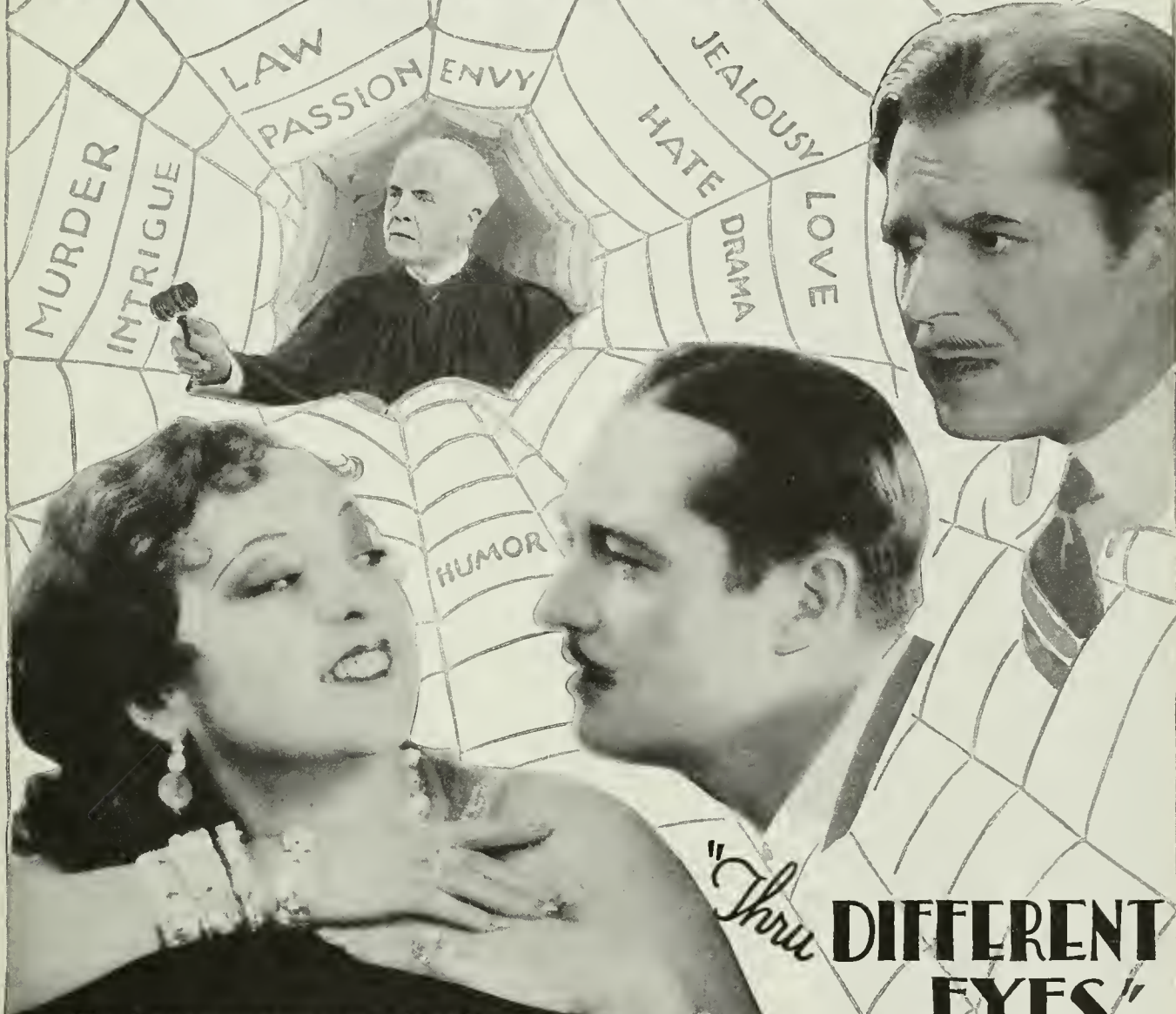
**ELIGIBLE MR. BANGS, THE**—Coronet-Educational.—A clever little dress-suit comedy in one reel, with Edward Everett Horton fine. (April.)

**ETERNAL LOVE**—United Artists.—John Profile Barrymore and Camilla Horn get romantic in the Swiss Alps. (April.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14 ]



# CAUGHT IN THE WEB OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE



## "Thru DIFFERENT EYES"

Presented by  
**WILLIAM FOX**  
 from the play by  
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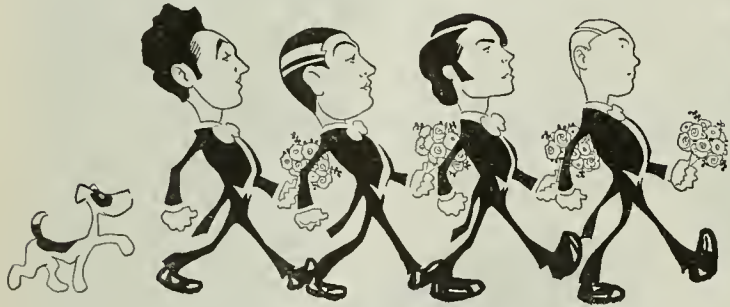
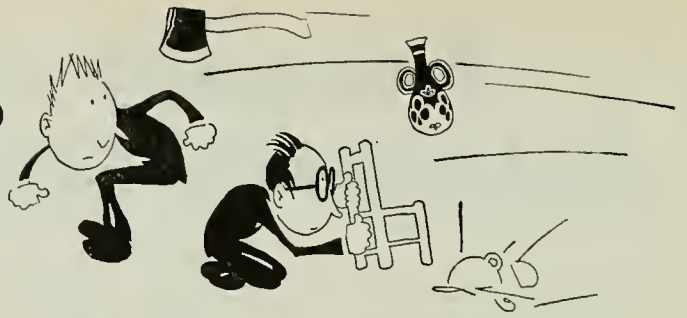
# FOX MOVIE-TONE



# Brickbats

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

and



# Bouquets

The REAL CRITICS,  
the FANS,  
GIVE THEIR VIEWS

## The Monthly Barometer

WORDY battles galore this month! Some of the fans think it's a shame for the talkies to crowd out many of the idols of the silent pictures. Others send us welcoming messages for stage stars who have made their talkie debut and been voted a success.

But one and all, they are proud of the old favorites of the screen who have come back via the talkies. Betty Compson is a notable example. The fans are for you, Betty.

"In Old Arizona," the outdoor talkie, has made a great impression. And they are still raving about "The Singing Fool" and "Our Dancing Daughters." And still a little suspicious of voice doubling.

Diet continues to be a fiercely debated subject, with the "pro-curve" faction in the ascendency. Keen interest has been displayed in Dr. Willis' department on diet. It seems to have filled a long-felt want, especially for our feminine readers.

Have you some suggestions or comments? This is your department. We invite constructive criticism and we're not averse to praise.

## \$25.00 Letter

Wyandotte, Mich.

I believe I speak for all grandmothers. The movies and talkies were made especially for us. Past the dancing age, tiring of cards and books, we are still young in heart.

In the pictures we vision our past. In the actors and actresses we see our children, our lost loves, our husbands, ourselves.

Not able to go the pace of youth, we turn to the pictures. They keep us up-to-date; give us understanding of the world of the young; make us worth living with. We laugh with Colleen Moore. Davey Lee belongs to us. Clara Bow might be our own granddaughter!

We see new stars replace the old, and learn to love them. Grandmothers need to go on being educated—we need pleasure, need to realize that the world today is different from that of our youth. Most of all, we must be kept pliable, soft and understanding. No longer do we as a class sit in the corner and spin, set aside as inactive.

More than any other agency have the movies and the talkies done this for us—filled our lives, otherwise done; kept us useful, awake, healthful, companionable beings.

MRS. N. E. COAN.

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

## \$10.00 Letter

Long Beach, Calif.

The destinies of men are often the result of apparently inconsequential things.

The picture "Mother Knows Best" was responsible for giving me conclusive proof that I had made love into a house of bondage. When I left the theater after seeing that wonderful picture I was able to see myself as I really was. A selfish, dominating mother who had shackled her daughter to her, causing her to be shy and awkward.

My daughter is a university student. We live in a town that is a four hours and thirty minutes round trip to her school. I, in my selfishness, had demanded that she take that long ride every day for two years. She was young and I thought she should be at home every night.

I want to say that my daughter moved up to her school the very next day. Today she is an individual. Gone is her awkwardness, forgotten her shyness. Keenly alive, and with her life in her own hands. She has more time for her studies, and is deeply interested in the social affairs of her school. She is happy to be home for the week-ends, and I am a happy mother.

M. B.

## \$5.00 Letter

Jacksonville, Fla.

When you live in the far South and think of the "Follies" you think of Will Rogers, glorified girls, and Fannie Brice! But you can

only think of them, there is no possible chance to see them. But times have changed.

Didn't I recently see Fannie Brice and hear her, right down south? Answer is *I did*.

And how? Why, talkies, of course. How else could Broadway arrive on Forsythe Street in Jacksonville? "My Man" brought her right to my very door. There she was, singing all the way through it. Realized dreams.

And talkie fans will never be contented until Will Rogers is fetched on with his rope, his chewing gum, his famous jokes. We can read his articles now, but some of us can't see him personally otherwise.

Sights and sounds of the entire world, from the far corners of the earth, are now possible—an amazing record of achievement in the film industry.

CLIFTON RAY.

## Sadie, We Call That Sweet!

Puertecito, N. M.

Can you imagine: A girl who for the past two years has been going to a large university, having a glorious time? This same girl, now teaching in a tiny Mexican village twenty-two miles from the nearest town and no way to get there except on horseback, and fourteen miles from the postoffice?

That's me!

Can you imagine: A magazine full of pictures of handsome men and beautiful girls, and advice how to get that way? Full of reviews and comments on the latest pictures, silent and talking; and with interesting stories besides?

This same magazine being a great solace to the aforementioned lonely girl on lonely nights in a lonely place?

That's PHOTOPLAY!

SADIE ABERNATHY.

## Zowie!

Racine, Wis.

This is a complaint and a protest against these disgusting half-starved femmes who are staggering around on the silver screen at the present time. How much farther along the road to ugliness and oblivion is this vicious fashion going to take them, I wonder?

Take Dorothy Mackaill, for example. She looks as if she were all teeth. And Joan Crawford, with the same affliction, and her eyes popping out of her head besides. I'm here to tell you that the tired business man gets a

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96 ]





## Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there' was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but *it ought to be the first.*

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis be-

cause Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine  
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢

# As We Go to PRESS

Last Minute NEWS from East and West

**WINIFRED WESTOVER**, divorced wife of Bill Hart, has landed one of the most coveted rôles of the year—the lead in the talkie version of Fannie Hurst's novel, "Lummo," after nine years' retirement. Herbert Brenon will direct it for United Artists. Louise Fazenda, Belle Bennett and others were hot after the part. Bill Hart himself is planning to reenter pictures via talkies. So far he and two companies which have been interested have been unable to agree on terms.

**DOLORES DEL RIO** gets no part of the million dollars left by her late husband, Jaime, who died in Berlin last December. The entire estate goes to his mother, who lives in Mexico City. Del Rio, who has been on location with the "Evangeline" company, was threatened with pneumonia due to exposure, and was forced to take to her bed for ten days.

**ERNST LUBITSCH** is going to direct the first operetta ever written expressly for the sound screen. Paramount will make it and Guy Bolton, stage librettist, is doing the book. The first talkie has gone on the air. "Alibi," Roland West's melodrama, was broadcast in New York recently. Chester Morris and Eleanor Griffith read their original rôles, while Director West and his wife, Jewel Carmen, former screen actress, took part. The picture opened sensationally on Broadway.

"**RAINBOW MAN**," with Eddie Dowling and Marion Nixon, opened in New York at a top price of \$11, as did Carl Laemmle's "Show Boat."

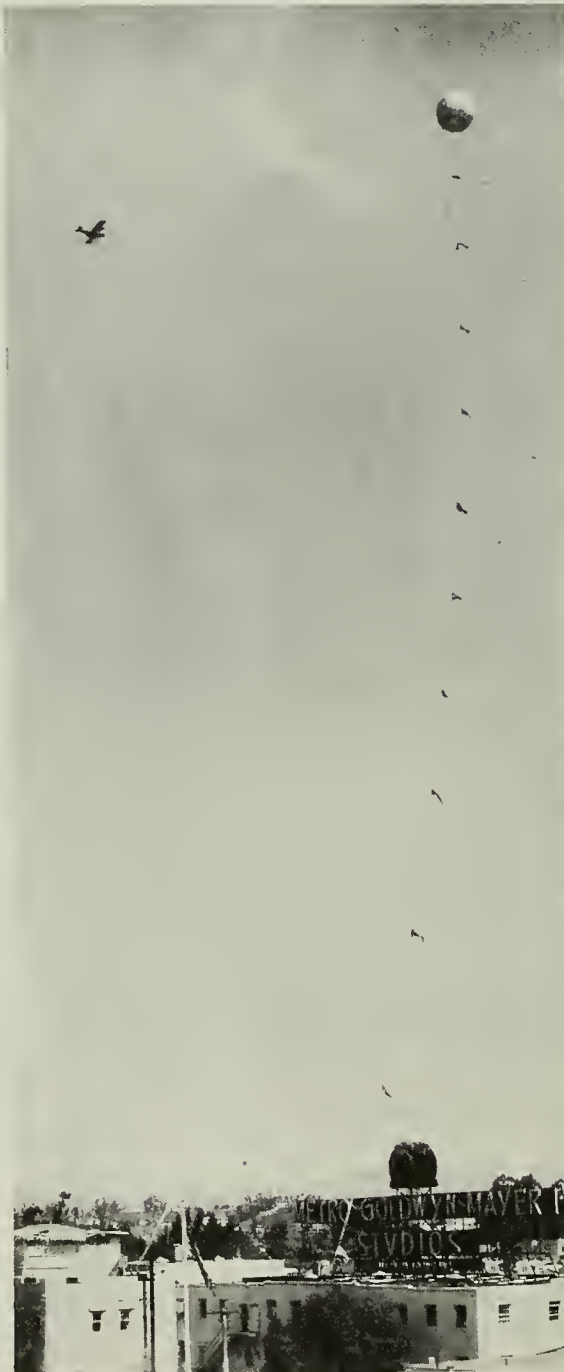
**THE** current dance band sensation on Broadway is Rudy Vallee, with radio and vaudeville responsible for his making. Radio Pictures will feature Rudy and his band in a new talkie.

**CONRAD NAGEL** and Raquel Torres have signed new contracts with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

**CHARLES ROGERS** will be supported in "Magnolia" by Mary Brian and June Collyer. Miss Collyer was borrowed from the Fox Studios.

**THE** grandfather of Lita Grey Chaplin died and left \$75,000. None of it to Lita, who is in vaudeville.

**CHARLOTTE MERRIAM**, actress, suing Rex Lease, film actor, for divorce, charged that "he would not take her to parties, preferring to be lionized by the feminine guests and be free to accept their flattery."



Here's the first aerial quiet zone. Over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City, Calif., floats a captive balloon flying red silence signals. This is to warn passing planes that talkies are being made below. Under an agreement between the Department of Commerce, the California Aircraft Operators Association and movie producers, aviators will avoid these marked locations by 2500 feet. For months passing planes have wrecked open air sequences of many Hollywood films

**WANT** to know the four greatest films of all time? The National Board of Review selects the quartet as "The Birth of a Nation," "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Cruiser Potemkin" and "The Passion of Joan of Arc." PHOTOPLAY does not agree with the third and fourth.

**AT** the Hollywood premiere of "Coquette," Mary Pickford announced, "I shall never make a silent picture again."

**WALTER HUSTON**, star of "Gentlemen of the Press," is making another talkie for Paramount. It is "The Lady Lies" and Huston has the aid of Claudette Colbert and Charles Ruggles. Hobart Henley is directing.

**CARL LAEMMLE** has just purchased a new fifteen acre poultry farm in the San Fernando valley. Capacity: 300,000 eggs.

**IAN KEITH** is opposite Dorothy Mackaill in "The Great Divide."

**FOR** his work in "Show Boat," Joseph Schildkraut is going to get Universal stardom after one more picture with Laura LaPlante. His first will be "The Devil's Hymn Book." And in June Reginald Denny bows out as a big U star.

**ALMA RUBENS** is getting well! She is getting so well that she expects to go to work in June. Several producers want her.

**BEVERLY HILLS** homes are on the market. Following the sale of the Frances Marion estate, Tom Mix offered his home for \$350,000 and Fred Niblo his for a paltry \$325,000.

**VACATION** time! John Gilbert leaves for three months abroad, and will make "The Life of A Sailor" on his return. His last before sailing will be "Olympia," directed by King Vidor. Billy Haines hopes to sail for Europe in mid-June, and Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett are planning a four-month tour of the Orient. It will be Fred's first holiday in three years.

**PEGGY WOOD**, the stage star, is considered a hit in her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talkie, and has been signed for three years, the contract to go into effect after she plays a stage engagement in London.

**FOR** the first time in twenty-five years Lon Chaney is growing a moustache! The lip-fringe will be seen in his new picture.

**LEATRICE JOY** comes back to the screen after vaudeville.





## Better than Par

Wise is the golfer who carries a Baby Ruth in his pocket. What a feast it is at the hungry ninth! Stimulating, pure chocolate, plumply bulging with meaty nuts whose toasted crispness gives rare flavor to the creamy fudge center in which they await your pleasure. Here is enjoyment better than par—a generous goodness which satisfies your hunger deliciously; a nourishing bracer which creates eager energy for a lustier game on the last long nine. If you would know why Baby Ruth is the most popular refreshment sold on so many sporty courses, treat yourself today.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO  
 OTTO SCHNERING, President



A generous individual packet  
 of dollar-a-pound quality  
 candy which just fits  
 your pocket . . . . 5¢

**REAL MINT**  
 —around the course, keep your  
 mouth cool and fresh with  
 this new and better gum



# Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

## Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

"Recently I discovered a way in which the success of my work as beauty specialist could be increased. I recommend to my clients Palmolive—the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective. It supplements excellently the effects of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

*Dr. N. g. Payot*

12 RUE RICHEPAUSE  
PARIS



Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon.



FOR many years the elite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

### *Madame Payot's discovery*

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London*; to Pessl, of *Vienna*; to Elise Bock, of *Berlin*—and everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

### *Her 2-minute treatment*

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other soap.



The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.



4598

**PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR**—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



# Suggestions for Summer Cooking

## Two Appe- tizing Recipes for Kitchen Stove or Campfire

Griddle cakes aren't to be scoffed at any time, but cooked in an old frying pan over a woodsman's fire they have a flavor that satisfies even an outdoor appetite



Gwen Lee, so often cast as a gold-digging little vamp, proves herself a capable housekeeper who cuts the peelings, oh, so thin, and doesn't waste a bit of the potatoes' precious nutriment. You'll like her Potato Omelet for hot-weather lunches or suppers

WHO wants to stand over a hot stove for long hours in summer? I know there aren't any affirmative replies, so I'm going to tell you how to prepare two nourishing and delicious dishes which can be turned out in a minimum of time. And what's more, they can be cooked as easily over a campfire as on your own kitchen stove.

Gwen Lee has contributed to PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK her recipe for Potato Omelet, an ideal hot-weather dish. These are the ingredients:

3 large potatoes	1 onion
5 eggs	12 asparagus tips
Cooking oil	Salt and pepper

Pare and slice the potatoes. Fry in a skillet in the cooking oil. When almost done, add the onion chopped fine, and let this fry with the potatoes. Have the eggs beaten. Season with salt and pepper and spread over the whole. When done on one side put a plate over the frying pan and turn the omelet. Then slip it in the pan again and let the other side brown also. Garnish with asparagus tips. Serve hot.

The other recipe is for Tim McCoy's Rye Griddle Cakes. You will need:

2 cups rye flour	2 eggs
1 cup entire wheat flour	1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder	1 pint milk

Sift the dry ingredients together; then add the milk. Next add well beaten eggs. Beat the whole mixture thoroughly and cook immediately on a hot greased griddle.

POSSIBLY Tim's success in his new talking and singing short, "A Night on the Range," was due to the fact that he had just cooked himself a batch of these griddle cakes before going on in his act.

The new edition of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK contains 150 tested recipes, all contributed by the stars themselves. They range from the simple recipes given here to the most elaborate desserts. If you haven't a copy, just fill out the coupon to the left, enclose twenty-five cents, and a Cook Book will be sent you by return mail.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

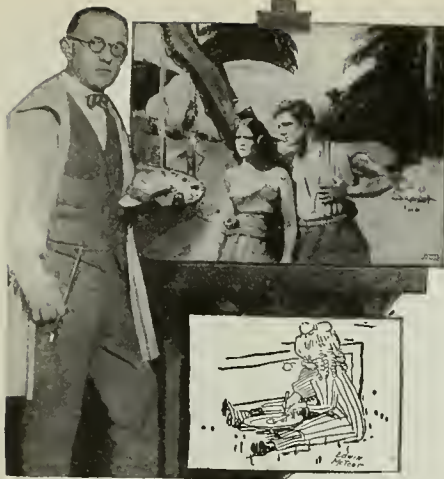
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Be sure to write name and address plainly.  
You may send either stamps or coin.



# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6 ]



Here is Edwin McTeer (address on request) and some of his work. The crude pen drawing was made before he had any training and the striking story illustration (worth \$100) was made after he took the Federal Home Study Course.

## He did it— Why don't you?

EDWIN McTEER is only one of the hundreds of young men (and young women, too) who are succeeding in commercial art with the help of the practical training offered by the Federal Home Study Course. Well trained artists earn \$50, \$75, \$100, \$150 a week and more.

### Success in Commercial Art

begins with a liking for drawing and the ambition to follow through with the right training. Mr. McTeer was thirty years old when he clipped a coupon like the one at the bottom of this ad, and took up the Federal Course. He progressed rapidly, increasing his earnings each year until, at the end of five years, he was making around \$10,000 a year. Read what he wrote us:

"I was not very talented when I entered this training with you people as you certainly know, and I had not even had high school training and I know any one with a love for the work can accomplish even more than I if they will just let you people, the Federal Schools, help them.

"I suppose you remember I opened my own independent commercial art studio and to make a long story short, my earnings are now at the rate of over \$10,000.00 a year."

### Send for Book "YOUR FUTURE"

If you like to draw—send for book "Your Future" and find out what amazing progress you can make with the right art training. Use the coupon now, giving age and occupation.

Federal Schools  
of Commercial Designing  
307 Federal Schools Bldg.  
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me FREE your Art Questionnaire and book, "YOUR FUTURE."

Name.....  
Age..... Present Occupation.....  
Address.....

**EVA AND THE GRASSHOPPER**—UFA.—Some remarkable insect photography and a not-so-good modern story. Anyway, a novelty. (Feb.)

**FAKER, THE**—Columbia.—Well done expose of spiritualistic charlatans, with Warner Oland fine as the phoney spook-chaser. (April.)

**FLOATING COLLEGE, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Based on one of those university cruises, this picture had possibilities that aren't realized. (March.)

**FLYIN' BUCKAROO, THE**—Pathe.—How to capture bandits. (Feb.)

★ **FLYING FLEET, THE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—The training of a flyer, told with thrills, accuracy and an absence of bunk. It's a real picture; you'll like it. (Feb.)

**FORBIDDEN LOVE**—Pathe.—English film brought to this country merely because it stars Lily Damita. (Dec.)

★ **FOUR DEVILS**—Fox.—Dramatic and beautifully presented story of Continental Circus life, with great performances by Janet Gaynor, Charles Morton and Barry Norton. You'll want to see it. (Dec.)

**FUGITIVES**—Fox.—Conventional story of a wronged girl and a Horatio Alger district attorney. (March.)

**GERALDINE**—Pathe.—Light and amusing comedy with Marion Nixon and Eddie Quillan. (Jan.)

**GHOST TALKS, THE**—Fox.—A talkie farce. Plenty of laughs. (Feb.)

**GIRL ON THE BARGE, THE**—Universal.—A little slow but pleasant enough. Sally O'Neil wears her one expression. (Dec.)

**GIRLS WHO DARE**—Trinity.—Sleuths fail to find a reason for this picture. Who cares if girls do, after this one? (April.)

**GLORIOUS TRAIL, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard and Tarzan work on that first overland telegraph line. You know the rest. (March.)

**GUN RUNNER, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Bullets and romance in a South American republic. Frothy entertainment. (Feb.)

**HARDBOILED**—FBO.—Hackneyed story about a gold-digging show girl, but well played by Sally O'Neil and Donald Reed. (April.)

**HARVEST OF HATE, THE**—Universal.—In which the great talents of Rex, the wild horse, are ignored to make footage for a trite romance. (Jan.)

**HAUNTED LADY, THE**—Universal.—Laura LaPlante knows who did the murder, but is afraid to tell. She and the story are good. (April.)

**HEAD OF THE FAMILY, THE**—Gotham.—Rather cuckoo farce. (Jan.)

★ **HEARTS IN DIXIE**—Fox.—Plantation life according to a Fox talkie, with the stupendous debut of Stepin Fetchit, colored comic. (May.)

**HEY, RUBE**—FBO.—Carnival life film that has the real stuff. (Dec.)

★ **HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN**—First National.—Getting away with murder in the South Seas. However, good performances by Milton Sills and Dorothy Mackaill make this melodrama worth your attention. With sound and talk. (March.)

**HIS LAST HAUL**—FBO.—Just a tear jerker. (Dec.)

**HIS LUCKY DAY**—Universal.—Another flimsy story for Reggy Denny, with the star a dizzy realtor. (April.)

**HIS PRIVATE LIFE**—Paramount.—One of those French farces that is full of doors and bores. However, it has Adolphe Menjou. (Dec.)

**HOMESICK**—Fox.—Sammy Cohen as a New York tourist in California. Fairly funny. (Dec.)

★ **HOME TOWNERS, THE**—Warners.—Smoothest talkie so far. Good lines, by George M. Cohan and a fine performance by Doris Kenyon. (Dec.)

**HONEYMOON ABROAD**—World Wide.—Monty Banks in a spotty comedy made in London and Paris. (April.)

**HOT STUFF**—First National.—Collegiate stuff in musical comedy style. Alice White disrobes, smokes and tipples, as usual. (May.)

**HOUSE OF HORROR, THE**—First National.—Cheap claptrap mystery movie which is saved by the comedy of Chester Conklin and Louise Fazenda. (May.)

**HOUSE OF SHAME, THE**—Chesterfield.—Domestic drama—if that's what you want. (Feb.)

**HUNTINGTOWER**—Paramount.—Imported Scotch—celluloid. With Sir Harry Lauder and a lot of atmosphere. (Feb.)

**IN HOLLAND**—Fox Movietone.—Another by those fine stage comedians, Clark and McCullough. (April.)

★ **IN OLD ARIZONA**—Fox.—Pointing the way to bigger and better talkies. A fine Western that pleases the eye, the ear and the dramatic instinct. (Feb.)

**INSPIRATION**—Excellent.—Too little of the title rôle. (Dec.)

★ **INTERFERENCE**—Paramount.—Drama and suspense in a Grade A murder story. Well acted and well spoken—yes, it's a talkie. (Dec.)

**INTO NO MAN'S LAND**—Excellent.—An unusually dull war picture. (Dec.)

★ **IRON MASK, THE**—United Artists.—Doug Fairbanks goes back to D'Artagnan—hurrah! Action and more action. A good evening. (Feb.)

**JAZZ AGE, THE**—FBO.—Flaming youth and mostly a bad imitation of "Our Dancing Daughters." (Feb.)

**JAZZLAND**—Quality.—If you can guess what this is all about, you ought to get a prize. (March.)

★ **JEANNE D'ARC**—Societe Generale de Films.—A rarely fine artistic achievement and a significant picture. You may not see it at your local theater but you will feel its influence in future films. (Feb.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16 ]

## 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.

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**WELCOMING A NEW STAR TO THE FILM FIRMAMENT**



Will you ever forget her in "Our Dancing Daughters"!



She scores another sensational triumph in "Our Modern Maidens".



She is not only beautiful . . . she is a great actress.



In "The Duke Steps Out" she steps along on her march to stardom.

**JOAN CRAWFORD**

**HAVE YOU SEEN?**

"The Broadway Melody" . . . M-G-M's great all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing picture . . . the current sensation of America. (A great picture in the silent version too.)  
 "The Pagan" . . . in which Ramon Novarro reveals a glorious singing voice.  
 "Where East Is East" . . . another Lon Chaney thriller.  
 "The Voice of the City" . . . a great dialogue picture (also silent) with and by Willard Mack, the famous playwright and actor.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is the Company that discovers and develops moving picture stars. Under its banner are the true leaders in screen personality . . . Lon Chaney, John Gilbert, Greta Garbo, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, William Haines and Buster Keaton. Now Joan Crawford . . . the girl of the hour, vibrant with the spirit of youth, enters the roster of "More Stars Than There Are in Heaven." You've seen Joan in "Our Dancing Daughters." Her great new starring picture will be "Our Modern Maidens," a sequel to that classic of up-to-date jazz-romance. Write Joan and tell her how happy you are that she's joined the Hall of Fame of Stardom.

**METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER**

*"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"*



## Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14 ]

**JUST OFF BROADWAY**—Chesterfield.—Bootlegging, serious drinking, gunfire and pure night-club girls in an impossible hodge-podge. (April.)

**KING COWBOY**—FBO.—Please, Mr. Mix, don't do anything like this again! (Jan.)

**KING OF THE RODEO**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson's best contribution to Art in a long time. (Jan.)

**LADY OF CHANGE**, A—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Norma Shearer in a drama of a gold-digger who reforms. If they only would in real life! (Feb.)

**LADY OF THE PAVEMENTS**—United Artists.—In which the vivid Lupe Velez runs away with a Griffith picture. (Feb.)

**LAST WARNING, THE**—Universal.—Muddled mystery with no plot but a lot of fancy sets and fancier photography. (Feb.)

**LEATHERNECK, THE**—Pathe.—Good silent film crippled with some talk. Bill Boyd, Alan Hale and Co., fine in Marine yarn. (April.)

**LEGEND OF GOSTA BERLING, THE**—Swedish Biograph.—European film with Greta Garbo, proving that Hollywood changed an ugly duckling into a swan. (Jan.)

★ **LETTER, THE**—Paramount.—The talkies' first big emotional performance, by Jeanne Eagels. Good strong drama, not for kids. (May.)

**LINDA**—Mrs. Wallace Reid Production.—Maudlin sentimentality. (Feb.)

**LION'S ROAR, THE**—Educational.—A Sennett comedy with all the incidental noises. (Feb.)

**LITTLE SAVAGE, THE**—FBO.—A Western that is saved by some good human interest touches. (March.)

**LONE WOLF'S DAUGHTER, THE**—Columbia.—Bert Lytell's perennial crook, the Lone Wolf, in a good melodramatic comedy. (May.)

**LOOKOUT GIRL, THE**—Quality.—Not worth your valuable time. (Feb.)

**LOOPING THE LOOP**—UFA-Paramount.—Foreign drama of circus life, with an old theme but with some good continental atmosphere—if that's what you're looking for. (March.)

**LOVE IN THE DESERT**—FBO.—Smart and funny version of the good old hot-sand stuff, with Olive Borden, Hugh Trevor, Noah Beery. (April.)

**LUCKY BOY**—Tiffany-Stahl.—In which George Jessel does a Jolson and goes in for tear-jerking. Silent, with lapses into sound and singing. (March.)

**LURE OF THE SOUTH SEAS, THE**—Cooperative.—Picturesque, authentic south sea story, filmed among those dream isles. (May.)

**MAKING THE GRADE**—Fox.—An excellent movietone, based on a George Ade story. (Dec.)

**MAKING THE VARSITY**—Excellent.—Anyway, it took ingenuity to turn a football game into a sermon. (Jan.)

★ **MANHATTAN COCKTAIL**—Paramount.—A story of life in New York's theatrical circles—told with a kick. (Dec.)

**MANHATTAN KNIGHTS**—Excellent.—Crooks, a plot with whiskers but plenty of action. (March.)

**MAN HIGHER UP, THE**—Three reel talker, with Robert Edson and Hobart Bosworth in fine voice. Heavy drammer. (April.)

**MAN IN HOBLES, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—What "in-laws" can do to an ambitious artist. Good comedy. (Dec.)

**MAN OF PEACE, A**—Warners.—The Vitaphone picks up the Ozark drawl. Too bad that Hobart Bosworth's first talkie had to be something like this. (Jan.)

**MAN'S MAN, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Lively satire of Hollywood life as it isn't. But funny. (Feb.)

**MARCHING ON**—Fox.—Chic Sale in a character study of a Civil War veteran. Tears and laughter. It's a Movietone. (Dec.)

**MARKED MONEY**—Pathe.—Pleasant comedy with human interest. (Dec.)

**MARQUIS PREFERRED**—Paramount.—Light, sophisticated and amusing Menjon comedy. (Feb.)

**MASKS OF THE DEVIL**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—John Gilbert is great in a weird and sinister story. (Dec.)

**MATA HARI: THE RED DANCER**—National Big Three Production.—German importation that relates, in a confined fashion, some of the exploits of the notorious spy. (Feb.)

**MOULIN ROUGE**—WorldWide.—Paris boulevard piece made in Paris and London by A. E. Dupont, with a Russian star, Mlle. Chekova. (April.)

**MUST WE MARRY?**—Trinity.—Must we make pictures like this? (Dec.)

★ **MY MAN**—Warners.—A chance to hear Fannie Brice sing all her best songs. Not much on story but a good Vitaphone novelty. (March.)

★ **MYSTERIOUS ISLAND, THE**—M.-G.-M.—Beautiful and thrilling all-color production based on Jules Verne's story. Entertaining fantasy. (May.)

**NAPOLEON'S BARBER**—Fox Movietone.—Historical drama with chin chatter. Cheer up, there's only two reels of it. (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY BABY**—First National.—Bad Alice White! Naughty Jack Mulhall! Mean producers! Why make us suffer through a stupid evening? (Jan.)

**NAUGHTY DUCHESS, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Lame effort at sophisticated farce. (Feb.)

**NAVAJO**—Goodwill.—Lives and habits of the Navajo Indians, shot among them. Very educational. Just a little longer news reel. (May.)

**NED McCOBB'S DAUGHTER**—Pathe.—Plenty of action plus sound drama plus fine acting. (Dec.)

**NOISY NEIGHBORS**—Pathe.—Slapstick and trite melodrama. (Feb.)

**NOTHING TO WEAR**—Columbia.—Light but entertaining farce that isn't hard to watch. (March.)

**OBJECT, ALIMONY**—Columbia.—He done right by our Nell, the little shop-girl, but it all made a trite and feeble picture. (April.)

**OFFICE SCANDAL, THE**—Pathe.—Very funny comedy of newspaper life. (Feb.)

**ONE MAN DOG, THE**—FBO.—Exhibiting the more than Hollywood intelligence of Ranger. (Feb.)

★ **ON TRIAL**—Warners.—Vitaphone version of a drama that will hold you spell-bound. Also the return of Pauline Frederick as a talkie star. Recommended. (Jan.)

★ **OUTCAST**—First National.—Corinne Griffith is excellent in a daring, well directed and interesting drama. Send the children to a Western. (Jan.)

**OUTLAWED**—FBO.—Not so hot, Mr. Mix, not so hot! (March.)

**PACE THAT KILLS, THE**—True Life.—One of those propaganda films—aimed at the dope evil. And dull. (Feb.)

★ **PAGAN, THE**—Beautifully made South Sea romance, with fine work by Ramon Novarro, Renee Adoree and others. See it. (April.)

**PEACOCK FAN, THE**—Chesterfield.—A quickie mystery melodrama which could only happen in the films. Tom "Big Parade" O'Brien in it. (May.)

**PHIPPS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—A short talkie sketch that you'll forget before you leave the theater. (Feb.)

**PLASTERED IN PARIS**—Fox.—Pretty tire-some. (Dec.)

**POWER OF THE PRESS, THE**—Columbia.—Good slant on newspaper atmosphere. With, of course, the usual heroic "cub" reporter. (Jan.)

**PREP AND PEP**—Fox.—Good boys' story of life in a military academy. (March.)

**PRICE OF FEAR, THE**—Universal.—Something to avoid. (Dec.)

**QUEEN OF BURLESQUE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Belle Bennett breaks her heart again in a story of show folks. (Jan.)

**RAINBOW, THE**—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good melodrama of a fake gold rush. (Feb.)

**REDEEMING SIN, THE**—Warners.—Latin Quarter atmosphere mingled with religious hysteria. The story is improbable but the picture has a certain pull. (March.)

**RED MARK, THE**—Pathe.—Depressing business in a tropical penal institution. Some people have an odd idea of fun. (Jan.)

**REDSKIN**—Paramount.—Richard Dix scores again in a magnificent color picture of an Indian love story that will delight your eye. (Feb.)

**RED SWORD, THE**—FBO.—Rough old Russia before the Revolution, with a big chance for our old pal Carmel Myers. (April.)



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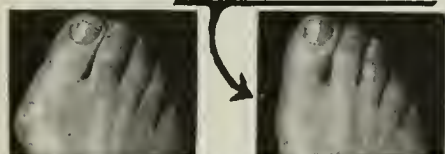
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★ **RED WINE**—Fox.—Delightful and subtle comedy of a Perfect Husband on the loose. A treat. (Jan.)

★ **RESCUE, THE**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Ronald Colman at his best. But an unsatisfactory debut for the charming Lily Damita. Too much Conrad plot but good atmosphere and detail. (March.)

**RESTLESS YOUTH**—Columbia. — Just a very old—and very cheap—story. (Feb.)

**RETRIBUTION**—Warners.—Vitaphone with a bad script but our old friend, Henry B. Walthall, registers neatly. (Dec.)

**RILEY OF RAINBOW DIVISION**—Anchor.—Trivial comedy of the training camps. (Dec.)

**RILEY THE COP**—Fox.—J. Farrell MacDonald's work is the best thing in a not too interesting picture. (Jan.)

★ **RIVER, THE**—Fox.—An unusual and daring story, well played by Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. A drama that is not for the children. (March.)

★ **ROMANCE OF THE UNDERWORLD**—Fox.—Thanks to a sure-fire story, neat direction and good acting, this film is one of the best of its kind. (Jan.)

**ROYAL RIDER, THE**—First National.—Ken Maynard in still another mythical kingdom. Can't keep cowboys on the range. Oh, dear! (May.)

**RUNAWAY GIRLS**—Columbia.—Stuffy melodrama with a moral. (Dec.)

**SAL OF SINGAPORE**—Pathe.—Phyllis Haver as a bad girl who is reformed by a little che-ild. Salty and picturesque background. (Dec.)

**SATANESQUE**—Sparta.—An American film, but European in treatment, with its story of class conflict in romance. (March.)

★ **SCARLET SEAS**—First National.—Hard-boiled story of a tough skipper and his gal, who manage to get religion without spoiling the picture. Good work by Richard Barthelmess and Betty Compson. (Jan.)

**SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN** — First National.—I love the title, don't you? But unfortunately it's just a hodgepodge mystery story. (Feb.)

**SHADY LADY, THE**—Pathe.—Good acting, some mystery and sharp comedy. (Feb.)

**SHAKEDOWN, THE**—Universal.—Another yarn about a good bad-man. Fair enough. (Jan.)

**SHANGHAI ROSE**—Rayart.—A rewriting of the old Madame X angle, with Irene Rich, as the mothball, fighting vainly to save it all from the bow-wows of boredom. (May.)

**SHIPS OF THE NIGHT**—Rayart.—South Sea life seen by someone never off Main Street. Just too kiddish for anything. (April.)

**SHOPWORN ANGEL, THE**—Paramount.—War-time love story of a naughty chorus girl and an innocent boy. With real drama and heart interest. (Feb.)

**SHOULD A GIRL MARRY?**—Rayart.—Presenting the sad problems of a gal with a past. (Dec.)

**SIDESHOW, THE**—Columbia.—Hold on to something! An original circus yarn! Little Billie plays the lead in this story of a midget's battle for success. (May.)

**SILENT SENTINEL, THE**—Chesterfield. — A crook drama, of all oddities! (Feb.)

**SILENT SLEDGON**—Rayart.—Pleasant sort of Western. (Jan.)

**SINGAPORE MUTINY, THE**—FBO.—Life in coal hole of a ship—if that's what interests you. (Dec.)

**SINNERS' PARADE**—Columbia.—The ritzy side of the underworld with a snappy plot. (Jan.)

★ **SINS OF THE FATHERS**—Paramount.—Emil Jannings in a tragedy of Prohibition. Not one of his great pictures—but nevertheless eminently worth your while. (Jan.)

**SIoux BLOOD**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. — Indian whoopee that might have been filmed in 1910 (Jan.)

**SKY SKIDDER, THE**—Universal.—They are aviators now, instead of cowboys. And the thrills are new. (March.)

**SMALL TOWN SINNERS**—Hugo Brahn. — German fillum, with most of the action in a barroom. (Feb.)

**SOMEONE TO LOVE**—Paramount.—"Buddy" Rogers and Mary Brian in a thoroughly agreeable picture. (Jan.)



**SOMME, THE**—New Era.—Made in Britain. A grim presentation of the Somme campaign of 1916. (Feb.)

**SONNY BOY**—Warners.—They've put poor little Davey Lee in a bedroom farce! The kid is swell, the film a disappointment. (May.)

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148 ]

# NED WAYBURN

*Lifted Us from  
Obscurity to  
SUCCESS*

Ned Wayburn—Your Wonderful Training, Showmanship and Interest Have Lifted Us from Obscurity to a Recognized Place on the Stage. Whatever Success We May Achieve We Owe to You.

(Telegram from Blanche and Elliott to Mr. Wayburn)

THE touch of the master—how often it shortens the gap between obscurity and fame! Especially in stage dancing.

Never was this great truth better illustrated than in the case of Blanche and Elliott (Mr. and Mrs. Elliott).

When Mr. Wayburn took them in hand, their natural dancing ability was their only asset. They were utterly lacking in finish and showmanship.

Under his inspired direction, which has advanced so many Stage and Screen Favorites to Stardom, they made such remarkable progress that he was able to place them in his new vaudeville production which opened in America's premier vaudeville house, the Palace Theatre, in New York, the mecca of all theatrical artists. At this, their first appearance before metropolitan audiences, they scored a sensational hit.

Here was talent in the "rough" which Ned Wayburn developed into the gem of SUCCESS. Yet what he did for these two ambitious young people, he is more than anxious to do for you.

At the Ned Wayburn Studios a course in every type of dancing for stage and social affairs may be taken. There are Daytime and Evening Classes in Limbering and Stretching (body conditioning), "Tap" Dancing (clogging), Musical Comedy

Dancing, Acrobatic Dancing, and Exhibition Dancing.

Call or write today for our beautiful new 56-page illustrated Booklet UG, which describes the Ned Wayburn method and courses in detail. This booklet is FREE.

*IMPORTANT—Many who find it impossible to come to the Ned Wayburn Studios in New York at once are taking advantage of Mr. Wayburn's Home Study Course in Stage Dancing. If you are interested, write for Booklet UHG, describing this course in detail.*

## NED WAYBURN Studios of Stage Dancing Inc.

1841 Broadway (Ent. on 60th St.) at Columbus Circle, New York. Open all year 'round, 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. except Sundays. (Closed Saturdays at 6 P. M.) Phone COL umbus 3500.

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## Cut Picture Puzzle Contest

*starts in this issue of*

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Turn to Page 39 for prize list and rules of the contest

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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# Friendly Advice from Carolyn Van Wyck



## on Girls' Problems

It's vacation time!  
Let's pack all the fun  
and the joy of living,  
all the carefree relax-  
ation, along with the  
more tangible vaca-  
tion needs

DEAR CAROLYN VAN WYCK:

For the first time in my life I am going to have a real vacation, three whole weeks at the seashore, and I'm so thrilled! I feel it is extravagant because I will have to spend most of the savings I have been hoarding during a year of hard work. I could probably get just as complete a rest at home, because I haven't any household duties and could sleep late every morning. And I would be sure of a good time, as we are not far from a beach and golf course.

I don't feel, however, that physical rest is the only thing I need. I'm so tired of the same surroundings, and of seeing the same people every day. How I long to get away from everything familiar!

Do you think I am making a mistake in spending so much for a vacation that won't be very different from what I would do at home? And can you give me some advice about what clothes I will need at a semi-fashionable resort, at one of the more moderate-priced hotels? I won't have a great deal of money left for new things.

Also, if you could tell me a little about protecting my skin in the sudden transition from an indoor job to an outdoor life, what cold creams and powders to use, I would be very grateful to you.

ROBERTA A.

ROBERTA, you have made a wise decision. I take it that for forty-nine weeks out of the year you have been doing routine things, whirling around in the same limited circle, as most of us do. And of course you want to break loose for a brief period during those lethargic summer months when energy and enthusiasm are at an ebb.

That's not extravagance. That's what I might paradoxically term commendable miserliness—the hoarding of health and peace of mind against the

ravages of a new season of many demands upon mental and physical energy.

When it is necessary, a vacation in one's home surroundings can be made to bring good returns in rest and fun. But a large part of the value of a vacation lies not only in the freedom from accustomed duties but in the change from accustomed scenes and familiar contacts. One needs a *mental* change, as well as a physical one.

And now we will consider the question of clothes. For a vacation such as you plan that needn't be a great problem. Chiefly sports clothes, few or many, according to your purse. The fewer you have the more careful you will need to be to preserve a color harmony between them and with the various accessories, such as scarfs, bags, etc.

Here are some suggestions for a limited but adequate wardrobe for this type of vacation:

Two separate skirts; one a light-weight cloth, either in the popular checks or plaid; one of light colored silk. Two sweaters, or for variety,

one sweater and one of the new laced flannel blouses (which will be particularly attractive if worn with a matching beret). One silk blouse, tailored or frilly, tuck-in or tunic, according to your individual taste. Sweaters and blouse may be sleeveless, short-sleeved or long-sleeved, as you prefer. All are correct this season.

One chiffon dance dress. Black chiffon is always lovely; printed chiffons are especially alluring this summer.

If one wrap has to serve for morning, afternoon and evening, I suggest it be not too light in color nor too tailored in line. A soft angora or kasha cloth would be a good choice.

If you like to go without a hat as much as possible, your travelling hat will be sufficient. It should have a small brim, especially if it must double for golfing. A broad-brimmed shade hat will be both useful and flattering, but a pretty sun-rain umbrella will protect you from too much sunlight and give your hair a chance to catch the breezes.

A pair of low-heeled sport oxfords or strap slippers for daytime wear; higher-heeled Deauville sandals or other light-weight slippers for dancing. If you play tennis, provide a pair of regulation tennis shoes.

Add to this your bathing suit with its accessories. If you can afford beach pajamas, by all means include a pair. They are the very smartest garb to be seen on the beach this year. Or you can substitute a beach coat. Those of Turkish toweling are particularly practical.

You might add a one-piece sleeveless dress of silk or cotton. This is the most comfortable costume for tennis or other strenuous sports. And if you can eke out enough money, buy one of the adorable quilted calico coats so popular this season. You will find it useful for both daytime and evening wear.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92 ]

## How to Make the Most of Your Vacation

Is This Month's Discussion

ARE you planning a few precious weeks of freedom from routine duties, from the confining walls of office, schoolroom or shop? Do you want to know what sort of wardrobe you will require; how to achieve a healthy summer tan without devastating results?

Is there some general problem of appearance or health or happiness on which you need friendly advice?

Then write me a letter, explaining the situation as fully as possible, and enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. Letters will be answered in the order in which they are received. If you want my leaflet on the care of the skin and the treatment of blackheads and acne, just request it in your letter. Enclose 10c for my booklet on safe and sane reducing diet and exercises.

Write to me in care of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK.



# ELGIN **P**ARISIENNE WATCHES

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Bright with the frozen fire of fine selected diamonds . . . set in solid 14 karat gold . . . three new ELGINS whose cases are Callot-designed. Callot Soeurs! One of the greatest style names of Paris, one of its most exclusive houses. Under the tinted, tented ceiling of its Oriental salon, costumes are designed for the world's beautiful and celebrated women. Gorgeous costumes . . . and now gorgeous watches. Exquisite jewelry . . . but more than that. Accurate, un failing, time true. Paris on the face of it, but each a true American watch at heart. Made with the same skill that has placed ELGIN watches in railroad service on every line, ELGIN watches and instruments on every flying field. Besides these Callot models there are other Parisiennes both plain and enamel at \$35, designed by all the important Paris couturieres. And other diamond watches ascending to the glory of 20 diamonds at \$250. Ask any ELGIN jeweler. (ELGIN watches are American made. © ELGIN, 1929. All prices slightly higher in Canada.)



John Barrymore



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



F. Scott Fitzgerald

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF

Co-eds

by John Barrymore

F. Scott Fitzgerald

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

They are 19 years old—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dullest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We love it!"

Out of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the



MISS HELEN and MISS LOIS DODD of Chicago, Illinois, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the prettiest of co-eds

loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial for 10 cents! Send name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.





Maupin

# NEW PICTURES

**D**OROTHY REVIER takes a good long look at herself and says, "Well, old girl, you've finally rung the bell!" For four years Dorothy has been skirmishing around the seats of the movie mighty without quite getting a chance at the throne. Baby stardom in 1925 just meant baby stardom, and nothing more. But in "The Iron Mask," with Doug Fairbanks, she did a stunning piece of work, and followed it up with another in "The Donovan Affair," an all-talker. Now she's riding high!



Ruth Harriet Louise

**J**ULIA FAYE got her break in pictures by reason of her perfect understandings. For years she was known as "The Legs of Lasky's," and always doubled her nether limbs for those of ladies less blessed by nature. She has always been a mainstay, or main stem, of De Mille pictures, at Lasky's, P. D. C., Pathe and now Metro-Goldwyn. Julia's a Virginia gyurl, suh!





Duncan

**J**UST a few years ago Jeanette Loff was playing the pictures, not playing in them. Seated at the piano of a small-town movie theater, she did *Fire Music*, *Indian Music* and *"Hearts and Flowers"* when the little baby died. This devastating blonde made her first hit opposite Rod LaRocque in *"Hold 'Em, Yale."* One look at her and Old Eli held like a brick wall. Why not?

# Photoplay Magazine's New \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest



The hair is so red that it typifies it,  
The eyes to a true blonde belong;  
The mouth made her hit in a story that told  
Of a heaven where plenty went wrong!

The hair in the city of Quakers was born,  
The eyes now direct a director;  
The mouth shone so bright in the film, "Peter Pan"—  
That they had to deflect the reflector!

The hair, from old Philly, once played on the stage,  
The eyes have been, always, with Fox;  
The mouth has a lure that has brought her world fame,  
(Though her ears some folk just long to box!)

The hair is New England (but only by birth),  
The eyes won a contest for fame;  
The mouth studied dancing and art for two years,  
Will this help you to locate her name?

#### RESUME

Two blondes and two red heads, two pairs of brown eyes,  
Two married, and two unengaged!  
And all of them talented to a degree  
That has made them headlined, and front paged.  
Five-six is the tallest—five-three is the least—  
And all four young ladies came out of the East.





The hair is adept at all Indian roles,  
The eyes have made war less than hell;  
The mouth has a wife who once played on the screen,  
(But her new part, as wife, she does well!)

The hair is a father, he's handsome and dark,  
The eyes took a college degree;  
The mouth owns Montana as his natal state,  
But his boyhood was spent o'er the sea!

The hair was a cowboy—he rode for his health—  
The eyes to a dancer was married;  
The mouth is a popular bachelor and  
They do say, by the girls he is harried!

The hair has a name which once stood for green hats  
The eyes played on good old Broadway,  
The mouth, though divorced, is now married again  
To a most charming widow, they say.

RESUME

*They all have dark hair, but just two have dark eyes,  
And three are quite tall—and one's not,  
And all four were college boys once on a time—  
You can't guess the learning they've got!  
Two of them are married—and two have fought shy,  
And most of the girls in this land wonder why!*



Ruth Harriet Louise

**I**F we don't run the gay and debonair smile of the dashing John Gilbert every month or so, screams of anguish issue from millions of ladies all over the world, so here is Handsome Jack as of the June issue, 1929. Gilbert, separated professionally from La Belle Garbo, has been busy making "Redemption," his new Metro-Goldwyn production. And it won't be long now, fans!



The Gossard Line of Beauty ~ ~



## Fashionables

*Thrill to the new  
"Gossards Moderne"*

"Gossards Moderne" — the newest, smartest, most distinctive figure garments! In charming color combinations and flattering, slenderizing designs, they bring the theme of modern art to foundation garments. Fashion finds a new joy in their accomplishment on the figure — each individual wearer a new delight in adding these smart fashions to her under-wardrobe.

Originated by Gossard, you can buy these new "Moderne" foundations in your favorite type of garment — combinations, step-ins, hookarounds and girdles. Ask your corsetiere to let you see them all.

This modernistic girdle is made of brocade, in tones of pink and green, with matching elastic. Model 233, \$2.00.

*of*  
**1657**  
**BRIDES**  
**1605**  
*find*



**BEAUTY CARE** *for their hands*  
*right in the dishpan*



How pretty and gay and smart looking are the brides of today . . . will they keep their good looks in spite of housekeeping cares? "Yes," says the modern girl—"we plan to cook and wash dishes and yet not sacrifice a bit of charm or good looks!" . . . Brides in 11 cities recently told us of one way they do this: 96 out of every 100 questioned keep their pretty young hands smooth and white and lovely by washing dishes with Lux . . . And not only brides, but millions of home-makers now keep their hands lovely with Lux in the dishpan . . . it's the wisest, most inexpensive beauty care known! Lux for all your dishes costs less than 1¢ a day. Try it yourself—today!



# PHOTOPLAY

June, 1929

## Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By James R. Quirk

TO the miracle of sound from the screen has come the further miracle of light and shadow in the human voice.

To the layman, it might seem that the hundreds of scientists and technicians who are laboring quietly to perfect our talking pictures are usurping almost supernatural powers and privileges.

Now, sitting godlike at his control board, the talkie expert can, by a twist of a simple gadget, control the sound of the recorded human voice at will—giving it light and shade, color and sonorousness.

THIS new and most astounding development since the birth of the talking picture is called the "sound filter."

By cutting out certain frequencies, astonishing results are achieved. Flat voices are made full and rich, colorless voices can be given highlights and shadows. The technical men can play the human voice upon a screen as electricians can spray it with infinite varieties of beautiful color.

IT has long been a public secret of the photoplay world that a good cameraman can make or break an actor. By lighting and shooting only the player's best facial angles, perfect beauty can be achieved—by accentuating the faults of physiognomy, the actor's face can be made into the semblance of a suet pudding in the eye of the camera.



NOW the man at the "sound filter" takes his place among the demigods to be tenderly handled by actors.

One twist of the thumb and forefinger and he might be able to turn the sweetest of voices into a Lake Erie foghorn. Be nice to the man with the filter—he may change you

from a Galli Curci to the five o'clock whistle on the plow works.

Little do we realize, as we sit before these early talking pictures and complain of their experimental errors, that hundreds of men of science, sitting in far off laboratories, are performing miracles every day.

THROUGHOUT this nation there are many thousands of afflicted souls to whom the passing of the silent picture is genuine tragedy.

It has been their principal diversion and happiness, and it seems almost cruel to have given them this boon, this solace, and then taken it away.

For the past few months I have been hearing from them; scores of silent pleas, pitiful in the extreme.

One of them encloses a copy of a poem, printed in PHOTOPLAY ten years ago, which was as sincere an expression of gratitude as I have ever read. I must quote it, so that we more fortunate mortals may realize what a living sorrow deafness is, sympathize with those who are not blessed with hearing, and

be grateful for the senses given us to appreciate God's world.

When I was little, I used to say  
To my lonely self day after day,  
"There's a door been closed by God somewhere  
Up in the mansions above the air,  
And it's shut out the music of life for me."  
The chirping of birds, the drip of the sea,  
The song of the wind and all lullabies  
That soothe the sorrows of heavy eyes—  
These were the things they described to me,  
Who never had heard a tune or a key.

But now there's a place I can always go,  
And there I can almost hear and know  
The melodies that they tell about;  
For all of a sudden my soul drifts out  
Beyond the realm of tangible things;  
I hear the sighing of countless wings—  
Those ever-fanning pinions of white,  
That gloss with silver the darkest night.  
Lo! that is not all, for as I wait  
Before that snowy curtain of fate  
I hear the secrets that lovers tell—  
And I keep that music and con it well.  
And somehow I fancy that mighty choir  
That God closed on me forevermore,  
Has at last swung open and let me in,  
For an instant, to be as I might have been!  
And all the day I imagine song—  
I dream of a phantom cadence strong;  
And I catch the matchless, eternal strain  
Of angels harping heaven's refrain.

O wonder curtain! O master brain  
That pierced the depths where my soul has lain!  
O Christly pity that let me pass  
To the other side of the looking-glass!

Ah, blessings on the genius that woke  
Melody from a word unspoke!  
Thrice blessings on you who for me found  
That magic picture-curtain of sound!

PERHAPS the sound and dialogue pictures are bringing to the thousands deprived of sight a new pleasure. We are just beginning to hear from them.

But if anyone could read the letters from the deaf that come to my desk and remain unmoved he would be heartless indeed.

I know of no remedy for this sad denouement of the sound development of motion pictures. I do hope, however, that we shall always have silent pictures as well as audible ones, so that we may preserve for afflicted ones a measure of their solace.

Strangely enough, none of these letters refers to the faculty of most deaf people for lip-reading. It doesn't seem to be a consolation in their loss.

WHAT these talkies do to the time-tried stars of the photoplay is nobody's business but their own!

Take Connie Talmadge, and why not?

After her years in the business, you'd think she wouldn't be frightened of a mob of bloodthirsty hottenots mounted on a fleet of dromedaries.

Yet only the other day, when she stepped before a camera and microphone to take a test for the lead in "The Gold Diggers," she was scared ossified, and it was some few minutes before she could croak a note. She finally came through beautifully, and the teacher marked her A Plus, but a little iron mike had frightened this young veteran completely out of her consonants.

They're all fighting over this part—made famous on the stage by Ina Claire. Marie Prevost and Connie are the leading candidates.

Incidentally, it is all to be done in natural colors.

THE prohibitionists, the anti-cigarette outfits, and all those babies who want to legislate temptations out of the reach of us poor benighted humans, want Congress to save us from ourselves. Now, I've got one.

I want Congress to pass a law to make all motion picture critics take a motion picture talkie test.

They picked on me last week to make a two-minute talk to precede "The Letter."

Was I scared when those lights blinded me; when those three demoniac, grinning cameramen ground on me from the smug security of their glass cages; when that microphone leered at me and seemed to say, "Even if you're good, I won't like you"?

I was.

And did I forget all about what I intended to say?

I did.

But I have more tolerance for actors and actresses. And a lot of people whose work I have criticized are even.

FOR many years we have heard churchmen complaining about the eye-and-ear-tickling methods of picture producers in thinking up attractive film titles.

Evidently the parsons have decided to profit by the methods used by these disciples of Satan. *The Kansas City Star* compiled a list of sermons announced on a recent Sunday. Here are a few:

Mockers of Sin  
This Hard-Boiled Age  
Blossom Time in the Desert  
The Modern Babel  
Heart Searching  
Ice and Sand

And from a Portland, Oregon, paper we get:

Dancing with the Devil  
The Lure of the Movies  
Who Gets the Graft?  
Portland, Paradise of Prostitutes  
Give Aimee a Chance  
Sitting on the Lid  
Satan in Chinatown  
Pickled in Gin and Sin

Hot diggity! Let's go!

SPLIT Mike and Ike, Mutt and Jeff and the Smith Brothers and what have you left but a few fragments blowing down the wind?

This sad and sentimental thought came to me as I read that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has definitely decided not again to co-star John Gilbert and Greta Garbo.

Bang goes another photoplay team of the royal line—a duo truly of the great tradition. Since the films' earliest days they have seen dozens of popular teams come, grow famous and part—by death, fate or managerial decree.

Young lovers and those older and too wise, all have had their moments in the Kleilight. We like to see one woman and one man smitten by the madness of cinematic amour. Their peculiar joys and sorrows, manners and methods become a family affair with us.

Pelleas and Melisande, Romeo and Juliet, Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman, and now Garbo and Gilbert! But where the old time lovers gave in to poison and broken hearts, our film friends break it all off when the boss in the front office gives the word.

Well, good luck singing solo, Jack and Greta.

The clinch is ended, but the memory lingers on!



We recommend this as one of Herb Howe's Best—and That's Good

# Stepin's High-Colored Past

Fetchit Reveals All and  
Converts Herb to the  
Old Time Religion

By Herbert Howe



Since Fetchit made his hit in "Hearts in Dixie" he has acquired three automobiles, a secretary, some temperament and a dislike for appointments. The Hollywood Boulevardier, however, cornered him. Herb finds that Stepin spends his spare moments moralizing over religion and the problem of a future life

"**M**AH real name is Lincoln Theodore Peary, yes-suh. . . . Aw, mah father give me all them highflyin' names: Lincoln foh Abraham, Theodore foh Roosevelt an' Peary foh the North Pole fella. Ah personally give mahself the name Slop Jar. "Stepin Fetchit. . . . Oh, Ah took that name off a race horse Ah admired at a county fair. Ah wrote a song 'bout him called 'Stepin Fetchit.' It was a riot, understand what Ah mean? So when Ah teams up with another fella foh carnival they bills us Step An' Fetchit The Dancin' Fools From Dixie . . . understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout?" "Ah does," said Ah.

**S**TEPIN FETCHIT is the first man to put color into films successfully. As *Gummy* of "Hearts in Dixie" he promises to do for his people what Valentino did for the Latins. He's a riot, understand what Ah mean?

Mistah Fetchit has three cars and keeps no appointments. So I was told at the Fox studio. He rides to work in all three cars, most extraordinary fella, Mistah Fetchit. The first carries the help, the second—a limousine—contains Slop Jar hisself, and the third sort of finishes up the parade like the calliope to which Stepin was accustomed in carnival parades.

I made my appointment through his secretary, Mistah Murphy, at the colored Y. M. C. A. Fancy mah surprise to find Mistah Fetchit there, though he was billed at the same hour for a personal appearance.

"Who all said Ah was makin' personal appearance?" he demanded, transfixed by the news. "Did it say so in the paper? 'Spose Ah better go?"

I said 'spose, whereupon Step collapsed into a deep divan.

"Mah feet hurt."

"Then them were your feet in 'Hearts in Dixie'?"

"Ye-ah. Ah'm same as *Gummy*. No, Ah ain't exactly lazy but Ah don't worry. Ah don't worry 'bout nuthin'. Nuthin' in this world. Just one thing. . . ." He became agitated. . . . "An'—that's—*Death*. Ah'm sure goin' to die. That's [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 123]

# Home Rules for

By  
Katherine  
Albert



June Collyer and her mother, Mrs. Clayton J. Heermance. June came to Hollywood as a grown-up young lady who knew her way about socially in New York, so she didn't need chaperonage. Mrs. Heermance says that June's judgment in choosing friends is always to be relied upon

In spite of the fact that Sue Carol has been married and, since meeting Nick Stuart, is thinking of a second venture, Mrs. Sam Lederer practically commutes from her home in Chicago to Hollywood to see that daughter Sue goes with the right people to the right places and doesn't stay out too late



"Gaynor," as Janet lovingly calls her mother, has been a vital part of Janet's career. "Jonesy" (her step-father, Harry Jones) also shared largely in her success. His death made fame and honors seem less sweet to the saddened heart of his daughter

**I**N bed at nine P. M. when working.  
In bed at midnight when not working.  
Mothers must approve of boy friends.  
Daughters must 'phone home if out after twelve.

These are but some of the rules and regulations that the film flappers follow. With a few exceptions the girl who earns hundreds, sometimes thousands of dollars a week is as restricted as the high school kid on a five-dollar allowance.

And the embryonic stars hear the same old bromides from mother.

"Be sure to be home by twelve."

"Do you think he's the right kind of boy for you?"

"The trouble is, I've been too good a mother to you."

"We didn't do those things when I was a girl."

Sue Carol, Anita Page, Josephine Dunn and Sally Eilers are strictly guarded. Mary Philbin, June Collyer, Mary Brian, Lois Moran, Alice and Marceline Day, Mary McAllister, Barbara Kent, Carol Lombard and Jeanette Loff adhere to certain rules of their own, approved by their parents.



# Hollywood FLAPPERS

A modified version of "The Mother Knows Best" system prevails among the younger set of the films

Three Days — Alice, Marceline and Mother Irene. (No, Elinor Glyn absolutely did not suggest this caption!) Irene's ideas are as young as her daughters. But when Alice and Marceline decided to smoke and drink, Irene changed their minds swiftly and surely, without one "don't" or "can't"



And there's Anita Page, whose parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Pomares, are determined she shall retain her health and make a success of her profession. Anita gets nine and a half hours of sleep every night

Often the parents are too strict. Again not strict enough. History is repeating itself in the case of Virginia Lee Corbin, who is living through a second Mary Miles Minter mother-episode. Troublous times are in store for both Virginia and her mother. The mother is anxious to keep her daughter a well-chaperoned, well-mannered young woman. But Virginia is rebellious and determined to live away from what she considers too restricting a roof.

But, for the most part, their problems are average. Josephine Dunn left home. She left it four blocks away and then went back. After all, said she to herself, she had been in the Follies. She had played bad women on the screen. She refused to be treated like a child at home. So she left, but she turned around and went back after she had gone only a few blocks.

**SALLYEILERS** wanted to leave the symbolic fireside the night her father looked first at Matty Kemp and then at his watch (it was one-thirty) and said, "Is this a nice time for a young man to be bringing a young girl home?" But Sally waited until the next morning and then she wasn't interested in running away.

Doesn't it all sound familiar? It's the same old mother problem whether it's Hollywood or Medicine Hat. And, both in Hollywood and Medicine Hat, there are wise parents, like Gladys Moran who believes that "mother love is the bunk, only fit for sentimentalists," and foolish ones. There are good daughters and bad.

There are rebellious girls and docile ones. There are those, like Mary Philbin, who live in a world apart, whose mothers do not realize that all girls in the film colony don't sit around playing "consequences" and refusing liquor and cigarettes.

And there are those, like Sue Carol, who plaintively make that age-old cry, "Mother still thinks I'm fifteen years old!"

It's the same old mother problem the world over.

Marceline Day decided to learn to smoke and drink. How she was cured isn't the text for a W. C. T. U. sermon, but it's a great theme song for the Mothers' Union of America.

Irene Day has two kids in [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134]



Joseph Schildkraut, one of the films' most orchidaceous leading men. According to Joe, *IT* is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy used to cover the honest phrase, sex magnetism. Which, of course, sounds very Schildkrautian

**T**HE most potent word in the English language today is *IT*.

Clara Bow is responsible for its current popularity, Elinor Glyn is credited with coining it, but Rudyard Kipling really invented it years ago.

Opinions as to its importance vary. Some say it stands as a symbol of sex, others maintain it is merely a vulgar colloquialism usurping exaggerated importance.

Its arch-enemy in Hollywood at present is Joseph Schildkraut. He thinks we should strip the ugly meaning from the word and restore it to its original place in our vocabulary, that of neuter pronoun, denoting the gender *without* sex.

"Why don't you ask me the meaning of 'IT'?" he demanded when I broached the subject. He was sitting in his library, fine etchings on the walls, interesting books about him. He got up, began to pace the floor. Then he answered his own question:

# What is

"*IT* is Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy,"  
says Joseph Schildkraut

By Mark Larkin

"*IT*," said he, "is an Anglo-Saxon hypocrisy to cover up the honest phrase, sex magnetism."

There, ladies and gentlemen, is the Schildkraut definition of "*IT*." Elinor Glyn herself could have done no better!

"If people in America would only treat sex a little more casually," he went on. "If they did not accent it, if they did not attach unnatural significance to a natural thing. Sex is as fragile as a flower. It should be regarded as a flower in a garden, not a thing to be pulled apart, wantonly dissected, ruthlessly destroyed.

"**N**OT only am I tired of hearing '*IT*,' I feel that the word never should have been created." He shook his head, grimaced. "It suggests nothing, has no meaning, is cooked-up, enigmatic. It has a tiger skin twang."

He paused, looked about, then subsided into his chair.

"Perhaps I am too violent," he hazarded. "I am a one-sided person—what you call, perhaps, a wet blanket. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't gamble, I don't dance. I like my home. I do not like boldness, lack of restraint.

"But one should not be too critical here in America. America is very young, Europe is very old. In America you are having a sex awakening. It is all a matter of youth. This country is in a state of puberty so far as sex is concerned. America now makes its romances in taxicabs. Later that will change. As contrasted against the age-old background of Europe, America is like a magnificently gifted young person just learning the ways of the world.

"The madness for romance now upon America shows in all her films. No picture can succeed unless sex is intimated. A glorious picture like '*The Patriot*' is mildly acclaimed—rated primarily an artistic success—because it has no love story. A tawdry romance from *Poverty Row* mops up because of its hugs and kisses and its inevitable clinch at the end.

"American women are more sensually inclined than American men. They are romance-starved because the men here do not know the art of love-making. They laugh foolishly to see a man kiss a woman's hand. They do not understand this gesture of gallantry. They misinterpret it. They condemn the man who does it. Nevertheless, in spite of the reputation it has given me, I shall continue to kiss the ladies' hands.

"American men do not like foreigners because they are too adept at romance.

"**A**MERICAN men lack imagination. They are practical, matter-of-fact, they possess no fantasy. They cannot smile. The American man can laugh loudly, he can cry salt water tears, but he is not subtle. The smile is a thing that comes only with age, generations of age. The American man dies sixteen deaths inside him before he says, 'I love you.' Yet he resents and fears the delicacy, the innate subtlety of the foreigner." A shrug from the great Schildkraut suggested contempt.

"We need a little more of the old-fashioned romance," he pursued. "Fewer saxophones, more violins. We need to get away from the bold, the blatant, back to the delicate. Less

*IT* used to be a neuter pronoun—now it



# IT?

"IT is a jazz name for personality," says Lewis Stone

tuxedos, more costumes. I am eager to know how people take my performance in 'Showboat'. There is nothing 'IT-ty' about it, nothing sexy. It is lavender and old lace—old-fashioned romance.

"In Europe sex is accepted as a matter of course. We don't point at it, don't discuss it. No one is consciously aware of the presence of 'IT'. America, however, seems ashamed of its sex, even though it is the most beautiful thing nature has given us. Perhaps the reason too much attention is paid to the matter of 'IT' here is because the subject is so new. That possibly accounts for the trick names, the subterfuges, the disguises. The word 'IT' is all of these.

"WOMEN in this country go by types. I would say there are three types: The flapper, exemplified by Clara Bow; the purely spiritual type, like Alice Joyce, and the strictly domestic type which in America is becoming more extinct every day, while the American domestic man becomes more distinct.

"The ideal woman, whom I have not met yet—yes I have—has a dash of all three types. But an all-around, finished woman is rare in America."

At that moment Elise Bartlett walked into the room. She had just come from rehearsal at the President. In private life, Elise Bartlett is, of course, Mrs. Schildkraut. I do not know this to be a fact, but as I watched her, as I observed her natural, unstudied ease, I suspected that she represented the "yes I have" part of her husband's remark about the ideal woman.

"I do not see Garbo as the symbol of 'IT' at all," said Schildkraut. "I know her well, and to me she is the very antithesis of sex. Highly spiritual, highly intellectual, yet unfortunately always in strained parts.

"When we start commercializing sex in America, when we take our 'IT' as easily as our baseball or our golf, then will there be no more obnoxious petting parties in the high schools, and the nasty viewpoint of a beautiful subject will be corrected. Just now 'IT' is America's new toy. In time she will tire of playing with it."

OF course the Schildkraut viewpoint represents the outside perspective. Let us turn now to a domestic reaction. Let us listen to Lewis Stone, to his opinions, his conclusions, his philosophy concerning the all-absorbing American topic.

"'IT'," says Mr. Stone, "is merely a jazz-age name for personality."

Perhaps it will surprise you to note that this definition suggests nothing of sex. Yet it is like the man. Quiet, reserved, self-contained, he is exactly in real life the sort of man that authors picture in fiction. You feel, somehow, that Lew Stone is always master of any situation. And he is inscrutable enough to be intriguing. They call him "The only man on the screen past fifty with 'IT'."

His reserve, his discrimination, his resentment at the mere suggestion of affairs of the heart, give you the impression that he hails from the gallant South. And you are surprised when you discover that he was born near Boston.

But if you think you will get any advice from Lew Stone



Lewis Stone, the good grey actor who has never given a bad performance in his long screen career. Lew says that *IT* is just another word for personality, popularized by the jazz age. And a dignified thought it is, too!

regarding the efficient way in which to conduct an amour, you are doomed to disappointment. The man's facility for changing the subject is little short of genius. He even shies at generalities.

When I told him that "IT" was the text of his interview, an expression of horror crossed his face.

"I'm afraid you've come to the wrong person." He shook his head emphatically, to convince me, no doubt, that he was not well informed on the subject and that any other topic would be infinitely more welcome.

But we persisted. We got out the reportorial gimlet and began to bore in. We knew the information was there, it was merely a matter of getting it. The process was difficult, for we were discussing the matter behind a Russian railroad station on one of the M.-G.-M. stages during the making of "Wonder of Women." Every time we got going, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]

is the most abused word in our language

# The Favorites Pick

By  
Grace  
Thornley

Interesting and unsuspected characteristics of both choosers and chosen are revealed by these selections

**I**F you were under oath before a court of justice could you pick out the five most interesting people in your town?

Could you say which men and women represent most faithfully the color and vitality of your community? I don't mean people you like. I, for example, have a surprising fondness for an old aunt of a friend of mine who is about as interesting as a carrot. I have even been known to like after dinner speakers and radio announcers.

I tried to explain this to nine representative individuals of the motion picture industry when I asked them to select the five most interesting personalities in their town, Hollywood.

**O**F course, they came to no agreement. The difficulty lay in the definition of interest.

What is interest, after all, besides six per cent?

It certainly isn't what you've done. One of the dullest men I know has led what would be called a colorful life. It's rather a mental attitude—this thing known as interest.

According to Wilson Mizner, Hollywood's most exploited wit, suffering is a synonym for it. He doesn't believe in the still-water-runs-deep theory. "If that were true," says he, "an oyster would be an exalted O. Henry. No, give me complaining citizens who hate institutions, law and order, peace and quiet, who thrive on controversy and litigation, gossip and merry quip. Who have lied and stolen and lived strangely, whose experiences may be grouped together and shaken like a cocktail. The foam will turn out to be interest."

What players and studio folk do the motion picture actors themselves like best? Hollywood's own selections provide some striking high lights on film success. This interesting article tells the inside story—and it suggests a novel home game. Gather around on an off movie night and pick the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances.

This suggests an interesting and novel home game—picking the most popular person in your circle of acquaintances.

Gather round a table on an off movie night and have your friends make lists of the five most popular persons they know. Keep the lists secret until after the balloting, then check up the lists. This simple manner of tabulation will bring to light the popularity leader in your circle.

Try this some night. You may be surprised in the result.

But to return to Hollywood's selection of its five most popular people.

Gloria Swanson chose as her definition of interest "fan interest" and she selected as representative of the industry five people, the five people who, if she were a fan she would be most anxious to see. They are: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Greta Garbo, Tom Mix.

**B**UT Paul Bern, a well known executive, took a more inclusive look into the subject. He found a glory in failure, a beauty in color, a pathos in futility. Nor could he limit himself to five. I let him go on. His choice was:

Ona Brown—because as Mrs. Clarence Brown she was the social leader of Hollywood. Because she helped her husband to success through her personality and vitality. A woman who, now that she is divorced, still imagines herself the social leader, still gives elaborate parties but is now just Ona, not Mrs. Clarence.

Jack Gilbert—because he is always an artist, always vivid. Never happy. A man with whom all women are in love. Who went through a prolonged contract fight with M.-G.-M. and thought when it was over he would be happy, only to find himself as he was at the beginning. He is kind, cruel and ruthless at the same moment. Artistic, tempestuous and vital. Because his hard knocks have not left him bitter. And because of an amazing sense of humor.

Marshall Neilan—because he is always exuberant, always humorous. If he were given an advance of \$1,000 on a picture he would spend \$999 of it on a huge party at the Ambassador. Because he has a great wit and complete ruthlessness. Is a beloved vagabond.

**S**ONIA KARLOV (Jean Williams)—because she was a New York chorus girl. Came to Hollywood as Jean Williams and failed in pictures. Overnight became Sonia Karlov from Sweden and impressed De Mille to such an extent that he considered her for the lead in "The Godless Girl." But, when she was given the test, Lois Weber said that the New York chorus girl, with an acquired Swedish accent, didn't have the American viewpoint! When her perfidy was discovered De Mille, furious, gave her her congé. Now she is nobody for all her beautiful gesture.

Clara Bow—because her hard exterior is only a pose. Because she was the victim of vicious circumstance. Because she is the greatest emotional actress on the screen, could play *DuBarry* or *Zaza* if given the chance. At heart she is sentimental, simple, childish and sweet and the hard-boiled attitude is a defense mechanism.

Mary Nolan—because she was wrecked by the bad



Gloria Swanson  
selects:

Mary Pickford  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Charles Chaplin  
Greta Garbo  
Tom Mix

"Buddy" Rogers  
selects:

Mary Pickford  
Richard Arlen  
Jean Leonard  
Oscar Smith  
Ramon Novarro



# Their Own Favorites

				
<p>Lily Damita selects: Sam Goldwyn Irving Thalberg Jesse Lasky Marion Davies Mack</p>	<p>John Gilbert selects: Carey Wilson and nine for Greta Garbo</p>	<p>Lilyan Tashman selects: Lionel Barrymore Eric Pedley Adela Rogers St. Johns Bebe Daniels Winfield Sheehan and Edmund Lowe</p>	<p>Ronald Colman selects: Mary and Doug (as one) Gloria Swanson Sid Grauman Prof. Robert A. Millikan Joseph Schenck</p>	<p>Corinne Griffith selects: James Ford Howard Kicken- looper (Bob O'Hara) General Wati- shavlav Savitsky Baron Wilhelm von Hesse Norma Shearer</p>

publicity she had when she was Imogene Wilson. Was whipped by circumstance. Went abroad to make a picture. Was signed as a great German actress, Mary Nolan, by Universal. Has made her comeback. Vivid, colorful and beautiful.

Blanche Sweet—because all through the humiliation of her life she has loved but one man, Marshall Neilan. She, too, whipped by circumstance.

**CONRAD NAGEL**—because he is completely different from every other man in Hollywood.

Erich Von Stroheim—because he is mad and cannot limit himself to the confines of his art. He is like an artist who is given a canvas. He paints the figures and then says, "But I can't get the heads in because the canvas is too small." He made his first great picture, lied and cheated to do it as he pleased. After that promised he would be good. But when he hears the click of the camera he cannot confine himself. Is a great genius who will not conform.

Edmund Goulding—because he can do more things well than any other man. Can sing, act, direct, write plays, scenarios and novels. Women either hate or adore him. He can look calmly at a play of Shakespeare and say, "Terrible! I'll write a better one." And can. And does. Most erratic and eccentric man in Hollywood.

Thus Paul Bern, the lover of glorious failures.

It is a quick jump from the opinion of an analyst of Bern's type to the selection of a typical American lad like Buddy Rogers. His choice follows:

Mary Pickford—because of her sweetness.

Dick Arlen—because of a colorful career as a newspaper man, as an extra boy, as a great actor. And because of his success as a husband.

Jean Leonard—because he teaches you to play the piano by a system of his own in a few weeks. You need only memorize 14 chords. You do not need to know a note of music to play.

Oscar Smith—because he was once Wallace Reid's valet and then set up a boot blacking parlor on the Paramount lot, and made good. Because of his real negro wit and because, now that he has a five-year contract with Paramount as an actor, he still runs the boot black stand.

Ramon Novarro—because of his beautiful aloofness to the picture colony. Because he is genuinely sweet and charming

and loves everyone worthy of love, yet prefers to produce his own plays in his own little theater, study music and go abroad, rather than attend dances and bridge parties.

I told you that this was not only a consensus of opinion but a good insight into the characteristics of the people whose opinion was consulted. I let you judge for yourself about Lily Damita. The bright little foreigner within our shores is as shrewd a French gal as ever signed a smart contract. Be it said in Lily's defense that she could not distinguish between interesting people and those she liked. And those she liked were those whom it was profitable for her to like. Look, then, at her highly profitable list.

Sam Goldwyn—because he always makes her laugh.

Irving Thalberg—because she has to think before she answers him and because he always has the last word.

Jesse Lasky—because he is so courteous and considerate.

Marion Davies—because she is so sweet and charming.

Mack (a musician)—because he was so nice on the set and always asked what she wanted played in her scenes.

You will note that Lily has chosen three of the most important producers, those best able to keep her in big fat rôles. And also she has selected the woman who gives the best parties and has the most important people at her home. Lily threw in Mack for good measure, as a nice democratic gesture. It's a perfect list. I couldn't improve upon it. It took Lily quite a long time to think up why these people were interesting.

**NOW** perhaps it is well to give Mizner's nominations. He finds the picture people (he chooses only one connected with the industry) too prosperous to be amusing. For him a perfect profile or a cross eye isn't interest. These lords of creation concentrate too much on success to please him. They speak more of what they do than what they have seen. So here they are:

Jack Kearns—because in his moral and spiritual charm there is a full quota of larceny, the larceny of excitement rather than money, not that he has ever scorned the latter.

Hap O'Connor—because he was born with eight dollars and still has it.

Ted Cook—because he originated Congressman Frisby and compliments Mizner by listening to him.

Dorothy Parker (now no longer [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119])

*Who are Hollywood's five most colorful figures?*



*A*S in "Our Dancing Daughters," Anita Page and Joan Crawford prove again in "Our Modern Maidens" that even in this *off-with-the-old-on-with-the-new* age one cannot dance to the tune of the piper without having to pay him. But we are happy to state that they do not pay and pay and pay! Instead they are paid and paid and paid.



# \$5,000 in Fifty Cash Prizes

## RULES OF CONTEST

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

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

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

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

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

PLAY 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, 1930, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. No solution will be returned unless sufficient postage accompanies the solution and such request is made at time of submission.

Cut Puzzle Pictures Are on Fourth and Fifth Pages of Front Rotogravure Section

## 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.

# How They Manage

**A**N Eve-less Eden, is Charlie Chaplin's bachelor menage these days. Charlie, the world's famous King of Comedy, who can love the ladies so compellingly, is once more master in his own strictly masculine household.

None of your elegant and foreign antiques for Charlie—his house is the quintessence of modern comfort—masculine comfort. He planned and built it himself in 1923, between weddings, and it has just had time to gain that mellowed look, as though it were really lived in, and not a furniture dealer's showroom. (It certainly has been lived in.)

Except on those hectic occasions when rude reporters are dogging Charlie, his house is easy of access. No gate bars automobiles from the hillside driveway. To friends, the front door is thrown wide open with regal hospitality. True, there is a deceitful little hall inside the front door, tiled, and cool with huge ferns, wherein another and very thick door confronts one. But this second door leads directly into the living room, which immediately enchants the eye. For this room is study, organ room, library and picture show. It is Charlie's favorite room, for it is here that he solaces his soul with that organ, which he plays exquisitely.

Two sumptuous rugs grace the floor, of priceless silky oriental



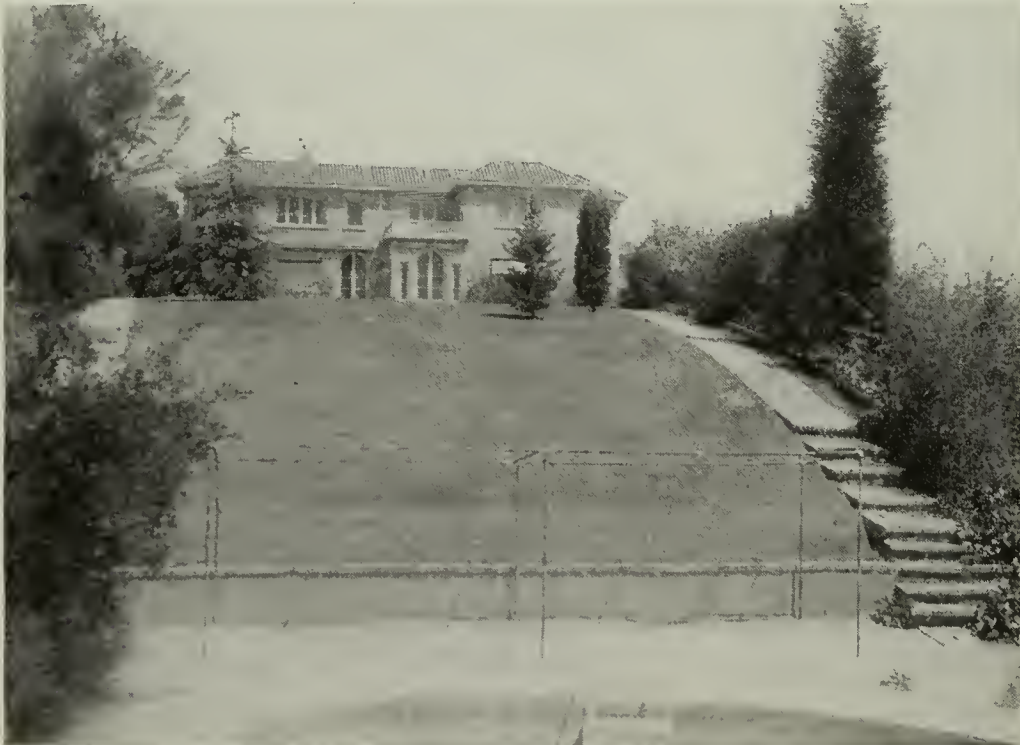
The Chaplin dining room. Just such a richly elegant but simple room as may be found in many well appointed American homes. Charlie's favorite lamb stew and plain puddings do not seem out of place in these surroundings

texture, with a rich, warm crushed-strawberry color dominating. This color is carried out in the heavy velvet curtains that drape the windows majestically from ceiling to floor, and is

picked up again in the border round a painted screen near the fireplace, and in the upholstery of the cozy window seats—broad enough to curl up on. The walls are unembellished white concrete, giving a slight churchly effect in the organ corner. There is a gigantic fireplace, with one of those fender stools one can sit upon, and two painted coal boxes, to match the nearby screen that can be drawn round on chilly nights.

**C**HARLIE is fussy about his coal, likes it placed in well-balanced symmetry on the fire, and often performs this duty himself. An over-stuffed chair invites one to relax in its depths, a big lounge is equally seductive—but next to the organ stands one regal chair of almost forbidding throne-like propensities. 'Tis said that Charlie has his kingly moods . . .

Across one bayed window, which frames a



A long-shot of the rear of the house showing the faultlessly kept lawn, dotted with stately trees and edged with luxuriant shrubbery, which slopes down to the swimming-pool



# Their Homes

*The King of Comedy rules imperiously over a strictly masculine and Queenless household*

By Alma Whitaker

comfortable window seat, a screen can be let down upon which pictures are thrown from the projection room on the staircase landing. Books galore at one end . . . every kind of encyclopedia and reference book; "The History of Human Marriage" in three volumes; Rabelais; the Arabian Nights; de Maupassant; Dickens; Shakespeare, *et al.* In the center of the room a table to delight the artistic eye, solid, impressive, yet exquisitely carved and hand-painted. Upon this a gold tray, with cigar and cigarette boxes, match-holder, ash trays—all full, the pink of neatness. One cigarette box plays a tune when it is opened. A cute dicky bird picks up crumbs when it is wound up . . .

In the corner beneath the staircase stands a huge gong in black iron, which reverberates for several minutes after being sounded. In this corner a door leads into a central hall, richly



The squares in the wall at the staircase landing are openings from the projection room. A screen can be let down across one of the bay windows in the living room. The huge iron gong announces that dinner is served

carpeted in big black and white checks. Here stand priceless cabinets of inlaid satinwood, with tall gold vases upon them, giving a very regal effect. Wrought iron gates at one end of this hall guard a dainty, piquant, utterly cozy tea-room, which looks out onto the huge lawn. It bespeaks intimate conversation, even when empty.

To the right is the reception room, spacious, with huge windows on two sides commanding Beverly's most superior views. Charlie put a lot of time in on this room in 1924, yet didn't feel quite satisfied. He tried rugs, curtains and chairs galore before the present scheme was decided upon. Picture, then, a floor carpeted in soft dove grey, with a few rich rugs strewn upon it. The color note here is an infinitely soft shade of pale terra-cotta—touches of it recurring in the rich brocaded window drapes, the rugs, the upholstery.

At one end of the room a huge bay window, with a deep window seat—the sort pretty girls curl their legs upon. Two huge over-stuffed chairs and a divan in old gold, now showing the rub of elbows, and so looking thoroughly acclimatized. In one [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 87 ]



Charlie's *sanctum sanctorum*. The placing of his slippers on a certain spot to catch the famous feet as he swings out of bed is an interesting sidelight on the little comedian

# The Great Ear-Plug Problem

Famous Scientist Discovers How to Cut the Australian Whip-Crackers, Arabian Tumblers and Lipping Actors from Your Talkie Programs

By  
Prof. Dr. Leonard Hall  
(Joliet)

HOW can we cut the poisonous items from our talking picture programs?

Science is now at grips with this Problem of the Hour. Sometimes Science is on top, biting and gouging—sometimes the Snickering Saxophone. Science, however, is winning!

I and my laboratory staff have been battling this major problem since the first car-barn soprano split our ear-drums from the screaming screen. Now we feel that it is solved!

You are safe from the tenor with adenoids!

Our task was this.

You may like the Yellaphone Reel about the policeman dragging the dead dog over to Popocatapetl Street because he couldn't spell Elm, while the snorting of Duke Bazoo's Tallahassee Toe-Tappers may be so much insect powder, or vice versa.

I and my young men have tried to perfect a simple means by which you may listen to one and just charge the other off to wear and tear. We have succeeded. I will list our experiments.

TEST A. I chose for this test my best girl, the famous Case D of the Talkie Sleep Test. I and two ice-men led Case D into a picture house where Mme. Anville was rendering the famous "Rivetting Song" on the Squawkaphone.

"Do you enjoy this?" I asked Case D. She gave a low moan.

Quick as thought we hurled her to the floor and poured molten wax into her left ear.

"Better?" I asked.

"No," answered Case D. "It is just running in one ear and right out the other!"

We at once plugged up the ear of exit with chewing gum. This seemed to work for a time. We were annoyed to find, however, that later on we were unable to pry the hardened wax from Case D's ears with a cold chisel, and were forced to clear her head with a small charge of gun cotton. Sadly, in the

process we broke one of her jade earrings.

"Test A is not feasible," I said to my young men. "Allons! To work!"

TEST B. For this test, to obtain a replaceable plug, we borrowed one of the neighbor's children—Master Ernest Torrence, a sturdy, bright boy of six.

He was placed before a short reel of an orchestral rendition of Vilma Banky's "Third Hungarian Frenzy."

"You likey this?" I asked the lad. His reply was unprintable.

My assistants, Drs. Stepin Fetchit and Davey Lee, quickly inserted two common navy beans, of the FABACEAE family, in his ears.

Sadly enough, they slipped inside his skull. Two more were inserted! Again failure! After nine trials, two beans were satisfactorily plugging the child's ears, and he could not even hear a pistol let off at the base of his skull.

Unfortunately, the eighteen beans lost in Master Torrence's

[ PLEASE TURN  
TO PAGE 98 ]



Dr. Rube Goldberg, of the Royal Academy, here shows us, with his customary grace and whimsy, a phase of the great Ear-Plug Test for Squawking Pictures. Old Dr. Herb Howe, on the perch, is inserting the plug in the left ear of Case D, while old Dr. Len Hall is clinching the matter with a sledge-hammer





Crow Charles Mack

# Two Black Crows *in Hollywood*



Crow George Moran

While the world rushes hurriedly pro and con, George Moran and Charles Mack murmur about Big Moments in Screendom

*Overheard by Teet Carle*

MORAN—At last us is in Hollywood.

MACK—Two babes in the Hollywoods.

MORAN—Oh, that is so old.

MACK—They says the old gags is the best, after all.

MORAN—Who says that?

MACK—The title writers.

MORAN—The first thing we gotta do is take a test.

MACK—A test? This ain't no college, is it? For that test I reckon we gotta write a theme-song.

MORAN—What you think of Hollywood make-up?

MACK—So nice and informal.

MORAN—Everyone do seem glad to see us.

MACK—Yeah, we found that out. I finally bought a house from one of 'em, though.

MORAN—Wish I knew what to wear 'fore the camera.

MACK—Well, I was in a show once and I found out that light black is blacker than dark black.

MORAN—That's silly. How can you have dark black in black?

MACK—I wouldn't be bothered about that.

MORAN—Why *should* light black be blacker than dark black?

MACK—I couldn't figure out no other reason unless it was because I put the light black on thicker.

MORAN—Well, all I can say is I wish I had IT.

MACK—Who cares about it?

MORAN—Well, Clara Bow has IT.

MACK—What of it? What about it anyway?

MORAN—She has IT, that's all.

MACK—Let her have it. Who wants it anyway?

MORAN—She does. She likes IT.

MACK—What's her idea in having it?

MORAN—How do I know? She just has IT.

MACK—A h' d rather not hear any more about it. Just what is it, that's what I'd like to know?

MORAN—It's IT, that's what it is.

MACK—What happens if a person has "that"?

MORAN—You're so dumb. I hope the story they got for us is as good as "Wings."

MACK—Some little old show I never even heard of.

MORAN—You heard of "The Rough Riders," didn't you?

MACK—You wasn't the head man—say, what's your idea in bringing that up?

MORAN—Hope we got a good writer on our pictures. They say there's some pretty level heads in Hollywood's writing business. What you think?

MACK—They is so soft.

MORAN—The heads?

MACK—Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that.

MORAN—One of our stories is by Octavus Roy Cohen.

MACK—Yeah? Where was he going?

MORAN—I bet you heard that from Elinor Glyn.

MACK—No, it couldn't have Ben Hur.

MORAN—You're so funny I can't hardly keep from laughing.

MACK—I got a good gag for the story. I jab you in the third scene.

MORAN—You do, and I'll grab you by the fireplace.

MACK—You can't make money that way.

MORAN—I'll be the leading man in this play.

MACK—You do and you'll be misleading.

MORAN—Me and the heroine will be closer than the air in the subway.

MACK—Close affection? Like one sardine for another?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108 ]

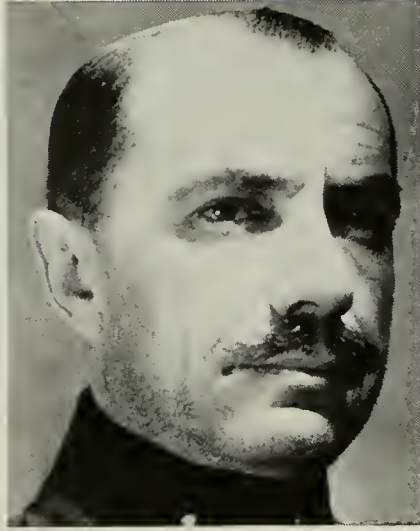


Moran and Mack, all fever to begin their first talkie, are waiting for the studio to open. Brother Mack barks that they may see the early bird catch the worm. Brother Moran murmurs something about what worm, anyhow?

# The Bit Players of Studioland



What ho! Here is His Honor the Mayor, of "What Price Glory" fame. August Tollaie and his pet chinchillas are always in demand among the studios. M. Tollaie was born in Paris, and played stage rôles for years in this country and on the continent before besieging Hollywood. A few years ago he crashed the headlines by actually bathing his beloved hedge in milk!



Once a general in the army of the Tsar—now a professional sword-swinger in the army of Hollywood bit players. Alexander Ikonnikoff, born to the purple and the profession of arms, was lost when Russia went Red. Knowing nothing of business, he came to Hollywood and became an extra. This is the way the general looked in Billie Dove's First National film, "Adoration"



Another exiled Russian soldier, who divides his time in Hollywood between doing small parts in pictures and running a restaurant, The Double Eagle, where the samovar is always hot. This is General Theodore Lodjensky, who lost his fortune in the Revolution. He is always on call for Russian parts in films. Recently he has played in "The Cossacks" and "Adoration"



Blime, 'ere's Shorty English, typical cockney, who is a picture protegee of Richard Barthelmess. Instead of becoming a Limehouse roustabout or fishmonger, Shorty took to the Seven Seas, and became a rover all over the world. In Hollywood, his last port of call, he met Dick, who gave him a small part in a sea-farin' film. Since that time Shorty has been a bit player



And here is a young bit player who made good in a very big way. A few months ago James Ford was just a good-looking collar ad who rattled around the studios taking his work where he found it, if any. One day Corinne Griffith saw him, liked his looks and recommended him to the powers that be. It wasn't long until First National hired him as a regular leading man



Barrett Whitelaw became a famous bit player Because He Liked Nice Things. He got his first film job because he had brought a polo suit with him from his Virginia home, and he has played many rôles because he is an authority on male duds and always keeps his wardrobe keyed way up in G. When a call rings out for "well-dressed young men," there's Barrett Whitelaw!



# the Folks You Never Read About



Unusual dancing ability couldn't get Helen Fairweather a break in pictures, but she filled a bathing suit so well that she was warmly welcomed in two-reel comedies. Then she had two highly ornamental chances in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" and "Vamping Venus." Now Helen has taken a voice test and passed summa cum laude and funnier



Ada Chidley didn't take a whirl at pictures until she was thirty-five. Born in that legendary Canadian town called Medicine Hat, she went on the stage in girlhood, and trouped the country in stock and repertory. Even now, between her numerous little picture jobs, she hears the call of the road and tours California with a "tent show" famous up and down the coast



Frances Hamilton is a perfect example of a wealthy society girl turned movie bit player just in the spirit of good, clean fun. Born in Pasadena, the daughter of smart and well-to-do folks, Frances decided on pictures, and registered with the Central Casting Agency. Colleen Moore gave her a bit in "Her Wild Oat," and as a bit player she has been in other First National films



Eighteen years ago Ethel Gordon Crain came to Amedica with a little troupe of English actors that had toured all the British possessions. A stage trip brought her to Los Angeles, where she fell in love with the films, as so many do, have and will. Since then she has played many small rôles, notably in "Lilac Time" and "The Hawk's Nest," First National movies



Here's real love for a career! Eugenie Coughlin was educated for a musical life, but she married Lieut. Coughlin, of the Army, and settled down to housewifery. But the appeal of the films was strong, and when the Coughlins moved to Hollywood the missus went into pictures. For the past six years she has happily combined home duties and many good bits in photoplays



This pretty tidbit is Alice Adair, who, like many another fetching gal, found her way into films by the dance route. She was one of the famous Marion Morgan girls, and after winning a beauty contest was given the rôle of *Aphrodite* in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." Alice's beauty and dancing powers keep her busy on the lots. Tell me, would you take Adair?



# The Whip

By  
Katherine  
Albert

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn



IT began in a cafe in Paris, when a tired young producer raised his head from his hands and thought his coming abroad was in vain. His nemesis sat across the room from him. Perhaps he could escape before she saw him, but there was only one way to leave the place. He must pass her table. She was bound to see him. Perhaps he could outstay her, and she would not know that he had been there. And then, suddenly, she looked his way.

He half arose, like a crouching animal, and sank back in his chair, with a sigh of relief, for it was not Sibyl, after all.

Two things had driven Maurice Flint to Paris—his wife and his star. Of his wife he would soon be rid. The divorce was almost ended, and then he would have to return, back to Hollywood, back to the star. That girl over there, the one at the table, had certainly given him a fright. Sibyl had become his complex. He knew that she was not in Paris. Had she been, he would have seen it in the papers. Yet, he was so afraid of her and the likeness was so startling, that for a moment he had thought. . . .

And then the idea was born. Paris was a marvelous place. His two major difficulties, the only two things that really worried him, were to be solved. He thought of Sibyl. Three years ago he had discovered her, a silly little extra girl, just over from France to go into pictures. He had made her a great star, and now she was making a madman out of him. He recalled that day in the wardrobe, when she had torn a pink satin dress from her ravishing young body. The material had cost twelve-fifty a yard. He recalled a day on the set, when she had snatched the script from a secretary's hands, and had

thrown it at the director's head. He had heard stories of how she had gone to the still department and taken negatives from the exclusive file which were stamped to bits by her French heels. Yet there was nothing he could do about it. She knew and he knew that the public wanted her. His only joy in Sibyl la Mond lay in the fact that she piled up money in the box office and thence into his pocket.

Sibyl's temperament might have been what started his trouble with Belle, his wife. The star made him so nervous that he could not cope with Belle. Belle wanted to go into pictures.

"BUT lots of producers let their wives act. Am I to be kept Bin the house as if I were a nun?"

She was right. There were lots of producers who let their wives act. He himself had watched Sam Benjamin stand around the set looking at Lucille Lake, his wife, and he had wondered how Sam could see the leading men take her in their arms and brush her hair with their lips. Well, he wasn't Sam Benjamin, and he'd be damned if a wife of his could be made love to by an actor with pink grease paint on his face. He might have argued with her more sweetly, if it had not been for Sibyl. But Sibyl upset him so at the studio that when he got home he could only say, "No, Belle, no! For the last time, no! You can't go on the screen, and that's straight!"

He had said it for the last time. She got a part with a rival studio. He stood it for two weeks, and fifty times during each day he had a vision of the last fade-out with Belle, his Belle, in the arms of a pasty-faced actor.





*She was a  
hired lash,  
engaged by  
a famous  
producer to  
threaten his  
temperamen-  
tal star*

With a little cry, Dona floated into Bertram's arms. "Cut," said Hawley. And then Flint made the discovery that he had never liked Bertram Drew. What right had a sleepy-eyed actor to kiss Dona Fleurs like that? He didn't have to do it like he meant it

He welcomed Paris. He was free of Belle and her constant nagging, forever. From Sibyl he was free for a few weeks anyhow. He realized now how much her temperament obsessed him. Fool that he was, he could so successfully mistake a strange woman in a cafe for his star, that he was about to do a nose dive out of the place.

HE watched the Unknown. The profile was exactly like Sibyl's. That little, piquant nose which, if it were straight, would have robbed her of the individuality that pulled them into the theater. Those long, sweeping lashes, so heavy that they tangled when she closed her eyes. That restless slash of scarlet, technically known as a mouth. But when she turned his way he saw that she was more beautiful than the star who had made him millions. Her eyes were softer, warmer. Sibyl had grown hard these last two years. Besides, the Unknown was younger and smaller than Sibyl. Sibyl had been that size when he discovered her, but she indulged herself now, and he remembered one night when he had remonstrated about the second chocolate éclair . . . but he wouldn't think of those things now. An idea had been born. He got up from his table and walked to her side of the room. She was sitting with an elderly man.

"I beg your pardon; I'm Maurice Flint." He waited for the name to register. It didn't. The Unknown looked at her companion questioningly.

"I beg your pardon," said the man, in scholarly English. Maurice spoke again. "I'm a producer," he said, "from Hollywood."

The eyes of the girl brightened, and she motioned for him to be seated. Hesitantly she said, "I speak so little English, but I like you, when you say 'Hollywood.'"

Maurice turned to her companion. "Explain to her, then," he said, "that I want to make a test of her tomorrow, and if it's O. K., I'll give her a five-year contract with Flint Productions, Incorporated."

They tell a fable in Hollywood. Once upon a time there was a producer who went abroad who did not come back with a foreign discovery. Maurice Flint let them take pictures and news reels of Dona Fleurs at the boat in New York, at her suite at the Ambassador, at the train in Chicago, and at the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles. He let reporters interview her in Kansas City and Albuquerque, and each time he smiled to himself when the reporters asked what picture he was planning for her. He was always vague, but he avowed her a real discovery who would go far.

HE expected Sibyl to be in his office when he got back to the studio. She was. And without waiting for him to say, "How do you do" to his secretary, she opened up a barrage of vituperative remarks.

"It's to kick me out, I suppose, that you bring over this little French trollop. I suppose you think you have used me for three years and have made the clothes on your back from me, and now you will kick me out! Well, you may kick me out! I will go! I will be glad to leave the mud of your dirty studio with your fine Dona Cabbages! I will break my contract! I will not have it! [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]





Here's an odd sort of family relationship for you to figure out. You, of course, recognize Neil Hamilton and Chester Conklin. Well, the other lady and gentleman are the Edingtons, authors of our "Studio Murder Mystery," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S prize story now being filmed by Paramount. Neil and Chet are playing two of the leading rôles, which makes them sons by adaptation, or something. You dope it out. Chester looks a mite startled at something here

# GOSSIP *of* All

"WILD ORCHIDS"  
*Garbo went to Java with  
 A husband meek and mild—  
 Garbo drove Nils Asther  
 And a million orchids wild!*

SAY, people, what are we going to do about this little Janet Gaynor? Here we thought we had her all bundled up in a sure-fire romance with Mr. Lydell Peck of San Francisco. Then, darned if Mr. William Fox doesn't put her smack dab into another picture with Mr. Charlie Farrell, the Boy with the Contralto Eyes.

When the favorite team went to work together in "The Lucky Star," poor Mr. Peck was forced to sit on the sidelines and chew his nails in impotent despair. Somehow, the re-matching seemed to kindle the old flame in the breast of little Janet.

Well, there are two possibilities, reading from north to south.

1. Perhaps *the* Gaynor was just making Mr. Peck jealous.
2. You remember that the original Farrell-Gaynor romance was set down to publicity by the town skeptics. Perhaps this is just a little more of the same, with horseradish.

MARY DORAN, one of the pretty new girls in the Metro-Goldwyn stock company, was talking about a well known lizard of Hollywood Boulevard.

"He's just one of these 'Sonny Boy' fellows," she said.

"Meaning?"

"Oh, he's got that climb-upon-my-knee complex!" said Mary fetchingly.

THIS is Eddie Nugent's contribution to the June gayety. Eddie says he is through crack-ing wise, but I don't think anything can tie him down.

However, one afternoon a workman started a big bonfire on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.

"What's that?" somebody asked Eddie.

"Oh," replied the wag, "that's down on De Mille's set. Somebody just asked him for a match."

P. S.—De Mille, it is said, is barely nodding to Nugent when they pass by.

I TAKE pen in hand to report that Hollywood's First Bachelor for June is Buddy Rogers, or Charlie to his pals.

This dear little schoolgirl, with the big bow and the pink sash, is our Bessie Love, made up for her rôle in one of the skits in the forthcoming M.-G.-M. "Revue of Revues." What can be wrong with the gay blades of Hollywood? Not a single one has turned up to carry her books home from class!





The dashing, uniformed figure at the right, partly hidden by that high privet hedge, is Marion Davies, made up for her rôle in "Marianne," her next picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She is shown here at moustache drill with her director, Mr. Bob Leonard. "Twirl-WIIISKERS!" orders Bob, and Marion twirls smartly. Miss Davies, as a French chasseur, should prove an apt pupil, while Bob has won several prizes as a moustache-twirler



# The STUDIOS

By  
Cal  
York



Acme

Ever since Claire Windsor succumbed to his boyish charm lots of girls have been plenty conscious of his winsomeness.

Though reports have it that June Collyer is oftenest his chosen partner, his dressing room is next to Mary Brian's, and Mary is often noted leaning out the window and cheering him forward as Buddy plows through his piano lesson.

Well, you can't blame the kid for preferring La Brian to an old family metronome.

**I**NA CLAIRE, the beautiful blonde stage star, has had a good snicker or two up her sleeve since coming to Hollywood to make a talkie for Pathe.

There was the usual press tea in her honor after her arrival, and Ina made her usual hit with the newspaper tribe because of her charm and her naturalness and lack of swank.

But she muffed a few cues. Pathe hadn't meant to mention her former picture essays at all, but Ina wouldn't stand for this for a minute. And why should she?

"After all," as she said, "a few people, at least, thought my old Metro pictures were good!"

They were, Ina, they were, and Pathe is foolish not to talk about them! Old Cal remembers you with delight in one called "A Wild Goose Chase." And didn't you make the first version of "The Prisoner of Zenda"?

Cal will give odds you did. And as young *Fritz von Tarlenheim*—one of the fattest small parts in the history of stage or screen!—a handsome boy named Tom Forman was unforgettable.

That bit makes actors! It made Malcolm McGregor, when he was fortunate enough to be cast for it in the Rex Ingram version, starring Alice Terry.

**When Greta came home! The glamorous Garbo posed for cameramen on the boat deck of the good ship Drottingholm as she docked after a Swedish holiday. Tailored, reticent, mysterious as ever, Greta had very little to say. A half hour later her telephone rang, and who should it be but Mr. John Gilbert!**

*Madame, 60, thought she'd crown  
A singing life quite checkered  
By warbling on the Vitaphone—  
So Madame broke a record!*

**L**EW CODY, lying ill and pretty much alone at a sanitarium near Hollywood, takes the usual busman's holiday.

He spends much of his time looking at movies. The studio has sent over a projection machine, and Lew's nurses keep it grinding away and the lively shadows passing and repassing before the eyes of the sick man.

**W**ELL, the scene of action shifted to Pittsburgh late in the spring.



Bulloch

This really calls for a special edition. It chronicles an event unprecedented in film history. A star, in a bathing suit, poses for her picture with her husband! The lady, of course, is Camilla Horn—the gentleman is her proud spouse, Claus Geerz

Smoketown fell out of bed one morning with a crash. Newspaper extras later announced that Lupe Velez, Mexico's ball of fire, had arrived. Reporters and managers jumped for the dugout doors.

A few hours later the city was again rocked by an explosion, and word rushed round that Vivian and Rosetta Duncan had pulled in to furnish Lupe opposition at another theater.

The Duncan girls were never noted for prim reticence, either. So the Red Cross was wired, extra cots hastily ordered for inevitable casualties and from behind hastily erected barricades Pittsburgh awaited the onslaught of red-hot entertainment. As we go to press nothing can be learned from the stricken city. All is smoke and confusion. But it is safe to say that when Lupe and the Duncans are finally subdued, crated and sent on, Mellonville will know it has been through some week!

**A** SOURED Hollywood scenario writer was watching the latest crop of imported New York writers being unloaded at the depot, loaded on trucks and carted to the studios.

He shifted the straw he was chewing and remarked—  
"Not a gag in a carload!"

**W**ALTER WINCHELL tells this one.

Wilton Lackaye, one of the noblest Romans and First Wits of the stage, was sitting in his club one afternoon when one of the screen's popular pretty boys came prancing up, quite agog.



International

The Old Master is about to dust off his sea-goin' camera and set sail. D. W. Griffith is here signing a contract to film Joan Lowell's best seller, "Cradle of the Deep," her story of a girlhood spent on the briny. The lady, of course, is the fair Joan, who spent several years in pictures, but never got past first base in spite of her obvious beauty and, it has been proved, brains. Watch for her stories in future issues of PHOTOPLAY

"Oh, Mr. Lackaye," the sweet youth twittered, "I saw your performance tonight, and it was simply swell. Tell me, how does it feel to be a really great actor?"

Lackaye looked up from his copy of *The Pink 'Un*.

"You'll never know!" he replied.

**J**OSEPH SCHILDKRAUT and Elise Bartlett have had their matrimonial storms and calms, but they have been married for seven years, and you can't giggle that off.

The other day they celebrated the happy event, with cameras clicking and reporters getting joyous statements on how it feels to amble seven years in double harness.

**T**HE monthly Mayfair dance is over, as usual, and the customary amount of aspirin has been sold to trippers of the more or less light fantastic.

Lois Moran surprised the folks by turning up in the party of Mickey Neilan. Jobyna Ralston left off planting shrubs and hanging chintz long enough to attend with husband Dick Arlen. Polly Ann Young, eldest of the famous Young sisters, fox-trotted here and there with Ricardo Cortez. Norma Shearer and Gertrude Olmsted set a precedent by dancing the first polka with their own husbands.

And Gary Cooper! Ah, zose love-seek Gary.

He seet about, counting hees fingers, and mumble zat eet is only three weeks, one day, fourteen hours until hees Lupe comes home!

Gary, during Lupe's absence in the East, has been giving the best performance of a lovelorn boy that Hollywood has ever seen. He's been eating alone, most of the time, and probably crying into his consomme, and he brought another man to the premiere of "The Iron Mask."

True blue, thinks the Big Boy from Montana.

**S**TEPIN FETCHIT, the colored comic sensation dug up by Fox for "Hearts in Dixie," just can't be bothered.

Step now draws down \$750 a week, and owns three expensive





At last the cameraman has been turned loose from the airless booth he has been locked in since the advent of the talkies! Every studio has been experimenting with a camera that wouldn't whirr into the microphone and make the picture sound like a swarm of bees. This is Paramount's answer. It is called the "Blimp," because it looks something like one. Actor Lane Chandler, after a listen, says he can't hear a single rattle

automobiles. Not long ago the boss called him into the office and told him he couldn't drive any more.

He rides with a chauffeur most of the time anyway, but it burned the dark boy to be told he couldn't steer if he craved to.

"Stepin, you're too careless. This business of getting pinched every other day has got to stop."

"Boss," said the sepia comedian, "you're wrong. I'm not careless. Don't I always manage to keep ahead of them traffic cops?"

*Mix Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell  
And Frank Borzage in a barrel.  
Take out the bung and look within 'er,  
And there's another Medal winner!*

AT last the newspapers carry the report of the separation of Norma Talmadge and her multi-millionaire husband, Joseph Schenck. Norma insists "we are not separated." They are just living apart, she says. It is too bad. Of course, it is a separation when people are living apart as they have been doing for over a year.

AND now comes Betty Compson and announces that she and Jimmie Cruze, her director husband, have busted. She said he wanted to read books and she wanted to go places and see things.

You must grant that that withers any love. Betty insists that they are still good friends. Heigh ho!

JOHN BARRYMORE, an actor, dropped into a Hollywood haberdashery a few days ago for a couple of clean shirts.

He selected a couple of nobby patterns, and the clerk asked his name.

"Barrymore," said the star.

"Eh?" said the clerk, "Will you spell it?"

John would, and did.

"What's the first name?"



P. and A.

Just to show that there's plenty of life in the old boy yet, Charlie Chaplin goes in for a little game of leap-frog with Harry D'Arrast, the director. This picture was taken while Charlie was convalescing from his recent illness at Coronado Beach

Barrymore gave the minion a look that would freeze Clara Bow.

"Ethel!" he said, and walked out.

THE great days of free caviar and drink for the movie critics are about over, and a good thing it is, too.

But it will be a good thing for the actors when they are completely done away with. Not that we want the players to take the veil except when working. It is only that during their receptions for the press there is always a chance of something turning sour.

The newspaper boys and girls don't get any kick out of movie parties for the press—they just go for the ride. The rackets that every big opening and actor visit call forth don't produce any good publicity. The players are self-conscious and the critics get a little dazed, and nothing comes out of it but a few headaches.

As Hamlet says when his uncle, the king, hurls a party for a film troupe on location at Elsinore, 'tis a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Poor Lupe Velez came a cropper at a trade luncheon in New York because of too much hooray, and at a later tea she was so chastened and tamed that she meant nothing. Dozens of actors have had the same thing happen. There are always a few twenty-minute-eggs in the crowd who will take advantage of every bobble. The days when newspapermen lived for months on free food and drink are over. And as Steve Brodie said, there goes nothing! [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 72 ]



# What was *the* Best Picture of 1928?

Vote for the Picture You Think Should Win!

Ninth Annual Gold Medal Award

IT'S voting time in PHOTOPLAY land!

The time has come for you to cast your ballot for the ninth gold medal award of PHOTOPLAY.

Probably you have participated in the eight annual awards of past years. Whether or not you have been a PHOTOPLAY voter in the past, you must do your duty by the best motion picture of 1928.

Back in 1921 PHOTOPLAY announced its annual award and our readers were invited to select the best picture of the previous year. "Humoresque" was named. Each year since, our millions of readers have named what they consider to be the best film of each year.

The prize has grown in significance until today it is the greatest award in the whole world of the screen. First, it is the only prize coming from the film fans themselves. It is not the selection of critics or of screen workers themselves. It comes from the vast army of film lovers and goes to the producer who ventured his money, his hopes and his dreams upon the production.

- 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"
- 1927  
"7th HEAVEN"

At the inauguration of the gold medal award, PHOTOPLAY asked its readers to consider everything about a motion picture and not to be swayed by personalities. The picture honored should be preeminent in story, in direction, in acting, in photography, and, greater still, it should be distinguished by the spirit and intent behind it.

HOW well PHOTOPLAY readers have followed this plan is proved by the list of gold medal awards. Look them over. "Humoresque," "Tol'able David," "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Big Parade," "Beau Geste" and "7th Heaven." Milestones of motion picture progress, every one of them.

When you vote this year, remember this array of epic films. Select a film worthy to join them in the PHOTOPLAY Hall of Fame.

A list of fifty important releases of 1928 is appended to this page. It is not necessary for you to select one of these productions. You may vote for any [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102]

## 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 1928.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name

Address

## Fifty Pictures Released in 1928

- |                               |   |  |
|-------------------------------|---|--|
| <i>Abie's Irish Rose</i>      | <i>Flying Fleet, The</i>                    | <i>Mother Machree</i>                  |
| <i>Alias Jimmy Valentine</i>  | <i>Four Devils</i>                          | <i>Noose, The</i>                      |
| <i>Barker, The</i>            | <i>Four Sons</i>                            | <i>Our Dancing Daughters</i>           |
| <i>Beau Sabreur</i>           | <i>Four Walls</i>                           | <i>Outcast</i>                         |
| <i>Bellamy Trial, The</i>     | <i>Gauche, The</i>                          | <i>Racket, The</i>                     |
| <i>Chicago</i>                | <i>Gentlemen Prefer Blondes</i>             | <i>Ramona</i>                          |
| <i>Circus, The</i>            | <i>Interference</i>                         | <i>Sadie Thompson</i>                  |
| <i>Cossacks, The</i>          | <i>Last Command, The</i>                    | <i>Singing Fool, The</i>               |
| <i>Czar Ivan the Terrible</i> | <i>Laugh, Clown, Laugh</i>                  | <i>Sorrell and Son</i>                 |
| <i>Devil Dancer, The</i>      | <i>Legion of the Condemned, The</i>         | <i>Speedy</i>                          |
| <i>Divine Woman, The</i>      | <i>Lilac Time</i>                           | <i>Street Angel</i>                    |
| <i>Docks of New York, The</i> | <i>Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The</i> | <i>Trail of '98, The</i>               |
| <i>Dove, The</i>              | <i>Man Who Laughs, The</i>                  | <i>Wedding March, The</i>              |
| <i>Drag Net, The</i>          | <i>Masks of the Devil, The</i>              | <i>West Point</i>                      |
| <i>Drums of Love</i>          | <i>Mc, Gangster</i>                         | <i>White Shadows in the South Seas</i> |
| <i>Enemy, The</i>             | <i>Mother Knows Best</i>                    | <i>Woman of Affairs, A</i>             |
| <i>Fazil</i>                  |   |  |
| <i>Fleet's In, The</i>        |   |  |



# Who's Talking *for* Who in Hollywood?

The Hollywood  
Boulevardier Sees  
Old Friends with  
New Voices

By Herbert Howe

Hollywood, Calif.

**D**EAR JIM: You recall I got quite a glow over Betty Compson's Open House with the help-yourself money bowl. Well, it's a Closed House now. Betty closed it the day after I was honor guest. (Honor guest is same as trusty in a penitentiary, Jim.) Money gone, bowl gone, refrigerator empty. So she alleges. How was anyone to know she checked on every-

thing? On the heels of this social dig I and Stepin Fetchit were the only trusties West of the Rockies who weren't invited to Ruth Roland's wedding. Ruth got married to Ben Bard in the presence of the entire population out of jail at the time. No sneaky Mexican marriage for Ruth. She's had enough real estate transactions to know you can't have too many witnesses.

**I** MAY be socially blighted but I'm not as bad off as the guy who came out to make love to Bebe Daniels. They threw him in the psychopathic ward. Looks like a dirty dig at Bebe. At that it was the humane thing. *The Examiner* sent a fellow out to interview Clara Bow and he never did come back. Wandering around raving some place, I suppose.

Just as I was sinking into the inferiority complex I got a letter from a fan. (Oh, I have my following—autographed photographs at a quarter as long as they last.) Myra—that's my fan friend's name—said I was the rye in her cock-

tail. She asked if my initials really were H. R. H., but anyhow I meant more to her than the Prince of Wales. She suggested an article on male face-lifters. Said one of my friends who had been going on forty for fifty years now looked twenty-five and another looked just blah. "What about 'Bool'?" she asked. "Has he had a tuck taken or does he feel he couldn't improve?"

"**BOOL**," my dear, is about to appear in vaudeville in "The Four Roses." That is, he was until he got prima donna. He started with the act as above named, then switched to "The Three Pansies." When I was over to his house the other night he decided to eliminate the other two blossoms and bloom alone—as "The Lily," I suppose. "Bool" seems out to run the whole horticultural gamut but I predict he'll stop short of the blushing violet. I suggested he bloom alone as "The Two Cauliflowers."

Anita Loos says she's going to write a story for Bull to play Mussolini. Bull may have to have his ears lifted in order to get a silk hat on, otherwise he's the Big Bellow to the life. The new sound devices haven't been really tested until Bull lets go at them.

Incidentally, I'd like to know who's talking for who in Hollywood. Rye tenors are twittering like mocking birds. Some years ago I used to hear a great star sing while he shaved. He was my pal then; he's a great star now, I mean. The only tribute he got was raps on the wall from the ad- [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 121 ]



Herb Howe wants to know who's talking for who in Hollywood. Feats of daring have been performed for the \$5,000-a-week star by extras getting ten bucks. Acting has been supplied by directors, wit by sub-title writers and beauty by make-up experts. Now the robust baritones and glowing tenors belong to others

Illustration by  
Ken Chamberlain





★ *THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—M.-G.-M.*

**N**ORMA SHEARER'S highly successful talkie debut—the best court room scene in a plague year of such sure-fire picture affairs—excellent acting and fine recording.

All these are to be found in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's all-talking picture about the little girl who was unjustly accused of knifing her good daddy.

An odd angle to this is that the author, Bayard Veiller, vet melodramatist, directed the movie version of his own play. You can bet that Director Veiller didn't muffle a single one of Author Veiller's pet lines and situations.

Other fine performances by Raymond Hackett, as her brother; Lewis Stone and H. B. Warner as a couple of other lawyers, and bright comedy reliefs by Lilyan Tashman and Adrienne D'Ambricourt—the last a gem.

In spite of some draggy stretches, a distinct achievement.

# *The* Shadow Stage

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

*A Review of the New Pictures*



★ *COQUETTE—United Artists*

**M**ARY PICKFORD'S all talkie version of this Broadway play has two surprises. One is for Pickford fans, who will find the old time romping hoyden with the golden curls displaced by a grown-up young woman with bobbed hair and adult ideas. The other surprise will be encountered by those who saw "Coquette" as a stage play. Miss Pickford has made a raft of changes in the original story.

"Coquette" is still the story of a little Southern butterfly and a young boy of poor family. The boy is shot by the girl's father, who believes his daughter has been wronged. On trial for his life, the old man comes to realize he has killed an innocent youth and he shoots himself. That leaves the lonely Mary walking off alone in the last shot down a dimly lighted village street at sunset.

In the original the girl was about to become a mother as her father was brought to trial. So she killed herself, hoping to save her daddy.

Although much of the emotional force of the story is removed by changes, Miss Pickford turns in a remarkable performance. Her voice records nicely—and she reveals surprising emotional force and many poignant moments.

Take along a handkerchief or two for your tears. You will need them. And your screen season won't be complete until you see the new Mary. Remember, too, that on this film she staked a career that took twenty years to build.

You will like Johnny Mack Brown as the boy lover who meets death. A good performance is turned in by John St. Polis as the father.



★ *THE WILD PARTY—Paramount*

**I**T'S here! Clara Bow's first talkie. Speculation of months is settled and the Hollywood Whoopee Girl rides on the crest of the sound wave. Clara's voice matches herself, adding power and enthusiasm to her personality. It's a smooth contralto, vigorous and natural.

This sophisticated collegiate picture is a custom-built vehicle for her, incorporating the playgirl rôle she does best. Every ounce of energy and talent she has is back of her vivid characterization of a college she-daredevil—professional life-of-the-party. But her brilliance in necking doesn't mean a thing when she falls for a serious professor. He steps all over her, and later calls it love. Frederic March was recruited from the legitimate stage for this picture. Dorothy Arzner's direction is natural and sophisticated.



# SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

## The Best Pictures of the Month

COQUETTE      GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS  
 THE CASE OF MARY DUGAN  
 THE WILD PARTY      CHRISTINA  
 SHOW BOAT

## The Best Performances of the Month

Mary Pickford in "Coquette"

Walter Huston in "Gentlemen of the Press"

Norma Shearer in "The Case of Mary Dugan"

Raymond Hackett in "The Case of Mary Dugan"

Clara Bow in "The Wild Party"

Janet Gaynor in "Christina"

Eleanor Boardman in "She Goes to War"

Estelle Taylor in "Where East Is East"

*Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 144*



★ **CHRISTINA**—Fox

**H**UMOR and pathos are delicately blended in "Christina." The story is weak and improbable but raised by superb direction and acting to near greatness at times.

Had *Mme. Bosman* been more of a human being and less of a female Jack Dalton, and had the end of the story involved less of a strain on the imagination, "Christina" would have been one of the great pictures of the year. As the little daughter of a toymaker on the Isle of Marken, Janet Gaynor finds her white knight in a circus lad astride a farm horse.

The romance is charmingly and subtly developed and the simplicity of the little Dutch girl is made convincing and appealing by Miss Gaynor's fine portrayal. Rudolph Schildkraut as the father and Charles Morton as the boy are memorable—but Janet Gaynor is unforgettable.



★ **GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS**—Paramount

**M**R. MILLARD WEBB, free-swinging director, strode to the plate at the Paramount Eastern film foundry, grasped his wagon tongue firmly and smote out the first entirely successful newspaper picture in the history of the photoplay. In fact, successful isn't just *THE* word to describe "Gentlemen of the Press." It's a knockout.

Newspaper pictures, in the past, have been soggy with sentimentality and crammed with technical errors that have drawn only guffaws from the lads with the pad and pencil. But not this baby.

This all-talkie is the film version of a stage play of the same name written by five New York newspapermen.

The story is that of a flea-bitten old newspaperman who has chased kings and ambulances all over the world—of his struggles to break out of newspaper business into the big money, of his young daughter's love trouble, and his own affair with a sirenish sweetie.

A fast, smart and cynical story about the press boys, all lighted up with plenty of horse laughs and awash with enough tears to use up the most lachrymose customer.

"Gentlemen of the Press" knocks in the head the theory that only picture actors know anything about film technique.

An all-stage cast, with hardly an ounce of movie training in the bundle, walks out and gives a set of rip-roaring performances. Walter Huston is superb as the old star reporter, and a long-legged, dark girl named Katharine Francis is going to be a great film sensation in vamp rôles of the new, slinky type. Good work by Charles Ruggles, the comedian. Handshakes and nose-gays all round.



★ **SHOW BOAT**—Universal

**W**HEN you say that Universal's version of Edna Ferber's episodic and sentimental novel is a lavish production, you say nearly everything possible about it. The weakness of the film "Show Boat" lies in the obvious direction of Harry Pollard.

Miss Ferber wrote a colorful novel that swept from a Mississippi river show boat to Chicago in the days of the World's Fair and on to New York. It had verve, spirit and fine atmospheric detail. Some of this comes through to the screen.

Laura La Plante is the best of the cast as *Magnolia* but Joseph Schildkraut overacts the rôle of *Gaylord Ravenal*. So does Emily Fitzroy in the rôle of *Parthenia Ann Hawks*, who rules her show boat with an iron hand.



# Sound or Silent, You Will Find the

**SHE GOES TO WAR—**  
Inspiration—  
United Artists



"THE BIG PARADE" spoiled us for merely spectacular war pictures. This production falls short of greatness because it lacks heart interest. It fails to grip you strongly, though Eleanor Boardman gives an almost perfect performance, going from the shallow society girl to the serious, determined fighter. The direction of Henry King is superb and the battlefield scenes are breathtaking.

**THE DESERT SONG—**  
Warners



"THE DESERT SONG" is the first all-singing and talking operetta to reach the screen and our only criticism is that the screen has not been fully utilized. Most of this picture was made six months ago and much talkie progress has been made since then. The real joy of the picture is John Boles, with his new screen personality and delightful baritone voice. Pictorially beautiful and interesting to music lovers.

**WHERE EAST IS EAST—**  
M.-G.-M.



GATHER round, folks, for another Chaney bedtime story—something with a touch of Kipling and Poe. A very bad woman, the half-caste wife of a wild animal trapper, deserts her husband only to return later to steal the affections of the boy who loves her own daughter. Not nice at all, this woman, but Estelle Taylor plays her to perfection. Chaney is excellent and Lupe Velez lends fiery aid.

**THE WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING—**  
Paramount



THE first tropical talkie, with the beat of tom-toms and the wailing chant of natives as a background to the sensuous Slavic intonations of the blonde Baclanova. As the Russian wife of a British commissioner in a far African post, she cannot resist seducing her husband's young assistants, while he looks on in futile anguish. His manhood asserts itself when his young brother hears the siren song. Penetrating drama.

**THE SIN SISTER—**  
Fox



A MILLIONAIRE, his pampered daughter, his young yes-man, a female evangelist, and a pair of hoofers are marooned in an Alaskan trader's shack in midwinter. It's sordid melodrama, but it possesses several excellent performances and much suspense. Nancy Carroll proves her ability to handle any rôle she's given, and Myrtle Stedman pulls a penetrating burlesque on the evangelistic racket.

**SYNCOPIATION—**  
RKO



THE Talkie-Singie-Dancie pictures are still in the night clubs of New York and "Syncopation" follows along the golden trail blazed by "The Broadway Melody." But this is a good, entertaining picture on its own. That brilliant band, Waring's Pennsylvanians, plays; Morton Downey sings, and there are fine performances by Bobby Watson, Barbara Bennett and Verree Teasdale.



# First and Best Screen Reviews Here

**BLUE SKIES**  
—Fox



**NEW YEAR'S EVE**—Fox



**A**N ORPHANAGE romance, made unusually entertaining by the clever handling of Director Werker. Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Albertson, perfectly cast, do beautiful work. The author ought to be pleased with the picturization of his little human interest story. With a strong resemblance to Lillian Gish and many Gish mannerisms, Helen Twelvetrees is far more interesting than in her first picture.

**T**HIS drips with sentimentality and is sticky with melodrama. You'll see a sick little brother and a suave villain who wears a silk dressing gown and lures innocent girls into his apartment. But you will be entranced by the perfectly slick way in which a thief extracts a hundred dollar bill from the pocket of the starving gal. Mary Astor gives a nice performance.

**TRENT'S LAST CASE**—  
Fox



**THE DONOVAN AFFAIR**—  
Columbia



**I**F we must have mystery stories six nights in the week, it's a relief to have an occasional one treated humorously. "Trent's Last Case" doesn't tax the mind with the fine points of criminal psychology. An amateur detective supplies laughable farce while the story of a man's suicide is unravelled. It's not startling enough to detract from the slight romance, supplied by Marceline Day and Larry Gray.

**F**RANK CAPRA, who directed "Submarine," hardly handles Owen Davis' mystery play with as skillful hand. The mystery element is forced out of consideration by the continued injection of comedy by Fred Kelsey. Furthermore, Jack Holt is too fine an actor to play with such little mental acumen. The voices all register well and many favorite players are seen to advantage so the picture is not without interest.

**THE VOICE OF THE CITY**  
—M.-G.-M.



**CHINA BOUND**—  
M.-G.-M.



**W**ILLARD MACK wrote this, Willard Mack directed it, Willard Mack played the principal character part and Mrs. Willard Mack played the leading feminine rôle. It's crook stuff. The story is about the wrong boy who goes to jail, escapes, corners the gang leader who sent him up just as he's making a play for the gal. Old stuff, this, saved from complete mediocrity by audibility.

**F**UNNY, yes—but not the funniest that Dane and Arthur have ever done. It's not so much a comedy as a comedy-drama. Different from other Dane and Arthur offerings because, instead of kicking each other, they're affectionate. They start in San Francisco and end in China where they mix into a revolution. Polly Moran helps out, but Josephine Dunn is only fair as a love interest. [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 146 ]



*M*EET Harold Lloyd's new leading lady. Barbara Kent is the lucky girl who has been chosen to play opposite the goggled funny man in his new picture. Barbara has already enjoyed a successful career in pictures. She has served with Uncle Carl Laemmle's forces at Universal, and did many a nice picture job on that big lot. We'll certainly all be glad to welcome Babs in the forthcoming Lloyd laugh-maker



# Hey! Hey! Harry's Coming Back

The Great Little Dough-Face,  
Sane and Peppy, Marches  
on Hollywood

*By Leonard Hall*



Yes, it's the same old Harry Langdon, with wide, helpless eyes. After a vaudeville tour, he's movie-bound!

FANS, shore up your spare ribs and get your tonsils set for raucous laughter!

Filmland, shine up the Hollywood Athletic Club and dust off the streets for dancing!

Harry Langdon, if God is good, is coming back to pictures!

As far as I am concerned, that's the big news of this or any other month. It has been far too long between howls for the great little doughface who went up like a balloon and came down like a parachute that failed to open.

It's a new Langdon we'll see, too—

A Harry with a well-deflated skull, a head full of smart ideas and a soul that bulges with pepper, hope and the old confy!

Disguised as a Big Reel and Sprocket Man from Culver City, I talked to the beloved Dead-Pan in a suite in the Warwick Hotel, New York. Central Park lay far below us—a relief map high-lighted with spring sunshine.

And Harry's heart was as high as his fancy sitting room!

Though he was nursing a set of clogged pipes, he had just wound up a red-hot week at the Palace Theater—which is to the vaudeville actor what Heaven is to the hell-bent.

A roaring, triumphant week, with the house jammed with Langdon maniacs, a vicious sort of devotee, and yards of blazing praise from press and public in the pews.

Three weeks more of the two a day, and then hey! and a couple of ho's! for the sunburned West and, we hope, the whirl of the old home cameras!

Langdon's vaudeville act, as far as words went, was a weak sister. No, why quibble? It was terrible. But the star, using all the quaint, helpless mannerisms that made him famous in the flickers, was tremendous. In short, it was his superb film

pantomime that put him over for ten touchdowns—he didn't have to squeak a note to win his crowd.

Yes, Langdon's simple-sap character is as great as ever—greater, probably, for Harry is an older and wiser boy now.

And Harry, wearing a dressing gown and a set of studious looking cheaters, sat and looked down at sunny Central Park and told me all about it.

I marveled as I listened. Was this the Harry Langdon who everybody said had swell-headed himself out of pictures?

THE story flashed across my mind.

1922—Harry and Rose Langdon, just a good standard vaudeville act kicking around the two a day.

1923—Modestly hooked for the movies by Sol Lesser—a chap who once had a kid named Coogan. "Langdon for Films," said obscure items in the trade press. Who cared?

1924—Success in Sennett two-reelers—one of the greatest series of short films ever produced, and still revived all over the country by managers who know a laugh from a snort.

1925—Bought for long films by First National. One or two ace pictures, then a trey, then a deuce—then a long, steep toboggan for Harry, and the end!

We all remember the yarns that were whispered at the time of his boxoffice collapse—of how he had tried to write, supervise, direct and act—of how he suffered from night sweats, galloping ego, growing pains above the ears, and delusions of grandeur—of how he tried to lead the band, toot the cornet and play the drums and cymbals.

Maybe they were true and maybe they weren't, but they were common, and they hurt plenty.

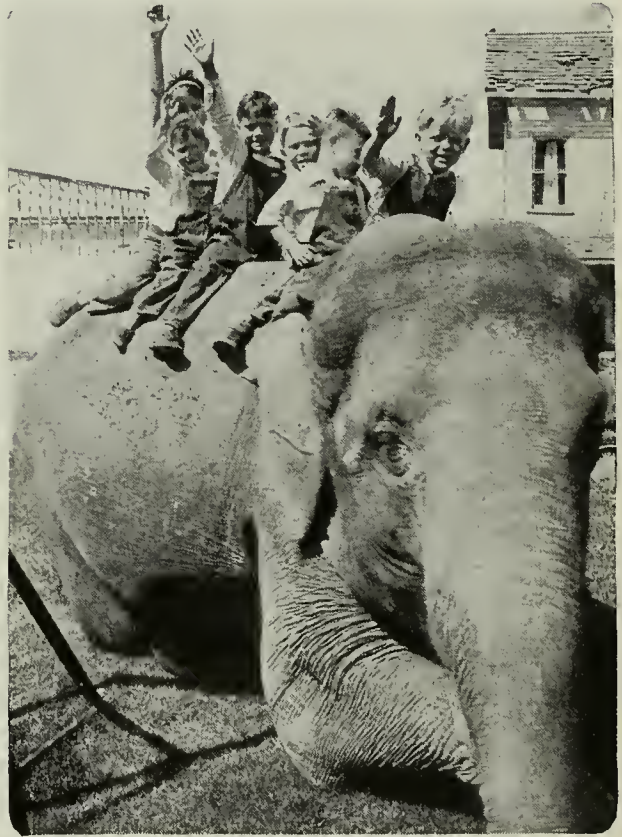
Even today a tale is told along [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 102 ]



# A Real Land



The kiddies of the Universal lot have cathedrals and chariots as everyday playthings



The playhouse at the upper left? It was the Shelby Mansion, used in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Now the little girls of Universal City have it for a make-believe home. Here they are at tea, from Neola Spalding, 16, to tiny Dolores Jordon, half-past two. The eighteen Universal youngsters have a whole zoo to play in. Just above are some aboard Minnie

Jimmy Van Horn runs his own pony chariot race for some of the children at Universal City. Now, kiddies, don't you run away to Hollywood, because all these boys and girls at play have fun because their papas or mammas work for the film firm!



# of Make-Believe



Probably the Universal children have more fun than any kids in the world except Our Gang, who get paid for romping. Imagine the different contraptions they can find to play on in such a big studio. Here they are all set to put out a conflagration. "Hey!" yells Chief Bud Murphy. "If you can't find us a fire, start one!"



"Well," says Jimmy Van Horn, 11, to Violet Unzicker, 12, "it's too hot for polo. Let's go sledding!" So they load up the old family toboggan with the other Universal kidlets, ramble over to the Swiss Village on the lot, and slide on fake snow until overcome by the heat



School days at Universal City, where the studio's youngsters are taught the Three R's and how to iris in and fade out. Jimmy Van Horn is stealing a lick at his all-day lollipop, and Winnifred Spalding is frantically flagging down teacher so she can tell. Tattletale, Winnie!



# A Little Deal

Eyes "like lakes of chrysoprase" give a severe case of pain in the neck to several men and a stitch in the heart to one

**T**HE blue pongee curtains stirred gently under the urging of California's well advertised breeze and a battalion of jonquils in the window boxes swayed in harmony. Slanting bands of sunshine, filtering through a lacy pepper tree that stood sentinel on the lawn, cast a shimmering filigree over the Chinese rug and burnished the tasteful pieces of Sheraton walnut to a dull and expensive gleam. Several etchings, with a French print or two, were scattered austere around the walls, while on the center table a brace of bronze ladies reposed in nude nonchalance at either end of a row of handsomely bound volumes. Briefly, the room was one calculated to arouse an interior decorator to his most falsetto ecstasies, for distinction seemed everywhere.

Everywhere, that is, but in the corner where two sketchily dressed gentlemen sprawled at their ease. By degrees they were emerging from that state of savagery in which the average male finds himself upon awakening, and now, grazing comfortably amid the remains of a combination lunch and breakfast, they were disposed to face the world with the yeastiness of people who are through with common toil. But even the idle rich must have their fixations. Suddenly there came a violent rustling, coupled with an assortment of gulping noises.

"This is the sort of thing," bawled Mr. "Spook" Torrance, regarding his newspaper with extreme disfavor, "that gives me a severe pain in the neck! I tell you, Mac, there's a limit to everything."

"Yeah?" drawled the languid Mr. "Shadow" McLeod, a taut and dapper gentleman, who was contemplating the spring light as reflected through a glass of sherry. "What is it now—picture of a Colonial Dame in knickers or the way cartoonists spell? Anyhow, don't go off the deep end about it; remember your blood pressure and that you're crowding fifty."

"I didn't ask you for a speech," said his friend, with the rudeness of long acquaintance. "I'm telling you that here's something to make any movie fan's pulse take the hurdles." He held out the crumpled paper, and the Shadow read aloud from the headlines:

## PEABODY FEW DENIES MOVIE EXTRAS A PENNY

Millionaire refuses subscription to clubhouse fund. Flays stars who make personal appeal; would destroy studios.

**T**HE veins around Mr. Torrance's nose grew a trifle pinker as he listened. He was a large and customarily jovial gentleman who flaunted the indoor tan that comes from indulgence in the pleasant sport of crooking the elbow, but now he scowled



ominously and gave forth mutterings concerning Mr. Few.

"Well, what about it?" inquired the unperturbed Mr. McLeod. "This bird's got a right to do what he wants with his own money. He owns the largest jewelry store in Los Angeles, so he must know his racket. Just because we're hiding out here in Beverly Hills is no reason for you to get all broken out with local pride."

"**H**IDING hell!" snorted the other. "We worked the country from Boston to Denver for twenty years, didn't we? Swamps and prairies and small town chumps begging to be taken—my gosh, what a routine! And I always said that when we got upholstered I'd open a shack in the picture colony, didn't I?"

Mr. McLeod nodded.

"Well, this is it," pursued Mr. Torrance thankfully. "You know blamed well we never gypped anyone who didn't think he was gypping us, so there's no old charges that could be made to stick. Forget that stuff about hiding, Mac; we're retired, see? A couple of financiers loitering in the enchanted suburb. Think of it—Miramonte artichokes, abalone and Corinne Griffith all in the same place! It's the only life, Mac. What do you do, for instance?"

"Lie around and read detective stories, with maybe a trip or two to Catalina or Arrowhead."

"Me, too," said the ex-confidence man, "but I've got wider



# for DORA

By  
Stewart Robertson



Illustration by  
R. Van Buren

"Miss Delura, will you permit me to be your knight?" The siren giggled delightedly. "Then," said the noble Spook, "Mr. Few shall be made to bend the knee, or as they say in ruder circles, he'll take it on the chin"

volving all of Hollywood would not have prevented him from sinking the eight ball in the corner pocket with his customary finesse.

The gallant Spook colored to a rich garnet. "Ease up on the kidding," he said pleadingly, "but do you remember Aggie?"

"AGGIE," repeated Mac, corrugating his brow for the space of a minute. "What—you mean that soubrette in the old Burning Brands?"

"Exactly."

"The one who gave you the runaround for that crummy ventriloquist?"

Mr. Torrance wagged his head sadly. "I always thought she was the loveliest dame I'd ever seen, but there's one here who fades her—Dora Delura. She looks like Aggie used to, but you know, with more gloss."

"Dora Delura," murmured

Mr. McLeod slowly. "Seems to me I was reading—"

"I know all about that," said Spook defiantly. "What if she did divorce her husband so as to marry another fellow? And what if the fellow's old man yanked him out of Hollywood at the last minute? Suppose she *was* pursued by a goofy musician—doesn't all that stamp her as a woman of allurements? She intrigues me, Mac, because I view her with the eye of an artist. That swirl of honey-colored hair, those eyes like almond lakes of chrysoprane, that figure as lissome as a willow!"

"Reading some of that press agent stuff, eh?" sneered Mac.

"More than that," said Mr. Torrance dreamily. "I was talking to him in person. Just imagine, Mac, he used to be her husband, and even though he's lost her, he still praises her. Wonderful, I call it. In fact, the whole industry's wonderful, and I'm thinking of becoming a silent partner in one of these production units. I expect a little chap named Abie Zoop over to see me this evening."

Mr. McLeod laid down his glass and registered alarm. "The trouble with you," he accused, "is that you're commencing to think you're a business man. We may have chiseled a few hundred thousand out of the saps and then run it up to a million in a bull market, but there's other rackets we don't know anything about. Why, we even had to pay some college girl to tell us how to furnish this [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126 ]

interests, besides. I circulate around and meet the folks to build up a rep for myself. I play with the babies, when I can find 'em, and give the old maids the glad eye to keep up their spirits. I can even pronounce La Jolla. As for the movie people, well, I get a kick out of just looking at them. That's what made me sore at this old blue stocking, Few. He seems to forget today's extras are the stars of tomorrow."

The saturnine Mac poured himself another drink and studied his friend's face with rising interest. That rosy countenance wore the look of ardent vacuity so often observed on men much younger, and much older, than its owner, and Mac whistled softly as he recognized the symptoms.

"SO one of these Lipstick Lauras has got you groggy, eh?" She demanded. "That's a big laugh to me. Get wise to yourself, Spook, do you really think any of these eyelash flutterers would give you a tumble? An old buzzard like you!"

Mr. Torrance protested feebly. "Perhaps not, but there's no law against admiring 'em. Why, I can remember when the average actress had a shape like the back of a San Pedro bus. But today we've got young goddesses, Mac, young—"

"Yeah?" interrupted Mac. "What's her name?" He listened dubiously for the reply as he was one of those peculiar persons to whom the movies meant less than nothing. All names sounded alike to Mr. McLeod, and a catastrophe in-



**I**T was at the "Follies" that Eddie Lowe first cast an eye on the glamorous girl labelled Lilyan Tashman. When he had been brought to, Eddie didn't rest until his pal, Walter Catlett, had said, "Miss Tashman, meet Mr. Lowe." Now they've been wed four happy successful years.



# How to Hold a { Wife Husband in Hollywood



Friend Wife  
Lilyan



Friend Husband  
Eddie

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman  
give their tasty recipes

By Mark Larkin

ON a certain sultry July night in 1918, Edmund Lowe, being hot and bothered, went to the Follies for relief. He was not seeking romance, he was merely in quest of diversion. Romance took a running jump over the footlights and landed in Eddie's lap.

He had never seen Lilyan Tashman before—in fact, had never heard of her. Naturally, she was a great surprise to him. She was a Ziegfeld "special special," so gorgeous that out-of-town buyers who saw her instantly forgot what they were sent to New York to buy and had to wire home for memoranda.

But Eddie Lowe forgot even more than that. He forgot the entire universe! He ran gibbering incoherently to his friend, Walter Catlett, comedian in the Ziegfeld revue. Lowe talked about blonde radiance . . . only girl in the world . . . can't live without her . . . etc. . . . etc. . . !

And Walter, being a comedian, shook his head gravely and felt very sad.

A short time later Lilyan Tashman dropped in on "The Walk-Offs" at the Morosco Theater, where Edmund Lowe was doing his stuff. Well, oddly enough, the same thing that had happened to Eddie when he saw Lilyan now occurred to Lilyan when she saw Eddie. Instantly she became afflicted with an insatiable desire to meet Mr. Lowe.

AND a few days later she confided this secret ambition to Walter Catlett, deliberately and with malice aforethought no doubt, for she had learned that Walter had known Eddie ever since they went on the stage together in San Francisco.

Walter smiled wisely, elevated his brows a trifle and remarked, "How very odd, Miss Lilyan, for the young man you speak of feels that unless he meets you within the next few days he will die of this terrible heat or something."

And so it was arranged.

Although they met in July, 1918, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman were not married until September 1st, 1925.

The event occurred in San Francisco, Eddie's own home town, as he wished it, and the ceremony was performed by a judge who had been a life-long friend of Eddie's father, who had been a fellow judge.

AND now in this year of our Lord, 1929, Eddie and Lil are still married and properly proud of it, particularly in view of the fact that they live in Hollywood where folks do say it is difficult indeed to maintain connubial bliss.

Out of the experience of matrimony, Ed and Lil have gained a philosophy, one which they think applies particularly to the conjugal state in Hollywood. They recommend it highly to those who would sail the good ship marriage safely past the shoals of disaster. To their mutual satisfaction, they think they have solved the problem of how to hold a husband in Hollywood and, *vice versa*, how to hold a wife in Hollywood.

"But holding a husband," says Miss Tashman, "is not a matter of geography. The rules are much the same whether in Podunk or in Hollywood. It is true, of course, that there is more competition for a wife in Hollywood than elsewhere, because there are at least two women for every man in the film capital. But common sense and consideration are the prime factors.

"MOST women lose their husbands because they are too lazy to be interested in themselves. And if a woman is not interested in herself, how can she expect anyone else to be interested in her? If she is not well dressed, usually that is because she is too lazy to give it the thought and attention required. If she is careless about her house, it is usually because she is too lazy to have pride. Most women lose their men through neglect. Not neglect of their men, however, neglect of themselves. The wife who is not neglectful has little to fear. She should make every effort to look a little better than other women, to be more attractive—  
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]



A studio picture of Hollywood's matrimonial paragons, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman. Acquainted seven years, wed four, and getting cu-razier about each other every day!

# Amateur Movies

Judges Are Reviewing Contest Films—Many Colleges and Clubs Represented in Competition

By Frederick James Smith

**A**S this issue of PHOTOPLAY goes to press the many films submitted in this magazine's \$2,000 Amateur Movie Contest are being examined by the committee of judges. No announcement as to the awards is yet possible.

The films submitted in this—the second—contest are of uniform excellence. Contest films were entered from all over the United States and from foreign countries. An entry from Tokio, Japan, holds the record of travelling the greatest distance to enter the contest. This film, a 9 millimeter entry picturing the Inland Sea of Japan, was entered by Koji Tsukamoto of Tokio.

Students of three colleges, Yale, Princeton and Stanford, are represented in the contest. The Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton entered "Incident," which was filmed under the title of "Destiny" and was previously commented upon in this department. The Stanford Studios of Stanford University entered a scenic study of campus life, "Idle Hours."

**A** NUMBER of winners of last year's PHOTOPLAY contest are represented again this year. B. V. Covert, of Lockport, N. Y., who captured the first prize of \$500 in the 16 millimeter division, is represented by two films, one entitled "Just Fishing" and the other a scenic of Niagara Falls.

The fishing film was made off the Florida coast.

Kennin Hamilton, of Toronto, Canada, winner of last year's special prize of \$500, is entered this year, as is Clyde Hammond, of Youngstown, Ohio, winner of one of the five honorable mentions of 1928.

Hiram Percy Maxim, president of the Amateur Cinema League and a judge in last year's contest, is represented by four non-dramatic entries.

**M**ANY clubs and amateur organizations entered the contest this year. The Little Screen Players of Boston submitted "Bonza-bar the Beggar," a drama of old London, directed by Herbert F. Lang.

La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif., has a 16 millimeter entry, "Avarice." The Pasadena, Calif., Cinema Players are represented by "Going Wild." The Cine Court Players of Brooklyn, N. Y., present a 16



J. V. D. Bucher, cameraman of the Undergraduate Motion Pictures of Princeton University, shooting PHOTOPLAY film

that one or more contestants will land a contract in a professional studio. Last year Russell T. Ervin, Jr., of East Orange, N. J., maker of the winning film in the 35 millimeter division, received a five-year contract from Winfield Sheehan, general manager of Fox Films.



Opening scene of "Nemesis," submitted in PHOTOPLAY contest by Leonard Clairmont, of Hollywood, Calif. The film was written, directed and photographed by Mr. Clairmont

millimeter film, "Mushrooms." The Hayden Lake Photoplayers of Spokane, Wash., have a 16 millimeter entry. The Cumberland Cinema Club, of Vineland, N. J., is a strong contender with its adaptation of "Salome." The Foto-Cine Productions of Stockton, Calif., are in the running, as are the Palisade Picture Players of Grantwood, N. J., and the Flower City Amateur Movie Club of Rochester, N. Y. The Flower City Club entry is "At Your Service."

**T**HE competition is keen this year and the judges will besomelittle time arriving at a decision. The fact that the committee is scattered necessitates showings in New York, New Haven, Chicago and Hollywood, but it is hoped that a decision may be reached in time for an announcement next month.

Following a definite award of prizes, there will be a showing of the winning films in New York City, as last year. The winners will also be shown to the important makers of professional pictures in New York and Hollywood and it is almost certain

**T**HE premiere of "The Lugger," first production of the Rochester Cinema Club, was held recently in Rochester. The Rochester newspapers report that the film is excellently scenarized, directed and photographed. The club endeavored to demonstrate the recreational value of amateur film making rather than to attempt any motion picture experiments. John G. Capstaff directed and A. Wittmer, F. T. Percy, C. H. Green and R. A. Purdy handled the photography. The leading rôles were played by Mae Perrine, Bernard Heatherly, Dorothy Drakeley, Bob Caine and David Bellamy.

The High School Movie Club of Montclair, N. J., is at work on an eight-hundred-foot 16 millimeter production, entitled "She Stoops to Crank'er." The [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 118]



# Vitamins for Beauty and Health

The forces necessary  
to nutrition and  
growth are the new  
medical frontier

By

Dr. H. B. K. WILLIS



Write Dr. H. B. K. Willis, in care of PHOTOPLAY, 816 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif., if you have any problems of diet. Be sure to enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply

THE other day a blonde little baby star invaded my office, all in a bustle of eagerness.

In response to my query—why I should be honored by her presence—she giggled and informed me that she had come for some vitamins.

"I have just been to the doctor and he says I am in need of vitamins.

"I asked him how I should get them and he told me by going on a better diet.

"I am reducing, you know, and the diet I am using to keep thin, he told me, did not supply the vitamins I should have.

"I am coming to you to get them. Can you not give them to me in a pill or hypodermic injection like the doctors did iron the time they said I had anemia?"

I forgave the bubbling little baby star for not being "vitaminated" because she interpreted everything in the terms of close-ups; so I gave her a close-up on the vitamin question.

The vitamin comprises one of the last new medical frontiers, inviting conquest and discovery by eager scientists, intriguing researchers and buoying up the hope of medical experimenters seeking the cause of disease, and new cures. The discussion of diet would not be complete

without considering the vitamins about which we are learning more every day.

What the vitamins are is still obscure except that they exist in minute quantity in natural foods. They are absolutely necessary to normal nutrition and natural growth and their absence or lack produces deficiency and other diseases.

At the present time we know there are five vitamins, designated by the letters A, B, C, D, and E. Some dissolve in fat and others in water. Five are known to exist but there may be fifty. The doctor knows little more of them than the layman.

So much has been said and so much is being made of irradiation or light therapy, bottled sunshine, cod liver oil, fruit juice diets and even the poor, unsuspecting vitamins themselves that some order and reason should be brought to bear upon the subject of the vitamins.

The bottled sunshine fad is particularly obnoxious just now. In the main it was built around the fact that vitamin D is formed by the action of the ultra-violet ray on a certain substance found in all animal fat and oil, bile, blood, brain tissue, milk, egg yolk, nerve fiber, the liver, kidney and the adrenal gland.

The ultra-violet rays are constituents of light. They [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 137]

**R**EALIZING that diet is the great problem of feminine America today, PHOTOPLAY commissioned Dr. H. B. K. Willis to write a monthly department of advice. Dr. Willis is one of the leading physicians of Hollywood, where diet is of tremendous significance. The problem of weight is the chief item in the thoughts of every screen star. Dr. Willis will tell you the correct methods of diet as advised by him to the leading players of Hollywood.

This month Dr. Willis, realizing the interest in and the rapidly growing mass of misinformation relative to vitamins, has given the subject a thorough explanation—one that can be clearly understood by the layman. Next month Dr. Willis will discuss the water needs of the body—the role played by water, not only in the life of every individual as a life-giver, but as a dietetic necessity.

# How to Make Your



Doesn't it seem perfectly natural that Betty Compson, portrayer of modern and sophisticated ladies, should begin her day at this typically modernistic dressing table? Sliding panels are substituted for the usual arrangement of drawers. Decorative tables provide additional space



Claire Windsor likes the old things best. This old-fashioned, marble topped bureau was repainted in cream and silver. The oval mirror adds a note of newness

**I**F you're a normal woman a dressing table means more to you than any other piece of furniture in your room. There is a good reason for this. In the first place you use a dressing table during that morning grouch period. There you see reflected in the mirror the kind of face that makes you wonder how in the world even your mother could love it. The remains of last night's cold cream are still upon it. And the early morning light is about as flattering as your younger brother. Hence, it is important that your dressing table be bright and cheerful and have the ability to give you a lift, to make you feel well, even if the reflection in the mirror doesn't.

The film stars, who must always look pretty and who know enough about psychology to surround themselves with beauty in order to achieve beauty, are noted for the charming dressing tables they use. And, strangely enough, some of these tables are inexpensive and may give you ideas about your own boudoir and its improvement. Some of them can be easily copied. I've tried to pick out as wide a variety as possible, from ultra modernistic to Louis something or other.

**Y**OU just know that Betty Compson, herself as modern as a transatlantic flight, would select the ultra in her boudoir. Her cream colored dressing table has sliding panels instead of drawers, where the necessary cosmetics are concealed. Although the table itself is small there are, on either side of it, decorative little what-nots with various sized shelves in geometrical shapes that serve as catch-alls.

As a direct contrast to this is the very quaint vanity table in the home of Mary Philbin. This, too, expresses Mary's personality. She is, after all, an old-fashioned girl and the dressing table is made ornate with cupids and flowers all done in green and gold. Those bunches of grapes that you see



# Dressing Table *Attractive*

*By Lois Shirley*

Nine lovely examples  
and dozens of ideas you  
can copy



Surely this handsome and ornate vanity table is a reminder of other times and other days. It belongs to Mary Philbin, and the clusters of grapes at the top conceal lights that shine softly down on her brown curls



The Hungarian Vilma paints the lily at this blue and silver table, so Parisian in the daintiness of its appointments. The bottles and powder boxes are Lalique. The comb and brushes are of solid silver

at the top conceal lights that shed their rays correctly on the mirror. Mary again proves herself old-fashioned by liking to stand up when she does things to her face.

You'll all be copying Lois Moran's dressing table, for it's so easy to do. Just a few yards of stiff taffeta, a kidney shaped board and a can of paint and—presto!—there you are. For a simple home there is no more satisfying dressing table than this type. Lois' make-up shelf has a green flounce bordered with a ruffle of black lace. The plain round mirror is hung from the ceiling and is lit with little boudoir lamps on either side and one directly above. In [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122 ]



A faithful servant is this clever portable dressing table, which follows Norma Shearer around the set. When folded up, it looks like a tiny blue trunk. It holds all the necessary cosmetics and implements, ready for use in a jiffy



# REELING AROUND

with

## Leonard Hall

**THE STAR**—"Now, Junior, let Daddy hear you say 'No, Mr. Blatz, ten thousand times NO! My salary is \$4,000 and I won't take one penny less!'"

### Hollywood Proposal

*Dear Marigold, it now is June  
And Romance fills the air.  
If it won't bore you half to death,  
Suppose we make a pair?*

*That is, if marriage will not wreck  
Your drawing power, or mine—  
If you can guarantee the clause  
That guards your form divine.*

*If both our studios consent  
That we should weld our ways,  
Press agents, surely, must approve,  
And so must Mister Hays.*

*If you are sure we can afford  
A proper ceremony—  
A church, a mob, a feast, and all  
The usual boloney.*

*To kid the fans, we'll have to watch  
The way our marriage may go.  
You, dear, can live on Puget Sound  
And I in San Diego.*

*So, Marigold, if you would sip  
Of Cupid's dizzy nectar,  
Let's just say, "Here goes nothing!" and  
Get married sometime. Hector.*

### Anything for a Laugh

Viola Dana's mother charges that her husband didn't speak to her for 45 days, and instead of buying him a new pipe she sues him for divorce. . . . The Singer Midgets appear on the Paramount lot and Dorothy Herzog says to watch for some new short subjects. . . . Lou Lusty, Lupe Velez's personal press agent, lost nine pounds riding herd on the Mexican Jumping Bean during the three weeks she hopped around New York. Only nine? . . . Three pictures I want to see. The three that the Maryland State Censors rejected in 1928 out of 9,377 looked at. . . . Accepted application form for getting a job as state censor. "Dear Governor Blatz, I hate everything." . . . Gloria Swanson is going to sing out loud in her next picture. Let's hope it isn't a Swansong. . . . Mark Hellinger has a new name for the picture colony: Howlywood. . . . Since William Fox bought

control of Metro-Goldwyn, Fox employees call M.-G. hirelings "cousins." . . . Current favorite line of movie executives lunching at the Hotel Astor, New York—"Look out for that soup! There may be a merger in it!" . . . How about the Wampas picking some Baby Stares of 1929?

### Their Big Chance

Jetta Goudal was recently given \$31,000 in American money, and the right to be temperamental, by a Los Angeles judge.

The next morning fourteen feminine stars each went up to her director, kicked him on the shin and said, "You big bum!"

### Getting Personal

Mary Miles Minter is married to a naval lieutenant and is keeping house in a New York apartment. Now, boys and girls, tell teacher—who remembers Mary? . . . Margaret Livingston's voice doubled for that of Louise Brooks in "The Canary Murder Case." . . . Joe Cobb and Farina have worked in "Our Gang" comedies nearly seven years. Farina sings bass in a Baptist choir in Los Angeles. . . . The Kansas censors have ordered the following cut—"Eliminate view showing bruised spot on girl's knee." I can't figure whether it's the knee or the bruise that is breaking Kansas' heart, but anyhow, Bleeding Kansas! . . . Universal got \$11 a seat for the opening of "Show Boat." The shell trick is also good. . . . Joan Crawford is the favorite philm phrail of Yale. Greta Garbo, second, Nancy Carroll, third. . . . Owen Davis, playwright, collected \$122,000 on his Paramount contract last year without a story ready for production. . . . Sue Carol just paid \$35,000 for a house. . . . A picture theater in London, Canada, has built a glass sound-proof room for bawling babies. . . . John Gilbert phoned Gr-r-r-retta Garbo in New York as soon as she landed from Europe, but she wouldn't talk till she had had a three-hour rest. . . . "Broadway Melody," the M.-G.-M. ace talkie, cost \$280,000 to make and may net a profit of as much as \$4,000,000. Gold in them thar tonsils! . . . Frank Mayo, the former movie lead beloved of the flaps, is master of ceremonies in a Cleveland night club. . . . Tim McCoy and Harry Carey, two gun men, filled their pokes with gold dust and hit it up in the Malamute Saloons of Broadway not long ago. . . . Percy Marmont, our old pal, is coming back to American films, with an eye and ear on the talkies. . . . The Prince of Wales, leading star of the news reels, has taken to wearing a double-breasted dinner coat and a soft shirt. Now take a bromide and try to get some sleep.





*Beauty of  
ivory skin  
and amber eyes*

*Lovely Miss JANET NEWBOLD of Washington, D. C., was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.*

**MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.**

**L**OVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satin smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

“Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris,” says Mrs. Ryan, “I’ve been devoted to Pond’s Two Creams.

“Now Pond’s two new products delight me—the snow-white Tissues



*Her trousseau sports suit was brown with a chartreuse blouse, most charming with her amber eyes, fair hair and clear smooth ivory skin.*

and the Freshener. All four are wonderful to keep your skin its loveliest!”

This is Pond’s famous Method:

*First*—for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond’s Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening and always after exposure.

*Then*—with Pond’s Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, remove cream and dirt.

*Next*—dab Pond’s Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

*Last*—smooth on a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.



*Six evening gowns were in the young bride’s trousseau. This is soft amber satin.*



*Pond’s four famous products—Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.*

SEND 10¢ FOR POND’S 4 PREPARATIONS

POND’S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T  
114 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Copyright 1929, Pond’s Extract Company

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51 ]



Reading from up to down, we see Kay Johnson and Julia Faye demonstrating the new "aero wheels," the very latest thing in our best sporting circles. They are used in human hoop races, if you can stand it. The girls are in Cecil De Mille's "Dynamite"

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is soon to be a blushing bridegroom. He announced on his return from a trip to Cuba that the lady of his choice is a native of that island, and her name—a breath of romance in itself—is Consuelita.

YOU never know just when gallantry is going to jump right up and smack your sentiments.

One of our lovely Hollywood writers—oh, Katherine Albert, if you *must* be so curious!—was on her way to the premiere showing of "Hearts in Dixie" when a tire on her car blew out and the party pulled up to the curb.

Katherine called a cab, and a broken down, spavined, asthmatic relic it turned out to be. One of the women in the party, dressed to kill at ten paces, began to crab a little.

"This isn't a very nice cab," she said to the driver. "And we're going to an opening!"

The jehu drew himself up to his full five feet one.



International  
I

Yes, and good luck to you, Anita! Here are Miss Stewart and her fiance, George Peabody Converse, whose engagement was announced not long ago. They are on the cow-catcher of the Fast Express to Happiness Land



An old leading man shows them how. Rowland V. Lee, directing "The Woman Who Needed Killing" for Paramount, demonstrates some new angles of the technique of amour to Neil Hamilton and the tigress, Baclanova

"Madame," he replied, with hauteur and things, "Rudolph Valentino once rode in this cab!"

BLAND JOHANESON, the clever girl who writes on pictures for *The New York Mirror*, has this to say—

"Even the midgets are going movie. I hear you had to wade around in 'em in Brooklyn last week. Warners had a troupe at the studio making an act.

"Before long Hubert's Trained Fleas will be the only legitimate actors on Broadway."

JANNINGS is going to pack his gutturals and his pet cook and go back to Germany, according to present reports.

One more Paramount picture remains to be released.

Thus the greatest character actor yet developed by the silent drama goes away from the capital of film-land, probably licked by an accent.

In Unser Emil the art of screen pantomime has reached its highest development. His astonishing art is almost reason enough for the struggling and finally triumphant growth [ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 74 ]



# Her hair is oily

*She should use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo*

If you have the kind of hair that loses its fluffiness shortly after shampooing, use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This preparation is tonic and mildly astringent... approved by dermatologists. It leaves the hair fluffy, with a natural sparkle. Use it every four or five days at first; later every week or ten days may be enough.



# Her hair is dry

*She should use Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo*

Like all Packer soaps, this shampoo is a vegetable oil soap... in addition, it contains a rich, soothing emollient (and nothing to dry the scalp). Dry scalps will never feel a stinging sensation when they use this special shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and silky to the touch—more manageable—and delicately perfumed.



# He has dandruff

*He should use Packer's Tar Soap*

the soap that made pine tar famous for shampooing. Pine tar is antiseptic, healing, with properties valuable in the treatment of dandruff. For almost 60 years dermatologists have endorsed Packer's Tar Soap for skin and scalp. For noticeable dandruff use Packer's Tar Soap every few days until improvement begins.



Select the shampoo your hair needs—mail coupon and 10c for one sample (25c for set of all 3)

Acute cases of dryness, oiliness and dandruff need a doctor's care. But nearly all scalps *tend* to be dry or oily, and many are mildly affected with dandruff. Now—each type of scalp can have the special shampoo which meets its particular needs. The coupon is for your convenience. The regular size of each shampoo is for sale at your drug or department store.

The Packer Mfg. Co. Inc., Dept. 16-F, 101 West Thirty-First Street, New York, N. Y.

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ cents. Send sample of

Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo 10c

Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo 10c

Packer's Tar Soap ..... 10c

Set of all 3..... 25c (check sample desired)

Check here if you wish 28-page book on hair health—Free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# Gossip of All the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]



All handshakers, but not quite able to make it. The Marx Brothers, four of Broadway's favorite clowns, make their talkie debut soon in Paramount's "The Cocoanuts." Their names? Oh, Zeppo, Groucho, Chico and Harpo, if you really care



International

**Pola Negri and her young husband, Serge (he likes to be called Prince Mdivani), in happier times. Now the two have parted in Paris after disagreement over a new contract. Serge served as La Negri's manager**

handsome police dog, and burned up. Who had the audacity to even touch the dog of the great Eagels? How dare he? And so on and so on and so on, ad nauseum. The next day this notice appeared on the bulletin board.

"NOTICE TO ALL EMPLOYEES — Nobody working in this studio is permitted to speak to Miss Eagels' dog."

**NILS ASTHER**, who went wild with the orchids when Garbo fired a barrage, had to make a personal appearance.

His feminine fans found the stage door, and ganged the lad, demanding autographs, coat buttons and pats on the cheek.

Finally he broke away, and just as he leaped for safety, one of the ladies called "Oh, Nils!"

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

of the photoplay during the last twenty-five years. It alone practically justifies the silent screen in the face of the current caterwauling.

If it is really curtains for him in America, Emil Jannings can always look back at his Hollywood career with pride. He made one of the best of pictures, "The Patriot." His genius triumphed over some pretty skimpy stories—more than can be said for most foreign stars.

But whether he works here or in the Fatherland, let us hope that there will always be a silent screen tucked away somewhere where we can go and watch the enormous talent of this fine actor unfold in silence. He touches nothing that he does not adorn.

**CHARLIE CHRISTIE**, one of filmland's most famous and steadfast bachelors, has gone overboard with a splash that echoes throughout Hollywood and way up into the hill country.

The Christie boys have stood out for single cussedness against the assaults of some of the world's greatest beauties, but Frances Lee seems to have knocked over Charlie in a big way.

And now everyone expects a formal announcement of betrothal any day. One never knows about the old bachelors!

**THERE'S** a big laugh in one of the Jeanne Eagels stories that have slithered out of the Paramount Long Island plant.

One day she caught a stage-hand petting her

**This is Edwina Booth's private beauty parlor and portable boudoir. The blonde beauty carried it along when she went to Africa with the company that is to film that famous best-seller fantasy, "Trader Horn"**





# Carefree Youth...

portrayed so charmingly on the screen by little Sue Carol and her sister "baby stars" . . . today builds soundly for life-long foot health and activity by wearing the smart, comfortable

## THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

STYLED by the Selby Studios in Paris and New York, these shoes have the advanced chic essential for the fashionable wardrobe of screen star and home girl alike.

Having all the exclusive Arch Preserver built-in comfort features — which cannot be detected from the outer appearance of the shoe — they give tireless buoyancy to the busiest feet.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the advantages of the exclusive Arch Preserver features . . . the hidden arch-bridge, the flat inner sole, the metatarsal support, and the individualized heel-to-ball fitting . . . obtainable in no other shoes.

Or mail the coupon for complete informative booklet, with pictures of the latest Arch Preserver Paris Shoe styles.



*The Berkshire*



KEEPS THE FOOT WELL.  
There is only one Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Mass.

Sue Carol . . . "The Exalted Flapper" (Fox Film) both in reel and real life . . . shows her preference for the Berkshire model of Arch Preserver Shoes.



*Mail* this coupon or write to The Selby Shoe Company, 182 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for New Free Booklet P-82, *Style and Comfort in Every Step*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest New York and Paris shoe styles.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

# Enhance Your Beauty

## WITH THE COSMETIC MASTERPIECES

Mme.  
Helena  
Rubinstein



# of Helena Rubinstein

Direct from her Paris Salons come these cosmetic inspirations. Direct from the ateliers of HELENA RUBINSTEIN, the world's foremost Beauty Specialist. Make-up creations with an instant appeal for every woman—because they make beauty twice beautiful.

Here are powders, rouges, lipsticks—the purest, the finest in all the world—and the most flattering. They are the last word in the art of make-up. Here are the most distinctive, the most practical, the most elegant of all vanity cases. Here is a cream that is more than a cream—it is a *concentrated beauty treatment*. The same exquisite cosmetics that are used in Helena Rubinstein's Salons. Here are containers as exquisite as their contents!

For more than thirty years the creations of Helena Rubinstein have been bringing beauty to women in every walk of life—famous actresses, society leaders, members of royalty, even queens. These beauty-building and beauty-enhancing masterpieces have withstood the greatest test of all, the merciless test of time.

When you use a Helena Rubinstein creation you are making the wisest possible investment in beauty. Accent your loveliness with the cosmetic masterpieces of Helena Rubinstein! Your beauty deserves these things of beauty!

# Helena Rubinstein

PARIS

8 East 57th Street, New York

LONDON

PHILADELPHIA

BOSTON

CHICAGO

Helena Rubinstein Creations are obtainable at the better shops,  
or direct from Dept. P6

**Cubist Lipstick—Indelible!** You will marvel at its amazing combination of lasting color and satin-softness. In Red Raspberry for daytime and Red Geranium for evening 1.00



**Water Lily Lipstick—a lipstick inspiration! Indelible too.** And as enchanting in texture as in coloring. Red Ruby, the smart day shade—Red Cardinal, the striking evening shade 1.25



**Water Lily Vanities—Masterpieces of the jeweler's craft.** Despite their convenient size they contain a most generous amount of powder and rouge! Double Compacts 2.50, 3.00. Single Compacts 2.00, 2.50

**Water Lily Combination Set—double compact with lipstick to match.** Specially priced at 3.50

**Water Lily Fashion Set—three double compacts in Chinese Red, Jade Green and Jet Black.** One for each costume. Specially priced at 7.00

**Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—the concentrated beauty treatment.** This rare unguent not only cleanses, but soothes, molds, revitalizes and protects. It lifts away the tired drawn look—it sculpts face and throat into clean-cut lines of youth. Particularly excellent for oily and disturbed skins. And a most effective make-up foundation! 1.00



**Valaze Gypsy Tan Foundation—tints the skin a ravishing beach tan, is both sunproof and waterproof, and as lasting as you wish it to be!** 2 oz. Bottle, 2.50, 1 oz. tube, 1.50. Irresistible with the modish Gypsy Tan Powder 1.00, 1.50




**Loose Powder Vanity with Rouge—Chinese Red, Jade Green, or Jet Black Vanities containing a generous amount of Valaze powder in Natural or Rachel—with a convenient section in the top for Red Raspberry or Red Geranium Compact Rouge 1.50**





# Photoplay's Summer Style Forecast



Norma Shearer's  
New  
Sports Outfit



Gay days and brilliant  
nights New modes  
and Skinner's Crepes

HERE comes summer with its call for color . . . and more color. And here are the new Skinner's Crepes, in all the lovely shades that Fashion favors.

For your sports frocks and evening gowns, these fabrics are the very last word. So admirably adapted to the latest, smartest styles that it seems as if those Paris designers had Skinner's Crepes in mind! Soft, rich, draping perfectly in slender lines, yet with that famed Skinner wearing quality.

Did you know you could now get charming ready-to-wear dresses in Skinner's Crepes? Always identify them by the Skinner ticket. Buy crepes by name—Skinner's—and be sure to "Look for the Name in the Selvage."

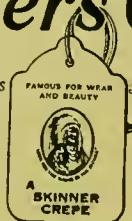
WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, Established 1848  
New York Chicago Boston Phila. San Francisco  
Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

A smart color combination is shown in this frock of Skinner's white crepe with red hat and short red jacket. Bias bands trim front of frock.

Skinner's Sunstar, a beautiful yellow crepe, makes this one-piece frock, which uses applied bands at neck and sleeves for trimming.

# Skinner's Crepes

In buying garments ready-to-wear



look for the Skinner ticket

“LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE”



## Photoplay's Style Forecast

**L**ORETTA YOUNG'S delicate coloring is set off by pajamas of lustrous, supple pink satin. The lace panels and yoke of the jacket are in one piece. The long, wide sash is a new feature



**R**UTH TAYLOR shows us that satin is the favored material for wedding gowns in the movies, as well as for really-truly brides



**T**HE ever-popular and useful white flat crepe fashions this new princess dress which was designed for Thelma Todd. The wide scarf can be thrown loosely about the neck or transformed into a decorative little shoulder cape





Do you want a well-browned back and shoulders? Then wear this blue and white cotton bathing suit as Leila Hyams does here. But you don't want a sun bath? All right, just draw up the extra skirt panel, fasten it at the shoulders, and outwit Old Sol. There's a beach coat to match



JUNE COLLYER'S pink angora sports coat, also designed for her by Sophie Wachner of Fox Films wardrobe department, is distinguished by careful styling and seaming. The raglan sleeves have flared cuffs. The hat is of pink felt

PRINTED crepe de chine in red, pink and rose, with a tracery of green leaves, lends itself to the graceful lines of this frock which June Collyer chooses for afternoon wear. The coat is of rose kasha with a scarf of the print. A rose colored hat and shoes complete the color harmony. Designed by Sophie Wachner of Fox Films





## Style Forecast

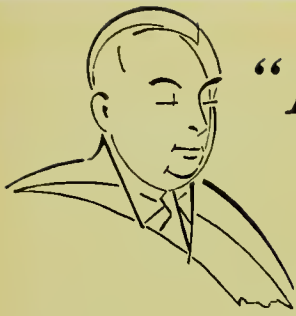
**T**HAT now-classic phrase, "That's all there is—there isn't any more," applies perfectly to this Bergdorf-Goodman bathing ensemble of white flannel and jersey, with printed linen jacket in flame and white. Not for those who haven't Bessie Love's slender, girlish lines!



**R**AQUEL TORRES fills in the last word in swimming suits, one of those designed for both sand and water. The colors are white and navy blue, with a matching tam to cover the bathing cap. The Chinese beach sandals are very smart this season



**B**ESSIE LOVE enhances the scenery along the Boulevard on summer afternoons in this Sally Milgrim model. The long blouse is modernistically patterned in several shades of blue. The skirt is of black satin. A sophisticated, off-the-forehead black hat, cobwebby gunmetal hosiery and stunning black satin pumps add the finishing touches



*"I began designing Costume Bags"*  
 said PAUL POIRET,

*"—because well dressed women made them important—vital accessories for every ensemble. Everywhere, they go hand in hand with fashion!"*

**Monsieur  
 Paul Poiret**

*from a recent photograph made in the studio which he uses at the Plainville plant of the Whiting & Davis Company.*



**For Gifts that Last  
 Consult Your  
 Jeweler**

MESH  
 BAGS  
**WHITING & DAVIS CO.**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.

*Look for this trademark in miniature stamped on the frame of each genuine Whiting & Davis Costume Bag. It is the hallmark of excellence and stands for more than 50 years of creative craftsmanship.*

To all followers of films and fashion we present Monsieur Paul Poiret in a new role . . . as the designer of a new and exclusive series of Whiting & Davis Costume Bags for every carefully planned costume ensemble from sport-tailleur tweeds to gay evening gowns.

Rare gifts! You will want one of these. Sombre-smart or sparkling with fantasy and color, each has that indefinable quality of

Parisian *allure* which this famous savant of fashion has always imparted to his creations.

Made with jeweler-craftsmanship, each accredited Paul Poiret model is a most flattering and enviable possession.

Ask for them at costume jewelry departments or write to Monsieur PAUL POIRET, care of our offices, for a FREE PORTFOLIO IN COLOR.

**WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY**

*World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags—Makers of Costume Jewelry for Everyone*  
 PLAINVILLE (NORFOLK COUNTY), MASSACHUSETTS  
 In Canada: SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC

**WHITING & DAVIS COSTUME BAGS**



## Photoplay's Style Forecast

**T**HE vogue for costume jewelry has found no lovelier expression than in this simple but striking combination of pearl and gold beads, particularly when worn by a brunette of Miss Velez' vibrant type. The set consists of matching necklace, bracelet and earrings



**F**OR evening wear, Miss Velez carries a bag of Dresden enameled mesh, in colors to match her gown. Snake chain, gem set clasp and geometrical frame strike a modernistic note. Satin lined, with plain gold accessories



**T**HE costume bag of mesh, in gold or silver, or enameled in colors to harmonize with the ensemble, is a lovely addition to the summer mode

## Photoplay's Style Forecast



**W**ITH such simple, dark lounging pajamas as Ruth Taylor is wearing, ornamented only by contrasting bands of material and a smart monogram, one can affect very swanky and colorful boudoir slippers. Ruth adores this pair, which are cut high in front, are richly brocaded, and edged with soft marabou



**J**OSEPHINE DUNN relaxes in a black and white pajama set, made with sleeveless jumper and wide-bottomed trousers. Her tailored slippers have black patent leather backs and soft green leather vamps. They are made with quilted lining, to insure the maximum of comfort. Incidentally, this is a stunning color scheme for both blondes and brunettes



**W**HEN Gwen Lee comes home after a hard day at the studio, she hops right out of her high-heeled pumps into a pair of softest quilted satin boudoir slippers, just made for the purpose of soothing tired feet and strained nerves. Odd little silk rosettes add charm to this particular pair, which match the color of her brocaded negligee, banded with shimmering satin





*Now*

**You can be Slipper Smart**  
*and supremely comfortable as well*

NOT only "youth now flits on feathered feet"; women of all ages have learned that *comfortable feet make light feet*. Gay slippers have taken the place of shoes for house wear—slippers that are smart, restful, soothing to nerves as well as feet.

Here are beautiful slippers for every hour of your home day: glossy leathers, gleaming satins, velvets, brocades! Trim as a patrician foot; sophisticated as the Rue de la Paix.

To assure yourself of all that is correct in a slipper—the not-to-be-copied, in-built excellence of finest

materials and modern styling—ask for Daniel Green Slippers. For 47 years Daniel Green has been slipper maker to the world!

Now wherever you live or travel you may enjoy Daniel Green Slippers. You'll find they retain their shape, look better, wear longer. Footwear may be fashioned to resemble Daniel Green Slippers, but unless it bears the name "Daniel Green" you have no guarantee of equal quality—the combination of fine material and expert workmanship which has made Daniel Green the standard of slipper value.

DANIEL GREEN SLIPPERS  
 Dolgeville, N. Y.

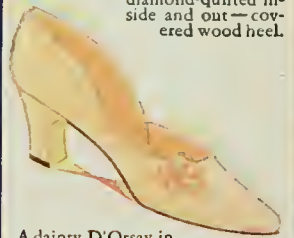
\$2<sup>50</sup> to \$6<sup>50</sup>  
 and upwards

**Daniel Green**  
*Guaranteed*  
**Slippers**

SOLD IN EVERY COUNTRY IN THE WORLD



Of Lavender satin—diamond-quilted inside and out—covered wood heel.



A dainty D'Orsay in Apricot satin that might grace the foot of a queen.



To complete the gorgeous costume—gay Paisley, Apricot lined.



A boudoir D'Orsay that steps out smartly in Red and Black—lined in Gold.



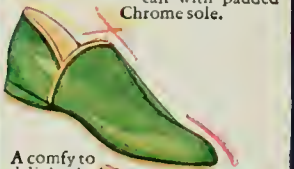
To enhance the most charming ensemble—a rich Blue leather, Champagne lining.



Among all the famous Comfys "father's favorite." Patent leather trimmed—leather lined.



A Comfy popular with men of all ages—calf with padded Chrome sole.



A Comfy to delight the heart of any child—Green with a padded Chrome sole.



Joan Crawford, too, has a "Personality" Bedroom . . . its color scheme centers on her new

**Lady PEPPERELL COLORED SHEETS and PILLOW CASES**

**R**ED HAIR—with glints of gold; eyes as velvet-blue as pansies—of course Joan Crawford finds orchid her most becoming, most *personal* color. So the keynote of her most personal room is Lady Pepperell's delicious *orchid* sheets and pillow cases.

What is the best color for *you*? What are you happiest wearing? Make your bedroom as individual as yourself by dressing your bed in that becoming color. There are fine, light, Lady Pepperell sheets firmly woven and scientifically dyed in lovely

lasting tones of peach, rose, shell pink, maize, orchid, Nile green, and blue . . . and white too, of course. You can find them at all the best stores.

A mere ten cents brings you the fascinating new booklet: "Personality Bedrooms." It suggests dozens of practical schemes for bedroom decorations and shows what bedroom colors are most becoming to your own type.

© P. M. Co. 1929

	PEPPERELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY 155 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS  Please send me the new booklet, "Personality Bedrooms." I am enclosing one dime—ten cents' worth of stamps (Canada: twenty cents).  Name .....  Street.....  Town and State.....



# How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41 ]

corner a gold hand-painted oriental desk, in another a huge red lacquer cabinet surmounted by two rare Japanese figures, covered in glass. Dainty Japanese prints adorn the walls here and there—and then one whole wall of books, for every room is a library in Charlie's house. Upon the top of this bookcase stand various vases and bits of precious bric-a-brac. The walls are white everywhere — excepting only the dining room. A Japanese teakwood table in the center of the reception room, with black, gold and soft green shadings. A big fireplace, with a huge brass coal bucket . . .

**T**HERE are three chairs which have an antique effect, but in spite of the apparent mixture of modern America, Japan, and these old French chairs, the room gives an impression of perfect taste and harmony. A radio stands on a dainty table in one corner. Lights are cleverly arranged for both beauty and seeing. And always those gorgeous French windows leading out to the garden, and from the hill top to the sea beyond.

The dining room is more sombre—mahogany walls, straight backed mahogany upholstered chairs, three long narrow sideboards, a lovely inlaid table—all the wood matching exquisitely. Here again a fireplace—but no grate in it. A clock stands on the mantel, which chimes the hours. Upon one sideboard a lovely silver tray and tea set brought from England, with a mirror behind it to reflect back its charms. Two tall silver candlesticks, with yellow candles, stand on either side. On another sideboard, a huge silver platter of choice fruits. French windows leading out onto the lawn, draped in the same soft brocade used in the reception room, chastely tied back into fluted folds.

**H**ERE dinner is served at 8 p. m., the fashionable hour. When Charlie is entertaining, the usual fancy six-course dinner is served, but Charlie's preference is for lamb stew. That's his favorite dish . . . but you may guess it is no ordinary stew. Charlie likes puddings too—custard puddings, cabinet puddings, boiled puddings, better than all the fancy desserts you can offer him.

This masculine household is run by Kono, a Japanese servant of fifteen years' standing, who was formerly Charlie's chauffeur. Now he is major-domo with full powers over five other Japanese male servants—James, the chauffeur; Frank, the butler;

Harry, the inimitable cook; a cook's helper, who is also upstairs man; and the cook, Tom, who takes care of the lunches at the studio. In addition to these there is a white gardener, whose father was a famous nursery man.

Kono has seen Charlie through all his triumphs and tribulations, he is more a familiar spirit than a servant.

Life would be insupportable for Charlie without Kono, who understands and respects his every mood and stands prepared to defend him against the world, and even bear up staunchly in the face of successive wives, mothers-in-law, relations—and inquisitive reporters. In any crisis the latter have always found Kono the immovable, unbribable guardian. Rob Wagner says most picture stars are robbed and cheated by their servants—but Kono sees that Charlie does not come in that category.

Charlie probably pays his servants extra well, because they all stay with him—excepting only chauffeurs. Charlie has had five chauffeurs in as many months. But then, unlike Kono, they can't wait 13 hours with patient fortitude without getting nervous and grouchy—and saying so. Kono once waited from 1:00 in the afternoon to 3:30 the following morning for Charlie, without a murmur of reproach. Likewise Charlie gets irritable, as geniuses will, and bids them hasten, and then they get tagged and hauled into court . . . and they cannot stand the strain. Kono never, never got tagged. He evidently knows how to hasten with discretion.

**A**S it is, Charlie is a difficult master. For instance, he will have someone ring up the house from the studio to say he is bringing 30 guests home to dinner. This at 4 p. m. No wonder there are three huge ice-boxes in that house! That would be bad enough, but he has been known to call the party off at 7 p. m.—just about the time everything has been prepared . . . Yes, it is just as well it is Kono and Harry . . . wives take too long to

train to that sort of thing.

In Charlie's pantry, the glassware is modern, good, adequate . . . nothing magnificently imported from abroad, none of the sort of thing that creates hysterics when one gets broken. His dishes are the best Haviland, white, with plain gold rims. His table silver was brought back from Berlin when he made his trip to Europe—a huge case

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140 ]



A corner of Charlie's bedroom. Here is his huge telescope; here his big dictionary lies open in readiness on its stand. The picture on the table is inscribed: "To Charlie from Dickie and Edwina Mountbatten." The general color scheme is a soft green

**T**HIS is the second of a series of visits to the homes of Hollywood's nobility, the famous stars to whom we all bend the knee. Last month we toured the Pickfair estate. Next month we will make a third journey to one of the fascinating homes in the film colony. And there are more to come.



A screen star's skin *must* show flawlessly smooth under the huge new incandescent "sun-spot" lights used for the close-up.

*Lux Toilet Soap  
has been made the official  
soap in all the great  
film studios . . .*

Hollywood discovered long ago that unless a girl's skin showed velvety smooth on the screen, her charm didn't "get across" to the great movie audiences.

Consequently, of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin exquisitely smooth. And all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms. *Nine out of ten screen stars use this white fragrant soap.*

JEANETTE LOFF, beautiful Pathé star, in the lovely bathroom which shows strikingly the modernistic trend in design so the vogue in Hollywood.

Like nine out of ten screen stars, she uses Lux Toilet Soap.

She says: "My skin is my greatest consideration—I must keep it perfect. I never travel without carrying Lux Toilet Soap. No matter what climate my pictures take me to, I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin enviably smooth."

*Jeanette Loff*

*"A girl must have  
to be attractive . . ."*

Say 39 foremost movie directors

It is so very noticeable—how *effortlessly* the girl or woman with clear, satiny skin attracts people!

As James Cruze, prominent movie director puts it, voicing the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors: "Few people can resist the spell of smooth lovely skin. The close-up is the final test of a screen star's popularity. Only the skin that is exquisitely smooth and fine will appear beautiful under the blazing close-up lights."

It is for this reason that 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are cared for with Lux Toilet Soap.



Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood



# exquisite smooth skin

9 out of 10 screen stars say things like  
this about Lux Toilet Soap



Betty Compson says: "Only the most satin-smooth skin is considered 'studio skin'. I'm delighted with the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for my skin."

*Betty Compson*



Marie Prevost says: "A soap as delightful as the fine soaps of Paris! And Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a tiny smoothness!"

*Marie Prevost*



Doris Kenyon says enthusiastically: "Lux Toilet Soap certainly gives my skin that lovely smoothness we mean by 'studio skin'."

*Doris Kenyon*



Vera Reynolds says: "A star must have the smoothest skin in the world. Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin like satin."

*Vera Reynolds*



Patsy Ruth Miller says: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It gives my skin the same lovely texture fine French soaps do."

*Patsy Ruth Miller*



Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a lovely bloom — exquisite enough to be 'studio skin'."

*Dorothy Sebastian*



Alice White, First National star, says: "Only a beautiful skin can survive the close-up! Lux Toilet Soap is marvelous for my skin."

*Alice White*



Ruth Taylor, Paramount player, says: "I guard my skin as my most priceless possession and know that Lux Toilet Soap treats it gently."

*Ruth Taylor*

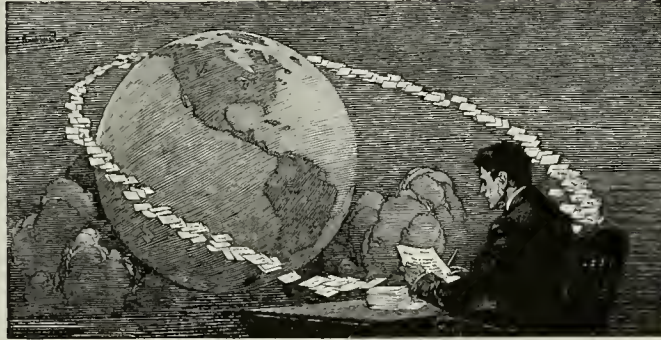
Luxury such as you have found only in French soaps at 50¢ and \$1.00 the cake . . . now **10¢**

# LUX Toilet Soap

# QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

## Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of *PHOTOPLAY* to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



## Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped and addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, *PHOTOPLAY* MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

**DOROTHY MILLER, DETROIT, MICH.**—Charles Eaton was the handsome lad who played opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "The Ghost Talks." He was born in Washington, D. C., nineteen years ago and has blond hair and blue eyes. He has three sisters, Mary, Pearl and Doris Eaton who are stage stars.

**M. L. K., NARBERTH, PA.**—You win. Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall are not married to each other. Jack is married to Evelyn Winans and Dorothy is divorced from Lothar Mendes. I hope your father won't come looking for me because I decided the argument in your favor.

**F. S. C., HARRISBURG, PA.**—"Lights of New York" was the first one hundred per cent talkie picture. Since coming to America, Greta Garbo has appeared in "The Torrent," "The Temptress," "Flesh and the Devil," "Love," "The Divine Woman," "The Mysterious Lady," "A Woman of Affairs," and "Wild Orchids."

**M. P., MILAN, ITALY**—Charlie Chaplin was born in London, England, on April 16th, 1889. That will settle the question of his nationality.

**ORA WORMAN, OGDEN, UTAH**—Welcome to our midst. There is always room for a newcomer. That "certain young man," William Bakewell, was born in Los Angeles, Calif., on May 2nd, 1908. He is five feet, eleven and one quarter inches tall, weighs 145 pounds and has brown hair and grey eyes. Have you seen him with Alice White in "Hot Stuff"?

**"CARROTS," PETERSBURG, ALASKA**—Yoo-hoo! Away up there. Bet I know how you got your name. William Haines is twenty-nine years old, six feet tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. He is still fancy free.

**G. W. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—Greta Nissen is twenty-four years old, five feet, four inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. At this writing she is appearing in vaudeville.

**K. F., YOUNGSTOWN, O.**—Yes, Victor McLaglen is married. Nancy Carroll is married to Jack Kirkland. Richard Arlen has a brand new mustache. What ever made you think it was the shadow of his nose? Richard, please make a note of this.

**MRS. A. W., DETROIT, MICH.**—Alice Calhoun's first husband was Mendel B. Silberburg. William Russell's first wife was Charlotte Burton. Helen Ferguson was his second wife. That was Helen's first marriage. Mildred Davis is twenty-eight years old and Richard Arlen is about thirty.

**BEGINNING** with this issue, *PHOTOPLAY* is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

If any of your favorites are among the missing, it is because they are free-lancing.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 104 before writing in to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs *PHOTOPLAY* advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

**A. NELSEN, JAMAICA, N. Y.**—You are right, Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino played in "The Son of the Sheik." Vilma Banky played the part of the dancing girl.

## Are They Engaged or Are They Not?

**THAT** is the most talked of subject this month.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon have announced their engagement.

Some time ago Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper announced their engagement. Now Lupe denies that she will ever marry.

When Mary Brian was caught wearing Buddy Rogers' fraternity ring, she was reported engaged to him. Neither Mary nor Buddy will own up to it.

Then we have the case of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Friends claim they are married, but Joan and Doug say that they are only engaged.

Now that Sue Carol has received her divorce from Allan Keefer, we may look forward to her engagement to Nick Stuart.

When Greta Garbo came back from Sweden reports were she returned to marry John Gilbert.

Because Marceline Day acted as nurse for Richard Dix when he was ill, their engagement was reported. Neither confirms it.

**GENEVIEVE KING, N. Y. C.**—Joan Crawford's life story ran in the September, October and November, 1928, issues of *PHOTOPLAY*. You can obtain them by sending twenty-five cents for each one, to our office at 750 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

**MAX MEIERE, BUFFALO, N. Y.**—H. B. Warner's initials mean Henry Byron. He is fifty-one years old. The "Q" in Anna Nilsson's name stands for Querentia. William de Mille is older than Cecil B. De Mille. Norma Shearer came forth from Montreal, Canada, and gives her birthdate as August 10th, 1904. Address your letter to the Brickbats and Bouquets Department, 221 West 57th St., New York City.

**"ABIE," EAST STROUDSBURG, PA.**—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, mother was known as Beth Sully before she married Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. After she was divorced from him she married James Evans, a Pittsburgh broker. Later she was divorced from him and the courts granted her permission to resume the name of Fairbanks.

**C. E. H., NORTH BRANFORD, CONN.**—Your boy friend isn't much of a judge of ages. Can anyone imagine cute little Nancy Carroll as being thirty-seven years old when she really is only twenty-two? There are twelve children in Nancy's family. The sister you refer to is married and has given up the stage.

**"GUNNY"**—John Loder was born in London, England, on March 1st, 1898. He is six feet, three inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has brown hair and hazel eyes. He entered the movies in 1926.

**C. V. MARTINO, STAMFORD, CONN.**—Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., about forty-six years ago and was christened Alonzo Chaney. His latest picture is "Thunder" and Phyllis Haver has the feminine lead.

**CECELIA JOHNSTONE, CHICAGO, ILL.**—William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on July 29th, 1892. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and has dark brown hair and gray eyes. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson and has one son. His latest picture is "The Greene Murder Case." Bill's fan following certainly has increased since the beginning of the "talkies."

**J. W., GERMANTOWN, PA.**—Baclanova is a real Russian, having come forth from Moscow. Tell your friend that her accent is genuine and not "put on," as he claims. I have no record of her making a picture in which she wore a black wig. Your friend must have someone else in mind.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100 ]



Below is the famous Ingram Mannequin. Her image shows the six spots most difficult to care for, and the text tells you how best to do so!

# "Only a HEALTHY SKIN can stay young"



Use This Mannequin as a Chart to Examine Your Own Skin

**K**EEP your skin healthy and it's certain to be lovely.

Guard especially the six spots starred on the Ingram Mannequin. They are the places where tiny lines form most easily, where imperfections are most quickly seen by every one you meet.

These six starred places can be such traitors. Regardless of birthdays, they speak of age. And how much they tell of the condition of your skin!

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, slightly therapeutic in its effect, takes care of your skin as no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but its special virtue is that it brings to all women who use it, a smoothness of skin hitherto unknown. It is perfect against roughness, redness and blemishes. It smooths away the tiny wrinkles. It is the indispensable

- ★ The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- ★ The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- ★ The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- ★ The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- ★ The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- ★ The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

cream to those women who value highly the smooth, clear texture of their skin.

Buy a jar of Milkweed Cream today. Follow the simple directions which come with it. Use this cream faithfully for one month and notice how your skin improves in tone and texture.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, will gladly send you her new booklet on skin care. And if you have any special beauty problems, write to Miss Ingram for advice.

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. A 69, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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## INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



## HANDBAG QUALITY

To find the Meeker Made imprint in the leather of the bag, billfold or other item being selected is all one needs to know about the value of the article.

Meeker Made leather goods are the smartest in genuine imported steerhide. Frames and accessories are the latest creations. Designs by Meeker artists are in harmony with the prevailing mode. Meeker craftsmen who tool, hand-color and hand-lace this carefully selected leather are ever conscious of the high standard set for this mark.

Look for it! Insist upon its being in the handbag you purchase. It will mean, besides its enduring and increasing beauty, long service and satisfaction.

*At the better dealers everywhere.*

# MEEKER MADE

handbags—underarm bags—  
vanities, for women; billfolds  
—key and cigarette cases, for  
men; also other gift novelties  
in leather.

THE MEEKER CO.

Inc.

JOPLIN, MO.

Largest manufacturers  
of Steerhide Leather  
Goods in the U. S. A.



## Girls' Problems

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

Of course your own judgment and preferences will suggest changes and additions to this list. And don't think that everything you take with you has to be new and bought especially for the occasion. Perhaps you have a dress from last year that has faded and of which you have tired. There are many excellent tints and dyes on the market that are easy to use and will bring new life to your clothes. Sometimes a different color makes an old dress seem like a new one. The advertising columns of this magazine will give you helpful suggestions along these lines.

AND last, but surely not least, provide yourself with a small electric iron, designed for the traveller. This is your insurance against mussed and drooping frocks.

You do not tell me whether you are dark or fair, whether your skin is dry or oily. But I can give you a few general suggestions for protecting your complexion without sacrificing any of the fun and freedom of being outdoors. Here, again, PHOTOPLAY'S advertising columns will provide valuable hints.

You will have to be careful the first week. Don't make the mistake of going out on the beach with skin and hair unprotected. Absorb the sun and wind gradually, so that your tan comes naturally and painlessly, a little at a time. A bad sunburn can spoil your whole vacation and make no end of beauty treatments necessary to repair its damages.

Take along with you plenty of your favorite cold cream. If your skin is dry, you will want a heavy cream; if oily, use a light cream that is easily removed. Rub it well into the skin before going out in the morning, and whenever you feel the need of freshening. Remove the surplus cream and pat powder carefully over every bit of your face and neck. You might use a heavier powder than you are accustomed to during the winter, as it will cling better. One of the attractive new sun-tan shades is a wise selection for the girl who wants to look healthy and tanned and yet keep her skin protected for the months to come, when a deep tan may not seem so desirable. Choose a shade that is not too much darker than your complexion, at least until the skin itself has become slightly darkened, as it inevitably will at the shore. But you won't resent that. Everyone likes the light tan that betokens a healthy, out-of-doors life and brings sparkle to the eyes and a glow to the skin. And it disappears quickly in the fall, with no bad after-effects.

If you like a skin tonic or an astringent you will find it delightfully refreshing after a day in the open. After you have creamed your face, preparatory to dressing for the evening, wipe the cream away with pads of cotton dipped into hot water.

This will thoroughly cleanse the skin. Cream the skin lightly again, and this time remove with clean pads of cotton dipped into the astringent or tonic.

But remember that external care is not enough to insure a good complexion. Watch your diet; drink plenty of water. Don't over-exercise, especially at first. Don't make the mistake of so many girls, who feel that unless they are doing something every single minute they are wasting part of their vacation. Sit back in a rocking chair now and then and let the world go by. Sandwich in a little nap during the afternoon, either after lunch or before dressing for dinner. If you swim, play tennis or golf or ride, begin gradually and never go past the point where you can carry on without a sense of strain.

Relaxation and stimulation are the principal ingredients in the recipe for a happy, healthy and successful vacation. Measure out the right proportions, mix well, and flavor to taste!

BILLY:

If the oculist has prescribed glasses for you, by all means continue to wear them. Properly fitted glasses will not detract from your looks. Going without them when they are needed results in eye strain, which brings lines and often causes one to squint, even when it does not do greater harm. The wearing of glasses is a mere detail of one's appearance and the well groomed girl who dresses correctly and becomingly need never give them a moment's thought.

BOBBY L.:

You say you find long hair uncomfortable and unbecoming, and yet you hesitate to have it cut again because you think bobbed hair is going out of style! While there is no doubt that the shoulder length bob is popular now, and many girls have let their hair grow long enough to pin up in a soft knot, there is also no doubt that bobbed hair has not gone out. Nor is it likely to, for those people who have found it easy to care for and becoming.

SWEET MARIE:

If you are tall and inclined to be self-conscious about it, you might wear heels of medium height for informal wear, reserving high heels for strictly formal occasions.

X. Y. Z.:

You do not mention your age, but for your height your weight is about right. You may be just a few pounds overweight, but I wouldn't worry about that if I were you. The prettiest, most refined looking hands are those on which the nails are kept fairly short and rounded. Long, pointed nails are both passé and unattractive.

ELIZABETH E.:

While you are building up a circle of young friends, why not let books, magazines and motion pictures be your instructors? They will keep you abreast of the times and help you to drop some of your old-fashioned ways, which you say are the result of being cut off from the society of young people for so long. Then, as you make new friends, you will not feel awkward with them. Watch the younger actresses when you go to the movies; study how they wear their hair, how they dress, how they act. Choose the one you like best and then do as she does.

DOROTHY:

I hope you have been reading Dr. Willis' articles in PHOTOPLAY on the subject of *Diet for Health and Beauty*. They will help you greatly in your campaign to gain weight. If you want special advice, write to Dr. Willis at the address mentioned in his articles. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. You do not need to wear fluffy ruffles but you should avoid clothes that are too straight and severely cut. Jaunty sports ensembles, pleated skirts and soft, frilly blouses ought to be becoming to you. You can also wear the new plaids and checks which are so chic.

NANCY K.:

If you are thrown into frequent contact with the boy with whom you quarreled, you can show him you are sorry by being friendly to him. I don't think you have much chance of making up with him unless you are willing to apologize for your part in the disagreement.

VINEY H.:

If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope I shall be glad to send you my leaflet on the prevention and cure of blackheads, and the general care of the complexion.



# Will you pay half the usual price for *white,* *lovely* teeth

?

**WOULDN'T** you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



## Your tooth paste will buy you a "wave"

Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is \$3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.



25¢

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# Chester

*MILD enough for anybody*



## What a cigarette meant there

*Forty hours in the wireless room, sending, sending, sending . . . till help for a helpless ship is drawn across hundreds of miles of storm-wracked ocean. And afterward, only one comment: "Good thing we had plenty of cigarettes!"*

## What a cigarette means *here*

*Forty hours at the curing-barn—the most anxious hours in all the tobacco season.*

The last wagon in from the fields, the barn full, the fires lighted—now the delicate work of curing commences. Day and night, day and night, watching thermometers, tending fires, adjusting ventilators—with loss of a year's work the penalty of carelessness, with loss of flavor the result of haste.

Vastly important, of course, are the later aging and blending—but to this tireless vigil at the curing-barns you owe no small part of Chesterfield's flavorful and satisfying mildness.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*



*From 800 to 1,000 pounds of tobacco can be cured in this barn at each "firing."*

# field

*.... and yet* **THEY SATISFY**



## You can add distinction to your home

**Y**OU can pervade your home with that desirable quality of distinction, hospitality and charm, just by burning incense.

The room where incense burns is permeated with an atmosphere, exquisite and irresistible. Pleasure is delicately accented. Romance subtly works its colorful spell. The air is cleansed and refreshed. Your guests are delightfully at ease.

Put incense to the test. We want to give you, FREE, nine exquisite odors of Vantine's Temple Incense. One of them is our new, delightful, Oriental Night. We want you to let each one work its own spell for you. Then you will know.

Send the FREE INCENSE coupon today, giving your name, and your drug-gist's. Enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing. And we will send your Vantine's Incense at once.



A. A. Vantine & Co., Inc., 71 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, absolutely free, nine fragrances of Vantine's Temple Incense. I enclose four cents in stamps to cover packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street & No. \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Dealer's Name \_\_\_\_\_

Dealer's Address \_\_\_\_\_ P-6

## Brickbats and Bouquets

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8 ]

bigger kick out of seeing a luscious, vital-looking girl than he does out of the "sucked lemon" type.

Tell the producers they had better give us plumper and healthier-looking stars if they want to keep us at the box office.

M. E. NAYLOR.

### Talkies Aren't So New

Goderich, Ont., Can.

I am a projectionist and have held nightly communion with the same brace of projectors for the past ten years.

Apropos of the newborn talkies I may say that the stars have spoken from my screen for years.

I quote some of their oft-repeated lines to support my statement.

*Jack Gilbert:* "Me, good-looking? Why, I never dreamed it. Goodness sakes, it would break my heart to think that!"

*Some of the Foreign Stars:* "Do you really think I dawdle through my pictures? My, no, dears, that is Art!"

*Clara Bow:* "Who the heck is this guy Art? And say, folks, isn't this a great old world?"

*Charlie Chaplin:* "Wonder when they're going to stop laughing at my getup? Beats me how it's held out so long."

*The Cowboy Stars:* "I guess I ain't no sheik, but boy am I a he-man! Say, son, watch me,

near the end of this here pitcher, I lick three guys in ten minutes, and when my final clinch comes, try and notice any nicks on my knuckles!"

*Their Hosses:* "There y'are! Just galloped twenty miles without stopping an' do you see me puffin'? Neigh, neigh!"

I hope I don't sound too cynical, for with all their faults they're a great gang.

GEORGE JENNER.

### We Stand Corrected

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I get a lot of pleasure from reading your magazine, but never have had such a real kick out of it as I got today when I opened the March number.

On page 65, under the picture of Fay Wray's fireplace, mention is made of the antique cornpopper!

Please tell Miss Shirley, who wrote the article, that her "old English cornpopper" is an early American warming pan—if it is copper it might be an English warming pan; if brass, it is probably an American one; but it could never be anything but a warming pan!

Sorry to haul off and heave a brickbat—it is the first time. Anyway, PHOTOPLAY is the best magazine of its kind on the market. Good luck to you!

JOEL S. CARPENTER.



Esther Ralston wears a bridge sweater to informal card parties. The sweater is fawn gray appliqued with signs of the bridge suits. It is worn with a skirt of gray flannel



# FRAGRANCE at your finger tips



## THE NEWEST VOGUE

### perfumed liquid nail polish

"THEY" ARE USING IT! In Paris—London—Vienna—New York—everywhere, the brilliant society that sets the mode has eagerly taken up this charming new fashion in manicuring!

Northam Warren, the expert who has made the care of the hands his life study, introduces this enchanting new *perfumed* Cutex Liquid Polish.

He searched until he found the exact fragrance—delicious, evanescent, as faint as the scent of drifting plum blossoms. This captivating *perfumed* Liquid Polish gives to your nails a lovely luminous lustre.

The Paris perfume gallantly pays duty at the customs—yet the magic flagon of this new *perfumed* Cutex Liquid Polish plus a twin flagon of Cutex Polish Remover only costs you 60¢. Already it is waiting for you at all drug and department stores. For an especially brilliant polish, and one that will last for days and days, apply two coats to your nails. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.



#### SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—6¢

I enclose 6¢ for generous samples of the new Cutex Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

NORTHAM WARREN  
Dept. 9Q-6, 191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

## CUTEX new perfumed liquid polish

Deltah

Bernard et Cie  
of Paris  
features this  
Deltah Pearl  
Sautoir—

The jeweler's art reaches its consummate perfection in Deltah Pearls, which flawlessly simulate Nature's loveliest gems... The choice of Deltah Fashion Necklaces at the current openings of leading Parisian couturiers speaks eloquently of the rare beauty of these new Heller creations. Everywhere women of good taste select them as the final touch of smartness.

HELLER-DELTAH CO., Inc.  
Division of L. Heller & Son, Inc.  
NEW YORK PARIS

By the Makers of  
HOPE  
Synthetic  
Gems

Deltah  
PEARLS and  
Deltah  
fashion  
Necklaces

Redfern  
of Paris  
Sponsors a  
3-Strand Deltah  
Pearl Necklace

Deltah

## What Is IT?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35 ]

good, Clarence Brown called Mr. Stone away upon what you read into it."

"Is an older man more interesting to women—say a man in his fifties? Is maturity an advantage, does the fruition of experience stand him in good stead?"

"How can we tell that? We cannot think with the feminine mind. Personally, I would say age does not enter into it. But after all that is a lot of peas in a barrel again—for it is an individual thing, depending upon the point of view. We can't all have the same outlook, you know, the same tastes."

"IT," according to Mr. Stone, includes all of the characteristics that make up personality. These qualities are sufficiently diversified to satisfy all individual requirements.

"Charm, genuineness, the faculty of being engaging or interesting or cheery, of being quiet, reposeful, languid—all have value, all embrace the ingredients of personality. What appeals to one does not, you know, necessarily appeal to another. It is altogether a matter of satisfying individual needs. What a mess we would be in if we were all cast to a standard."

But Mr. Stone indicated quite plainly that he much preferred to talk about what the Bostonian said when he told him that he, too, was a Bostonian.

The man refused to believe it, absolutely, because Lew had none of that characteristic New England accent which clings from the cradle to the grave.

With difficulty we again detoured back to the subject in hand.

"Is there any particular age, Mr. Stone, at which man appeals to woman?"

He hesitated a moment, weighing the matter, or else reluctant to commit himself.

"No-o-o, I think not. People appeal to each other at all ages. Youth responds to youth, and so on. It depends upon what spectacles we are wearing at the time. Then, too, you may be very charming in the eyes of one and not in the eyes of another. Personality has no universal law. In fact, the idea of 'IT' is like looking at a log fire. Five persons give you

five different impressions. It depends entirely upon what you read into it."

"Why do people insist that a man in real life is the character he portrays on the screen? In his home he may be an unbearable grouch and on the screen a light comedian. If, however, he is a light comedian on the screen, then in the public mind he is a humorist in his private life."

Which reminds one of the fact that the parts Mr. Stone portrays on the screen are notable for their generous proportions of "IT." And his comment, therefore, may have been an adroit means of proclaiming his modesty.

At any rate, Mr. Schildkraut said of the typical American man: "He can laugh, but cannot smile; he is practical, matter of fact, has no imagination; he is not subtle; he dies sixteen deaths inside him before he can say, 'I love you.'"

And after trying vainly to pierce the inscrutable reserve of Lew Stone, after glimpsing the smoldering fires that he quickly hides in the depths of his eyes, after watching him shield the faintest and most enigmatic of smiles, we concluded that he at least is not a typical American man.

## The Great Ear-Plug Problem

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42 ]

skull rattled so loudly that the clatter kept the younger children awake and we were later forced to knock his head apart with a tack-hammer and remove the offending flora.

SINCE that time, I am sorry to say, the lad has complained of a feeling of fullness after meals and a distinct sense of drowsiness at bedtime.

Test B, we feel, is somewhat unsafe—distinctly chancy, in fact.

TEST C. This is the most drastic of the methods at first attempted.

Mr. Bull Montana, the well known dramatic reader, was shown a short talking comedy reel of the traveling salesman who knocked at the door of a small farmhouse upstate.

"How do you feel?" I asked the subject. Mr. Montana gave a delicate Italian shudder, as of a ten-ton truck on a wooden culvert.

Dr. Irving Thalberg, my expert socktitioner, at once struck the patient smartly at the base of the skull with an ordinary coupling-pin (hum-persuader).

"Better?" I asked.

"I can still hear a drum beating somewhere."

Dr. Thalberg let him have it again, this time just to the left of, and slightly below, the left ear.

"Now? Any pain?"

"Mother! Mutter! Maman! Madre! Pour la France!" murmured the subject.

"You'd better touch him up again, Irving," I said to my assistant. He did.

"And now?" I asked. No answer.

A brief examination disclosed the annoying fact that Mr. Montana was dead.

We were all greatly put out at this unfortunate end to our experiment. A brief note to the family, however, and the incident was closed.

Test C, we fear, is too touchy for wide use.

It remained for Dr. Herbert Howe, a young Bulgarian phrenologist on my personal staff, to finally solve our "knotty" problem.

"I find," reports Dr. Howe, "that a subject, faced with a short talking film which gives him violent symptoms of sea sickness or galloping palsy, can, with some effort, rise and go into the lobby of the theater.

"THERE he can smoke, talk to the doorman if he understands English, or ogle the hat-check girl.

"Notified by a courteous usher that the offending short is over, he can return to his seat and enjoy, question mark, the balance of the program.

"I have employed this method successfully upon 15 out of 16 subjects. We discovered much to our amusement, that the 16th patient was a paralytic.

"You can well imagine that we all enjoyed a hearty laugh."

Is this, then, the Answer?

Has Dr. Howe, the young Serbian savant, really solved the great problem?

We, and you too, await Time's answer. And while we wait, we palpitate.



This penetrating foam  
**CLEANS TEETH  
 BETTER**

*Scientist discovers that Colgate's has lower "surface-tension"... hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.*

**T**OOTH decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect.

Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste's power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power\* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

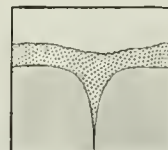
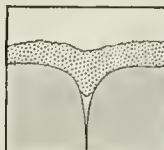
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder... a polishing material prescribed by dentists... which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you... by using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them... restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*\*How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach*

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-2544, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

**FREE**

Name.....  
 Address.....



The one function of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading.



# Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]



## Here is a *satisfactory* Face Powder

See for yourself the beauty-revealing effect of Black and White Face Powder!

The instant you apply this soft, fluffy powder you note the silken texture, the natural glow it lends to your complexion; and hours later you find this same smoothness and beauty.

But only through every-day use can you appreciate fully the advantages of this high-quality face powder, not the least of which is the popular price of 25c.

Your dealer has it or will get it for you. Begin using it today!

## BLACK AND WHITE Face Powder



Plough, NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · MONTEREY

H. D., ANDOVER, MASS.—It was Lloyd Hughes and not William Haines who played opposite Billie Dove in "American Beauty." Hugh Trevor played the part of *Killer Gordon* in "Beau Broadway."

K. M., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Evelyn Brent is thirty years old, has brown hair and brown eyes and hails from Tampa, Fla. She entered pictures in 1915 and is now under contract to Paramount-Famous-Lasky.

FANNIE CUTTER, ADRIAN, MICH.—Are you serious, or are you just trying to test my memory? The name of the picture you described was "For Heaven's Sake," with Harold Lloyd and Jobyna Ralston playing the leading rôles.

M. MILLAR, BRATTLEBORO, VT.—So you would like a photo of Herb Howe. I hate to tell you this (sob!) but it must be done. You cannot get his photo, not even the required quarter would bring forth one. Oh no! Herb's not conceited, just a bit bashful. He won't have his picture taken because he objects to the photographer saying, "Now, watch the birdie." Greta Garbo is 23 years old, 5 feet, 6 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden.

MILDRED MELTON, ARLINGTON, TEX.—You win the cut-glass bathtub. Esther Ralston and Clara Bow played in "Children of Divorce" and Josephine Dunn and Clara played together in "Get Your Man."

A DAMITA ADMIRER, BROCKVILLE, CANADA.—Lily Damita was born in Paris, France, on July 10th, 1906. She is five feet, one and a half inches tall and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "The Cock-eyed World." Articles and photos of her appeared in PHOTOPLAY in July, 1928, and in the March and April issues of this year.

L. M. ARMSTRONG, FORT WORTH, TEX.—It takes more than a few questions to worry this old man to death. Gladys Belmont was

the young lady who played opposite Richard Dix in "Redskin." She was born in Pueblo, Colo., on February 28th, 1911, and was christened Gladys Freeman. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 111 pounds and has auburn hair and brown eyes. She is a first cousin of Alice and Marceline Day. Warner Baxter is married to Winifred Bryson.

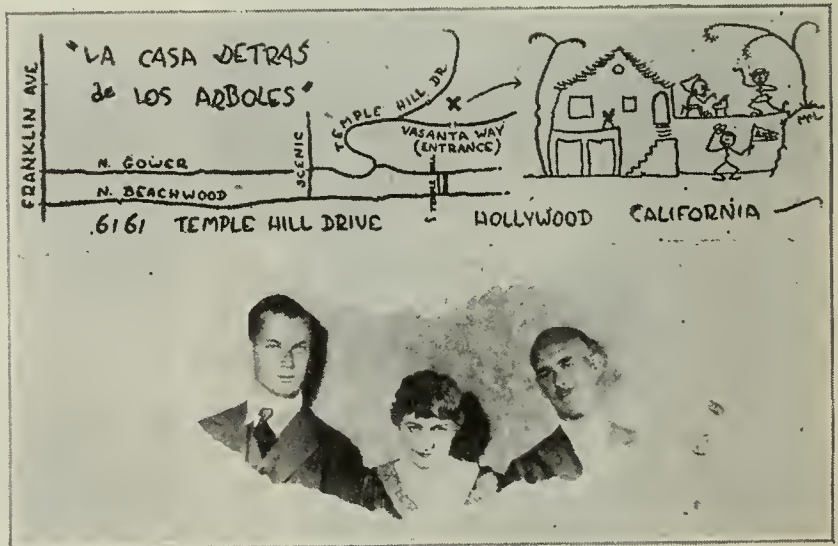
M. K. McC., LAURENS, S. C.—And you are interested in numerology. Betcha haven't got my number yet. Tom Tyler was born on August 8th, 1903, in Port Henry, N. Y. John Mack Brown claimed Gothan, Ala., as his birthplace on September 4th, 1904. Hugh Allan first saw the light of day on November 5th, 1903, in Oakland, Calif., and Charles Farrell at Onset Bay, Mass., in 1902. He doesn't give the exact date. PHOTOPLAY printed a picture of Tom Tyler and his horse in the September, 1927, issue. Thank for your visit. Drop in again sometime.

D. K., DETROIT, MICH.—Goodness, what have we here? You say that Douglas Fairbanks is of Arabian descent. Well, if he is, then I'm a little Laplander. I guess his horseback riding has deceived you, as he is thoroughly American.

M. B., PLYMOUTH, PA.—In the "King of Kings" Joseph Schildkraut played the part of *Judas* and Jacqueline Logan played the part of *Mary Magdalene*.

JANE STARAL, CLEVELAND, O.—You have been misinformed. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are not married yet. Sue only just got her divorce from Allan Keefer. Roland Drew was the handsome *Felipe* in "Ramona." William Haines is 29 years old and has black hair and brown eyes.

F. S., DANVILLE, KY.—Another Gary Cooper fan. Have you read his life story in PHOTOPLAY? In "Beau Sabreur" he played the part of *Henri de Beaujolais*; in "The First Kiss" he was known as *Mulligan Talbot* and in "Doomsday" he was *Arnold Furze*.



Do you live out in the country or in one of those tangled suburbs? And do your guests frequently get lost the first time they visit your house? Then have a road map printed on top of your letter-paper, so that when you extend an invitation people will know you really mean it. The Gleasons—Russel, Lucile and Jimmy—use this road map to guide their friends to their bungalow





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*Priscilla  
Platinum Encased  
Wedding Ring*

The bridal bouquet has been cast 'mid eager, outstretched hands—a deluge of rice—and you have started your journey along Life's Highway with your dream girl wife. Perpetuate the memory of this *thrill of thrills* by choosing a Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Ring as the symbol of your marriage.

The Priscilla is the smartest and most popular ring of the day. It is made by the famous Bek Process which encases a core of 18k white gold in a heavy shell of pure platinum. This creates a ring with all of the quality appearance of pure platinum, yet costs no more than high grade 18k white gold rings. Priscilla Platinum Encased Wedding Rings can be worn under the most trying conditions and are *guaranteed not to tarnish*.

Take your fiancee to the jeweler and let her choose her Priscilla Wedding Ring. You'll find a complete assortment priced at only \$16.

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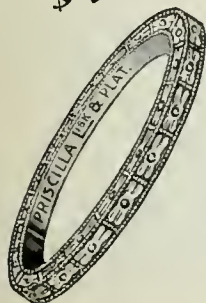
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**\$16**



# Hey! Hey! Harry's Coming Back

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59 ]

Broadway—of how Harry came East with the first print of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," his pockets crammed with press clippings from the coast.

"Look!" he said, showing them to a pal, "they say I'm just like Chaplin!"

PERHAPS that was the trouble — that accursed phrase, "Just like Chaplin."

What Harry didn't seem to remember was that Charlie is his own man, and not the slave of a shooting schedule that demands so many pictures a year at so much a picture.

If Chaplin wants to stew two years on a picture, that's his own woe, but Langdon was under the siege guns of his bosses, with eyes on the time-clock and tight fingers on the old family checkbook.

Don't ask me whether or not little doughface suffered from an inflated cranium. Harry himself says it was his tough luck.

His producers, he declares, began clamping down on him as the doubloons started to slip away, until he was under orders to shoot a full length comedy in six weeks—a sheer impossibility where quality product is concerned.

A long comedy sweated out in a month and a half is just 7,000 feet of celluloid that might just as well be made into collars.

All these things raced through my head as Harry talked.

Talked to a purpose, too. For Harry is all broken out with a rash of ideas, and most of them are sound. And he is deadly serious. No fooling now!

"I believe that the day of the long gag comedy, with the whole picture depending on the efforts of a starred comedian, is over," he told me.

"A kick in the pants isn't as funny in pictures as it was in 1910. The gag field has been worked bare.

"The story is the thing of today and tomorrow—the laugh picture with a tale to tell. Look at Lloyd! Has he ever equalled 'Grandma's Boy'?"

"Furthermore, no living comic can carry the whole burden of a seven reel comedy and make it one long howl. No man can be that funny and live.

"He must have the help of a good story and two or three all-wool featured actors to help him play it."

IF anyone believes that Harry Langdon's dome is bulged, mark and digest that!

Not only does he want a good story in his pictures—he demands brilliant support from able and well-known actors, and is anxious to share the billing with them!

What price a high hat, now?

Well, I string with Langdon.

I don't believe that even the cleverest comic can make a long gag comedy that has much of anything new to offer.

I agree that the burden of such a film on a star is backbreaking and nonsensical, for we all know that up to the present the support of our leading comedians has consisted of little

but animated dummies with nothing to do but hit him on the head.

A great comic can go a couple of fast reels at top speed. Then, like a boxer, he must let down and get his wind. But with the help of good actors, Langdon can let them have their scenes and then come on, building his comedy around the situations instead of framing situations to fit a gag, and simply knock us kicking and screaming into the aisles.

If that isn't sound sense and good business, I wouldn't know them if they came riding up Fifth Avenue on big red motorcycles at high noon!

HARRY LANGDON has his feet on the ground, and his head is hitting on all twelve. He is sane, sensible and determined.

If he makes the business connections he craves, he is as safe for us and for pictures as Congress is for Hoover!

And do we need him?

There's never been a doubt as to Harry's pantomimic genius. He needs pictures and pictures need him.

I believe that he is the greatest living incarnation of harassed, frustrated humanity, and I don't except Chaplin. For very often there is something cocky about Charlie. Occasionally he pulls himself together and takes command of his soul. Not putty-faced Harry.

He is licked before he starts. Forever life's football, kicked around by fate. He is the incarnation of human futility—a grownup Farina with a white skin, chased by bogie men—smacked over by mighty forces he doesn't understand and can't control. His Sennett series of two-reel tragi-comedies stand today as unapproached masterpieces of human frailty.

Who can ever forget the one wherein Harry was left alone in a storm-battered house?

Windows blew in, doors crashed shut on his nose, lights went out, furniture fell—Langdon alone and forlorn, bruised and terrified by all the implacable and irresistible forces of nature gone cuckoo.

At last, scared witless, Harry seeks refuge in the attic. There, seemingly safe, he kneels at the side of a trunk and thanks his Heavenly Protector. At that precise moment, lightning strikes a chimney overhead, and in the midst of his supplications a large, hard brick falls and smacks him fair upon his wide and innocent brow!

IN that one superb moment can be found practically all we can ever know of the dark and devious ways of life and destiny.

And now Harry Langdon is coming back to us—we hope—sane, sound, and full of fight.

Let there be fireworks on the courthouse steps, music by the silver cornet band, and an address by the mayor.

And let yours sincerely be on hand to lead the cheering for the Happy Return of Dead-Pan Harry, whom we have loved long since, and just lost awhile!



## "Bobbed Hair Styles Most Becoming..."

— dumas

—and this famous coiffeur and beauty specialist whose salon in the Savoy Plaza, New York, serves the socially elite, continues:

"There are so many very beautiful effects which we can accomplish with an expert dressing of bobbed hair that I do not believe any pronounced movement toward long hair will be sustained."

While hair stylists are not in full agreement as to the current trend of hair fashions, it is significant that all lay much stress on the necessity for frequent combing in dressing the hair and placing the wave. Good combs are a prime essential in the care of the hair and scalp.

ACE COMBS are made in many sizes and styles—

large 8 or 9 inch dressing combs to use at home, besides small purse and pocket combs for occasional use during the day and also the dry shampoo (fine) combs for cleaning the hair and restoring its natural sheen.

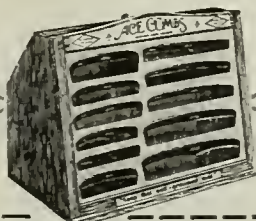
Fully eighty-five percent of all druggists and most department stores sell Ace Combs.



## ACE COMBS

We have prepared a valuable treatise on current styles and the care of the hair which will be mailed to anyone who writes for it. A sample 5 inch Ace Pocket Comb will be included, if coupon is accompanied by 25¢ in stamps. Look for ACE COMBS displayed in these cabinets everywhere.

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER CO.  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N. Y.



American Hard Rubber Company  
11 Mercer Street, New York, N.Y.

Enclosed find 25 cents (stamps preferred). Please send me your booklet and sample 5 in. Ace Pocket Comb.

Name.....  
Address..... PP-6

## What Was the Best Picture of 1928?

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52 ]

motion picture film released during the twelve months of 1928.

As usual, this year the voting for the best picture of 1928 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 1928.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company of New York.





*Close to the top of the first page in the new Who's Who of Movie-dom you'll find Nora Lane, now appearing in a FOX Production. And, as befits a member of Who's Who, Miss Lane knows what's what—and wears a Bradley!*

**W**HEN they slip into their Bradleys, the stars of the screen become the sirens of the sea . . . Hollywood, whether represented by man or maid, shows its preference for Bradley Bathing Suits. Shows it in terms of gay colors, smart patterns and snappy models. For there is that about a Bradley which knows how to give the impression of something that's made to look at—while fulfilling the purpose of something that's made to wear . . . *and wear!* Your favorite store has a Bradley for you. And you may have a copy of the Bradley Style Book by writing Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wis.



*Just a dot on the horizon. But look closely for this is no ordinary dot. None other, in fact, than Dorothy Gulliver of Universal Pictures—enjoying herself in her Bradley.*

*A perfect match — Mr. and Mrs. George Lewis! (Universal Pictures). Even their suits suit each other to a sea—for they're matched Bradleys.*



Slip into a

**Bradley**  
KNIT WEAR

and out-of-doors

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# Addresses of the Stars

At Paramount-Famous-Lasky Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Richard Arlen  
Jean Arthur  
William Austin  
Olga Baclanova  
George Bancroft  
Wallace Beery  
Clara Bow  
Evelyn Brent  
Mary Brian  
Clive Brook  
Nancy Carroll  
Kathryn Carver  
Robert Castle  
Lane Chandler  
Ruth Chatterton  
Maurice Chevalier  
Chester Conklin  
Gary Cooper  
Richard Dix  
Paul Guertzman

James Hall  
Neil Hamilton  
O. P. Heggie  
Doris Hill  
Phillips Holmes  
Emil Jannings  
Jack Luden  
Frederic March  
Adolphe Menjou  
David Newell  
Jack Oakie  
Warner Oland  
Guy Oliver  
William Powell  
Esther Ralston  
Charles Rogers  
Ruth Taylor  
Florence Vidor  
Fay Wray

At RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Buzz Barton  
Sally Blane  
Olive Borden  
Betty Compson

Bebe Daniels  
Frankie Darro  
Bob Steele  
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong  
William Boyd  
Junior Coghlan

Alan Hale  
Jeanette Loff  
Carol Lombard

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelme  
Billie Dove  
Corinne Griffith  
Doris Kenyon  
Dorothy Mackaill

Colleen Moore  
Jack Mulhall  
Donald Reed  
Milton Sills  
Alice White

At United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado  
Fannie Brice  
Douglas Fairbanks  
Mary Pickford

Gilbert Roland  
Norma Talmadge  
Constance Talmadge  
Lupe Velez

At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Olive Borden  
William Collier, Jr.  
Falph Graves  
Jack Holt  
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan  
Ben Lyon  
Shirley Mason  
Dorothy Revier  
Lois Wilson

In care of Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Vilma Banky  
Walter Byron

Ponald Colman  
Lily Damita

In care of the Edwin Carewe Productions, Tee-Art Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dolores Del Rio  
Roland Drew

Fita Carewe  
LeRoy Mason

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Gilda Gray, 22 East 60th Street, New York City.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, Calif.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, Calif.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.



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If you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very EASY to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush, and . . . brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color. It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that it will . . . stay any style you arrange it . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to manage.



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Nancy Drexel  
Mary Duncan  
Charles Eaton  
Charles Farrell  
Earle Foxe

Janet Gaynor  
George Jessel  
Ivan Linow  
Edmund Lowe  
Sharon Lynn  
Farrell MacDonald  
Victor McLaglen  
Lois Moran  
Charles Morton  
Barry Norton  
George O'Brien  
Sally Phipps  
David Rollins  
Arthur Stone  
Nick Stuart  
Don Terry  
Helen Twelvetrees

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore  
Monte Blue  
Betty Bronson  
William Collier, Jr.  
Dolores Costello  
Louise Fazenda

Audrey Ferris  
Al Jolson  
Davey Lee  
May McAvoy  
Grant Withers

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lina Basquette  
John Boles  
Ethlyn Claire  
Kathryn Crawford  
Reginald Denny  
Jack Dougherty  
Lorayne DuVal  
Ruth Elder  
Hoot Gibson  
Dorothy Gulliver  
Otis Harlan  
Raymond Keane  
Merna Kennedy

Barbara Kent  
Beth Laemmle  
Arthur Lake  
Laura La Plante  
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# Make-Up Magic

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*Read the Answer by Hollywood's Make-Up King—Max Factor*



“WHAT we have discovered in pictures about beauty, about make-up, about cosmetics . . . every woman should know. True! Make-Up is magic . . . but the wand of make-up is not so magical, so mysterious that every woman cannot wave it over herself and produce in her own likeness the vision of beauty she has always dreamed of.” And then Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up, creator of make-up for the leading motion picture stars, told me the secrets of make-up which every woman will want to know.

If you would double your beauty . . . listen . . . ! In Hollywood, leading screen stars are using a new kind of make-up for social and evening wear. It is based on cosmetic color harmony—conceded to be the greatest beauty discovery of the age. Max Factor's genius developed it, as he only could . . . for no other one person has had the unique and valuable experience of being beauty advisor to the stars since the days of one-reel features. From this experience has come faultless beauty in make-up. Color harmonies in powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials that produce the most exquisite, life-like beauty effect imaginable, blending in perfect harmony with complexion colorings and personalities.

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And now, good news for Photoplay readers. Max Factor offers to send to you your own individual complexion analysis and make-up chart; also a copy of his book, “The New Art of Make-Up”. A priceless gift . . . for it will give to you the way to a new beauty, a new fascination which heretofore has been held within the glamorous world called Hollywood.

**MAX FACTOR'S SOCIETY MAKE-UP**  
HOLLYWOOD  
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Josephine Dunn, M-G-M Star, finds glorious beauty in her own color harmony make-up suggested by Max Factor.



Lupe Velez, United Artists Star featured in “The Gaucho” enthuses about the mystery and fascination Max Factor gives to the eyes with make-up.

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Mr. Max Factor,—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 40-page book, “The New Art of Make-Up” and personal complexion analysis. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

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Complexion	Color of Eyes	LIPS
Light		Moist
Fair	Color of Lashes	Dry
Medium		SKIN
Ruddy	Color of Hair	Oily
Dark		Dry
Sallow	Answer in	Age
Olive	spaces with check mark	

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# What Is Smarter Than PIQUE?



**HUBRITE Ensemble 1273**

This season's vogue for contrast is nowhere more smartly emphasized than in this little pique ensemble with its jacket, V. belt and inverted plaits of maize, Nile green, pink or powder blue on a frock of white pique. Note novel corner pockets on finger-tip length jacket. Sizes 14-20 30-42.

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**ANITA PAGE**

Anita Page, starring in the big M.-G.-M. "all-talkie," *Broadway Melody*, challenges the world of fashion with this question in her favorite Hubrite Informal Ensemble.

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Write for new Style Folder P-6

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**Informal Frocks**  
 INCORPORATED

New York and Boston

100 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

# How to Hold a Wife (Husband) in Hollywood

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65 ]

tive, more interesting. The lazy wife neglects her personal appearance, neglects her house, her education. No man will tolerate a lazy woman long.

"We are not born with a taste for caviar and olives, we cultivate it. A woman can easily learn how to make herself attractive, how to make her home attractive, how to educate herself to a standard that will call forth admiration.

"All she needs to do is apply herself. Life is a game of competition. Sex, oddly enough, does not always dominate.

"I AM a great believer in short vacations. I think it is the best thing in the world for married people to be separated from each other for short periods, say two weeks. But I don't believe in long separations. They are too easy to get used to. Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for the other fellow. Always remember that!

"A wife, I think, should make herself indispensable to her husband. Make him believe that he cannot do without you. I don't know how many times Eddie has said to me, 'Good land, Lil, how would I ever get along without you!'

"And it's all because I think of the little things for him. Details. Men, you know, can't be bothered by detail!"

Eddie himself contributes a slant on this angle. He did not know that Mrs. Lowe had discussed the case, for Lilyan told her story in her dressing room at the studio while working on "Bulldog Drummond," and Eddie expounded his over the luncheon table at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

"I haven't any idea whether I'm neat or not," he confessed. "I've never had a chance to find out. You see, I've never been left to my own resources. When I was a kid, my mother always kept my shirts arranged, my kerchiefs in order, my ties right, all that sort of thing.

"It was just an automatic arrangement that never concerned me. I took it for granted.

"I like order, I like elegance. There's always a delicate odor of sachet about my shirts and handkerchiefs. I don't put it there, but it's there and I like it. It's the same delicate perfume that was there when I was a kid. My mother put it there then, Lil puts it there now.

"Lil knows I'm very fond of lamb curry. Every so often we have lamb curry. I never know it's coming, yet it gets there just at the psychological moment, when I probably couldn't live another day without it. It's all Lil's doings, along with ten million other little things which she arranges in spite of the fact that she's just as busy as I. She's a mystery to me. I don't know how she does it."

AND that, according to Miss Tashman, is but one of the rules of the game.

"Ed and I don't fight over little things," she explained. "It's unnecessary. The cure for it is consideration of the other fellow. The only rows we have are over Ed's being late. He has no conception of time. I, on the other hand, am meticulously punctual. If I say I'll be there at a certain time, I'm there; Ed usually shows up a half hour later—contrite, of course, always with a hatful of marvelous excuses.

"You can't begin to tie his alibis. Well, whenever we go to a party and are late, it's always Ed's fault, but of course I get the blame. I always imagine they are looking me over and saying, 'Well, it took the gal a couple hours to get into those rags.'

"Of course, the only way a woman can hold any man is to be more interesting to him than any other woman can be. Where there is love, there is jealousy—to a degree. I have never had occasion, however, to be jealous of Eddie. I pride myself that I interest him more than any other woman. I could be jealous, no doubt, but as yet I haven't had to be—unless he's smarter than I think.

"However," she smiled, "I don't believe he is. Of course any man's eyes wander to a beautiful woman; if that beautiful woman is his wife, he's satisfied. He takes great pride in knowing that his wife is *the* attractive woman."

THE predatory woman, according to Miss Tashman, is the one who cannot hold her man; therefore she stalks the men of other women, stalks 'em because she thinks they are more clever than her own man, or because her own man's interests lie elsewhere.

"I like my wife to be liked," said Eddie. "I think every man does. I could be jealous, yes, but I'm not because I have confidence in Lil. Jealousy itself is not good; it's just the knowledge that you could be jealous that is good."

There are no "have-tos" in the Lowe family.

They do things because they want to, not because they have to.

"And there is no pretense, no pose," says Eddie. "Each knows the other's faults and makes allowances. Take our work, for instance: I like to work with Lil, Lil likes to work with me. We're honest with each other—you know, best-friend-severest-critic stuff. I'm boosting for Lil's success, she's boosting for mine."

Mrs. Lowe says she prefers working with her husband because he coaches her and she gives a better performance. His criticisms are invaluable. One of her greatest faults is a long upper lip. "And Eddie helps me to correct it. He will say, 'Don't say it that way, say it the way you did the other night when you were talking to so-and-so' and thus I correct a bad error."

EDMUND LOWE believes that the perfect marriage clicks and locks. In other words, it is an interlocking of personalities. And people should get acquainted before they get married. They should know each other's personality.

"Lilyan and I knew each other seven years before we married," he explained. "Of course we were not constantly in each other's company, because, from 1922 on, I was on the coast almost continuously while Lilyan was on the stage in New York. In fact, shortly after we got acquainted I went to Honolulu to do 'The White Flower' with Betty Compson. Then after that I went to Panama. But in 1925 Lilyan came to the coast especially so we could get married."

Perhaps the outstanding contrast in the views of these two is that Mrs. Lowe thinks that short vacations apart are a fine matrimonial tonic, and Mr. Lowe thinks that short vacations together whet the appetite for marriage.

"My idea of ideal married life," says Eddie, "is to throw a few things into the car and maybe take the dog and go bumming for a couple of weeks. Shave when you think about it, dress only when you have to, stay away from people and be by yourselves."

"And my idea of ideal married life," said Mrs. Lowe "is to be at home, surrounded by things that are nice, things that you have a genuine affection for, and to be doing anything except playing bridge."



# When You Accept the Stockingless Style—

be sure you first observe this  
rule of personal refinement

Several seasons ago, only the continental elite dared the stockingless style at the smart, French coast resorts. Then last fall, a handful of adventurous debs introduced it at a formal dinner party on Long Island. This past winter saw the bare-leg vogue spreading like wild-fire, Palm Beach, Miami, Del Monte, Santa Barbara . . . By now it is a generally accepted fashion.

Sponsored and established by America's smartest younger set, the stockingless style is a style you can only enjoy when you know that your legs are *absolutely free of superfluous hair*.

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At drug and department stores or sent prepaid in plain wrapper—\$1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Co., Dept. 86, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago. (Established 1908)

*How attractive are the shapely sun-tanned limbs of PHYLLISHAVER, bare as those of a Grecian goddess. Miss Haver, a MGM film star, is one of the coterie of younger screen actresses who are enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.*



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Snowy-white, faintly fragrant, Del-a-tone is the most convenient way to remove hair from underarm, forearm, face, back of neck, and legs.

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Please send me, in plain wrapper, prepaid, trial package of Del-a-tone as checked herewith, for which I enclose 10cents.

- Del-a-tone Cream
- Del-a-tone (powder).



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Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by  
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## New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

## Two Black Crows in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

MORAN—The more I see of you the more I realize that the bone of contention is the jawbone.

MACK—Yeah, but the trombone is next. Buddy Rogers found that out.

MORAN—You've been concealing something from me.

MACK—Sure, I ain't no Salome.

MORAN—If you'd be serious we could be stars. They even make a star out of animals. Look at Rin-Tin-Tin.

MACK—Is that the dog in Fidophone?

MORAN—Even if that was good I wouldn't like it.

MACK—I'm looking for that dog. I want to get him to pawtograph a picture.

MORAN—What's your opinion of the star system?

MACK—A certain amount. But the system shouldn't interfere with auto driving.

MORAN—Why shouldn't it?

MACK—The part of the system that rides motorcycles.

MORAN—Well, just remember that the star gets his name in lights.

MACK—What lights?

MORAN—Any lights.

MACK—Who wants a light? I ain't even got a cigarette.

MORAN—Here comes an actress. Don't you think her mascara is too heavy?

MACK—Let's help her carry it then.

MORAN—She's certainly one girl in a thousand.

MACK—Yeah, the other 999 is in the casting office over there.

MORAN—You think you is a rising youth now, don't you?

MACK—I ought to be. I eat yeast.

MORAN—Well, you certainly rose up and left the dinner check with Evelyn Brent when we et with her last night. Why'd you do that?

MACK—Well, didn't I hear that in Hollywood the woman always pays?

MORAN—And while you talked with Dick Barthelmess, you kept me standing around like a fool.

MACK—Could we help the way you stand?

MORAN—And you mortified me by telling Lon Chaney we had to dress for a political party.

MACK—I'd rather not hear any more about that.

MORAN—You even refused to pay that fellow for the patent make-up box he sold you.

MACK—Course. He said it would pay for itself in a little while.

MORAN—That girl there makes the little things count. She's the studio school teacher.

MACK—She trusts me. Lets me carry her pocketbook. Nothing in it, though.

MORAN—If you'd just get serious we'd be a success. Just think, our pictures will be seen by people all over the world.

MACK—Even in the uninhabited sections?

MORAN—I can't be bothered with you. I'm going down to the set and listen to our orchestra rehearse. I think it needs more wind instruments.

MACK—I'll bring our electric fan.



Since the great days of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew there have been no fine domestic comedies in the film world, but now Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason are very sure they can fill the bill. The first of the series of talkies will be "Meet the Missus." The conspirators, left to right: Director Gillstrom; Mrs. Gleason; Al Cohn, supervisor and author, and Jimmy himself



# GREAT NAMES

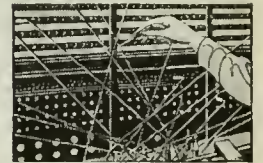
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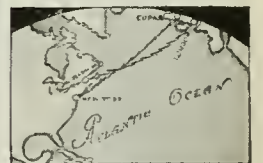
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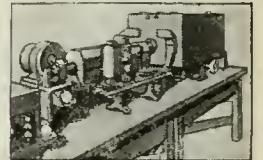
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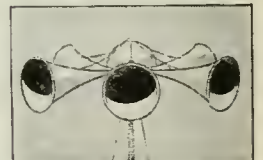
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**B**ELL Telephone Laboratories—Western Electric—leading producers—progressive exhibitors—together these bring to you Sound Pictures!

Calling upon fifty years' experience in the telephone art, Western Electric produced the first practical system (used by Vitaphone and Movietone) for recording and reproducing Sound Pictures.

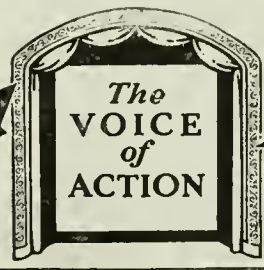
Producers have standardized on Western Electric equipment and are successfully

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# Western SOUND

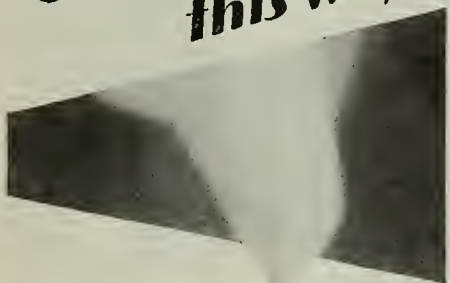


# Electric SYSTEM





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- 1 *Blackheads, acne, skin troubles* are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.
- 2 *High laundry bills* and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

## Kleenex

### Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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Address.....  
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## The Whip

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47 ]

There will be no one but me! There will be only me!"

Maurice rubbed his hands together and smiled. His idea was ripening into maturity. He put a friendly arm around Sibyl's shoulders.

"And not a word of greeting to your good producer, eh?"

"Greetings, hell!" But she followed him into his private office.

"Sit down, Sibyl. Calm yourself. Act like a big girl (you've put on ten pounds since I've been gone) and tell me all about it."

Sibyl told him all about it. And she told him things about Dona Fleurs that only one French woman could invent about another.

"But hold on a minute. You haven't seen her yet. She's a nice girl. She has composure. She has charm. She looks like you—only prettier. And she's younger and slimmer."

IT worked like a charm. Sibyl became a changed woman. Each time the star looked as if she were about to fly into a rage, Flint mentioned Dona, ever so casually. He took Dona on the set the first day Sibyl started her new picture and told Dona loudly that she was to watch every gesture of the star. He added to Sibyl that Dona was there just in case anything went wrong. She might have to double for her. The scene was the type of thing that Sibyl thoroughly disliked. Sibyl had always objected to being a vamp, and had often said, for publication, "Why don't they sometimes let me be sweet, in a picture hat, with babies?"

Her director invariably came to Flint after a particularly heavy vamp scene and swore that he'd have to get a new director for that impossible woman. Sibyl always blew up on the set when the moment that she must lure the young officer into her flat arrived. Today, with Dona's warm, eager eyes upon her, she was docile as a "yes-man" and entwined her whitened arms around the neck of the leading man. Sibyl had never lured as well before.

The thought that Dona could act had not occurred to Maurice Flint. He had paid her \$50.00 a week, a meager price, for his peace of mind. She was to be a whip, merely a whip, to Sibyl. Her presence was a warning. So far it had worked. His days were peaceful and his golf game improved. Then one day Clarence Hawley, a director, persuaded him to let Dona have a small part in a picture. Sibyl grew more worried and more manageable. Flint and Hawley watched the first night's rushes together.

"YOU'VE got a find," Hawley said. "This Fleurs dame can teach Sibyl a few numbers. Let me start her out, and at the next picture they'll be yelling over a new star."

Maurice Flint discovered that he was not nearly so interested in leaving the studio on Saturday afternoon as he was in watching Clarence Hawley direct scenes. This guy Hawley was a damned fine director and needed watching. He had a deft touch. What he did not discover was that he was more interested in the scenes in which Dona played than in those in which other characters mugged at the camera. One afternoon he came to the set "on urgent business," just in time to witness a tender love scene between Dona Fleurs and Bertram Drew. The lights flashed on and Dona, dressed in the sweetest pale blue frock he had ever seen, came through a garden of prop grass and ready-made roses. Bertram entered left, came behind her and covered her eyes with his two hands. Her scarlet lips parted, and she whispered his name. They faced each other, and with a little cry, as soft as a zephyr she floated into his arms.

"Cut!" said the director. "One more like that for China."

Maurice Flint discovered very suddenly

that he had never liked Bertram Drew. What right had a sleepy-eyed actor to kiss Dona Fleurs like that? And he did it like he meant it. He didn't have to do it like he meant it. A good actor never put real feeling into his scenes. He simply gave the semblance of real feeling. Well, his option was up in two months. Maurice Flint had never liked him.

Maurice stopped seeing the rushes. He couldn't stand to watch that sappy Drew guy paw Dona like he did. And then one day he was in the midst of a story conference when it all dawned on him. He forgot that his highest paid writer was telling him of a great scene in Sibyl's next starring vehicle that would only take five hundred extras two weeks on location in the High Sierras. He forgot and O. K.'d it, and remembered a piece of urgent business on the lot. Dona was wearing the sweetest blue frock he ever saw when he found her. Flint didn't mince words. He took her by the hand and led her behind a flat and told her that he loved her and must marry her.

THREE weeks later his secretary announced "Miss la Mond to see you!" Flint groaned and said, wearily, "O. K. Let her in!"

Sibyl arrived. She was in an old fashioned fury. "And what do you suppose that dumb director has done now? I am having the great dramatic scene, and he says that this silly little fool who plays my sister should have a close-up just after I speak the title. I told him he was crazy, and he will not listen, and he walked off the set and told me to direct the picture. Well, I could, better than he, but, no, he comes back and says he will see you, and I told him to go ahead and see you, because. . ."

Flint held up a weary hand. "He's wrong. She shouldn't have a close-up there. It isn't in the script."

"Of course, it's not in the script. He just wants to ring her in. Between you and me, Maurice, I think that he's having an affair with her, but I won't stand for it. I tell you, I won't. She won't steal a scene of mine, not as long as my name is Sibyl la Mond."

"Which it isn't," Maurice murmured, and added, aloud, "You're right, Sibyl, you're right."

"And while I'm here, Maurice, about that orchid dress. It makes me look like the mother of six. I won't have it. I tell you, I won't have it."

"All right, all right!"

She slammed the door. His secretary entered.

"Mrs. Flint is waiting."

"Show her in!"

DONA, looking beautiful as usual, in furs and a small hat, came over to him.

"Oh, Maurice, darling, I have just been talking to Lucille Lake, Sam Benjamin's wife, and she says there's no reason in the world why you won't let me act. Sam helps her all the time. He's glad she's an actress. He's proud of her, and Clarence Hawley told me about the sweetest part for which I'm just the type, in his next picture."

Maurice Flint strolled to the window and looked out across the six big stages that comprised the studio. He thought of Paris. He thought of his idea. It had been born there. It had ripened to maturity in Hollywood, and now it had died of old age. Dona removed as a rival, Sibyl was as temperamental as ever and bringing him in just as much money, and Dona, his wife, was nagging for parts. Was life nothing but an endless cycle?

He turned to Dona. "No, Belle,—er—Dona. For the last time, no! You can't go on the screen, and that's straight!"

He shot a 116 at golf and drove four balls into the river hazard that afternoon.



SEE AND HEAR  
**DOLORES COSTELLO** in "NOAH'S ARK"  
 with **GEORGE O'BRIEN**



*The Sweetest Love Story ever told*  
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# A Second TANGEE TALKIE

**Starring Sue Carol and Nick Stuart**  
*Fox Film Stars*



**NICK:** "You know, lots of people think movie stars aren't as pretty in person as on the screen. But if they ever saw you, with your beautiful eyes and your natural, ruby lips..."

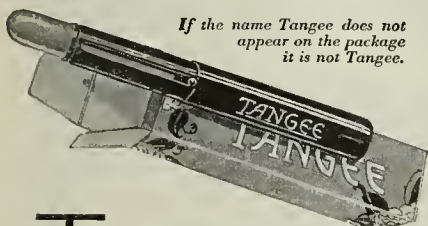
**SUE:** "Very well said, Nick. You're as nice a lover off the screen as on.... My eyes are my own, thank you, but my lips are Tangee'd! Here—this is my Tangee lipstick."

**NICK:** "Innocent little thing, isn't it?"

**SUE:** "It is not! I may sound like a press agent, but honestly, Tangee is wonderful. It's practically indelible, and while you put it on, it blends perfectly with your own natural coloring."

**NICK:** "I'll say it does!"

**Demand Tangee Today! One lipstick and rouge for all complexions. On sale everywhere. Tangee Lipstick \$1. Tangee Rouge Compact 75¢. Tangee Crème Rouge \$1. Also Tangee Face Powder, clinging, fragrant, \$1. Tangee Night Cream \$1. Tangee Day Cream \$1. Twenty-five cents more in Canada.**



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# Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

IT'S the silly season in Hollywood, as in Medicine Hat and Baton Rouge, and the love-birds are tuning up.

Chaplin has just donated fifty pairs of old shoes to hurl at the newly spliced, and the stores along the Boulevard report a rice shortage and thousands of laundrymen starving.

The Spring moon struck Louise Glaum, the famous vamp, and she announces that, rain or shine, she is going to marry her producer, Mr. Reid. Director James Young, divorced from Clara Kimball Ditto, is determined to make Clara Whipple Spouse No. 3.

Big William Desmond, king of the serials, is already hitched, the party of the second part being Mary McIvor, once his leading woman. Marjorie Rambeau, of stage and screen, took unto herself Mr. Hugh Dillman, leading man. And the first Mrs. Doug Fairbanks has yessed Mr. James Evans, Jr., a big stock and bond man from Pittsburgh. She has custody of Doug, Jr., aged eight. Now see what has happened to Doug, Jr.

**BUT** horrors, and sobs! What is this bomb that explodes in the midst of moony June?

Katherine MacDonald has decided she can dispense with her artist husband, Mr. Malcolm Strauss, and is taking legal steps.

Alan Forrest is breaking the chains that bind him to Ann Little. They only lived together a month.

Little Teddy Sampson says she can do without Ford Sterling in a matrimonial way, and has decided to tell her woes to a judge.

June evidently works both ways, as far as the so-called tender passion is concerned. Well, better luck next time, folks, say we!

**T**HE learned Julian Johnson lists the events of the past month. Listen to how strange they sound.

The flashing of Viola Dana as a great comedienne, and a genuine characterization by Bill Hart. Comebacks by Rupert Julian, George Beban and Bill Russell. John Barrymore's first serious film (it was "The Test of Honor") and a good performance by Madge Kennedy.

Well, from the reviewing stand of 1929, there doesn't seem to be much there to cable Downing Street about!

**T**HE Bill Hart picture is "The Poppy Girl's Husband"—in which he takes off his cowboy suit and plays a big-city crook... Bebe Daniels is playing opposite Harold Lloyd in Rolin comedies, and one of these little birds trills that she may be his leading lady for life, the minx!... Jack Sherrill is a popular leading man in pictures made by his daddy... Director Lois Weber has a broken arm... Charlie Chaplin was the first air-minded actor in pictures... In 1919 he plots a plane line from Los Angeles to Catalina Island with William Wrigley, Jr., the choong gum king of then and now... Tex Guinan signs for two-reelers.

Our hawk-eyed readers are still spotting the directors' dumb bobbles, and getting the giveaways printed.

Mr. Linden of New Rochelle gets one on

Wally Reid. "In 'The Dub' Wally goes riding in a taxi. When he gets out the meter registers two dollars and ten cents. He hands the driver one bill and gets silver change."

Ah there, Linden! Maybe Wally had one of those 1919 three-buck notes!

**A** YOUNG lady in Knoxville, Tenn., writes in to say that Harrison Ford is the most adorable man on earth... Monroe Salisbury is also a big shot among the gals this season... We have a long story about how Edna Pur-



**The silly season hits Hollywood, and as the romantic month dawns, Louise Glaum, the famous siren, decides to marry her producer, J. Parker Reid. Grrrr!**

viance cheered up the boys during the war. What a blonde!... The Studio Club, for lonely movie actresses, is booming, and among its backers are Marjorie Daw and Carmel Myers... If they were ever lonely, I'm a dense mob... Of the thousands of extra girls who asked for work at Lasky's, up to this month only three had been given regular jobs in the troupe—Julia Faye, Marcia Manon, and Edna Mae Cooper... And where are two of those now?... Ann Little says she just must have Milkweed Cream on her face at times.

**JOAN OF ARC, N. Y. C.**—Francis X. Bushman was born in 1885, on Jan. 10. Theda Bara is NOT dead.

**ROSE THORN, Ardmore**—Mary Pickford's hair is naturally curly. Eugene O'Brien isn't married. Ormi Hawley is Caruso's leading woman. Pearl White's new serial is "The Lightning Raider." Dearie me, how you girls DO go on!

## Cut Picture Puzzle Fans:

The first set of pictures in PHOTOPLAY'S annual \$5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest will be found on pages 4 and 5 of the Rotogravure Section of this issue. Complete rules of the Contest are on page 39.



# The Passing Show of 1929

It's a show that changes every day. Keeps abreast of the times. Always up to date—ever in step with the mode, or a little ahead—turning the spotlight for you on the things that are new, smart, stylish, convenient—desirable.

The Passing Show of current times—the advertisements in this magazine. Packed with interest—alive with the vitality and surging change of this modern day.

The advertisements are more than reliable buying guides. Indications of quality they are, surely—for today no manufacturer can win lasting success by buying publicity for a cheap or shoddy product. Advertising weeds out the unfit. But more than that—advertisements are the fascinating daily record of progress in industry—of advances in the world of goods and services. And of such things you need to be fully informed—for you are the ones who buy them.

Buy intelligently—with open eyes. Read the advertisements. Compare values . . . know what's new, what's better, and why. When you start out to spend your money—*be informed!*

---

*Make it a habit to follow the advertisements.  
Every day there's a new edition of  
The Passing Show!*

# Gossip of All the Studios

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74 ]



Renee Adoree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Renee Adoree Model," an Ensemble, white flat-crepe dress and scarf, print sport coat, \$29.50.



Dorothy Sebastian, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Dorothy Sebastian Model," an Ensemble, beige georgette dress and red georgette coat, with beige crepe-de-Chine slip, \$29.50.



Josephine Dunn, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Featured Player, wearing the "Josephine Dunn Model," an Ensemble, plain white flat-crepe dress and coat, \$29.50.



## FREE Autographed Photographs

Would you like to have an autographed photograph of Renee Adoree, Dorothy Sebastian, or Josephine Dunn, surrounded by photographs showing the same player in scenes from her latest feature pictures? Clip this entire ad and send it to us with six cents in stamps to cover cost of handling, mailing, etc., for each one you want, or, if you prefer, ask for them at the store where you buy your dresses.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from us, stating size or measurements.

Remit preferably by money order or bank draft. If you send cash be sure to register as we cannot be responsible for money sent by regular mail.

**HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STAR FASHIONS, Inc.**  
 Mail Order Headquarters,  
 516 Fifth Avenue New York  
 HOLLYWOOD PARIS LOS ANGELES

He turned. The girls laughed at their ambitious sister. She blushed. So did Nils. Then he walked back and talked to her for a minute.

"Why did you give her a break?" asked a friend.

"She feel like a damn fool. So did I. It did us both good to say 'hello.'"

**L**IFE, the humorous weekly, remembers when this was considered the last word in nasty cracks.

"Say—with a voice like yours, you ought to be in the movies!"

**O**H, what these talkies do! It's going to take more than eye-rollings and leg-exposing to put some of them over now!

Twelve times a scene was retaken, twelve hard times, because Alice White couldn't remember one line.

At last she turned to the director. "I'm awfully sorry," she said. "I don't think this scene is right. I just don't seem to get the feel of it!"

**T**HE event of the season around our shop has been the arrival of a son and heir at the home of Frederick James and Agnes Smith, managing editor and his associate editor and severest critic.

As soon as the happy mamma was able to take the air, Louella Parsons, the newspaper woman, gave her a party, rounding up all available film stars for the occasion.

Among those present were May Allison, Doris Kenyon and Estelle Taylor. A gay time was had by all.

Young Smith, a month old as this is written, has already plunged into journalism. Asked for a caption on a photograph of Clara Bow, he at once responded, "Glub, glub, glub," which we think covers the ground pretty thoroughly.

**H**EARD at the Rialto Theater in New York when "Lady of the Pavements" was being shown.

Lupe Velez had just performed some of her cute little drawing-room antics, which apparently were not appreciated by the flappers in the row behind me.

One of them pungently remarked: "She should live, but she shouldn't make a habit of it!"

**E**DWINA BOOTH, feminine lead in "Trader Horn," just before leaving for Africa, came limping into the studio, calmly remarking:

"Well, I am all shot . . . thoroughly shot . . . inside for Typhus, Malaria and whatnot, and outside for publicity."

**E**TRY! 'Nother Hollywood Expose Blows Up as Thousands Cheer.

Ever since Mary Pickford hurled a luncheon for a little niece at Madame Helene's downtown tea room, the place has been giving the Montmartre a hot race for the tourist trade.

Sally Blane gave a blowout for the baby stars there a few days ago, and a visitor in the place grew all pink with excitement.

"Look, mamma!" she whispered loudly, "Don't tell me they don't drink. Look at that party! Every one of those girls is drinking port."

Madame Helene overheard, and it took Madame and four strong bus-boys to convince the trippers that Sally's gang was lapping up mere coffee served from a trick Oriental bottle.

All of which wrecked another Iowa afternoon.

**I**T is a relief to get away from these talkie stages where one is hushed at every step and visit one of the good old sort.

Like Lon Chaney's, where that great star is making "Thunder," and raising it as usual.

Lon won't talk on the screen, and when he says he won't talk, he means he won't talk.

The old portable organ is on the Chaney set, and the star and Director Nigh sound off as often and as loudly as they please.

"We're old-fashioned folks," says Lon. "We're not arty here. We still believe in making our noise behind the camera and not in front of it."

**H**EART throb for June.

If you see particularly beautiful photographs of Dorothy Mackaill any day now, wink and cross your fingers.



The newspapers report the sale of Frances Marion's lovely home, atop one of the highest of the Beverly Hills. Frances and the late Fred Thomson, her famous husband, put hundreds of thousands of dollars and three years of ideal love and married life into it. They planned and worked it out together. It was one of the most beautiful homes and playgrounds in America. It was surrounded by gardens, riding rings, swimming pools and everything to make life happy, but when Fred died, Frances could live in it no longer and disposed of it to a Texas oil man for \$150,000 less than it had cost



The First National blonde is walking out regularly nowadays with Henry Freulich, one of Hollywood's ace portraitists.

Good luck, Hen, aver we.

VERA GORDON, Sophie Tucker and a few others have always been shining examples of the fact that avoirdupois and personal charm need not be separated.

Now, Mrs. Joe E. Brown and Mrs. Russell Simpson and Vera are proudly walking from table to table at the Montmartre, displaying the places where the fat used to be, all of them having lost from eighteen to twenty pounds.

If you insist on following their example, see PHOTOPLAY'S diet department for further instructions.

IT isn't just the mushroom starlets who get all the breaks and story-book dreams in Hollywood. You've heard how the happy waitresses at Henry's wouldn't trade with baby stars.

Here's another for the romance book.

Harry Rapf, the picture executive, has a secretary named Mrs. Anna Robertson. She is the mother of a little daughter about eight, by her first marriage. She may not be astoundingly beautiful, though a good looker, but she certainly has charm.

While Hollywood's flappers were trying to churn far enough into pictures to meet some millionaires, the quiet Mrs. Robertson sat at her desk, tended to business, and won a rich husband. She has been successfully wooed by a Mr. Bernheimer, a millionaire pottery manufacturer.

And what do the flaps on the lot say?

"Her diamond solitaire is larger than Norma Shearer's."

*I dearly love the talkies—  
But can you tell me, sweet,  
Why crumpling tissue paper sounds  
Like ripping up a sheet?*

BIG Victor McLaglen has decided he likes us so well that he craves to be an American citizen, and has taken out his first papers.

His wife wants to take up with Uncle Sam, too, but as she is here only under a permit, she must go back to England and come back under the regular quota. That will probably take a year. And Vic must wait nearly three years for the second set of papers that make him a full citizen, with the privilege of fighting on the American side in any and all wars.

Incidentally, there are eight McLaglen boys. Recall the marines, assemble the McLaglens, and send them out to pacify China.

EVERYBODY in the Fox organization considers himself "banished" when sent to work at Fox Hills sound plant, situated several miles from Hollywood.

It interferes with the pleasurable pastime of shopping and lunching on the Boulevard, and making mild whoopee with one's friends.

So the Foxites refer to the Fox Hills Sound Studio as "The Salt Mines." Also they call M.-G.-M. "The Culver City Branch."

Returns are not in yet from M.-G.-M., but rumor has it that they think of the Fox Studio as the Hollywood branch.

BEFORE you are admitted to the Clarence Brown set (if you're admitted at all) you have to take the vow of silence, wear a false moustache and salaam eight times.

The reason is that Peggy Wood simply can't bear to have curious eyes grow more curious, my dear. She's much too busy putting the wonder in "Wonder of Women."

But Peggy doesn't need to be that way. The interest on that set is not Johnny Weaver's wife. It's the tin ocean that was invented by one of the boys in the art department.

I can't begin to describe the thing nor how it works. Anyhow, it looks exactly like a real ocean and is made entirely of tin. And, if I'm not very much mistaken, it's going to steal a lot of scenes from under Peggy's nose.



Mr. L. M. Allen, VP&PTM,  
Rock Island Lines,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Dear Sir:

My recent trip on the Golden State Limited was indeed a pleasure. The success and comfort of the trip was due, to a great extent, to the courteous and thoughtful attendants. Every one of them, it seemed to me, was eager to assume personally all responsibility for the comfort and welfare of passengers.

With best wishes, I am  
Very truly yours,

*Josephine Dunn*  
Josephine Dunn

*de luxe*  
**Golden State Limited to California**



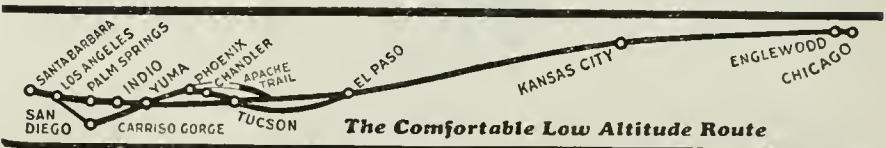
When attendants are unusually "thoughtful" and the way short, direct, low in altitude—through a region of absorbing interest, it is not surprising that patrons are enthusiastic.

Only 61¼ hours Los Angeles-Chicago. Shortest and quickest Chicago-San Diego.

**Tickets and reservations at**

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B. F. Coons, General Agent, Rock Island Lines  
809 Van Nuys Building, Phone Trinity 4574, Los Angeles, Calif.  
Hugh H. Gray, General Agent Passenger Department  
Southern Pacific Lines, 165 Broadway, Phone Cortland 4800  
or 531 Fifth Avenue at 44th Street, Phone Murray Hill 8400, New York City  
P. W. Johnston, General Agent, Passenger Department, Rock Island Lines  
723 Knickerbocker Building, Broadway and 42nd Street  
Phones Wisconsin 2515-6, New York City

564



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Imagine the thrill of wearing the picture of your sweetheart, your movie favorite, or some member of your family in an exquisite bracelet. It could inspire you all day long!

Hollywood Bracelets have special links in which photos may be inserted. We give you with each bracelet photos of 24 movie stars sized to fit the links. Or you may wear snapshots of your boy friend, husband, baby, mother or anyone else's picture you wish.

Hollywood Bracelets come in different styles, finished in gold or silver plate, enameled or set with transparent colored stones. They are made in styles to show one, two or three pictures.

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Our beautiful booklet shows the different models of Hollywood Bracelets and the photos of the 24 movie favorites you get with each bracelet. The booklet is free. Send for it. Just fill in the coupon.

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Please send FREE booklet.

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**D**ID you ever stop to think how many real high flyers there are in the picture business? We mean this literally.

For instance, take Tay Garnett, the Pathe director, formerly a navy aviator with 900 hours in the air. Then there is William Wellman, the Paramount director and ex-member of the Lafayette Escadrille. Being a member of the Escadrille, he is sworn to secrecy and cannot discuss his war record or flying time.

Reginald Denny of Universal was 100 hours in the air; Wallace Beery, Lasky star, also 100 hours; Ben Lyon, 100 hours and one bad fall in which he cracked up a crate; Clarence Brown, M.-G.-M. director, 350 hours, and the only man in pictures with a full transport license. This permits him to fly passengers either for fun or for pay, to haul freight or to do solo work either straight or stunting. During the war, Brown was a flying instructor. And Howard Hawks, Fox director, with Victor Fleming, free lance director, also boast of their 100 hours. In fact, Fleming, with a recent flight almost across the continent, has added another 30 hours to his record.

And now all these folks are forming a flying club with William Gibbs McAdoo, Jr., as head man. There'll be a "Wing," or branch in each studio. Mebbe in another five years there will be more flying clubs than golf clubs in Hollywood.

**H**ERE'S a pretty domestic sight! At the curb before a Santa Monica market, the John Barrymore car. In the rear seat—Mrs. B. sitting demurely.

Trotting about the food store with bundles, The Great Profile itself, doing the family marketing. The chauffeur grins. So do I.

**A** HIGH-HAT barber—that is, one who gets about \$5 a barb—went out to the Metro-Goldwyn lot recently.

He wanted to get girls to pose for his hair-shingling act, to show before and after snipping.

He found that practically none of the ladies of Culver City have short hair any more.

Among those whose locks are already far down on the neck are Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Raquel Torres, Gwen Lee, Josephine Dunn and Leila Hyams.

**E**DDIE NUGENT—is there no stopping the man?—reports that the noise on the sound stage of "The Green Ghost" is terrific. All the English actors keep dropping their "h's."

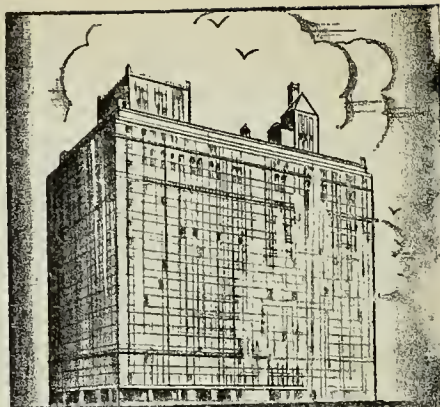
**H**ARRY CAREY has the title rôle in "Trader Horn." This brings on more talk. If my memory doesn't fail me completely, at the time the story unfolds the trader is a young and gay blade.

Of course, he is white bearded when he recounts his adventures, but not when they actually happen. Duncan Renaldo, the boy who played one of the twins in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," is *Little Peru*. Duncan is a man who looks about twenty-two or three years old, yet, in the book, he is a contemporary of Trader Horn.

But such things do happen. Remember in De Mille's "The Ten Commandments" that Estelle Taylor played the part of *Miriam* to Theodore Robert's *Moses* when *The Book-You'd-Take-on-a-Desert-Island* frankly states that *Miriam*, a girl of ten or so, hid her baby brother *Moses* in the bull rushes.

**A** SHORT time ago Harry Oliver, one of the cleverest art directors in the motion picture industry, was asked to join the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, all of which costs \$100 in coin or currency or, in some instances, by check.

In response to the invitation, Harry screwed up his eyes quizzically and said, "No-o-o-o, I don't think I'll join. You see, I'd rather spend the hundred dollars publishing a book of one



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Convenient to Shopping and Theatrical District

Suites consisting of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath with serving pantry  
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Is your blonde hair darkening? Here's an easy way to bring back all its sunny sheen and sparkle. Get Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. The very first shampoo leaves hair brighter—gleaming with new life and luster. Blondex is absolutely safe—no dyes or harsh chemicals. Fine for scalp. Used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.



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Learn at home. Big demand by Movie and Vaudeville Theatres. Write

**CAMERA FREE BOOK GIVEN**  
FREE BOOK explains opportunities as Motion Picture Camera Man, Portrait, Commercial or Business. Learn at Home or in our great New York Studios. Write for Free Book & Job Chart.

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**A SMART FIGURE**  
You too can have the well-developed figure that the new fashions demand. Don't be embarrassed by skinny arms, hollows in the face and neck and a flat chest—Use **GROWDINA** to develop the limbs, neck, arms and figure. A scientific tissue builder discovered by Mlle. Koppel, famous Paris beauty culturist, and guaranteed absolutely safe and harmless. Testimonials from every part of the country subscribe to its wonderful results. Confidential information sealed in plain wrapper sent on request. Write now. **Mlle. SOPHIE KOPPEL**, Suite 711, 100 St. Nicholas Ave., New York



hundred sketches of sets that they wouldn't let me build. I think that would do the motion picture industry more good than for me to join the Academy."

And Harry is one of those fellows who won an honorable mention from the Academy.

*The Market's crashed, my girl's a' pout.  
The cook has quit, the gin is out.  
Oh, cut the chatter! Just how fair  
Are Pickford's voice and shingled hair?*

PAUL BERN tells a story about the first big break Mae Busch had. Paul believed that Mae could do the leading rôle in "The Christian" but he knew he would have a difficult time selling her to the other executives.

He took her aside and begged that she put on her most lady-like manners for a week or so. It seemed little enough to ask.

At the end of the second week of perfect decorum Mae found Paul and said, "For Gawd's sake, how long will this keep up? And is any part worth what I'm going through?"

Paul assured her that it was and begged her to stick with Emily Post for a few days longer.

She got the part and it was her first good break.

JACK WARNER, on behalf of Warner Brothers, was presented with one of the shiny new statuettes awarded as symbols of honor by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

Jack hefted it, then set it on the corner of the desk.

"Leave it right there," he said, "it'll make a fine weapon."

PROPERTY men are about the trickiest rascals in Hollywood.

For instance, when you see a swell dinner party on your pet screen, only the expensive principals are pecking at real caviar. The cheap help has set before it a delicious collection of birdshot smothered in axle grease.

Caviar is too expensive, and extras are apt to eat it. Once a property man had to use the real article, so to protect it from the hungry help he covered it with sand until time for the big caviar sequence.

*Lewis Stone will have to die  
Some day, even as you and I.*

*This his epitaph can be,  
Graven large, and clear, and free—*

*"Friend, an actor lies below  
I'll never give a rotten show."*



P. and A.

The new Mrs. Bryant Washburn, formerly Dahlie Pears of Toronto. The smiling gentleman beside her—the one with the lip fuzz—is just the groom

# Wanted: Women who want the Perfect Complexion



YOU have been faithful, oh ladies, to your creams and to your unguents and your fingers are clever in the ways of massage!

But still blemishes come to mar the beauty of your complexion and still do you sigh for the skin of your youth!

What then, have you left undone? Where have you robbed your creams of their power to beautify? Is it not that you overlook that true beauty comes more from *within* than from *without*?

Most emphatically it does. And the greatest service you can do your skin is to keep free from constipation and internally clean by the saline method—with Sal Hepatica.

*Salines are the modern sesame to beauty*

To drink salines for the complexion's sake has long been the custom of fashionable Europeans. It is the practice of the smart women of the continent to regularly visit the saline springs—the "cure stations," Vichy, Carlsbad,

Weisbaden—where they freshen their complexions and restore themselves to health by drinking the famous "health waters."

Sal Hepatica is the American equivalent of the European spas. By clearing your blood stream, it helps your complexion. It gets at the source by eliminating poisons and acidity. That is why it is so good for headaches, colds, twinges of rheumatism, auto-intoxication, etc.

Sal Hepatica, taken before breakfast, is prompt in its action. Rarely, indeed, does it fail to work within 30 minutes.

Get a bottle today! Whenever constipation threatens your complexion with blemishes and "broken out" spots, take Sal Hepatica.

Send now the coupon for free booklet which tells in greater detail of the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

## Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's

30c, 60c and \$1.20

*SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!*



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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-69  
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains more fully the benefits of Sal Hepatica.

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## In a hurry? take your bath dressed

**H**URRY-UP 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!

Dust it on like talcum! Rub it under your arms. Dust it in your shoes or on your feet. Even if you are partly dressed you can apply enough Deodo to prevent the slightest personal offensiveness. And it remains effective all day long!

Deodo is soothing and healthful to the skin. Doesn't clog the pores or harm clothing. Excellent on sanitary napkins.

At good drug and department stores. Large size container is only 50 cents.



## L'Amour

PARFUM 35¢

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Exotic odors — so subtle, delicate and enticing. Their alluring fragrance intrigues and charms. Created in France and brought to you in this smart crystal flask. Equal to most expensive French perfumes. Special introductory offer only 35¢ full half ounce. Regular price \$2.00. Send money order or coin. Money back if not delighted. State odors desired — Narcisse, Jasmin, Chypre, Bouquet. Order today.

LANZETTE, PARFUMER, 109 W. Austin Av., Dept. 11, Chicago

## Amateur Movies

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66 ]



Gertrude Millard and Myron Cooper in a love scene of "Avarice," the PHOTOPLAY contest entry of La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif. The entire finishing of the film was handled in the league laboratory

cast includes Jane White, Prentice Browning and Gilbert Carpenter. W. Melvin Crook is directing.

The first amateur serial yet recorded is being made by the students and faculty of Culver Military Academy at Culver, Indiana. The result is being shown to the students in installments on the weekly program with the amateur-made school newsreel. The plot revolved around a very red Russian who schemes to put Culver out of business. Captain Mather is directing.

**T**HE newly organized Cinema Club of Toledo, Ohio, is planning its first production.

Committee heads of the Cleveland Federation of Women's Clubs were entertained at a recent meeting of the Cleveland Movie Club. At this meeting the club members watched "The Fall of the House of Usher," the much talked about amateur film made by J. S. Watson and Melville Webber.

The PHOTOPLAY contest entry of La Jolla Cinema League of La Jolla, Calif., entitled "Avarice," was directed by R. G. S. Rice and



Leonard Clairmont, maker of the contest film "Nemesis." Mr. Clairmont acted also as studio carpenter, make-up man, still photographer and film editor



Richard De Fole, in the title rôle of "Bonzabar the Beggar," a story of old London, submitted in the PHOTOPLAY contest by the Little Screen Players of Boston



photographed by P. H. Adams from a story by R. W. V. Adams. The cast includes veterans of other La Jolla films and numbers Ivan Rice, Gertrude Millard, Myron Cooper, Marjorie Van Antwerp, Ray Millard, John Chassey and Edward Stuart.

The story is based on the Biblical quotation, "—for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

At a recent meeting of the student amateur movie club of the University of Virginia, the organization's name was changed from College Topics Productions to University Productions. A thousand foot 35 millimeter production, "One Week-End," is half completed. This satirizes the current interpretation of college life given in Hollywood-made movies.

## The Favorites Pick Their Own Favorites

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37 ]

in Hollywood)—because she proves her brilliance by her hatred of everybody.

Herb Somborn—because in Paris he tasted a delicious duck and has tried for 30 years to reproduce it. Went into the restaurant business in order to accomplish his purpose and has failed to find a chef who can make it. Complete futility made more complete by the fact that, after tasting so many duck sauces, he wouldn't know the original if he were to find it. And because he is the proprietor of "The Brown Derby" backed by Mizner and a group of other sentimentalists who want him to continue his idyllic search for the duck.

Erich von Stroheim—because of his nose-thumbing proclivities.

Dr. Thomas Joyce—because of his amazing work as a dope specialist at Spadra.

Grant Clarke—because he wrote "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl," "Avalon Town" and "Weary River."

LILYAN TASHMAN looks the problem squarely in the face and comes back with:

Lionel Barrymore—because he paints, composes music, sings, plays the piano, is an expert draftsman, directs and acts.

Eric Pedley—because he is considered by many to be the greatest polo player in the world and because he makes a business of stocks and bonds. Also because he is unspoiled and handsome.

Adela Rogers St. Johns—because of her colorful life and her refutation of the old bromide that one can't make a success of a literary career combined with motherhood and marriage. Because she has a charming knack of commercializing interesting friendships.

Bebe Daniels—because she is the kindest person Lilyan has ever known. Has never done or said anything unkind and yet doesn't know how charitable she is.

Winfield Sheehan—because of what he has made of the Fox organization. Because he is a multi-millionaire and doesn't need to work, but puts in fifteen hours a day on his job.

Edmund Lowe—because he is one of the best actors on the screen, because he has two university degrees and never mentions them, and because Lilyan picked him.

Ronald Colman gives a neat, concise account of himself with his selection.

Mary and Doug (as one personality)—because they stand for everything that the picture business stands for. Because of their vivid careers. Because they were born of humble parents and have become the royalty of the screen.

Gloria Swanson—because of her amazing dominance. Because she was once a Mack Sennett bathing beauty and is now a star. Because she represents the color of the industry.



# White Teeth deceive 4 out of 5 NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

*\*The disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth,  
Attacks Gums — and Health is Sacrificed*

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

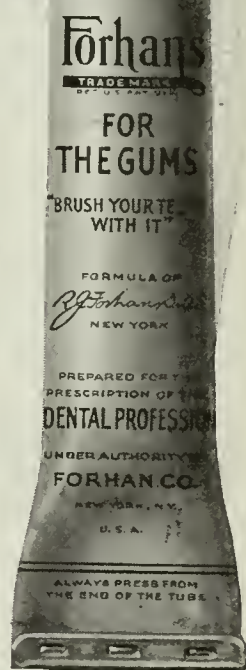
Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New . . . Forhan's  
Antiseptic Refreshant  
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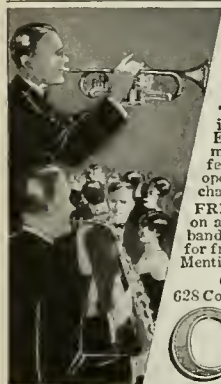
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Sid Grauman—because he is the best showman in the world.

Professor Robert A. Millikan, of California School of Technology—because, while we are exciting ourselves over the petty matters of every-day life he has his eyes glued to a telescope and becomes vitally thrilled over the fact that some obscure planetary body is a million times bigger than something else. Because with all our talk of stars and craving for stardom, he has found the real stars.

Joseph Schenck—because he has retained, through all his success, the sweetness that typified the theatrical profession in the early days.

**CORINNE GRIFFITH** speaks:

James Ford—because he is wholesome and boyish and hitch-hiked all the way to California to go into pictures. Because he has had tough breaks and they haven't spoiled his sweetness. And because she discovered him.

Howard Kickenlooper (Bob O'Hara)—because he was a newsboy on the lot and had a healthy curiosity about everything that was going on. Because he was earning \$7 a week and supporting his grandmother and because he isn't a bit spoiled since he's been playing extra parts in pictures.

General Watishevlay Savitzsky—because he, although a minister of war of Southern

Russia, a man whose word had been law, a real general who used to wine and dine with the greatest men in Europe, who was cited again and again for bravery, is gallantly working as an extra because he can find nothing better to do and doing it uncomplainingly.

Baron Wilhelm von Hesse—because of his charming personality and because his philosophy is "What do I care about money as long as I can sing?"

Norma Shearer—because of her complete, and beautiful pose.

**BUT** it remained for Jack Gilbert to top them all. He saw me in his dressing room. He had been given a week to think over this weighty question.

"How many do you want," he asked; "five or ten?"

"Ten would be great," I said, amazed at such a docile manner.

"O.K.," said Jack and he began to count them off on his fingers.

"Carey Wilson," he said, "because he is completely unique, because what to everyone else in the world is utter tragedy is uproariously funny to Carey and what to every sane man is laughable is high tragedy to him."

He paused.

"Yes," I said, "and the rest?"

"The other nine are Greta Garbo—for obvious reasons."



Carsey

Billie Dove looking over her collection of perfumes, which seems to be fairly complete. No doubt Bill is saying to herself, "Have something yourself, and see what the girls in the back room will have!" Her present picture is "The Man and the Moment," directed by George Fitzmaurice



## Who's Talking for Who in Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

joining apartment. Imagine my astonishment the other night on hearing him sing from the screen—a veritable chickadee, tweet, tweet.

It took them three weeks to synchronize his voice with the singer's, so I guess that won't keep up for long. I could mention names without doing harm. We've known all along that feats of daring were performed for the five-thousand-a-week star by a guy getting ten bucks.

Some of the best acting has been done by the directors with the stars copying; the wit is the sub-title writer's, and even the beauty has been supplied mostly by the make-up man and the electricians who know how to mop out wrinkles with flat lighting.

But when the week is up it is the man with the eyes-nose-chin who gets the check with the most ciphers.

Of course, the feminine stars have to contribute a lot more than a face.

They earn every cent right down to their toes.

Beauty may be skin deep but on the screen it's ankle length.

If I seem envious it's because of the money bowl episode at Betty's—just when I thought the source of supply would be equal to the demand, too!

**T**HERE'S consolation in the thought that money never did anyone any good anyhow. At the Plantation the other night I fell into discourse with Fatty Arbuckle.

I asked him why high-salaried stars were always unhappy.

"Because they're always broke," said Fatty. "Sure, they land a thousand a week and the first week they go out and buy a ninety thousand villa and hire servants to rob them. I know because I've been through it.

"They lounge in swell sets all day and think they rate them."

Fatty lives in a cottage at the beach during the winter and moves to town for the summer.

"In that way I miss the gang the year round," he said.

He had an alarming experience recently. In the dead of night—which is early morning for Fatty after his Plantation work—someone shouted:

"Get up! Hands up! Bend over!"

"Say, what th'ell kind of a burglar are you anyhow?" groaned Fatty, trying his best to bend over.

He'd forgotten to turn off the radio, and the morning setting-up exercises were on.

I suppose you noted the dirty villain in "Broadway Melody" named Jack Warner, same as one of the Warner Brothers.

It was spelled differently but pronounced that way.

The night I attended the show Jack Warner was there. His comment was, "I guess they thought they couldn't put over a talkie without my name."

The observation was charitable, but all the same I'm looking for a Warner picture with a villain named Looie P. Mare.

**D**INED at Raymond Hatton's the other night. They have a Swedish culinary genius, and she knew that Anna Q. Nilsson was one of the guests.

Result, the food was something to write Gustavus Adolphus about.

Munching candy after dinner I picked up a magazine and read that friend Fanny Ward reaches for a Lucky instead of a sweet. Hope I'm as manly at sixty.

Ray Hatton has been hot-skipping between studios since his "Caesar Runs a Newspaper" for Christie.



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*done properly . . . adds loveliness to*

## Your Hair

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Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

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That is why women, by the thousands, . . . who value . . . beautiful hair use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

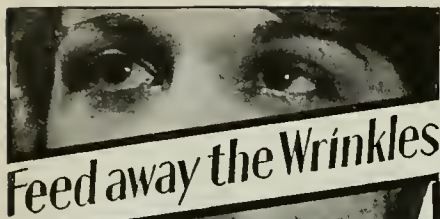


### For Your Protection

Ordinary Coconut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

# MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO





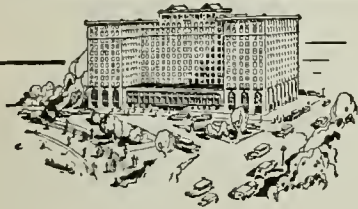
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The **DRAKE**  
HOTEL Chicago

"Yep, me and the colored folk," says Ray. The Christies hired a troupe of colored players from a Los Angeles theater and a white man had to be engaged to tutor them in Negro dialect. I guess they'd never heard of Mammy. She's in the cold, cold ground so far as they're concerned. And so goes another illusion with Santa Claus.

But kids nowadays have speakeasies in which to drown their bursted illusions. When a juvenile speakeasy was raided in Bakersfield the kiddies said they thought it was a marsh-mallow picnic.

Evidently the kiddies hadn't reached for a sweet in a long, long time.

I was shown over the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot by my pal Howard Strickling, proud of the new edifices. Marion Davics has a bungalow, Cecil B. De Mille has a bungalow, Jack Gilbert is to have a bungalow, and it

looked to me as though the lot would soon be a bungalow court.

Met Nina May, the colored star of King Vidor's "Hallelujah."

Nina said she was just crazy for a write-up in PHOTOPLAY. Nina shall have it or Ah'm a no-good jigg, Ah am.

I guess it's my bedtime, Jim. I just heard a rooster crow. But maybe it's a rooster's double.

You never know in this talkie town.

I'm going to take up barking and do arias for Rin-Tin-Tin. Sound doubling is the coming profession.

Thank God, 'cause I got despondent last night reading an article which said that there were getting to be fewer and fewer places for the best minds in America.

Yours with a gay tra-la and a merry heigh-ho!—  
HERB.

## How to Make Your Dressing Table Attractive

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69 ]

this way a perfect lighting effect is achieved. The flounce, of course, conceals a multitude of things: hat boxes, shoe boxes, etc.

Beautiful in its complete simplicity is the dressing table in Bebe Daniels' home. It is of dark brown wood, in early Renaissance design, the only modern touch being the plate glass that goes over the top and keeps the real lace cover from getting soiled. She uses a little chair with only half a back. One large drawer extends across the front of the piece.

One of the most unique dressing tables is used by Mary Duncan. This is made entirely of mirrors, a full-length one that extends to the floor, double side mirrors and a mirror for the make-up shelf.

Another old-fashioned girl is Claire Windsor. She has done a nice job by reviving an old-fashioned, marble top bureau. It was repainted, decorated in modern manner, and serves its purpose nobly. The one new touch is the large oval mirror that hangs above it. It is painted cream and decorated with silver.

Vilma Banky's dressing table would satisfy the soul of the most ardent Parisienne. It is of pale blue, trimmed with silver. The comb and brushes are of silver, and all bottles and powder boxes are Lalique. The boudoir lamp shades are blue.

Vilma keeps all the make-up tools in sight, right where she can find them.

So does Estelle Taylor, who has a built-in dressing table, draped and flounced with rose-colored taffeta.

The cretonne covered chair is also in rose, and the lamps, set right into the mirror, are placed to cast a correct light.

One of the neatest contrivances is a little portable dressing table that Norma Shearer carries around with her on the set. When it is folded up it resembles a tiny blue trunk. It holds all her make-up equipment.

Heaps of variety here! Choose the perfect dressing table for your own personality—one that will charm away that early morning grouch.



Mary Duncan's unique dressing table is fashioned entirely of mirrors. Even the shelves reflect her charm. Note the convenient double mirrors at each side



## Stepin's High-Colored Past

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

certain. That's the only thing that am certain. Ah don't worry 'bout dyin', understand what Ah mean—Death is just the beginnin' of Glory. What worries me is dyin' full of impurities . . ."

"Full of which?" asks Ah, startled.

"Full of impurities, yes-suh. . . . You know—messin' round with women an' all that . . . understand what Ah'm talkin' 'bout?"

I recalled my conversation with a bootblack that day. I told him I was interviewing the famous Stepin Fetchit.

"Oh, Ah knows him well," said my shoe masseur. "Ah used to go with the girl he was engaged to."

Stepin's eyes bugged when I told him. "That's right. . . . Ah knows that fella." Then with sad incoherence. . . . "But Ah ain't engaged no more. . . . Oh, I dunno. . . . Ah say it wasn't intended. Marriage isn't foh me. Ah figures Ah've thrown mah life away. . . ."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six." He eyed me lugubriously. "But you know . . . Ah'm spoiled, been sportin' round, foolin' round with women, been a little thug . . . understand what Ah mean?"

All sympathized deeply and there was a bond. Stepin unwound and leaned over confidentially.

"You see Ah'm a good church member. Ah can't be marryin' just foh pleasure. When Ah marries it's for *life*. An' on the other hand," his brows tangled and his hands sawed the air, "Ah can't be goin' round committin' impurities. It's hard, it sure is hard. But nuthin' is impossible to the Lord. Ah just came from sayin' some prayers in church. Ah'm pure now . . . but will Ah be? That's the question. Ah've been pure before but Ah went back. If Ah goes back again Ah'm goin' to marry. . . ."

"Were you born in religion or are you a convert?"

"Ah was born in another religion." Step leaped up, electrified and eyes shinin' like bulbs. "Ah converted mahself. You know what did it? The Apostles' creed, yessuh. You know the Apostles' creed. You *do!* Go on say it then."

Our discussion grew more fervent, waves of religion swept us higher, and finally at the hallelujah pitch I shouted sacrificially that Step ought to make that personal appearance.

"Where at is the theater?" cried Step.

"I'll take you in my car," I said. But no, he shouted for his boy. A young colored chauffeur in livery escorted us to a gleaming motor and we rolled away to the uptown theater.

The personal appearance was a riot, understand what I mean? Stepin confessed openly that if it hadn't been for a friend sent by the Lord an' PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE he never would have been there.

When we parted it was agreed that we would continue our revival meeting at his hotel on Sunday . . . "any time after church."

THE Summerville hotel is the colored Ritz, on Central Avenue, Los Angeles. Step was waiting for me in the lobby. He was in lavender shirt and checks, had partaken of communion and was going to the ball game, but he never got to the ball game because we got to talkin' an' singin' an' . . . Swing Low Sweet Chariot!

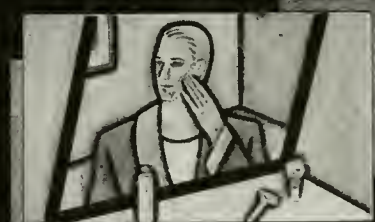
"Ah always had a beautiful voice," said Stepin without any coercion from me. "Ah used to sing foh the bishop at school."

After a few spirituals had sort of swung us into unity, Stepin's life story just naturally

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unrolled. He paced the floor gesticulating while I reposed on the bed (mah feet hurt)!

He was born in Key West. His father didn't 'mount to much, understand? His mother supported him and his two little sisters with the sewing machine. When she died he was adopted by a colored dentist and his wife whom Stepin's mother used to sew for.

"That dentist sure was smart," said Step. "He couldn't read nor write an' he had a diploma from Columbia University. They was friends of Booker T. Washington. The last dress mah mother made was for mah step-mother to attend the opera as guest of Booker T. Washington, yes-suh."

Step was bad. He was expelled from all the schools in Tampa. Finally they sent him to St. Joseph's College in Montgomery.

"Ah was bright . . . Ah was terribly bright . . . but Ah never studied. Ah wrote swell compositions, but they never got over 'cause of mah bad reputation. Understand? Ah was a bad example. Ah was a little thug, allus stealin'."

Step's college career was snapped off when his stepfather, the dentist, broke a man's jawbone. Business went to pieces and there was no money for tuition. Maybe Step was bad but the little Sisters of the school in Tampa took up a collection for him and the Fathers of St. Joseph's wanted him to stay without tuition.

But Step went to work at a soldiers' hospital. It was war-time.

"It was a hospital foh rich soldiers what had shot themselves in the toes," explained Stepin. "Ah got a reputation singin' and' dancin' foh them."

**WHEN** Diamond Tooth Billy Arnte came to town with his minstrel show, Step joined and was billed as Rastus the Buck Dancer. Later he was billed Jolly Perry, Skeeter Perry, but always to his friends he was the same old Slop Jar.

Diamond Tooth Billy—so named for the gems that he had set in his teeth—was one of those biggity guys. He threw things at Step and Step quit. Later Diamond Tooth sent his wife to vamp Step back.

"She pretend she was in love with me, but Ah wasn't fooled." Step had been learning 'bout women.

Step joined another carnival as dancer and stage manager besides for eighteen dollars a week. They advertised him as the buck

champion of the world: \$10,000 to Anyone Dead or Alive Who Can Beat Him.

"That is, they advertised me that way out in the woods," said Step. "In the towns they didn't say nuthin'."

**ALL** this time he was a bad egg—bad. He 'ad joined the church but kept right on stealin'.

"I guess you weren't praying in those days when you stole," said I.

"Ah certainly was," said Step. "Every time Ah went into a store to swipe somethin' Ah prayed the Lord to get me out of jail and He always did."

"Why do you know . . ." Step became ecstatic. . . . "Once a Mason got me out of jail. Just shows how the Lord works. An' the district attorney was goin' to send me up for ten years."

Step hesitated. "Ah don't know as Ah should speak about it . . . But no, they couldn't get me for it, Ah was cleared."

Step and his girl friend had been thrown into the hoosgow for stealing. They gave Step the third degree, knocked all his teeth out. He opened his mouth and showed me the solid gold backing to his precious set of ivories bridged in.

He got out of jail by offering to show an officer where the stuff was hid.

"An' it wasn't hid any of the time," said Step gleefully. "It was right in mah belt! Huh? Oh just some little old diamond rings."

He got the officer to escort him and his girl into the woods, then returned the rings. All night the girl and Step trudged through the forest. In the morning they caught a freight and rode four hundred miles.

"She sure was a support to me, that little girl," said Step. "We loved one another, but she was married. She was thirteen years old. Her mother married her off to a grafter when she was eleven. If Ah ever marry it will be her. But a lot has to be cleared up on account of mah religion."

"Ah told her not to fool 'round carnival guys no more because some of those jiggs would treat her bad. She said 'all right,' and went back to the cotton fields."

Step paused, and his whole face took on the glow of his smile. "Do you know what Ah did with the first money Ah got from mah contract? Ah bought two wardrobe trunks an' filled them with dresses an' sent them to that little girl down in the cottonfields of Louisiana."



Stepin believes in depending entirely upon the Lord rather than saving money for the future. "If a man can't depend on God he can't depend on no little old silver trinket," says Fetchit. "Mah three automobiles? Ah tell you why Ah got them. Folks will go to church in a Cadillac what wouldn't otherwise. Mah cars are filled every Sunday"



Ah've sent foh mah father an' sisters, an' they're comin'. An' Ah've tried to locate mah step-parents but Ah have never been able to."

STEP quit the carnival for a year to become a clergyman. That was in New Orleans. "Ah fasted for a week, didn't even put a tooth brush in mah mouth. All the time prayin' foh unity, understand."

But it takes years of study to become a preacher, and Step had no money. He'd get jobs but they'd always fire him because he was always going to church.

"So Ah decided Ah could still be good and be in the show business . . . that was my alibi foh goin' back, understand? But yet Ah still thinks Ah can do good and be in the show business. Ah'm tryin' . . ."

"THEY tell me to save my clippings. But Ah says, 'It ain't what you was but what you now am is,'"

"Ah'm goin' to be a great success. Ah wouldn't be surprised if Ah would be the greatest man in the business. Know why? 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of Heaven an' all things will be given thee.'"

"But when Ah'm a great success, when Ah'm way up on top Ah'm goin' to walk right out and leave it all.

"You know who Ah want to be like? Ah want to be like Gene Tunney an' Ramon Novarro. They don't care foh success an' publicity. Ramon Novarro, he is a shinin' example to all 'cause he's on the right side.

"Another thing. Ah ain't never goin' to get my life insured. Ah ain't never goin' to save a dollar. A man who puts a dollar in the bank depends on that for safety. If a man can't depend on God he can't depend on no little old silver trinket.

"Mah three automobiles? Ah tell you why Ah got them. Folks will go to church in a Cadillac what wouldn't otherwise. Mah cars are filled every Sunday.

"You see that white-ish fella what stuck his head in the door? He's colored, but he looks white an' that's why colored women like him. Well, he was a bad jugg, he was. Now he goes to church every Sunday in mah car an' he ain't ashamed to be good.

"See those flowers over there? Ah buys them from a colored woman. She was bad, a confidence woman, walked the streets—understand what Ah mean? But she's got a little girl that's good. The little girl has an influence on the mother. . . understand what Ah mean?—just like in pictures, huh? She, the mother, wanted to be good but she didn't know no other way of livin'. Ah'm encouragin' her in the flower stand. That's why Ah have those flowers."

IF there's more funniness than heart in my story of Mr. Lincoln Perry it is because he wished it so. He's shrewd beneath his happy negro humor. When I left him he said, "Ah talk to you like Ah never talks in the studio. Make it light, make it funny, 'cause that's what folks want from me. Ah am funny. A colored man's greatest gift is his humor. When he tries to camoflag an' be a white man he's no good.

"But what he must learn from the white man is that glorious courage, that die for one another, that cleanness an' respect for women that we haven't got yet. . . ."

I left my friend Step with the feeling that he is the whitest man in all our motion picture world.

I left him singing to myself a song I used to hear the colored soldiers singing over there in France:

"It's the old time religion,

"It's the old time religion,

"It's the old time religion an' it's good enough for me."

And at the street corner I stopped and bought an armful of flowers from a colored woman whose smile is a daily benediction to the success of Mr. Stepin Fetchit.

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## A Little Deal For Dora

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63 ]

house. Brains are a matter of geography, Spook, and we're off the reservation.”

“TO get back to this rumdum in Los Angeles,” said Mr. Torrance, assuming a dignity he didn't feel, “it's about time somebody took him over the bumps. The man must need his greasercups tightened, anyhow. Here he is, making a fortune selling jewelry to the public, and yet he wants to wreck the movies. The way I figure it is that a star has an edge on the rest of the gals when it comes to grabbing off a husband. That means a home and children, so there's more potential public. Understand, I'm theorizing. The children grow up, get married, and then they have children—well, you see how it is, Mac, the thing's endless.”

“Fold up, will you?” requested the unfeeling Mr. McLeod. “If you want to tangle with this Few bird in the name of this Dora, you've got my permission. And as for that argument of yours, it sounds more like the ballyhoo for a rabbit farm.”

\* \* \* \* \*

EARLY that evening a decorous scuffling of footsteps, followed by a ring at the bell, heralded the arrival of visitors. As the Filipino scampered to the door, Mr. McLeod registered uneasiness, and tensed himself for flight, but the beaming Spook waved him to repose.

“Nobody but little Zoop,” he said, peering cautiously from a window, “but no, hold on—my gosh, Mac, he's got women with him. Probably real movie stars! Straighten that necktie and brush the ashes off your vest. Act like you're used to society.”

With one motion he swept his friend's pungent pipe to temporary oblivion and arranged some financial magazines over La Vie Parisienne.

Then he wheeled to greet the guests who were entering the room.

“Charmed, absolutely charmed,” said Mr. Torrance, assuming the mellow tones he reserved for the white collar crowd. “Delighted to see you, Mr. Zoop, and you, young ladies.” His gaze swept lightly over a fragile, pastel tinted blonde and a disturbing brunette with a sultry mouth, and anchored upon a disdainful damsel with slanting green eyes that watched him attentively.

THE three stars favored him with gleaming smiles, while the president of Stupefaction Pictures, who resembled an efficient woodchuck, went into action with the introductions.

“Meet Brenda Berkeley, who will make six, maybe seven pictures for me this comink season,” he squawked, in the manner of a street salesman demonstrating a self-threading needle.

“Does she mean heavy profits at the end of the fiscal year? Just ask me! The only kick I got is that she ain't twins. She—”

“I'm here, too,” reminded the emerald-eyed beauty with cutting emphasis.

MR. ZOOP scowled, but appeared not to notice her. “And give a glance on Rosie Redpath,” he advised, indicating the brunette. “At present with Blotts Brothers, may Moses forgive her, but when her contract expires she'll lead the rest of her film life with me. And oi, but will it be a shameful existence. Step around to the box office if you wouldn't believe me.”

“And I'm Dora Delura,” put in the object of Mr. Torrance's devotion, “but just because I work for Amazement Pictures, Abie's too tight to give me any recognition. By the way, Mr. Torrance, do we look like beggars to you?”

“Far from it,” responded Spook, negotiating a courtly bow. “More like the four graces,



As the result of making a short talking film at the Paramount Studio at Long Island, James R. Quirk, editor of PHOTOPLAY, now has more tolerance for talking actors. He may look well-poised but he's really scared stiff. You'll see his talking debut as a prelude to “The Letter,” starring Jeanne Eagels. The critical gent in the chair in the foreground is Director Robert Florey



in my opinion. I always believed there were four; now I'm sure of it."

Mr. McLeod gaped at this display of social aplomb, the ladies laughed in counterfeit embarrassment and Mr. Zoop's moonface became wreathed in smiles. Maybe that niftick new Tuxedo *did* make his figure a bit more like John Gilbert's.

"JUST the same, we are shamelessly seeking money," said Miss Berkeley, edging forward on her chair. "You've heard about the scheme to build a huge clubhouse for the extras where they can live decently? Well, we three girls are on the Fund Committee, a representative from each of the larger studios. We want to tell you about—"

Mr. Torrance held up a protesting hand. "My dear young lady," he announced, "you don't have to tell me a thing. I am strongly in favor of the Fund and I take the utmost pleasure in donating a check for five thousand dollars."

He fumbled in his breast pocket for a fountain pen.

"And so," he added, beginning to write, "will Mr. McLeod."

That worthy stared incredulously. Then, being considerably nettled by the drawing room antics of his friend, he came to life and countered neatly. "Your memory's failing in your old age, Spook. When we discussed the matter this morning, I stipulated ten thousand." Whereupon he extracted a check book, scribbled hastily and passed the slip to Miss Berkeley.

MR. TORRANCE, who was respectfully sounding the depths of Dora's lakes of chrysoprase, bore up under this master thrust with all the indifference of an elephant being bitten by a mosquito.

"Ten thousand, absolutely," he mumbled absently, and continued to stare.

Miss Delura shifted uncomfortably and wondered whether she could manage a blush. Nice looking wren, thought Mr. McLeod, as he followed his partner's gaze, but bearing only a sketchy resemblance to the lamented Aggie. His recollections of that brittle specimen, unclouded by sentiment, unveiled a rust-haired, raucous young Amazon with a stevedore's vocabulary.

Privately, he'd always felt sorry for the favored ventriloquist.

But this movie queen was certainly worth a second look.

Those greenish eyes were rather a magnet for—

His thoughts trailed to an end as Miss Berkeley, intercepting Spook's line of sight, essayed her thanks.

"I'm sure our task would be a lot easier," she assured him, "if everyone was as liberal as you two gentlemen. Take Mr. Few, for instance."

MR. TORRANCE emerged from his trance. "What do you know about him?" he demanded.

"Why, we interviewed him yesterday, all of us."

"Do you mean that he made those insulting remarks I've been reading of direct to you ladies?"

"He certainly did," throbbed Miss Redpath, "and he was perfectly loathsome. Waddled around his office like some horrible little crab, and positively foamed at the mouth. Our names were kept out of the newspapers on account of unfavorable publicity, but we were all terrified."

"Indeed we were," chorused the others, as Mr. Zoop leered his disbelief.

"And civilization being what it is," said Miss Delura, who, at present, was playing in an historical picture, "nothing can be done about it. This worm reviles defenceless women and gets away with it! In the olden days a lady could have sent forth her knight boy-friend to claim revenge."

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"Hold everything!" cried Mr. Torrance, instantly alert. "An idea—Miss Delura, will you permit me to be your knight?"

THE siren giggled delightedly. "Oh, I suppose so."

"Then," said the noble Spook, "I have a suspicion that Mr. Few will be made to bend the knee, or, as they say in ruder circles he'll take it on the chin."

"How thrilling!" gurgled the ensemble. Mr. Torrance rubbed his nose to a ruby luster, denoting concentration of thought, and swerved to another tack. "I'm going down to Los Angeles day after tomorrow, and while I'm there I expect to buy a silver tea service. What design would you recommend?"

Dora, feeling herself the center of attraction, considered prettily for a minute or two. "French Colonial," she tinkled finally, "with a fleur-de-lis motif."

"Couldn't be better," glowed Spook, "and Few's is the best place to shop, I imagine?"

"Why, how can you put money in that man's pocket after the way he's behaved?" The ladies fluttered with indignation.

"I didn't say anything about spending money," reminded Spook. "There are other ways of getting things, if you know how."

Miss Berkeley's forehead wrinkled perplexedly, and she rose to her feet. "Some mysterious business deal, I suppose," she remarked. "Sorry, Mr. Torrance, but we must make our appeal to the rest of the neighbors. Come along, girls, and thank the gentlemen, for doing Hollywood a great service."

"Nothing at all," murmured Spook, watching eagerly for Miss Delura's smile as he bowed them out. When the door closed he turned triumphantly on Mr. McLeod, but met, instead, the baleful gaze of the president of Stupefaction Pictures.

"Monkey business, ha?" inquired the suspicious Abie.

Mr. Torrance, being in a highly malleable frame of mind, merely grinned.

"Leave me tell you somethink," said Mr. Zoop, breathing like the exhaust on a steam shovel. "For a quarter million you can have a third of 'Desire in the Subway,' our newest

special, but I don't want no silent partner with a noisy dame in tow. Y'understand, I seen you givink Delura the eye, and that means you'll be around beggink me to buy her off Amazement. Well, I ain't that foolish."

"Such an idea never entered my head," boomed Spook, "and I resent—"

"It ain't worth resentink," advised the president. "I just want to wise you up on somethink all the trade knows. This Delura baby will be ditched when her contract runs out in November. Her voice is as squeaky as the beds in a cheap hotel, and that lets her out for the talkers. She knows it, and she's lookink for a soft spot, see? So if you're wamped, don't come sobbink on my shoulder." He drew a sheaf of legal forms from a brief case and spread them on the table. "And now an argument about the percentage we'll have."

Less than an hour of gesticulation, aided by numerous glasses of liquid gout, served to establish Mr. Torrance as a cog in the industry of illusion. After Mr. Zoop, now a veritable windmill of gratitude, had departed bearing an impressive cheque, Spook's visionary gaze rested on his companion.

"DORA DELURA!" he said dreamily. "Isn't she a beauty, Mac? Isn't she Aggie all over again?"

"They both got two eyes and a nose, if you call that a resemblance," admitted the other. "Wake up, Spook. This girl's a thoroughbred, and your old Aggie was a piece of tripe alongside her."

"What's that!" bawled Spook, dropping into more familiar accents. "I'll rap you in the jaw, you—"

"A piece of tripe," repeated Mr. McLeod firmly. "Has this Delura kid got streaks in her hair from juggling the dye? Is her face all flabby from carrying a load of shellac? Why, she's almost converted me to the movies. Say, you want to remember you haven't seen Aggie for all of fifteen years, and the chances are you wouldn't know her now."

Mr. Torrance glowered, then his eyes wavered. "Well," he said defensively, "maybe this girl looks the way I'd rather think of Aggie. I know I must seem like an old man



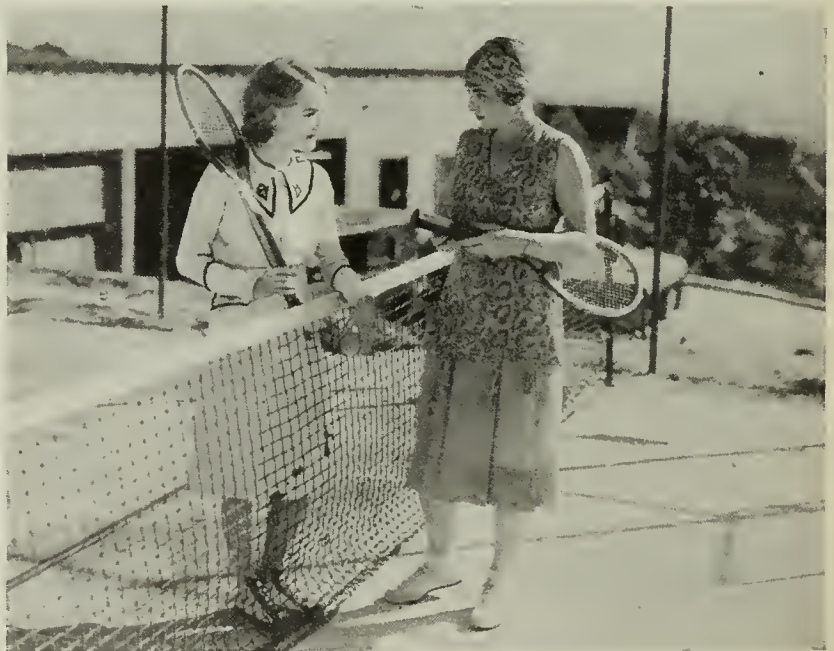
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If you have been wondering what has become of Mrs. Wallace Reid, stop. She's making "quickies," and making money, too. The pretty girl in this picture is her protegee, Helen Foster, and they are discussing whether the score stands forty love or thirty mere friendship. Mrs. Reid thinks Helen is a find, and that the child will go far in the films



to the youngster, but that's okay with me. I don't know what Zoop was raving about, but I just like to look at her; she's sort of an inspiration."

"So much so," commented Mac, "that you're going to take a clout at this Few person, hey? Listen, what was all that guff about a tea set? Since when have you been gargling tea?"

"That's for the contact," said the ex-confidence man, brightening, "and I've got an idea I can use it, anyway. Everything fits in perfectly. We're going up to San Francisco tomorrow to see that fight, and while we're there we'll pull the advance tipoff. Then we'll be back in L.A. in time to clean up. I'm anxious to see if we've still got the old touch."

"But we're supposed to be retired."

"We are," said Mr. Torrance. "So far as sugar for ourselves is concerned, we've got enough, but this is sort of a Boy Scout's good deed, if you get me. I figure that if a fellow can't do any good, he shouldn't do any harm; but I guess it's all right to tear off a little harm in order to do a lot of good. You see—"

"Sing the chorus," advised the thirsty Mac, disinterring the decanter, "but have a little gargle of this first. Just close your eyes and you'll think you're in Montreal—with Dora."

\* \* \* \*

TWO mornings later Mr. Torrance stood in front of the Los Angeles Biltmore and surveyed the passing parade with a benign smile. A green knockabout slanted jauntily over one eye, a carnation blushed modestly from his buttonhole and he appeared to have been poured into a brown herringbone suit. An excellent breakfast had given him the fortitude necessary to the proper execution of the day's business, so Mr. Torrance offkeyed a tune and whacked himself smartly with a rosewood cane.

"You're sure you can handle this okay?" asked Mac at his elbow. "It's been some time since we worked, remember."

Spook lit an expensive cigar and watched the ribbon of smoke vanish into the sunshine. "You know me," he reminded. "I can quote Emerson to a triple chin dowager from Boston or sling race track patter with the Tia Juana Red. What this layout needs is upstage stuff. Few's a snob, from all accounts, and won't respect anything but a bigger one, so I'll outsnear him. Better drag yourself upstairs, Mac, and flap an ear for that phone call."

HE executed a regimental right turn and barged serenely along Olive Street, to all intents and purposes a thoroughly stodgy, respectable bulwark of all that was Union Leagueish.

After a short stroll, during which he relished the fragrance of his cigar and bestowed a few scowls of disapproval on obese matrons miscast in flappers' clothing, he arrived at the green marble front of Few and Company.

The windows were arranged with that peculiar disregard of the public which is supposed to denote distinction. All they contained were several yards of purple velvet, on which reposed some bilious-looking vases. Mr. Torrance snorted contemptuously, entered the sanctuary of gleaming mahogany and glass, and stated his wishes to an overly creased, rat-faced clerk.

"French Colonial, sir?" bowed the underling. "Most assuredly. Over here, if you please." He led the way to a wall case with sliding doors, and daintily extracted a chastely engraved creamer. "Does this meet your fancy, sir?" He smirked engagingly, and for the first time looked directly at his customer.

Spook delivered a mental uppercut to the other's jaw, and reached impatiently for the creamer. The clerk quailed, and an unhealthy pallor crept across his face as he watched Mr. Torrance examine the shining silver. For fully five minutes the rejuvenated con man gave an excellent imitation of a

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—Says the buyer in a Fifth Avenue Shop  
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connoisseur, squinting at all five pieces, testing the finish with his breath, balancing them deftly and listening for their melodious ring as he flicked them with a well manicured thumbnail. From the corner of an eye he sensed that the clerk had signalled his fellow grenadiers, and that some sort of activity was taking place in the rear of the store. He wheeled suddenly.

"These will do very nicely," he boomed. "Deliver them to the Biltmore inside an hour. No later, you understand. Why, what the devil do you mean by staring at me like that?"

The clerk dropped his gaze and looked more rodent-like than ever. "Name, please?" "Torrance. Room 732."

"AND," suggested the clerk, with a faint sneer, "you wish to pay by check, I suppose?" The vicer of politeness had vanished. "I don't like your tone, young man," said Mr. Torrance with asperity. "By check, certainly. Eleven hundred, according to the tags." His pen sizzled across the narrow blue oblong. "I don't imagine," he remarked icily, "that there will be any objection to a check written by a Torrance of Stupefaction Pictures. That would be most amusing."

The clerk pocketed the slip of paper, flashed a furtive glance behind his customer, then raised his voice in triumph. "All right, boys, grab him! Close the door, Watkins; we don't want anyone walking in on us. Where's Mr. Few? Call him, somebody!"

Mr. Torrance felt himself seized from behind, and nervous hands searched his pockets. "He hasn't a gun," announced a relieved voice.

"How dare you!" he roared in ruddy-faced anger. "What manner of outrage is this? I shall see the police—"

A door opened, and Mr. Peabody Few, a waspish little man with a head like a sugar heet, peered forth. "Bring him to my office," he twanged, and the seething Spook was borne into a stuffy room that reeked of musty leather, mute evidence that its occupant was not on congenial terms with the sunshine flooding nearby Pershing Square.

"Now then," rasped the jeweler, "I think you'll see the police sooner than you expect." The clerk tendered him the check, and he shook it in the con man's face. "A piece of effrontery! Do you deny that you intended to swindle my firm out of valuable merchandise?"

"I—, I—," began Mr. Torrance feebly.

MR. FEW cackled nastily. "Yellow, eh, like all crooks when they're caught. There will be a detective here in a moment, my man; we had ample time to call one while you were admiring my silverware. Such damned insolence!" Apparently Mr. Few was as sore as a broadcaster's tonsils.

"But—," faltered the culprit.

"Silence," ordered the jeweler. "Let me ask you one question—were you in San Francisco recently?"

"Well—yes," quavered Spook, "but I was only—"

Mr. Few permitted himself a liberal sneer, and continued, "Yesterday I received two telegrams from there. One referred to me in scurrilous terms regarding my stand on motion pictures, and by Jove!" howled the jeweler, beginning to purple at the thought, "when I find out—well, at any rate, the other one may be a revelation to you. You see, Mr. Swindler, we've been on the lookout." He spread out a sheet of yellow paper, and Mr. Torrance read:

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WARNING HEREBY ISSUED AGAINST BAD CHECK ARTIST STOP HEAVY SET FLORID FASHIONABLY DRESSED STOP LEFT HERE PRESUMABLY FOR LOS ANGELES.  
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stared glassily, his lower jaw hung slack and his massive frame trembled as with ague.

"My time is valuable," snarled Mr. Few. "You can give your explanations at the police station." The door opened to admit a pudgy, blue jowled individual who surveyed the group with a lackluster eye. "And here, by the way, is the detective. Am I correct?"

"Soitonly," said Blue Jowl.

"ARREST this fellow," said the jeweler, and plunged into a terse account of the proceedings. The detective listened stolidly until the end.

"But you don't have to—," he began heavily.

Mr. Torrance, who was watching cannily, joined the conversation. "You wouldn't dare to have me arrested," he taunted. "I've read about you in the newspapers. Why, you're scared of actresses, much less men."

Mr. Few choked, and waved his arms wildly. "I am, eh?" he cried. "I'll show you! Lock him up, officer, and charge him with an attempted swindle. Now, you'll read about me again, you scoundrel. Hurry now, take him out the rear entrance."

"Come on, you," growled Blue Jowl. Once outside, he estimated Mr. Torrance's running capacities. "Do I have to call the wagon, or will you walk easy? It's only six blocks."

"Let's walk," said Spook, sniffing the air with approval after Mr. Few's tomblike quarters. Without losing the pressure of the detective's shoulder, he was escorted past the Biltmore and down to the grubby First Street station.

"I've never been arrested before," he said apologetically. "Does my name and all the rest of it go down on the—they call it the blotter, don't they?"

"Sure," said the desk man obligingly. "See, here she goes, party." He wrote vigorously.

The act seemed to give Mr. Torrance hearty satisfaction. He rifled a five spot from a bloated roll, and slid it into the detective's breast pocket. "Before you lock me up," he requested, "I'd like to use the phone."

"Why not," said the other, indicating a nearby instrument. "Talk your head off, buddy."

Mr. Torrance, his jauntiness miraculously restored, lit a cigar and executed a creaky buck and wing. Then, smiling with anticipation he lifted the receiver and called the waiting Mr. McLeod.

\* \* \* \*

AT five that afternoon four men sat in the private office of Mr. Peabody Few, while the hollow ticking of a clock intensified the heavy silence. On Mr. Few's desk lay a telegram which he regarded with extreme antipathy. Facing him sat Messrs. Torrance and McLeod, debonaire and alert to a marked degree. The other man, frozen-faced and watchful, bore an unmistakable legal stamp.

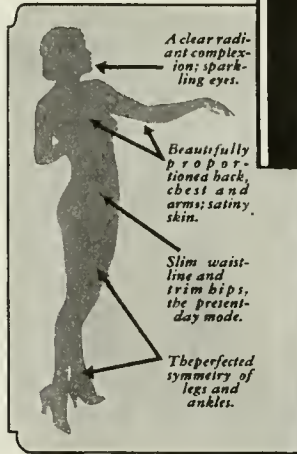
"Well," said Mr. Few at length, "there seems to have been a regrettable mistake. I deplore the happenings of the morning, Mr. Torrance, and I owe you my humblest apologies." He mustered a sour grimace intended for a smile.

"Really?" inquired the urbane Spook, giving him the mackerel eye. "I think you owe me something more."

Peabody Few writhed, and shot a glance at the frozen-faced spectator. "Perhaps," he faltered, "if you would care to accept the silver service, this unpleasant matter might be forgotten."

Mr. Torrance inspected the ceiling with great deliberation, then gazed stonily at the speaker. "Your actions, Few, have been unpardonable. Simply because I am of generous figure and well dressed, you immediately concluded that I was the criminal described in that telegram. You accused me of trying to swindle you. Since then, my friend McLeod came to my rescue and forced you to communicate with my bank in San Francisco. They wired you that the check I offered was

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Nature herself prescribed the waters of these springs . . . her own remedy for mankind's oldest ailment—intestinal sluggishness. And now that same Pluto Water, bottled at the springs where it bubbles up from Nature's own laboratory, is yours wherever you are.

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# PLUTO

*America's Laxative Mineral Water*

perfectly negotiable. Not content with that, you verified it by telephone, leaving no further room for doubt. You had me arrested, and now you'll pay for it with the silver service—and ten thousand dollars."

"Preposterous!" croaked Mr. Few.

Mr. Torrance laughed a dirty laugh. "Is it? Think it over, Few. False arrest, let me remind you, is one of the most dangerous things one citizen can do to another, and the record of mine is in the First Street station, for anyone to see. I want ten thousand, or I'll sue you for twenty-five. I wouldn't get that figure, of course, but I'd be awarded at least the ten, while you would get some mighty unwelcome publicity."

Mr. Few paled, and gestured vehemently.

"Because," continued his erstwhile customer, "the papers have been a bit irritated by your attitude on the movies, judging from their editorials, and they'd jump at the chance to make you ridiculous."

"You'd better write that check," advised Mr. McLeod, "and ease yourself out of this mess. If you don't believe me, ask your lawyer."

THE jeweler eyed him bitterly, then swung around to consult his legal crutch.

"It's your own fault, Peabody," said the frozen-faced one. "You could have had him held on suspicion, without causing an actual arrest."

"Damn it!" spluttered his client. "Am I supposed to know the law as well as the jewelry business? Besides, this fellow exasperated me with his references to those confounded screen people." Mr. Torrance hid a smile.

"Pay up," said the lawyer, "and forget about it."

Mr. Few seized a pen and wrote hastily, his features contorted with fury. Then, ripping the check viciously from his book, he flung it at Mr. Torrance.

That gentleman studied it carefully, then unlimbered his pen and scribbled an endorsement. "This closes the matter," he said rising, and then for a moment his voice grew husky with emotion. "You will deliver the tea service to Miss Dora Delura, who, I notice by the afternoon extras, is engaged to marry an Albanian prince. Miss Delura," declared Spook, trying to imitate Mr. Zoop, "is one of those gossamer sprites who are touched with the dew of beauty. Just think of her fairylike hands hovering about your commercial teapots."

The jeweler opened his mouth to retort.

"And I hope," said Mr. Torrance, forestalling him, "that you will change what mind you have about our movie actresses. Think of the privilege of enlarging the garden in which such flowers can bloom. Superb creatures, really, Few. Much more delectable than the flat breasted, anaemic specimens that creep about museums."

"YOU'RE profane, sir!" screeched Mr. Few. "Leave my office at once. Those actress hussies can perish for all the aid they'll get from me."

The effulgent Spook grinned maddeningly. "I'm going," he assured him, "but first, I'd like to hear just how you are on profanity. Take a look at that, you miserable little weasel."

He thrust forward the check and twitched it under the jeweler's inquisitive nose.

Mr. Few adjusted his glasses and peered spitefully, then frenziedly. Across the back ran Mr. Torrance's slapsdash signature, and above it, "Pay only to Motion Picture Extra Fund."

The enemy of women threw back his head and filled the murky air with deckle-edged and impotent curses.

"Not bad at all, Peabody, old chap," applauded Mr. Torrance, and softly closed the door.

A pleasant buzz of conversation filtered through the Elizabethan windows of Brenda



Berkeley's so-called cottage as the guests began to disperse. Mr. Torrance, standing in the midst of a cluster of females, had been the lion of the evening. In the presence of favored members of the colony, he had delivered to the Fund Committee both the check and a considerably purified account of its acquisition, and had managed to keep an admiring but mournful eye on Dora Delura. At present, that young lady was out on the lawn, listening to an earnest plea.

"SO that's how it is," finished Mr. McLeod, tugging at his collar. "Old Spook ran all that risk just because you look like a girl he was in love with long ago. She was a— a great singer, and she gave him the runaround for a lou—a throat specialist."

"Is that right?" yawned Miss Delura. "When do I start weeping?"

"So that's the kind of a dame you are!" shouted the irritated Mac. "No heart at all, eh? Well, that's the way I had you lined up. I told Spook to lay off, but no, he had to sink a quarter million with Stupfaction just to be in the same racket with you, but anyhow, if that blows up, he's got as much more in the bank. All I—" He broke off suddenly and stared at the transformation taking place before him.

"Go on," crooned Dora, suddenly arrayed in the shining robes of allurements. "What were you saying, Mr. McLeod?" She came closer to him, a slim, compelling bit of exquisiteness.

"Just this," mumbled Mac, dimly wishing he were free from this fragrant sorceress so that his native shrewdness could function again; "why couldn't you give old Spook a kiss when you say good night? He'd treasure the memory all his life and that Prince Poppopolis of Albania needn't know anything about it."

Miss Delura's greenish eyes were veiled with guilt, then she smiled shamefacedly at Mr. McLeod and nodded maidenly consent.

\* \* \* \*

AN hour later Mr. Torrance, wearing an air of blissful dizziness, cantered into his living room and beamed happily at the recumbent Mac, who was busily engaged with decanter and book.

"What's the idea of coming in here walking on your heels?" demanded his friend. "An old guy like you. How many times have I got to tell you about blood pressure?"

"Mac," said Mr. Torrance, his countenance glowing like a well polished saddle. "Mac, I—"

"Oh, fold up and let me read, will you?" asked the other. "You certainly panicked that roomful of skirts tonight, and I suppose you've still got some unused words. The next thing I know you'll be trying to tell me that some dame kissed you." He grinned to himself and waited for the bashful admission.

"Better than that," whooped the slightly delirious Spook. "Some lady, as I prefer to call her, is going to marry me. Get a grip on yourself now, Mac—it's DORA DELURA! Imagine that if you can. She asked me to take her home, and the first thing I knew she kissed me, and then began to cry. She's as lonesome as she's lovely, and pretty soon she'll be like a quiet oasis in a desert of squawking pictures, and so I—"

"That's very nice blank verse," commented Mac, "but what about this Prince Poppopolis? Those birds usually carry a knife."

"There's no such person," laughed Mr. Torrance with the superiority of knowledge. "Just publicity—a little way we have in the movies. Dora's ex-husband gets her engaged three times a year. Why, Mac, old sock, what's the matter? You look terrible."

Mr. McLeod groaned dismally and poured himself a flagon of fruity old port. "I've felt this thing coming on for some time," he said faintly. "It's the same ailment you were suffering from before you started being noble—a severe case of pain in the neck."

# She looked exquisite as a June Rose

—but they left  
her alone



## You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

But before the afternoon was over she found herself just an onlooker—she felt that they were actually avoiding her! What was the reason?

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# Home Rules for Hollywood Flappers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33 ]



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pictures, Alice and Marceline. Irene is a kid herself. Her babies were born when she was in her teens and the memory of the humiliations heaped upon her by a tyrannical mother still hurt.

Irene ran away from home when she was sixteen and got married, promising herself that, if she ever had children, they would have the happiness she had missed.

"When they come to me and say they'd like fur coats," she said, "I say, 'Certainly, buy fur coats. Buy a lot of fur coats. You'll only pass this way once. You're making your own money. Make the most of it.'"

"I've never crossed them. I've never railed at them. I use other methods."

Marceline came to her mother one day and said:

"I want to smoke and drink. All the other girls do."

"Great!" said Irene. "That's perfectly great."

She poured out a large glass of thick, sweet wine.

"Drink it down quickly, all in big gulps. That's right. Now smoke your cigarette."

IRENE handed her one. It was the strongest brand on the market. "Puff fast. Oh, you must inhale. Drag the smoke right down into your lungs. That's right."

The result was as instantaneous as it was effective.

And from that disastrous day until this very hour Marceline and Alice have sipped ice cream sodas and had gum chewing orgies.

Irene knows every heart ache, every joy, every secret.

They keep nothing from her.

Marceline decided she wanted to live away from home. Alice, exercising an elder sister's

prerogative, was borrowing her clothes. Irene didn't want the three, who had been so close, to separate, so she suggested that they move into an apartment and each take separate rooms.

It worked like a safe. It worked like everything connected with their lives.

Irene doesn't always approve of her girls' choice of sweethearts. But does she tell them so? Not much. "I sometimes hate their boy friends," she said, "but I greet them as if they were my best pals and—as they are—my severest critics."

As a result she has two of the most charming, most lovable kids in town.

ANOTHER wise mother is Gladys Moran. A young person, with calm eyes, brisk, efficient sports shoes and capable hands.

"It's stupid to say I trust Lois," she said. "Every mother trusts her daughter. I've heard them say, 'I know my girl is a good girl' when their children are the wildest little imps in town."

"You can't make children different from what they are. How they are brought up hasn't anything to do with it. Lois is a nice person. If she ever went haywire, if she ever did foolish things I just wouldn't like her any more. I'd leave her. I suppose you think I'm the original hard-hearted Hannah."

"Lois does as she pleases. It doesn't matter to me what time she gets in, but when I wake up and am worried about her being in an automobile accident (her father was killed that way) I send her a thought message and in five or ten minutes she calls me up and tells me that she's all right."

"And we like the same people," said Lois. "We like to play in the dancing room here in



Sally Eilers was brought up on the "clipping" system. It's unique—but it seems to have worked well in Sally's case



our house. Then, somehow, mother is such an ideal to me that I couldn't do what was wrong. She sets me such a lovely example of sweetness."

"Nonsense," said her mother. "It's just what you are that makes you like you are. And I like you. I like your little sister, Betty, too. Maybe I'll like her better than you. She'll grow up to be a stock broker and brokers interest me more than actors."

"Mother love is the bunk. It's only for sentimentalists. I like Lois as she likes me—as a person."

**VIGOROUS** restrictions are maintained in Sally Eilers' home. Her father, Peter Eilers, did not approve of Sally's going into pictures and until she was eighteen she was not allowed out unchaperoned.

Now she must be in by twelve o'clock and they always wait up for her.

Her mother, with real maternal interest, comes into her room when she undresses and asks her if she had a good time at the party, who was there, what they did, what they said.

Only occasionally does Sally rebel, such as the time that she decided to leave home but didn't.

The next morning she found one of those ubiquitous little clippings stuck in her mirror. That's an old Eilers custom. Her mother clips mottoes from the papers—the ones that tell of the joys of being a nice girl, of being true to yourself and what rewards are in store for those who honor their parents—and leaves them on Sally's dressing table.

Even now that Sally is engaged to William Hawks she must still give an account of herself, she must still be in or telephone by a certain hour.

She is never allowed to stay away from home over night, except as the guest of Carmen Pantages or Sue Carol. Only once was she permitted to go on a yachting trip. Jobyna Ralston and Dick Arlen chaperoned and that made everything all right.

Sue Carol is restricted *via* long distance, by her mother, Mrs. Sam Lederer, who lives in Chicago, but commutes to Hollywood to keep her eye on Sue.

When Mrs. Lederer is in town she goes wherever her daughter goes, knows all her friends and gives her approval. Happily, she likes Sue's fiance, Nick Stuart.

But the restraining hand is felt even when Mother Lederer is at home. She calls Sue long distance every so often and is amazed to find her daughter away from the house at eleven o'clock. It is two o'clock in Chicago and seems terribly late. She can't realize, although Sue has told her in no uncertain terms, the difference in hours.

But Sue is well chaperoned. She lives with Charlotte, a nurse who has been in the family for years, and Alice Scannell, her secretary.

**THE** rules that govern Anita Page's life were the result of a family conference.

When Anita made such an amazing success in pictures it threw the household into pandemonium. Her father, M. L. Pomares, was a successful business man, the president of an electrical engineering plant and neither he nor his wife had ever had a theatrical person in the family.

When Anita's contract was signed, Pomares came out to join his family and reasoned with the kid like this:

"Now, I've been able to support you and your mother and support you well for a number of years and I can do it again, but as long as you're in this business you're going to make a go of it."

The family conference was called. It was decided that Anita was so young, only seventeen at the time she signed her contract, that there was plenty of time for her to play. She must have her health.

She must be fit for her work, so it was all figured out scientifically.

"We've got two engineers' charts—a sleeping chart and a weight chart," said Pomares.

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"There's a scale in Anita's bedroom. She is weighed every Saturday. Two pounds over means going light on sweets and starches for awhile. Two pounds under means building up."

"As for sleep we figure back nine and a half hours. If Anita's call at the studio is for nine in the morning, then she has to get up at six, which means that she must be in bed at eight-thirty. If she doesn't have to be up until nine then she may stay awake until 11:30. On Saturdays we have little dancing parties at the Biltmore and Ambassador.

"And every day that she doesn't work I take her golfing with me."

Anita likes the movies. She's seen "Broadway Melody" eight times. She never goes out alone. Her father is always with her. Not even her cousin may take her unchaperoned. It's all a business proposition. It's to make a success in pictures.

And Anita is satisfied. She knows they are right.

JOSEPHINE DUNN'S father, Richard, makes every argument complete with "Josephine says. . . ." For him it is ended, but her mother has other ideas. Jo is on the film flapper restricted list. Her boy friends are approved. She has to be in at twelve unless she has told her mother where she is. If she comes home later there is a chilly atmosphere (her mother always waits up).

"And I was in the Follies and I play bad women on the screen and I'm still treated like a child," wailed Jo. "But mother is a grand person. Of course, we have our moments. Moments when we say the most cuttingly sarcastic things to each other—and how cutting they can be! For we know each other's weaknesses so well.

"Once mother said, 'The trouble with me is, I've been too good a mother to you,' and then she mentally searched for something devilish to do. There was a cigarette on the table. She picked it up with a grand gesture. 'I'll smoke it,' she said, wildly. And she did. Now she likes cigarettes and smokes after every meal."

A strangely unrebelling little person is Mary Philbin. She lives quite in a world by herself, quite outside the typical movie life. Her mother doesn't know that Mary is different from the other girls in town. The close bond that exists between the mother and father, John Philbin, and the only child makes restrictions unnecessary. She never goes out at all while she is working. Her best friends are Barbara Kent, Mary McAllister and Beth

Laemmle. Not one of these girls smokes or drinks and, most astonishing of all, neither do the boys who come to the house.

And I said "come to the house" for there is where the social hub of the Philbin family is to be found. They play "consequences"—not even bridge. Upon these occasions the mothers are present. It's a simple, old home week affair. Mary never, never does anything that might cause a paternal eyebrow to be raised. And she, herself, is calmly contented with her simple pleasures.

Mary Brian is another of this type. She lives with her mother, Louise Dantzer (the name Brian is now legalized, I believe) and her brother, Taurence, who works in a bank. The three are often out together and go in for social gatherings of people mostly outside the profession. When she is working it's in bed by ten. Otherwise she may stay out a little later.

June Collyer, coming from a social life in New York, has no restrictions placed upon her by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton J. Heermance. Mrs. Heermance doesn't like being a chaperon. She resented it thoroughly when it was necessary at West Point dances.

"I trust June whether I'm with her or away from her," she said. "She is always the first to leave a party. She always phones if she's going to be late. And she has judgment about her friends."

Carol Lombard, once a Mack Sennett beauty, has an easy friendship with her mother, "a perfectly grand person" whom she calls "Totsy."

JEANETTE LOFF lives away from home but is still close to her mother who designs all her clothes. Mrs. Loff remains with Jeanette's two younger sisters, Irene and Myrtle.

Betty Bronson has broken away from family restrictions and is living in her own apartment.

It is, so she says, because it is more convenient when she is working.

Each household works out its own problem. Each young star abides by a certain set of rules. Each mother, knowing her own daughter, attempts to do what she thinks is best.

There will be rebellion always—Hollywood or Medicine Hat—there will be the Mary Miles Minters and the Virginia Lee Corbins. But there will also be the Mary Philbins, the Lois Morans, the Days and the Anita Pages.

And girls will be leaving home and staying. And other girls will be leaving home and coming back again.



Gladys Moran, mother of Lois, believes that "mother love is the bunk, fit only for sentimentalists." "I like Lois as she likes me—as a person," she says



# Vitamins for Beauty and Health

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67 ]

are the sun rays which cause sunburn and when applied scientifically are of value in the treatment of deficiency and skin diseases. The implication is that the vitamins and ultra-violet rays are interchangeable terms, which is, of course, a fallacy.

Another erroneous suggestion is that the vitamins are food or have a food value in themselves and that such a value is in direct ratio to the quantity present in your diet. It must be emphasized that so far as research at present indicates, the vitamins, especially A and D, are merely accessory food factors, regulative substances, agents promoting chemical activities in the body on which all life depends and their presence rather than the quantity present is the target at which dietitians should aim.

OF the five vitamins, E and B may be said to be of the least importance. Vitamin E has not been fully studied yet but appears to be a factor promoting fertility and possessing the property of causing the secretion of milk in the nursing mother.

Vitamin A is found in whole milk, butter, cheese, egg yolk, cod liver oil, glandular organs (especially liver from animals that are properly fed), thin green leafy vegetables, yellow corn, yellow sweet potato and carrots. This vitamin produces tissue building, promotes growth and well-being and prevents infection.

A deficiency in the diet of vitamin A causes loss of appetite and retardation of growth and development. Physical weakness ensues and the susceptibility to disease of the eyes, ears, sinuses and kidneys increases. Unlike D, the sunshine vitamin, it appears to be built up exclusively in green plants and to be concentrated in the fat of animals which thus derive their source of this factor from the green vegetables they consume.

The rich stores of A in cod liver oil are derived from the minute green sea plants upon which the small fish eaten by the cod have lived.

A deficiency of A not only retards and stunts growth but it causes a lowering of resistance to infective disease and in particular an affection of the eyes.

Vitamin B is highly important, increasing the appetite, promoting digestion and growth and stimulating life processes, protecting the body from nerve disease and increasing the quantity while improving the quality of the milk of the nursing mother. Owing to its relatively wide distribution and to its stability, deficiency of vitamin B is not likely to happen in this country.

THE most reliable sources of this vitamin are whole grain cereals, milk, legumes, vegetables and egg yolk. Absence of this vitamin from the diet will produce beri-beri, forms of neuritis and decrease in what is known as lymphoid tissue throughout the body. If the diet is deficient in vitamin B, appetite and digestion are impaired. There is a loss in weight and vigor. There is an increase in the size of many organs and constipation and emaciation ensue.

Beri-beri is a painful nerve disease frequently followed by paralysis.

This disease menaced the establishment of the Japanese navy in 1862.

From one-fourth to one-half of the entire personnel was continuously disabled because the diet of the navy consisted of meat and polished rice.

A Dutch physician, in a Java prison hospital in 1897, accidentally discovered that all of his cooped-up chickens were suffering from this disease. The birds had been fed left-over cooked polished rice from the hospital kitchen.



ANNA Q. NILSSON, world famed screen celebrity, noted for the velvety beauty of her skin, as she appears in "Blockade" recent F.O.B. heart-thriller.

At right—as she appears taking the first step to beauty—awakening her skin with Boncilla clasmic pack.



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This is no argument against creams and powders, or other forms of make-up. We supply them all. But it is to insist that you must first have a skin clear, clean and radiant. First bring out your natural beauty to the limit. That is your chief attraction.

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Apply Boncilla clasmic pack when you wish to appear at your best. Rest while it dries. You will feel it draw from the skin all that clogs or mars it. The dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil. The causes of black-heads and blemishes. All that interferes with the natural skin activities.

You will feel it draw the blood to the surface, to nourish and revive the skin. When you wash it off there will be a revelation.

Then you have a natural beauty, a natural glow. You have a skin cleaned to the depths.

Build up on that as you wish. But your skin will deteriorate—very fast—if you neglect this major help.

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*This photographic testimonial of Miss Nilsson shown here is tendered by her voluntarily. Boncilla Laboratories, Inc., welcome interesting testimonials but neither offer, nor pay, money for them.*

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He next produced the disease in prisoners by feeding them polished rice, curing them promptly and completely by feeding them the crude rice.

His investigations also established that wheat germ, rye, barley and potatoes protected his prisoners and his fowls from beri-beri.

**DURING** the Russo-Japanese War in 1905, there was not a single case of beri-beri in the Japanese navy because barley was substituted for part of the rice ration, but in the army there were 200,000 cases.

The great value derived from the widely advertised yeast cake in the treatment of chronic constipation must be largely due to this principle, vitamin B, lack of which is one of our most common dietetic deficiencies.

Vitamin C was one of the first vitamins discovered because its absence from the diet produces scurvy, a disease which used to more than decimate the crews of vessels on long ocean voyages. Absence of vitamin C from the diet will not only produce scurvy but it also brings on fatal collapse. If the diet is deficient in vitamin C, a change in the disposition will be noticed. The appetite will be deficient, there will be weight loss and physical weakness, shortness of breath, rapid respiration and heart action. The blood will show changes. There will be a tendency to hemorrhage, the teeth will grow soft and the bones more fragile.

The most reliable sources of vitamin C are orange juice, lemon juice, tomatoes, sprouting grains, green leafy vegetables and milk from cattle on summer pasturage.

Scurvy is a constitutional disease characterized by great weakness, anemia, a spongy condition of the gums and a tendency to hemorrhage.

Its seriousness was first realized when long sea voyages were undertaken by the early discoverers.

Vasco de Gama achieved his pioneer voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to the West Indies at the cost of 100 deaths by scurvy out of a crew of 160 men.

In 1600 four ships left England on an expedition to establish the East India Company. On three of the four ships, one-fourth of the men died before reaching the Cape and the rest were in a pitiable plight.

The men on the fourth vessel were in perfect health throughout the voyage, because each man was ordered to take three tablespoons of lemon juice daily.

Eventually the order was established that every British seaman take lemon juice every day.

They are known as "lime-juicers" on the high seas to-day for that very reason, although the substitution of East India lime juice for lemon juice caused scurvy again to become prevalent in the British navy.

Scurvy like the other deficiency diseases can be produced rapidly and readily in experimental animals and is promptly cured by the addition of citrus fruits to the diet. In a mild form it is a fairly common ailment in babies to-day.

It may be prevented or cured by giving small amounts of orange or tomato juice with the feeding, a custom which has become so common during the past few years that it is no longer considered unusual. No doubt, you have often wondered why little brother was ordered by the family doctor to have the juice of a whole orange every day.

**VITAMIN D** may be said to be the sunshine vitamin. It seems to be formed by the action of ultra-violet light on certain fat-like elements present in our body and in our food which are not completely known or understood. It is the factor preventing rickets and



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though, perhaps, second to vitamin A in vital importance, as far as children are concerned, it becomes, under the modern artificial conditions existing in towns and from the fact that its distribution in the natural foods is somewhat restricted relatively to the others, a factor second to none in general importance. Vitamin D is interesting in that it appears to be the only one of those five known which can be built up in the animal body. It is formed in the fatty tissues by the action of the ultra-violet light on the skin.

That vitamin D is found or may be formed in certain vegetable oils is due to the presence of fat-like substances, the cholesterol. It must be distinctly noted that irradiation with ultra-violet light is useless unless these cholesterol are present.

**VITAMIN D** controls the body's calcium equilibrium and regulates the utilization of the body's needed minerals. It is a specific against rickets which will ensue in an absence of this vitamin from the diet.

Deformity of the bones in young children results from an absence of this vitamin from their dietary. A diet deficient in vitamin D causes muscular weakness and instability of the nervous system. Cod liver oil, egg yolk and whole milk are the chief sources of vitamin D.

Of all the vitamins the two most important are vitamins A and D.

Vitamin D was first found in conjunction with vitamin A and until recently was thought to be identical with it.

Rickets is a disease characterized by mal-development of bony tissue and is especially prevalent in the slums of large cities. A child is afflicted with rickets because its diet is deficient in three things, vitamin D, in mineral calcium and sunshine. All of these essentials are lacking to the children brought up in the poorly lighted tenements or narrow dark alleys to whom an adequate supply of milk is seldom available. The lack of milk deprives them of the anti-rachitic vitamin D and calcium, while such quarters shut out the sunshine. However, this disease is not entirely confined to the poor but is sometimes found in the families of the well-to-do, where nursing mothers fail to eat properly balanced diets. Recent study indicates that children may be born with rickets due to the deficiencies in the diet of expectant mothers.

**I** HAVE proved this to be the case in my own experience. This last winter I handled an obstetrical case in the family of a prominent scenarist. The wife, a charming girl, the product of a finishing school, has neglected her diet for many years. Her first baby, before it was one month old, exhibited unmistakable signs of rickets. A deficiency of vitamin D in this young mother's diet prior to the birth of her child, made it necessary to put the baby immediately upon modified milk.

This in addition to cod liver oil, the administration of fruit juices and exposure to ultra-violet light were anti-rachitic measures which met with success.

The last vitamin to be considered, vitamin E, the fertility vitamin, is the most recently discovered of the lot. Its function has not been entirely ascertained. It is known, however, that among other things, vitamin E is probably concerned with the way in which the body utilizes the iron that is so necessary for the individual's well being. The most reliable source of vitamin E is whole grained cereal, milk and green vegetables.

This is the reason expectant mothers are advised to drink a quart of milk a day and to eat plenty of the leafy green vegetables, hitherto merely considered a fad by many of the rank and file in the medical field.

You have often heard it said, "Man cannot live by bread alone."

This the dietitian emphasizes, pointing out the need for vitamins, though he does put a new and different structure upon this ancient Biblical aphorism.



## Not even a thought of embarrassment for "Mum" prevents all body odors

Care-free the girl who has selected Mum as the guardian of her personal daintiness. No matter how exhilarating the dance, nor how close the atmosphere of the gay crowd, she is serene in the knowledge that no subtle odor of perspiration can come to steal away her charm.

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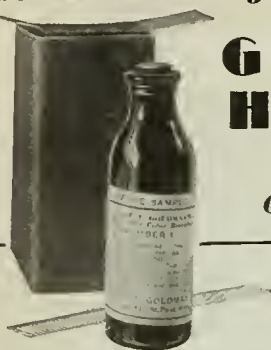


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# How They Manage Their Homes

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87 ]

with three dozen of everything, a housewife's delight.

His linen is plain, but of the finest. No monogram adorns it.

There is a gay little breakfast room that is never used, and a servants' hall beyond the kitchen.

"Kitchen plenty too small," remarks the cook, "and muches hot in summer."

Kono is the only servant that sleeps in the house, the rest occupying nice quarters, with bathrooms galore, over the garage.

NOW let's go upstairs—that railed staircase leading from the organ room to a balcony. Here a cabinet or two and a divan lend an air of comfort. Charlie's own room is to the right—big, airy, masculine, furnished with elegant simplicity.

It is completely carpeted in green-grey with an unobtrusive pattern. The three-quarter bed, dressing table, and cabinet of drawers are painted a golden glow yellow and decorated by hand. A yellow eiderdown quilt serves for bedspread. Beside the bed a booktable, loaded to the gunwales, books and magazines piled high. The books include the Bible, and the book which caused Charlie to be accused of socialism—"Anarchy and the Anarchists," by Capt. Von Schack, a history of the Chicago riots. Charlie knows it backwards. He considers it shows much dignity and courage on the part of the accused men. But Charlie never could be a Socialist really, for, like all geniuses, he is naturally imperial.

Shelves of books line one wall. A good solid table hides an unexpected settee, with three jazzy feminine cushions on it. One suspects the cushions were gifts, which Charlie's kind heart cannot throw out. On the table an autographed photograph similar to the one Mary and Doug have in their living room "To Charlie from Dickie and Edwina Mountbatten"—English royalty, you see. Nearby a huge Imperial Dictionary rests upon a stand, open . . . Near the window a monster telescope with which Charlie can scan the whole horizon into vast distances. The windows are draped in a soft green, toning with the green-grey carpet.

One of those new electric belt exercisers stands near another window.

Here, too, is another fireplace. And upon the mantel, directly facing Charlie's bed, stand four smiling photographs of Georgia Hale in various poses. (Oh, dear—something may disturb the serenity of this masculine household yet. Kono is helpless here!)

And at a certain exact spot stand a pair of bedroom-slippers, soft brown leather with grey felt cuffs, awaiting Charlie's tootsies. The position of these shoes is important. He took hours to explain the exact spot on which they should stand—so that they would be forever ready to receive his feet when he turned at a certain angle in rising from his bed, and yet not obtrude too much into the room.

Charlie is fussy about shoes—has them made specially for him in England. Loves one pair of old patent leather ones, with grey tops, which he declares are the most perfect shoes ever made. All sorts of formalities have to be gone through before he puts on the comic Chaplin shoes at the studio for business purposes.

Charlie, you see, has perfect feet—never a corn or a bunion anywhere.

(Also, *entre nous*, he wears B. V. D.'s—none of these new flapper vests and shorts. But he does wear pale-green silk pajamas.) All the same, in spite of a dressing room lined with wardrobes, he has comparatively few clothes for a man in his position and is no fop in this regard.

THE dressing table in the bedroom is adorned with silver brushes and combs, but the one in the little dressing room with plain ones that any ordinary bachelor might use. He has an old pair of ebony military brushes that he declines to discard—the first "good" ones he could ever afford. (His dressing room at the studio is also a model of Spartan simplicity.)

Charlie's bathroom is all white mosaic tile, with a half-sunken bath. The scales stand here. Time was when Charlie kept a Bible and a dictionary on a shelf in every bathroom, but only the guest room has this favor now! Then there is a steam room, with a rubbing table and a shower.

In this bedroom Charlie starts his day. He hates to rise before noon. "People are so uninteresting before lunch," he says. Besides, he keeps pretty late hours. So breakfast is served



A view of the Chaplin living room, showing the bay window. This is the west end of the room overlooking Beverly Hills and the Pacific



in bed—a good hearty one, fruit, porridge, eggs, bacon, toast, marmalade and English tea. After that he reads the newspapers, three or four of them, and such mail as he has decided might be personally interesting; makes copious notes for use in his work—and feels highly industrious. He rarely gets down to the studio before 1—although his entire staff, actors and all, have to be down at 9 a. m. in case he should feel inspired to early labor. They usually telephone up to the house to see if they may leave for lunch. Charlie, having breakfasted late, doesn't want lunch till 3, 4 or 5 p. m. according to how the inspiration goes on the picture. (However, all the staff's pay goes right along whether Charlie works or not. Sometimes he won't work for weeks, and then want to work 24 hours a day for days.)

**L**UNCH is served in the studio bungalow and a special cook is in charge. This cook shines at stews . . . so just remember that Circuses and Gold Rushes can be made on stew.

Charlie uses perfume—but it is a special masculine kind that he buys in bulk by the ounce. He sprays it on kerchief and hair. He has a passion for handkerchiefs and owns them by the gross, fashioned of the finest fabrics. He often uses several a day. (His laundry, by the way, is all sent out—Jap servants' clothes and all, and costs between \$8 and \$12 a week, according to whether they have had company.)

Exercising is an important business. Out on the lawn there is a big wheel, with a place to slip the feet in. The hands hold on to lofty bars, and the wheel turns over and over, calling for strain on every muscle in Charlie's body. It's quite a feat to do it gracefully. Then there is the swimming pool, Charlie being a fine swimmer and diver. In addition to that, he will often leave the studio in shorts, get out of his machine where the bridle-path ends at Beverly, and sprint all the way up the hill home. One can see lots of strange sights in magnificent Beverly. Anyway, that is how Charlie keeps his boyish figure and can face those bathroom scales with equanimity.

There are three automobiles—a Rolls-Royce, a Locomobile and a Cadillac. Charlie gets moods for certain cars. One day he can't bear the sight of the Rolls-Royce and snubs it for the Locomobile and vice versa. Sometimes he sits beside the driver, sometimes behind him. Sometimes he drives himself, and seats the chauffeur next to him. Sometimes he feels nice and haughty, and sometimes playful, frivolous and naughty. Everyone at the studio adores him. Sometimes he will blow up and blame the nearest person for everything and anything—but, although he never actually apologizes, he will show his contrition later on by being extra sweet to the person he has unjustly scolded. And oh, this Charlie knows how to be sweet and winning—it works on the men as well as on the women. You see, he is a very superior actor, so that he can be fascinating, haughty, pathetic, mournfully aloof, or mischievously playful at will. Once when a certain "Eddie" had been wounded by unjust reproach from Charlie and declined to be mollified, Charlie cut his finger and begged Eddie to bind it up. Eddie bound.

**N**OW let's peep into the guest room—which was formerly occupied by Lita. (Only three master bedrooms in that house.) It, too, has a three-quarter bed (not twin beds), canopied, with white and gold furniture of rich quality, a powder blue carpet and brocaded hangings, with a touch of gold in the design. Its bathroom is plain white, but everything superlative as to quality and comfort. A writing desk and well placed lights, comfy chairs and the finest of plain white linen, make of this a charming room. These days, while Charlie is working on his next picture and shutting himself away from his friends, it is often occupied by a studio associate. But all the same it is the most feminine room in the house.

Then across the hall—a sad little room. When Charlie built this house he called this room the "flapper bedroom." He had no end

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A study of the analyses of the active ingredients of the waters from twenty-two of the most famous springs have taught us the secret of their effectiveness. You can now have all these benefits in your own bath. Merely put Fayro into your hot bath.

It dissolves rapidly. You will notice and enjoy the pungent fragrance of its balsam oils and clean salts.

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Consult your physician and he will tell you that Fayro is certain to do the work and that it is absolutely harmless.

Fayro will refresh you and help your body throw off worn out fat and bodily poisons. Your skin will be clearer and smoother. You will sleep better after your Fayro bath and awaken feeling as though you had enjoyed a week's vacation.

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*"My double chin vanished in the magic of Fayro baths."*

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For obvious reasons, names are not quoted, but every letter published has been authorized and names and addresses will be given on request.



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## OTHINE Removes This Ugly Mask

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

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## SHORT STORY WRITING

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of fun furnishing it with all the gayest, jazziest things he could find—based upon a foundation color scheme of old gold, with a rose velvet carpet. It was the sauciest, most impudent room you can imagine. The three-quarter bed, its bright counterpane, its cheery curtains, its sparkling mirror, its dainty toilet articles and all-ready-prepared feminine negligees gave anticipation of a dainty, youthful, piquant guest—

But later it was to assume precious responsibility—for this became the nursery during the Lita interlude. And Charlie did love his babies. Never a night passed without Charlie visiting that hallowed little spot. Never so temperamental that he could not play with his two wee sons . . .

But that's all over now and the room stands empty, forlorn, with sheets drawn over the chairs to protect them from dust . . . Its once saucy rose carpet bears a few tell-tale spots . . . loving memory-spots . . . And yet . . . that bedroom was never meant for a nursery. It did its gay best—without avail. And the nursery wing, which Charlie used to plan and build in imagination, was never even started.

**THIS** brilliant, temperamental Charlie was never so charming, so completely fascinating as when he was talking about the nursery wing he was going to build . . .

But after all, a bachelor household suits Charlie best. One cannot imagine him a regulation married man. He will try again presently, of course, but that house was made for feminine visitors, not residents. One simply cannot conceive of a bevy of in-laws over-running it. Besides, Kono is a marvelous housekeeper. Everything is as neat and clean as the most exacting housekeeper could wish—all the time, not just for company. I went up there quite unexpectedly for the purposes of this story.

**EVEN** the garden is a model of tidiness—children's toys and mud pies would mar its bachelor rectitude. The countless little winding paths, with nary a bint of a weed anywhere, are beloved of Charlie, who loves to walk alone therein.

The huge lawn, in all its velvety grandeur, is for well-dressed grown-ups in their best clothes. The very swimming pool is five feet deep at its shallowest end. There isn't a spot that looks suitable for a sandpile, or a place to keep rabbits.

But Harry, the cook, will shyly take out a little snapshot of his own Japanese baby. I rather think Harry regrets the empty nursery, and the babies' bottles in those grand refrigerators . . . but goodness, wherever did they hang the dudies?



Charlie Chaplin and T. Kono. Their relationship of master and servant has stood the test of fifteen years—a tribute to Charlie's innate kindness and Kono's patience and discretion

## Money for You!

See page 39 of this issue for  
Photoplay's \$5,000

## Cut Puzzle Contest



## Questions & Answers

[ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100 ]

MRS. A. J., PORTLAND, ORE.—Patsy Ruth Miller was the leading lady in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Conway Tearle did not play in it.

CHARLES WILSON, DECATUR, GA.—Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, on Dec. 16th, 1909. Her real name is Barbara Cloutman. She is four feet, eleven inches short and weighs 103 pounds. She has auburn hair and blue eyes. "Lonesome" and "The Shake-down" are her most recent pictures.

RAY VON KOLB, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—You and your friend are both wrong. How do you like that? Paul Lukas was born in Budapest, Hungary, on May 26th, 1896.

ANNA OF ALABAMA.—Always glad to help out my friends who have scrap-books. Olive Borden was born in Richmond, Va., in 1907. Florence Allen hails from East Orange, N. J. Yakima Canutt first saw the light of day in Penawawa, Wash., on Nov. 29th, 1896. Ben Bard came forth from Milwaukee, Wis. Sorry, but he does not tell his age and Johnny Mack Brown doesn't tell the public his wife's name. And that's that.

JOHN HANOVER, NEWPORT, R. I.—Nancy Carroll was born in New York City on Nov. 19th, 1906. Sue Carol is 20 years old and is under contract to Fox. Anita Page is 18 years old and her real name is Anita Pomares.

KATHERINE MUIR, ARGENTINA, S. A.—How's the weather down there? Really I think your art is quite fine but the picture didn't look a bit like me. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Tex., just twenty years ago. She is five feet, two inches tall, weighs 109 pounds and has brown hair and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "The Man I Love." Betty Bronson's next will be "One Stolen Night." Joan's name is pronounced all in one syllable. Jobyna Ralston's real name is just that—but it is spelled Raulston.

C. S. AND C. H., STAUNTON, VA.—Hello, both of you. To begin with, Johnny Mack Brown was born on Sept. 4th, 1904, in Gotham, Ala. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. Hugh Allan is twenty-five years old and his latest picture is "Annapolis." The college scenes in "Varsity" were filmed at Princeton University. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez have announced their engagement.

ARTIE, BALTIMORE, Md.—Lt. Col. Charles G. Rich was Irene's first husband. They were divorced in 1920. Her second husband is D. F. Blackenhorn. They were married in April, 1927.

F. S., MOUNT UNION, PA.—I can see that William Collier, Jr., is your big favorite. He receives his fan mail at Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. Your maid was right. Alice White and Charles Delaney played the two leads in "Show Girl." Yes, indeed, William Haines is still fancy free.

M. J. B., HARRISBURG, PA.—Bebe Daniels is five feet, three and one-half inches tall, weighs 112 pounds and has black hair and dark brown eyes. Before appearing in "Senorita" she made "Miss Brewster's Millions," "The Palm Beach Girl," "Stranded in Paris" and plenty of others. Her latest offering is "What a Night." Renee Adoree and Dorothy Janis appear with Ramon Novarro in "The Pagan." I hear that Eva Von Berne is appearing in a picture in Germany. Now, is your mind at ease?

# To Really Get Rid of Arm or Leg Hair

So It Won't Grow Back Coarse and Bristly



Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth

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A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

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It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is

gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

*And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!*

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

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### WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

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# Casts of Current Photoplays

Complete for every picture reviewed in this issue

"ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD"—RAYART.—From the story by Victor Thorne. Adapted by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worne. The cast: Anne, Shirley Mason; Forbes, Jack Mower; Eddie, James Bradbury, Jr.; Teddy, Isabel Keith; Folmer, Henry Roquemore; Emmett, Tom Curran.

"A WOMAN IN THE NIGHT"—WORLD WIDE.—From the story by Countess Barycnska. Adapted by V. E. Powell. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: Tesha, Maria Corda; Robert Dobrez, Jameson Thomas; Jack Lenane, Paul Cavanagh.

"BELOW THE DEADLINE"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the scenario by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by J. P. McGowan. Photography by M. A. Andersen and Jack Jackson. The cast: Claire, Barbara Worth; Beau, Nash, Frank Leigh; Donald Cornwall, Walter Merrill; Taggart, J. P. McGowan; Sandy, Mike Donlin; Mother, Biblow, Virginia Sale; Stella, Lou Gory; Tubby, Tiny Ward; Festerberg, Fred Walton; Johnston, Bill Patton; Police Captain, Chas. Hickman; Jimmy, Arthur Rankin.

"BLACK WATERS"—WORLD WIDE.—From the play "The Fog" by John Willard. Directed by Marshall Neilan. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: Tiger, Larrabee, James Kirkwood; Kelly, James Kirkwood; Charles, John Loder; Elmer, Hallam Cooley; Randall, Frank Reicher; Temple, Lloyd Hamilton; Darcy, Robert Ames; Olaf, Ben Henricks; Jeelo, Noble Johnson; Eunice, Mary Brian.

"BLUE SKIES"—FOX.—From the story "The Matron's Report" by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Scenario by John Stone. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. The cast: First Episode—Dorothy May, (age 6) Carmencita Johnson; Richard Lewis, (age 8) Freddie Frederick; Matron, Ethel Wales. Second Episode—Dorothy May, Helen Twelvetrees; Richard Lewis, Frank Albertson; Nellie Crouch, (Matron) Rosa Gore; Janitor, William Orlamond; Richard Danforth, Claude King; 1st Asst. Matron, Adele Watson; 2nd Asst. Matron, Helen Jerome Eddy.

"BONDMAN, THE"—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel by Sir Hall Caine. Scenario by T. A. Ennis. Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Photography by David Kesson. The cast: The Sicilian Mother, Dora Barton; The Manx Father, Edward O'Neil; Jason, the Bondman, Norman Kerry; Michael, Donald MacArdle; Greeba Fairbrother, Frances Cuyler; Mrs. Fairbrother, Florence Vie; Adam Fairbrother, Judd Green; Father Ferrati, Henry Vibart; Testa, H. Saxon-Snell; Capt. of the Sulphur Mines, C. Emerald.

"BYE-BYE BUDDY"—SUPREME.—From the story by Ben Hirschfeld. Adapted by Berry Baringer. Directed by Frank Mattison. Photography by Robert Cline. The cast: Glad O'Brien, Agnes Ayres; Dandy O'Brien, Fritz Shanley; Buddy O'Brien, Bud Shaw; Marty Monihan, Dave Henderson; Johnny Cohen, John Orlando; Major Horton, Ben Wilson; Attorney, Hall Cline.

"CHINA BOUND"—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Sylvia Thalberg and Frank Butler. Continuity by Peggy Kelly. Directed by Charles Reisner. The cast: Sharkey Nye, Karl Dane; Eustace, George K. Arthur; Joan, Josephine Dunn; Sarah, Polly Moran; McAlister, Carl Stockdale; Hard-Boiled Officer, Harry Woods.

"CHRISTINA"—FOX.—From the story by Tristram Tupper. Scenario by Marion Orth. Directed by William K. Howard. Photography by Lucien Andriot. The cast: Christina, Janet Gaynor; Jon, Charles Morton; Niklaas, Rudolph Schildkraut; Dirk Torpe, Harry Cording; The Woman, Lucy Dorraine.

"COQUETTE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the stage play by Jed Harris. Adapted by John Grey and Allen McNeil. Directed by Sam Taylor. Photography by Karl Struss. The cast: Norma Besant, Mary Pickford; Michael Jeffery, John Mack Brown; Stanley Wentworth, Matt Moore; Dr. John Besant, John Sainpolis; Jimmy Besant, William Janney; Jasper Carter, Henry Kolker; Robert Wentworth, George Irving; Julia, Louise Beavers

"DESERT SONG, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Otto Harbach, Laurence Schwab, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Sigmund Romberg and Frank Mandel. Scenario by Harvey Gates. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: The Red Shadow, John Boles; Margot, Carlotta King; Susan, Louise Fazenda; Benny Kid, a reporter, Johnny Arthur; General Birbeau, Edward Martindel; Pasha, Jack Pratt; Sid El Kar, Robert E. Guzman; Hasse, Otto Hoffman; Clementina, Marie Wells; Capt. Fontaine, John Miljan; Rebel, Del Elliott; Azuri, Myrna Loy.

"DONOVAN AFFAIR, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the stage play by Owen Davis. Scenario by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Frank R. Capra. Photography by Teddy Tetzlaff. The cast: Inspector Killian, Jack Holt; Jean Rankin, Dorothy Revier; Cornish, William Collier, Jr.; Jack Donovan, John Roche; Carney, Fred Kelsey; Lydia Rankin, Agnes Ayres; Dr. Lindsey, Hank Mann; Porter, Wheeler Oakman; Mary Mills, Virginia Brown Faire;

Captain Peter Rankin, Alphonse Ethier; Nelson, Edward Hearn; Mrs. Lindsey, Ethel Wales; Dobbs, John Wallace.

"ETERNAL WOMAN, THE"—COLUMBIA.—From the scenario by Wellyn Totman. Continuity by Wellyn Totman. Directed by John P. McCarthy. Photography by Joseph Walker. The cast: Anita, Olive Borden; Harley Forbes, Ralph Graves; Davis Forbes, Ruth Clifford; Gil Martin, John Miljan; Consuelo, Nena Quartaro; Ovaldo, Josef Swickard; Mrs. Forbes, Julia Swayne Gordon.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play by Ward Morehouse. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Millard Webb. The cast: Wickland Snell, Walter Huston; Myra May, Katherine Francis; Charlie Haven, Charles Ruggles; Dorothy Snell, Betty Lawford; Ted Hanley, Norman Foster; Mr. Higginbottom, Duncan Penwarden; Red, Lawrence Leslie.

"GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT, THE"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Leon Abrams. Directed by Leon Abrams. Photography by C. Edgar Schoenbaum. The cast: Judy Judd, Margaret Livingston; Lynn Kent, Dancy O'Shea; Sam Harper, William Scott; Detective, Joe Bennett; Maizie, Gertrude Short; Worden, Wilfrid North.

"GREYHOUND LIMITED, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Albert Howson. Scenario by Anthony Coldeway. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: Monte, Monte Blue; Edna, Edna Murphy; The Rat, Lew Harvey; Bill Williams, Grant Withers; Mrs. Williams, Lucy Beaumont; Limpy, Ernie Shields.

"LAWLESS LEGION, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Bennett Cohen. Directed by Harry J. Brown. The cast: Cal Stanley, Ken Maynard; Mary Keiver, Nora Lane; Ramirez, Paul Hurst; Matson, J. P. McGowan; Flapjack, Frank Rice; Sheriff Keiver, Howard Truesdell; Tarzan, by Himself.

"NEW YEAR'S EVE"—FOX.—From the story "One Hundred Dollars" by Richard Connell. Screen Play by Dwight Cummins. Directed by Henry Lehrman. Photography by Conrad Wells. The cast: Marjorie Ware, Mary Astor; Edward Warren, Jr., Charles Morton; Larry Harmon, Earle Foxe; Steve, Arthur Stone; Landlady, Helen Ware; Little Brother, Freddie Frederick; Pearl, Florence Lake; Warren's Pal, Sumner Getchell; Little Girl, Jane La Verne; Little Girl's Mother, Virginia Vance; Landlady's Son, Stuart Erwin.

"NO MORE CHILDREN"—CLIFF BROUGHTON PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by Albert Kelly. Directed by Albert Kelly. Photography by Robert Martin. The cast: Jimmy Groil, Lewis Sargent; Mary Groil, Lillian Bond; Ma, Ricca Allen; Detective, Tom London; Judge Stanton, Wilfrid North; Dr. Stanton, J. Franklin Lyndon; Mike, Eddie Chandler; Flo, Vivian Bay; Family Doctor, Allen Krauss.

"PLUNGING HOOPS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Basil Dickey and William Lord Wright. Adapted by George Morgan. Directed by Henry MacRae. The cast: Rex, King of Wild Horses, by Himself; Parson Jed Campbell, Jack Perrin; Nanelle, Barbara Worth; Jim Wales, J. P. McGowan; "Squin" Jones, David Dunbar; Starlight, The Wonder Horse, by Himself.

"POINTS WEST"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by B. M. Bowser. Adapted by Rowland Brown. Directed by Arthur Rosson. Photography by Harry Newman. The cast: Cole Lawson, Jr., Hook Gibson; Dorothy, Alberta Vaughn; McQuade, Frank Campeau; His Nibs, Jack Raymond; The Mother, Martha Franklin; Parsons, Milt Brown; Steve, Jim Corey.

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS"—WARNERS.—From the story by Murray Roth and Addison Burkhardt. Adapted by Murray Roth and Addison Burkhardt. Directed by Bryan Foy. The cast: Tex Malone, Texas Guinan; Don Holland, John Davidson; Bee Walters, Lila Lee; Andy Quinlan, Arthur Housman; Eddie Parr, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Phil Parr, Jack Northworth; Gizola, George Raft; Nick, Jimmie Phillips; Asst. District Attorney, William Davidson; Lawyer Grant, John Miljan; Crandall, Lee Shumway.

"SALVAGE"—SUPREME.—From the story by Jay Gelzer. Adapted by Kathleen Clifford. Directed by Frank Mattison. The cast: Jim Harrington, Carroll Nye; Lillie Marsh, Mary McAlister; Captain MacDougal, Anders Randolph; Louie, Louis Archer; Thorsen, Fred James.

"SHE GOES TO WAR"—INSPIRATION-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by Rupert Hughes. Adapted by Fred de Gressac. Directed by Henry King. The cast: Joan, Eleanor Boardman; Tom Pike, John Holland; Reggie, Edmund Burns; Rosie, Alma Rubens; Bill, Al St. John; Katie, Glen Walters; Tom's Mother, Margaret Seddon; Yvette, Yola D'Avril; Joan's aunt, Evelyn Hall; Joan's maid, Dina Smirnova; Major, Augustino Borgato; Major's wife, Yvonne Starke; Mairon of Cantecro, Eullalie Jensen; Major, Capt. H. M. Zier; Top Sergeant, Edward Chandler; Lady Hostess, Ann Warrington.



**"SHOW BOAT"**—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Edna Ferber. Continuity by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Magnolia*, Laura La Plante; *Gaylord Ravenal*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Capt. Andy Hawks*, Otis Harlan; *Parthena Ann Hawks*, Emily Fitzroy; *Julie*, Alma Rubens; *Windy*, Jack McDonald; *Magnolia*, (as a child) Jane La Verne; *Kim*, Jane La Verne; *Schultze*, Neely Edwards; *Joe*, Stepin Fetchit; *Queenie*, Gertrude Howard. *Prologue*: Helen Morgan, Jules Bledsoe, Aunt Jemima and The Plantation Singers.

**"SIN SISTER, THE"**—FOX.—From the story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Becky Gardiner. Scenario by Harry Behm. Directed by Charles Klein. The cast: *Pearl*, Nancy Carroll; *Peter Van Dykeman*, Lawrence Gray; *Ethelyn Horn*, Josephine Dunn; *Joseph T. Horn*, Anders Randolf; *Sister Burton*, Myrtle Stedman; *Bob Newton*, Richard Alexander; *Ship Captain*, Frederick H. Graham; *Ship Mate*, George Davis; *Al*, David Callis.

**"SOME MOTHER'S BOY"**—RAYART.—From the story by Arthur Hoerl. Directed by Duke Worme. Photography by Hap Dewey. The cast: *The Mother*, Mary Carr; *The Boy*, Jason Robards; *The Girl*, Jobyna Ralston; *The Son*, M. A. Dickinson; *The Salesman*, Henry Barrows.

**"SYNCOPIATION"**—RKO.—From the novel "Stepping High" by Gene Markey. Adapted by Frances Agnew. Directed by Bert Glennon. The cast: *Flo*, Barbara Bennett; *Benny*, Bobby Watson; *Winston*, Ian Hunter; *Lew*, Morton Downey; *Hummel*, Osgood Perkins; *Henry*, Mackenzie Ward; *Rita*, Verree Teasdale; *Peggy*, Dorothy Lee.

**"TRENT'S LAST CASE"**—FOX.—From the story by Beulah Marie Dix. Continuity by Scott Darling. Directed by Howard Hawks. Photography by Harold Rosson. The cast: *Philip Trent*, Raymond Griffith; *Joshua Cupples*, Raymond Hatton; *Evelyn Manderson*, Marcelline Day; *Sigsbee Manderson*, Donald Crisp; *Jack Marlowe*, Lawrence Gray; *Martin*, Nicholas Soussanin; *Ottile*, Anita Garvin; *Inspector Murch*, Ed Kennedy.

**"TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE"**—M.-G.-M.—From the stage play by Bayard Veiller. Continuity by Becky Gardiner. Directed by Bayard Veiller. Photography by William Daniels. The cast: *Mary Dugan*, Norma Shearer; *Edward West*, Lewis Stone; *District Attorney Galwey*, H. B. Warner; *Jimmy Dugan*, Raymond Hackett; *Dagmar Lorne*, Lilyan Tashman; *Mrs. Edgar Rice*, Olive Tell; *Marie Ducrot*, Adrienne D'Ambricourt; *Ferne Arthur*, Mary Doran; *Police Inspector Hunt*, Dewitt Jennings; *Judge Nash*, Wilfrid North; *Dr. Welcome*, Landers Stevens; *Pauline Agguera*, Mary Dorne; *May Harris*, Myra Hampton; *Police Capt. Price*, Westcott Clarke; *James Madison*, Charles Moore; *Henry Plaisted*, Claud Allister.

**"VOICE OF THE CITY, THE"**—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Willard Mack. Directed by Willard Mack. Photography by Maximilian Fabian. The cast: *Doyle*, Robert Ames; *Biff*, Willard Mack; *Beebe*, Sylvia Field; *Wilton*, James Farley; *Wilkes*, John Miljan; *Jolynn*, Clark Marshall; *Mary*, Duane Thompson; *Kelly*, Tom McGuire; *Martha*, Alice Moe; *Betsy*, Beatrice Banyard.

**"WHERE EAST IS EAST"**—M.-G.-M.—From the story by Tod Browning and Harry Sinclair Drago. Continuity by Richard Schayer. Directed by Tod Browning. The cast: *Tiger Haynes*, Lon Chaney; *Toya*, Lupe Velez; *Mme. de Silva*, Estelle Taylor; *Bobby Bailey*, Lloyd Hughes; *Padre*, Louis Stern; *Ming*, Mrs. Wong Wing.

**"WILD PARTY, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Warner Fabian. Adapted by E. Lloyd Sheldon. Directed by Dorothy Arzner. The cast: *Stella Ames*, Clara Bow; *Professor Gilmore*, Frederic March; *Faith Morgan*, Marcelline Day; *Helen Owens*, Shirley O'Hara; *George*, Jack Luden; *Al*, Jack Oakie; *Phil*, Arthur Rankin; *Jimmy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Eva Tull*, Joyce Compton; *Ed*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *Balaam*, Jack Redmond; *Babs*, Adrienne Dore; *Ann*, Jean Lorraine; *Tess*, Virginia Thomas; *Thelma*, Kay Bryant; *Maisie*, Alice Adair; *Jean*, Amo Ingram; *Janice*, Renee Whitney; *Gwen*, Marguerite Cramer.

**"WOMAN WHO NEEDED KILLING, THE"**—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Margery H. Lawrence. Adapted by John Farrow and Edward E. Paramore, Jr. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Tania Gregory*, Baclanova; *Frank Gregory*, Clive Brook; *Bobby Gregory*, Neil Hamilton; *Tubbs*, Clyde Cook; *Peter Allerton*, Leslie Fenton; *Chief Macheriz*, Snitz Edwards.



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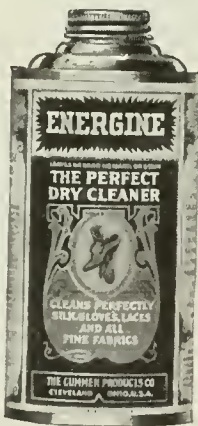


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## The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

### BYE-BYE BUDDY—Supreme

AGNES AYERS, once a sought-after star, is another recruit to the quickies. This story is a serious effort that is unintentionally funny. It's about a woman who, because she is the proprietor of a night club, keeps herself unknown to her son. But, at heart, she's a good mother, as you could tell by observing her watch him through a gate when he's going to war.

### ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Rayart

BEING the sad saga of a musical comedy queen who can't decide whether to play one man or the world. She marries a rich bachelor who believes she hooked him for his doubloons, so he plays crook to see which way she jumps. She really loves him, b'jove, and tries to get her job back, but an old smear of a producer black-balls her 'cause she won't give in. Terrible. But Shirley Mason's lovely.

### THE BONDMAN—World Wide

WHICH celebrates the celluloid debut of Hall Caine's novel of brotherly hate. The effect of the picture is almost wrecked by poor photography. Too bad, for it's a foreign film, made on the Isles of Man and Sicily, both spots offering a wealth of pictorial beauty. Norman Kerry, miscast, but convincing in the rôle of a wronged brother, is starred. The balance of the cast is British.

### BLACK WATERS—World Wide

MARSHALL NEILAN has hired a fine posse of actors and made an all-talking picture of skullduggery on the San Francisco waterfront—fog, a mystery ship and a skulking fiend named *Lurabee*, who is intent on killing off practically the whole cast, dress suits and all. Some thrills and chills, a slow lot of mediocre dialogue, and action confined almost entirely to the cabin of the ship. Good performances by Robert Ames, Frank Reicher, Mary Brian and especially James Kirkwood, as the arch-villain. Even a theme song, "Black Waters," and it is a little better than the film.

### SOME MOTHER'S BOY—Rayart

A PITIFUL attempt on the part of a "quickie" company to film a poignant story of a crook who poses as the runaway son of a small town mother. In other hands it might have been a "Stella Dallas," but these little companies have only a few thousand dollars to spend and a few days in which to spend them. So art can't be considered. Mary Carr gives a sincere performance as the little mother.

### THE LAWLESS LEGION—First National

NOW we know why Universal signed Ken Maynard just the minute they had an opportunity. The cowboy that can take the worn-out story of the cattle rustler and keep you breathless on the edge of your seat is worth having! Maynard and his horse, Tarzan, are at their best in this silent Western, and it will be a great boon to the hundreds of theaters not wired for talking pictures. Good entertainment for anybody.

### QUEEN OF THE NIGHT CLUBS—Warners

WARNER BROTHERS made this to exploit Texas Guinan, the big blonde who is the self-elected and publicity-made head girl of New York's night club life. A trite story of skullduggery in cabaret land gives her a chance to lead the silly revels with her bass voice, and to give all the little girls big and audible hands. Tex does what she has to do, but three stunning performances are turned in, in this all talkie, by Eddie Foy, Jr., Jack Norworth and Lila Lee. A stirring comeback for Lila. A film as phoney as the life it portrays.

### THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T WAIT—Liberty

AN artistic picture with a smoothness which places it high among the better independent productions of the year. This tale of two youthful lovers, split by war and misunderstanding, has a climax and denouement that will delight the most blasé movie-goer. The svelte Margaret Livingston goes hoodlum with abandon. Historically, it's her picture.

### BELOW THE DEADLINE—Chesterfield

BELOW the deadline—yeah, and beyond the pale. Really, this picture is too awful for words. The acting is utterly puerile, and the poor, misguided producer is evidently not yet aware of the fact that the crime picture epidemic is under control and has been for some time. No matter how you dish up this crook stuff, Lord Chesterfield, it's still applesauce.

### NO MORE CHILDREN—Cliff Broughton Productions

PICTORIAL propaganda on birth control which defeats its own purpose through consistent contradiction. In treatment, it is clumsy, unintelligent, and sloppy with sex. Instead of a dignified discourse upon a clinical problem, it's an exposé of the rather nauseating boudoir conduct of an over-exuberant male and his ignorant wife, whose nursery is nearly bursting its doors. Entirely too stupid to be of any medical or academic value—and it most certainly does not belong on entertainment programs.

### THE ETERNAL WOMAN—Columbia

THE easy-to-look-upon Olive Borden, and Ralph Graves, Harry Cohn's new star, share the foreground in this frenzied society melodrama which wanders blithely all over the western hemisphere. With them, the audience must endure marital infidelity, mistaken identity, murder, rape, shipwreck, drowning, and other weird pleasantries. Forced situations and the baffling irrelevancy of the title are liabilities which quite outweigh the slender asset of adequate acting.

### A WOMAN IN THE NIGHT—World Wide

THIS English-made production is an unconscious tribute to American pictures, being the faithful copy of a type of film made in this country ten years ago. Maria Corda, who made "Helen of Troy," is starred. She has the classic lines of a Greek statue, and almost as much dramatic ability. The story, slow, labored, and maudlinly sentimental, is of a wife whose desire to present her husband with a son leads her to the most amazing extremes.



**PLUNGING HOOFS—Universal**

**R**EX and Starlight are on the high horse again. They lope frequently enough through this picture to detract from the somewhat boring antics of the supporting cast. The story, of distinct Western flavor and not too savory, concerns a dance-hall girl and a serious young minister. The equine stars are up to their same old tricks, which lose novelty with too much repetition. But you may like it if you're crazy over horses.

**SALVAGE—Supreme**

**T**HIS really brilliant example of what not to do with a picture should be saved as a text for the study of not awfully bright producers. There its usefulness ends. It's a primitive version of the antique sea story—two men and a girl in a boat. The hero (?) is a glutton for punishment and takes the villain's thrashings for granted until the last reel, when the former feeds the latter to the sharks. Frightfully ho-hum.

**THE GREYHOUND LIMITED—Warners**

**W**HETHER or not this picture glorifies the railroad trainmen, every boy will get a thrill out of the engine's whistle and the railroad atmosphere which the audible film accentuates. Monte Blue, engineer, and Grant Withers, fireman, afford delightful contrast, with Monte trying to adjust Grant's romance with a waitress. Edna Murphy's beauty adds charm to this rôle. A fast moving melodrama with real suspense through all the hokum of wrecks, rides and rescues.

**POINTS WEST—Universal**

**W**HO said that the talkies had thrown Westerns on the junk heap? Here's one of Hoot Gibson's without sound, without airplanes, or motorcycles, or any of those new fangled ideas. And it's good. The same old formula with the same suspense, the same old villain and the same ingenious hero. It's like meeting a friend from the home town on the corner of Forty-fifth and Broadway. Alberta Vaughn is the love interest.

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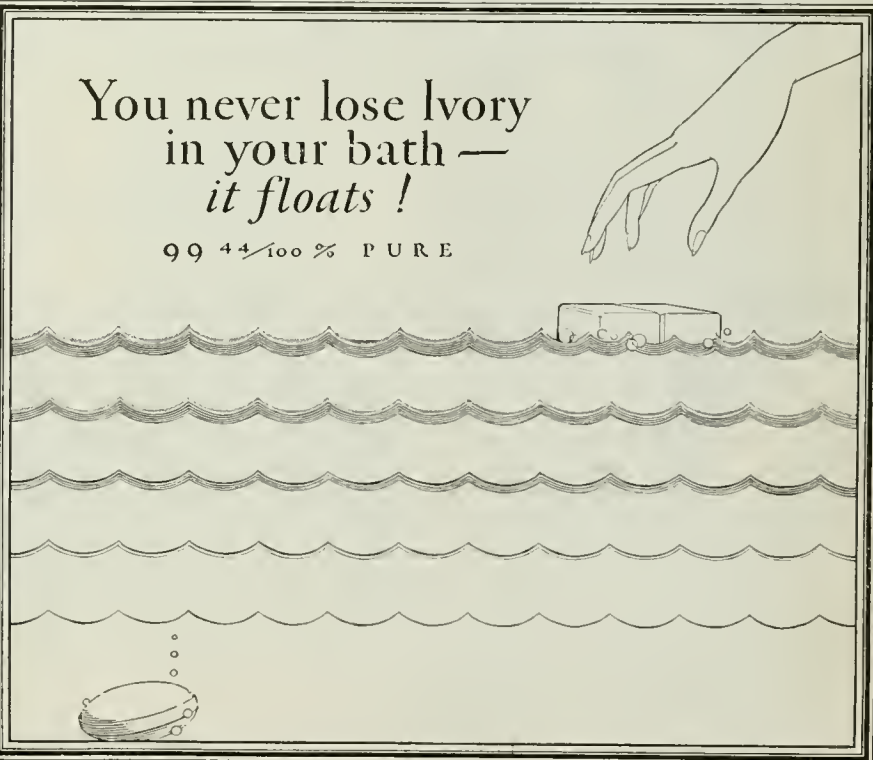


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# Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17]

**SOUTH OF PANAMA**—Chesterfield.—You've guessed it. It's all about love and revolution in a Latin republic. (Jan.)

★ **SPEAKEASY**—The talkies' first melodrama of the prize ring and the under-cover barrooms. Fast entertainment. (May.)

**SPEED CLASSIC, THE**—Excellent.—An automobile racing picture—and just like all the others. (Feb.)

**SPIELER, THE**—Pathe.—Carnival life, as it really is. And Renee Adoree knows her atmosphere. A good show. (Dec.)

**SPIES**—UFA.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Dull story made only slightly less dull by fantastic, Germanic treatment. (Dec.)

**SPITE MARRIAGE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—One of the best that Buster Keaton has made, with Dorothy Sebastian excellent. Don't miss. (April.)

**SQUARE SHOULDERS**—Pathe.—A story of father love, with Louis Wolheim as the hard-boiled dad. (March.)

**STICK TO YOUR STORY**—Rayart.—Fun among the reporters. My, what a life—and what a picture! (Dec.)

**STOLEN LOVE**—FBO.—A quickie. Try the show down the street. (Dec.)

**STOOL PIGEON**—Columbia.—Gang melodrama. (Feb.)

**STRANGE CARGO**—Pathe.—Another all-talking mystery, this time on board a yacht, with an all-stage cast. (April.)

**STREET OF ILLUSION**—Columbia.—Backstage story and an interesting defense of the Thespian ego. (Dec.)

★ **STRONG BOY**—Fox.—Victor McLaglen in a rattling good comedy drama, with the star as head man of the baggage smashers. (April.)

**SUNSET PASS**—Paramount.—Jack Holt in one of the best Westerns in months. And Jack's a sheriff. Darrie me! (April.)

**SWEET SIXTEEN**—Rayart.—Mild but fairly pleasing story of a modern girl. (Dec.)

**SYNTHETIC SIN**—First National.—Colleen Moore goes through her usual antics—but the story is missing. (Feb.)

**THAT PARTY IN PERSON**—Paramount.—A talkie with Eddie Cantor, the only logical contender for Al Jolson's crown. Come again, Eddie. (Feb.)

**THIS IS HEAVEN**—Goldwyn-United Artists.—Vilma Banky talks and it is charming! But the story—Cinderella, No. 123456789. (May.)

**THREE PASSIONS, THE**—United Artists.—Rex Ingram produces an old-fashioned story of English high life, with Alice Terry still an ice cake. (April.)

**THREE WEEK-ENDS**—Paramount.—It has Clara Bow, but that's about all you can say for it. (Feb.)

**THROUGH THE BREAKERS**—Gotham.—South Sea Island story—and a really good one. (Dec.)

**TIDE OF EMPIRE**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Standard pattern story of Gold Rush but acted and directed with a verve that puts it over. (Dec.)

**TRACKED**—FBO.—Ranger, the dog, in a picture that is better than most human efforts. (Feb.)

**TRAIL OF THE HORSE THIEVES, THE**—FBO.—Easy-going Western, with Tom Tyler just lovin' along. Tom and Frankie Darro together. (May.)

**TROPICAL NIGHTS**—Tiffany-Stahl.—South Sea Island story with an original twist to the plot. (March.)

**TROPIC MADNESS**—FBO.—Turbulent melodrama of England and the South Seas. (March.)

**TRUE HEAVEN**—Fox.—A poky story of love in the secret service, with Lois Moran and big George O'Brien. (April.)

**TYRANT OF RED GULCH**—FBO.—Not a Western, in spite of the title. Just a badly bent story. (Feb.)

**UNDER THE SOUTHERN CROSS**—Universal.—The natives of New Zealand are the actors in this picture. It's different and it has primitive charm. (March.)

**UNEASY MONEY**—Fox-Europa.—German picture, well directed, well acted and original in theme. (Feb.)

**VEILED WOMAN, THE**—Fox.—Hollywood's foreign legion in a not bad, not good, story. (Feb.)

**VIKING, THE**—Technicolor-M.-G.-M.—How Lief the Lucky discovered America, told in color and with plenty of whiskers. (Jan.)

**VOICE IN THE STORM, THE**—FBO.—Just before the hanging, mother. The old one about the innocent boy, the noose, the reprieve! (May.)

**WAGES OF CONSCIENCE**—Superlative.—But where was the conscience of the producer of such a picture? (Feb.)

★ **WEARY RIVER**—First National.—Barthelme's first talkie, with the star as a reformed convict. A popular sensation. (April.)

**WHAT A NIGHT!**—Paramount.—Bebe Daniels in a gaggy—and gaga—newspaper story. (Feb.)

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(Signature of Business Manager.)  
M. EVELYN McEVILLY,  
(My commission expires January 15, 1931.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1929.  
[SEAL]



**WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE**—Rayart.—This has been going on for years. Blue-grass racing story, with Helene Costello and Rex Lease. (May.)

★ **WHY BE GOOD?**—First National.—Colleen Moore at her naughtiest and nicest. Peppy and entertaining. (April.)

**WILD BLOOD**—Universal.—Rex, the wonder horse, gets a rough deal in a particularly childish Western. (April.)

★ **WILD ORGHIDS**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and Nils Asther in a story that proves that tropical heat melts all conventions. The scene is Java—the details are superb—and the picture is a riot for audiences. (March.)

**WINGED HORSEMAN, THE**—Universal.—Hoot Gibson gives up his pony and takes the air, with Ruth Elder his flying partner. Vague plot. (May.)

**WOLF OF WALL STREET, THE**—Paramount.—Whether you have won or lost money in Wall Street, or haven't played the stock market at all, George Bancroft and Bacanova will give you one of the most entertaining talkies so far made. A delightful evening. (Feb.)

**WOLF SONG**—Paramount.—Mountains, trees and some good singing by Lupe Velez. But not such a good break for Gary Cooper. (March.)

**WOLVES OF THE CITY**—Universal.—Action thriller, with Bill Cody saving Sally Blane from the rascally ransom-crooks. (April.)

**WOMAN I LOVE, THE**—FBO.—Mad husband sets out to murder man for making love to wife. Excited? Neither are we. (May.)

★ **WOMAN OF AFFAIRS, A**—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in what is none other than Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat." Why waste space urging you to drop everything and see this one? (Jan.)

**YELLOWBACK, THE**—FBO.—More Royal Mounted Police, with the usual help from the scenery. (March.)

**YELLOW CONTRABAND**—Pathe.—Dope smuggling and other cute modern occupations. (Dec.)

**YOUNG WHIRLWIND, THE**—FBO.—Kid entertainment, with Buzz Barton. (Dec.)



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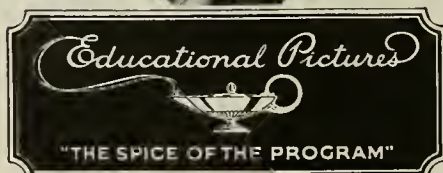
LUPINO LANE



JACK WHITE



LLOYD HAMILTON



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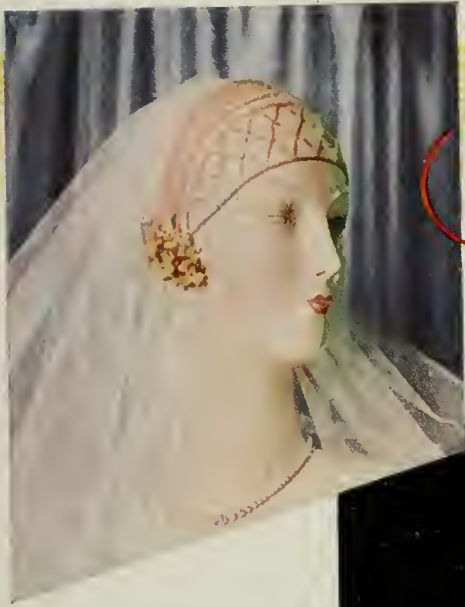
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